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KRISHNAMURTI

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A BIOGRAPHY

Pupul Jayakar

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To Krishnaji with
profound Pranaams

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Preface

In the late 1950s Krishnaji, as J. Krishnamurti is known in India and to his friends throughout the world, suggested that I write a book on his life, based on the notes I had kept since I first met him in 1948. I began writing this book in 1978.

I have attempted to write of Krishnamurti the man, the teacher, and his relationships with the many men and women who formed part of the Indian landscape. The book concentrates on Krishnaji's life in India between 1947 and 1985, but some recording of his early life became necessary as a backdrop to the unfoldment of the story of the young Krishnamurti. Some new material, hitherto unpublished, has also been included.

The reader will soon notice that Krishnamurti is called by several different names in this book. I have referred to Krishnamurti as Krishna when he was a young person, for so he was known; as Krishnaji from 1947, for by then he was to me the great Teacher and Seer. *Ji* is a term of respect added to names both of men and women in North India; in an old-fashioned household even the child's name has the suffix added, for it is considered discourteous to address a person by her or his first name. In South India no suffix is added and *ji* is unknown. It is likely that Annie Besant, because of her close associations with Varanasi, added the *ji* to Krishna's name as a term of endearment and respect.

Most religious teachers in India have a prefix added to their names, such as Maharshi, Acharya, Swami, or Bhagwan. Krishnaji never accepted any such title. Krishnaji referred to himself in the dialogues or in his diaries either as "K" or as the impersonal "we," to suggest as absence of the "I," the ego's sense of individuality. In this book, therefore, when I refer to the man or the teacher in an impersonal manner, I refer to him as Krishnamurti or as K.

Krishnaji agreed to hold dialogues with me, and these form part of the book. Most of the writing is from notes kept by me during or immediately after conversations or dialogues. From 1972 onwards, some of the dialogues were on tape and have been taken from there.

Certain incidents discussed in the book—Krishnaji's meetings with Indira Gandhi, his relationship with Annie Besant—could have become controversial. These chapters I read aloud to Krishnaji for his comments. I also sent Indira Gandhi the chapter on her meetings with him; she suggested some minor changes, which have been incorporated.

I wish to acknowledge my deep gratitude to Sri Rajiv Gandhi for permission to include the letters of Indira Gandhi; to the Krishnamurti Foundation, England, for permission to publish the dialogues held by me with Krishnaji at Brockwood Park; to the Krishnamurti Foundation, India, for permission to publish the dialogues and talks in India; to Smt. Radha Burnier, President, Theosophical Society, for all her kindness and help in making available material from the archives of the Theosophical Society; to Sri Achyut Patwardhan for his many conversations, to Smt. Sunanda Patwardhan for giving me access to her notes and personal records; to my daughter Radhika and her husband, Hans Herzberger, for their critical comments; to Sri Murli Rao for certain manuscripts he brought to my notice; and to the many other friends who have shared their experiences with me. I would also like to acknowledge Sri Asoke Dutt for his friendship and immense help in making the publication possible; to Mr. Clayton Carlson of Harper & Row for his valuable suggestions, interest, and support; to Sri Benoy Sarkar for his valuable help in sorting out and collating the photographs; to the National Institute of Design, Ahmedabad; to the heirs of Mitler Bedi; to Asit Chandmal; Mark Edwards, and A. Hamid, for permission to use their photographs; to A. V. Jose for his overall support and supervision; and to M. Janardhanan for bearing with me in preparing the manuscript.

"A Song Bestowed Upon a Tethered Bird"

Awake, arise, having approached the great teacher, learn
The road is difficult, the crossing is as the sharp edge of a razor.
KATHA UPANISHAD III

I first met Krishnamurti in January 1948. I was thirty-two years of age and had come to live in Bombay after marrying my husband, Manmohan Jayakar, in 1937. My only child, a daughter, Radhika, was born a year later.

India had been independent for five months and I saw a sweet future stretching ahead. My own entry into politics was imminent. It was a time when men and women involved in the freedom struggle had also turned to what was then known as social or constructive programs initiated by Mahatma Gandhi. This covered every aspect of nation building, particularly those activities related to village India. From 1941 I became very active in organizational matters related to village women's welfare, cooperatives, cottage industries. For me, it was a tough and rigorous initiation. With freedom, the aftermath of partition saw me at the center of the main relief organization set up in Bombay for refugees who were pouring into the country from Pakistan.

One Sunday morning I went to see my mother, who lived in Malabar Hill, Bombay, in an old rambling bungalow roofed with country tiles. I found her with my sister Nandini getting ready to go out. They told me that Sanjeeva Rao, who had studied with my father in King's College, Cambridge, had come to see my mother. He saw that even after several years of mourning, she was still in great sorrow at my father's death. He had suggested that she might be helped by meeting Krishnamurti. An image came suddenly to my mind: the mid-1920s, the school at Varanasi* where I was a day student. I remembered seeing a very young Krishnamurti, a lean, beautiful figure, seated cross-legged, dressed in white, and I, one of fifty children, laying flowers before him. . . .

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*Benares

I had nothing to do that morning, so I accompanied my mother. When we reached Ratansi Morarji's house on Carmichael Road, where Krishnamurti was staying, I saw Achyut Patwardhan, standing outside the entrance. In recent years he had become a revolutionary and freedom fighter, but I had known him since we were children at Varanasi in the 1920s. We spoke together for a few moments before we went into the sitting room to await Krishnamurti.

Krishnamurti entered the room silently, and my senses exploded; I had a sudden intense perception of immensity and radiance. He filled the room with his presence, and for an instant I was devastated. I could do nothing but gaze at him.

Nandini introduced my tiny, fragile-bodied mother and then turned and introduced me. We sat down. With some hesitation, my mother began to speak of my father, her love for him and of her tremendous loss, which she seemed unable to accept. She asked Krishnamurti whether she would meet my father in the next world. By then the intensity of heightened perception his presence had first evoked had started to fade, and I sat back to hear what I expected to be a comforting reply. I knew that many sorrowful people had visited him, and I assumed that he would know the words with which to comfort them.

Abruptly, he spoke. "I am sorry, Madam. You have come to the wrong man. I cannot give you the comfort you seek." I sat up, bewildered. "You want me to tell you that you will meet your husband after death, but which husband do you want to meet? The man who married you, the man who was with you when you were young, the man who died or the man he would have been today, had he lived?" He paused and was silent for some moments. "Which husband do you want to meet? Because, surely, the man who died was not the same man who married you."

I felt my mind spring to attention; I had heard something extraordinarily challenging. My mother seemed very perturbed. She was not prepared to accept that time could have made any difference in the man she loved. She said, "My husband would not change." Krishnamurti replied, "Why do you want to meet him? What you miss is not your husband, but the memory of your husband." He paused again, allowing the words to sink deep.

"Madam, forgive me." He folded his hands and I grew aware of the perfection of his gestures. "Why do you keep his memory alive? Why do you want to recreate him in your mind? Why do you try to live in sorrow and continue with the sorrow?" I felt a quickening of my senses: His refusal to be kind in the accepted sense was shattering. My mind leapt to meet the clarity and precision of his words. I felt that I was in contact with something vast and totally new. Though the words sounded harsh, there was gentleness in his eyes and a quality of healing flowed from him. He held my mother's hand while he was speaking.

Nandini saw that my mother was disturbed. She changed the conversation and began speaking to Krishnamurti of the rest of the family. She told him that I was a social worker interested in politics. He was grave as he turned to me and asked why I did social work. I responded by telling him of the fullness of my life. He smiled. It made me feel uneasy and nervous. Then he said, "We are like the man who tries to fill water into a pail that has holes. The more water he pours in, the more it pours out, and the pail remains empty."

He was looking at me without intruding. He said, "What is it you are trying to run away from? Social work, pleasure, living in sorrow—are these not all escapes, attempts to fill the void within? Can this void be filled? And yet, to fill the void is the whole process of our existence."

I found his words very disturbing, but felt they had to be explored. To me, action was life; and what he said was incomprehensible. I asked him whether he wanted me to sit at home and do nothing. He listened; and I had a peculiar feeling that his listening was unlike anything I had ever perceived or experienced. Then he smiled at my question, and the room filled. Shortly after that we left. Krishnamurti said to me, "We shall meet again."

The meeting had left me very disturbed. I could not sleep, his words kept arising in my mind. As the days passed I began to attend the talks he was giving in the gardens of Sir Chunilal Mehta, Nandini's father-in-law. I found it difficult to understand what Krishnamurti was saying, but his presence devastated me and I continued to go. He spoke of world chaos as the projection of individual chaos. He told us that all organizations and "isms" had failed, and that in our pursuit of security we build new organizations that in turn betray us.

I had the feeling that I was not meeting him at the level at which he was speaking. After a few days I asked for an interview.

I was driven by the urge to be with him, to be noticed by him, to probe into the mystery that pervaded his presence. I was afraid of what would happen, but I could not keep away. For two days before our interview I planned what I would say to him and how I would say it. When I walked into the room I found him sitting straight-backed and cross-legged on the floor, dressed in an immaculate white *kurta* that stretched to below his knees. He sprang to his feet, his long, petal-like fingers folded in greeting. I sat down facing him. He saw I was nervous and he asked me to sit quietly.

After a while I began to talk. I had always been sure of myself, so though I hesitated, I soon found that I was speaking normally and what I had planned to say poured out. I spoke of the fullness of my life and work, of my concern for the underprivileged, my desire to enter politics, my work in the cooperative movement, my interest in art. I was completely absorbed in what I had to say, the impression I was trying to create. After a few moments, however, I had the uncomfortable feeling that he was not listening. I looked up and saw he was gazing at me; there was a questioning in his eyes and a deep probing. I hesitated and grew silent. After a pause he said, "I have noticed you at the discussions. When you are in repose, there is a great sadness on your face."

I forgot what I had intended to say, forgot everything but the sorrow within me. I had refused to allow the pain to come through. So deep was it buried that it rarely impinged on my conscious mind. I was horrified of the idea that others would show me pity and sympathy, and had covered up my sorrow with layers of aggression. I had never spoken of this to anyone—not even to myself had I acknowledged my loneliness: but before this silent stranger all masks were swept away. I looked into his eyes and it was my own face I saw reflected. Like a torrent long held in check, the words came.

I remembered myself as a young child, one of five children, timid and gentle, bruised at the slightest harshness. Dark of complexion in a family where everyone was fair, unnoticed, a girl when I should have been a boy, living in a large rambling house, being alone for hours, reading books that I seldom understood. I remembered sitting on a lone veranda facing ancient trees; listening to legends of ogres and heroes, of Hatim Tai and Ali Baba—the oral tales of this ancient land told by the white-bearded Muslim tailor Immamuddin, who sat with his sewing machine all day long on the veranda. I remembered hearing Tulsidas's *Ram Charit Manas* sung by Ram Khilavan, the blind *punkah* coolie who fanned us, and the fragrance of cool, wet *khus* mats on a summer day.* I remembered going for walks with my Irish governess,

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* *Ram Charit Manas* is the story of Ram and Sita from the epic *Ramayana* composed in the vernacular by poet Tulsidas in a four-line quatrain inserted in the text.

Before electricity came to India, every bungalow had a long wooden pole hung horizontally from the high ceiling, with a heavy cloth frill attached. A rope connected the pole through a hole in the wall to the outer veranda, where a man sat pulling the rope learning of plants and the names of flowers; delighting in the history of British kings and queens, Arthur and Guinevere, Henry the VIII and Anne Boleyn; never playing with dolls, seldom with other children. I remembered being afraid of my father, yet secretly adoring him.

I remembered at age eleven the buds opening in my womb, the first bleeding, and with it a miraculous blossoming. To grow up and to be young was intoxication. To be admired, to live intensely—riding, swimming, playing tennis, dancing. With wild abandon I raced to meet life.

I remembered going to England, to college and the stimulation of the mind; meeting my husband, the return to India, marriage and the birth of my daughter Radhika.

Inevitably, I soon refused the role of a housewife. I plunged into social work, played bridge and poker for high stakes, lived at the heart of the social and intellectual life of Bombay. Then another pregnancy; in the seventh month an attack of eclampsia brought violent convulsions and total blindness.

I remembered the bewildering anguish of darkness and the explosive storms of color: cerulian blue, the color of the neelkantha bird, the color of blue fire. The brain ravaged by the body's convulsions; the ending of the heartbeats and the death of the unseen baby; the heavy death silence of the womb. Sight returning through a mist, as gray dots, converging to create form.

My mind paused, words ended, and I looked again at the beautiful stranger. But the racking pain of my beloved father's death soon awakened in me, and again there was tearing, unendurable agony.

Words would not end. I spoke of the many scars of living, the struggle to survive, the growing ruthlessness, the slow hardening, the aggression and ambition. The drive in me, demanding success. Then another pregnancy, the birth of a little girl, beautiful of face, but deformed. The drowning in anguish and again the death of the child. Eight years of barrenness of mind, heart, and womb; and then death.

In his presence the past, hidden in the darkness of the long forgotten, found form and awakened. He was as a mirror that reflected. There was an absence of personality, of the evaluator, to weigh and distort. I kept trying to keep back something of my past, but he would not let me. Now, in the compassionate field, there was a quality of

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and so moving the fan, to create a slight breeze in the frightful heat of Northern India in the summer months The fragrant *khus* mats were hung on doors and windows When wet, the hot wind blowing through them was transformed into a cool, scented breeze.

immense strength. He said, "I can see if you want me to." And so the words which for years had been destroying me were said. Saying them brought me immense pain, but his listening was as the listening of winds or the vast expanse of water.

I had been with Krishnaji* for two hours. As I left the room my body felt shattered, and yet a healing had flowed through me. I had touched a new way of observing, a new way of listening, without reaction, a listening that arose from distance and depth. While I was speaking he appeared aware not only of what was being said—the expressions, gestures, attitudes—but also of what was happening around him—the bird singing in the tree outside his window, a flower falling from a vase. In the midst of my outcry he said to me: "Did you see that flower fall?" My mind had stopped, bewildered.

I had been listening to Krishnamurti for several days. I went to his talks, attended the discussions, cogitated, discussed what he was saying with my friends. On the evening of January 30, when we had all gathered around him at Ratansi Morarji's house, Achyut was called to the telephone. He came back, his face ashen.

"Gandhiji has been assassinated," he said. For an instant, time stopped. Krishnaji had become very still. He seemed to be aware of each one of us and our reactions. Among us, a single thought arose: Was the assassin a Hindu or a Muslim? Achyut's brother Rao asked, "Is there news of the killer?" Achyut said he did not know. The consequences that would follow if the killer were a Muslim were clear to all of us. We rose silently, and one by one left the room.

The news that Gandhi had been murdered by a Brahmin from Poona swept the city; anti-Brahmin riots broke out in Poona. You could hear the whisper of relief from the Muslim residents. We listened to Jawaharlal Nehru's anguished voice addressing the nation. The country seemed paralyzed. The unthinkable had happened, and for a brief moment men and women searched their hearts.

On February 1 a hushed audience gathered to hear Krishnaji speak. He was asked a difficult question: "What are the real causes of Mahatma Gandhi's untimely death?"

Krishnamurti replied, "I wonder what your reaction was when you heard the news. What was your response? Were you concerned over it as a personal loss, or as an indication of the trend of world events? World events are not unrelated incidents; they are related. The real cause of Gandhiji's untimely death lies in you. The real cause is you. Because you are communal, you encourage the spirit of division—through property, through caste, through ideology, through having different religions, sects, leaders. When you call yourself a Hindu, a Muslim, a Parsee, or God knows what else, it is bound to produce conflict in the world."

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*See Preface for explanation of various forms of Krishnamurti's name used in this book.

For days after that we discussed violence, its root and its ending. For Krishnaji nonviolence as an ideal was illusion. The reality was the fact of violence, the rising of perception that understood the nature of violence and the ending of violence in the "now": the present of existence in which alone action was possible.

In the talks that followed he spoke of the everyday problems that face humankind—fear, anger, jealousy, the fierce thrust of possession. Speaking of relationships as the mirror for self-discovery, he used the example of husband and wife, the most intimate relationship and yet often the most callous and hypocritical. Men looked with embarrassed eyes at their wives. Some traditional Hindus walked out of the talks, unable to understand what the relationship between husband and wife had to do with religious discourse. Krishnaji refused to move from "what is," the actual. He refused to discuss abstracts like God or eternity while the mind was a whirlpool of lust, hatred, and jealousy. It was at this time that some of his audience began to feel that he did not believe in God.

In mid-February I went to see him again. He asked me whether I had noticed anything different in my thinking process. I said I was not getting as many thoughts as I did before. My mind was not as restless as it used to be.

He said, "If you have been experimenting with self-knowing, you will notice that your thinking process has slowed down, that your mind is not restlessly wandering." For a time he was silent; I waited for him to continue. "Try working out each thought to its completion, carry it right through to the end. You will find that this is very difficult, for no sooner does one thought come into being than it is pursued by another thought. The mind refuses to complete a thought It escapes from thought to thought." This is so. When I have tried to follow a thought, I have always noted how swiftly it eludes the watcher

I then asked him how one could complete a thought. He said, "Thought can only come to an end when the thinker understands himself, when he sees that the thinker and the thought are not two separate processes. That the thinker is the thought, and the thinker separates himself from thought for his self-protection and continuance. So the thinker is continually producing thought which is transforming and changing." He paused.

"Is the thinker separate from his thoughts?" There were long pauses between his sentences, as if he expected the words to journey far and deep. "Remove thought, where is the thinker? You will find the thinker is not. So when you complete every thought to its end, good or bad—which is extremely arduous—the mind slows down. To understand the self, the self in operation has to be watched. This can only be when the mind slows down—and you can only do this by pursuing every thought to its end as it arises. You will then see that your condemnations, your desires, your jealousies will come out before a consciousness that is empty and completely silent."

Listening to him over the course of a month, my mind had grown pliable; it was no longer crystalized and solid in its encrustations. I asked, "But when consciousness is filled with prejudices, desires, memories, can it then understand thought?"

"No," he answered, "for it is constantly acting on thought—escaping from it or building on it." Again he was silent. "If you follow each thought to its completion, you will see that at the end of it there is silence. From that there is renewal. Thought that arises from this silence no longer has desire as its motive force, it emerges from a state that is not clogged with memory.

"But if again the thought that so arises is not completed, it leaves a residue. Then there is no renewal and the mind is caught again in a consciousness which is memory, bound by the past, by yesterday. Each thought, then to the next, is the yesterday—that which has no reality.

"The new approach is to bring time to an end," Krishnaji concluded. I did not understand, but came away with the words alive within me.

Nandini and I sometimes took Krishnaji for evening drives to the Hanging Gardens on Malabar Hill, or to Worli beach. At times we would walk with him, finding it difficult to keep pace with his long strides. Other times he would walk alone and return after an hour, a stranger. During the walks with us he would occasionally speak of his youth, his life in the Theosophical Society, and his early days at Ojai, California. He told us of his brother Nitya, of his companions Rajagopal and Rosalind and the Happy Valley School. Often when he spoke of the past his memory would be precise, accurate. At other times he would grow vague and say he did not remember. He was quick to smile, and his laughter was deep and resonant. He shared jokes, he asked us questions of our childhood and our growing up. He also spoke of India, eagerly seeking our views on what was taking place in the country. We were hesitant and shy; a sense of mystery and his overwhelming presence made it difficult for us to be casual with him, or to speak of trivialities in his presence. But his laughter brought him closer to us.

On some days we discussed thought. He would ask, "Have you watched the birth of a thought? Have you watched its ending?" Another day he would say, "Take a thought, stay with it, hold it in consciousness, you will see how arduous it is to hold one thought as it is to end thought."

I told Krishnaji that since I had met him, I had been waking in the mornings, without thought, but with the sound of birds and the distant voices of the street flowing through my mind.

To the Indian the silent straight-backed stranger, the mendicant who stands waiting at the doorways of the home and mind holding an invitation to otherness, is a powerful symbol. It evokes in the householder—woman or man—passionate longings, anguish, and a reaching out physically and inwardly to that which is unattainable. But this seer laughed and joked; he walked with us, was near and yet very far away. Hesitatingly, we invited him to my mother's house for dinner.

He came smiling, wearing a *dhoti*, a long *kurta*, and an *angavastram*,* and was received with flowers by my tiny mother. She had never had a formal education, but her natural elegance of mind, her grace and dignity, made it possible for her to meet and speak with Krishnaji. She was the widow of a senior Indian civil servant. While living with my father she had shared in his intellectual and social life, had met scholars and social workers, and was herself an ardent social worker. Tenacious and shrewd, my mother had broken free from tradition early in her married life. She spoke English with ease, entertained with élan, and cooked delectably. In my childhood we had two cooks, one for vege-

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*A *dhoti* is a forty-five-inch wide and five yards long cotton handwoven cloth, unstitched, with a plain border of burgundy or black It is tied around the waist, pleated in front, and tucked between the legs to be fastened at the back, falling ankle length It is a graceful garment for wear on ceremonial occasions The *kurta* is a stitched, loose, collarless shirt with long sleeves, and it reaches below the knees An *angvastram* is an unbleached handwoven cotton shawl with a dark red, indigo, or black border woven with a gold design Folded and thrown over the shoulder, it is worn on all ceremonial occasions, particularly in South India tarian Gujarati meals and another trained in the Western cuisine; a Goan butler waited at table. My father's death had broken her, but my mother's house continued to be resonant with laughter, in which Krishnaji joined. He soon felt at home, and came frequently to dinner. By the end of March we could speak to him with ease; yet after each of his talks and discussions we grew intensely aware of the distances that separated us and the mystery that we could neither touch nor fathom.

Toward the end of March I told Krishnaji of the state of my mind and the thoughts that pursued me; of the moments of quietness and bursts of frenzied activity; of days when my mind was caught in the pain of not becoming. I was distracted by this constant jumping backwards and forwards of the mind.

He took my hand and we sat quietly. Finally, he said, "You are agitated. Why?" I did not know, and sat silently. "Why are you ambitious? Do you want to be like anyone you know who has got on?"

I hesitated and then said, "No."

"You have a good brain," he continued, "a good instrument that has not been used rightly. You have a drive that has been wrongly directed. Why are you ambitious? What is it you want to become? Why do you want to waste your brain?"

I was suddenly alert. "Why am I ambitious? Can I help what I am? I am busy doing, achieving. We cannot be like you."

His look was quizzical. For some time he remained without speaking, letting what lay dormant within me reveal itself. Then he asked, "Have you ever been alone, without books, the radio? Try it and see what happens."

"I would go mad, I cannot be alone."

"Try it and see. For the mind to be creative, there must be stillness. A deep stillness that can only come into being when you have faced your loneliness.

"You are a woman, and yet you have a great deal of the man in you. You have neglected the woman. Look into yourself."

I felt a stirring deep within me, the crumbling of the many crusts of insensitivity. I felt again the tearing anguish.

"You want affection, Pupul, and you do not find it. Why do you put out your begging bowl?"

"I don't," I said. "That is one thing I have never done. I would rather die than ask for affection."

"You have not asked for it. You have smothered it. Yet the begging bowl is always there. If your bowl was full you would not need to hold it out. It is because it is empty that it is there."

For an instant I looked at myself. As a child I wept so often. As an adult I permitted nothing to hurt me. I turned from it fiercely and attacked. He said, "If you love, then you do not demand. Then if you find the person does not love you, you will help the other to love, even though it is someone else."

I saw myself with clarity—the bitterness, the hardness. I turned to him. "It is too horrible to look. What have I made of myself?"

"You are not solving the problem by criticizing yourself. There is no flowing richness in you, otherwise you would not need sympathy or affection. Why have you no richness? Look, this is what you are. You do not condemn a man who has a disease. This is your disease. Look at it calmly and simply, with compassion. It would be stupid to condemn or justify. To condemn is another movement of the past to strengthen itself. Look at what takes place in your conscious mind. Why are you aggressive? Why do you want to be the center of any group?

"As you look at the conscious mind, slowly the unconscious will throw up its intimations—in dreams, even in the waking state of thought."

We had been talking for over an hour, but that span was meaningless. In his presence there was a shrinking of one's sense of time as duration. I spoke to him of the changes that were taking place in my life. I was no longer sure of myself or my work. Although desires and urges still arose, they had no vitality.

I told him I realized that a great deal of the work I was doing was based on self-aggrandizement. It no longer seemed possible for me to enter political life. My social life was also changing radically. Of all things, I could no longer play poker. I had tried to play, but found that the intention to outwit the other players was lacking. Unbidden, I had moments of awareness in the middle of playing poker that made bluffing impossible. Krishnaji put back his head and laughed and laughed and laughed.

I told him that at times I felt an immense inner balance, like a bird playing with the wind. All desire dissolved in this intensity, spent itself. At other times I was swamped in becomings. My moorings were going and I was adrift. I did not know what lay ahead. I had never felt so unsure of myself.

Krishnaji said, "The seed has been planted, allow it to germinate—let it lie fallow for a while. This has been quite new to you. Coming to it with no preconceptions, no notions, no beliefs, the impact has been direct, the mind now will need rest. Don't push it."

We sat quietly. Krishnaji said, "Watch yourself. You have a drive few women possess. In this country men and women peter out so easily, so early in life. It is the climate, the way of living, the stagnation. See that the drive does not drop away. In freeing yourself from aggression, don't become innocuous and soft. To be free from aggression is not to become weak or humble."

Repeatedly, he was to tell me, "Watch your mind, let not a thought escape, however ugly, however brutal. Watch without choosing, weighing, judging, without giving direction or letting thought take root in the mind. Watch relentlessly."

As I left the room he rose to see me to the door. His face was in repose, his body slim, uprising like a deodar tree. For an instant, overwhelmed by his beauty, I asked, "Who are you?" He said, "It does not matter who I am. What you think and do and whether you can transform yourself is alone important."

As I journeyed home I suddenly realized that, in the many conversations I had had with Krishnaji, he had never said a word about himself. There had been no reference to any personal experience, not a single movement of the self had manifested itself. It was this that made him a stranger, however well you knew him. In the midst of a gesture of friendship, casual conversation, one felt it—a sudden distance, silences that emanated from him, a consciousness that had no focal point. And yet in his presence one felt the bounty of an infinite concern.

Part 1

THE YOUNG KRISHNAMURTI
1895–1946

CHAPTER 1

"In Space One Is Born and Unto Space One Is Born."

Fired by the sun, sculptured rocks, amongst the oldest in the world, cradled the village of Madnapalle in the Chittoor district of Andhra Pradesh, South India. From the sacred site of Tirupati through Rishi Valley to Anantpur stretched hills topped with rocky boulders, interspersed with small valleys. Rainfall was minimal, population sparse. Tamarind and gold mohur trees provided shade and exploding color. It was sacred earth, *punyasthal*, where mystics and saints had lived and taught for centuries, their bodies buried there to sanctify the soil. Here, on May 12, 1895, at thirty minutes after midnight, a son was born to Sanjeevamma, the wife of Jiddu Naraniah, a minor civil servant.

The ancestors of Jiddu Krishnamurti, a Brahmin of the Velanadu subcaste, originally came from Giddu or Jiddu, a village that lies in the midst of the fertile paddy fields of coastal Andhra. Krishnamurti's paternal grandfather, Gurumurti, was also a minor civil servant; but his grandfather, Ramakrishna, renowned for his great learning, his knowledge of Sanskrit and the *Vedas*, held a responsible position in the judicial department of the British East India Company.

The house of Naraniah in Madnapalle, one of the most drought-prone areas of South India, was tiny; ill-ventilated and two-storied, it had a narrow frontage that opened onto a lane, along which flowed an open drain. All water for Naraniah's home was drawn from a nearby well and taken by water carriers to be stored within the house in large, burnished brass vessels or earthen pots.

Krishnamurti was born to Sanjeevamma in the *puja* room of her home.[1] The significance of this has been missed by Krishnamurti's biographers. To a traditional Hindu, living amongst the snow-peaked

Himalayas or in Kanyakumari in the deep South, in urban dwelling or village hut, the *puja* room was the sanctum, the heart of the home, where the *griha devatas*, the household gods, were enshrined; it was a room made auspicious with flowers and incense and the recitation of sacred mantras. The room for the gods could only be entered after ritual bath and the wearing of fresh clothes. Birth, death, and the menstrual cycle were the focus of ritual pollution. At birth and death the householder and his family shared in the pollution and refrained from performing the daily *puja*; instead, a Brahmin from the local temple was invited to perform the daily rituals. That a child should be born in this room was unthinkable.

Naraniah's wife and cousin, Sanjeevamma, was a devout and charitable woman. She was considered psychic, experienced visions, and could see the colors in people's auras. As a musician's ear is tuned to a perfectly stringed instrument, so as a mother her ear was tuned to the heartbeats of the baby that waited in the crucible of her body, soon to start its passage through the portals of life. Intimations of the uniqueness of this birth must have given her prophetic vision and courage, otherwise she could not have so challenged the gods.

Early in the evening of May 11, Sanjeevamma felt intimations of the imminent birth of the child. This child would be her eighth, and she was well aware of the routine preparations necessary for the nativity. So she prepared the room, sung Telugu* songs to her husband in her melodious voice, and rested on a mat in the upper story of the building. Toward the middle of the night the pains started. She woke Naraniah, went to the room she had prepared, and lay down on a mat for the birth. A local woman, a relative who was well-versed in the experience of childbirth, came to help while her husband waited outside. Sanjeevamma had little pain. Throughout the period the only words she uttered were, "*Rama, Rama, Anjaneya,*" another name for Hanuman.† At 12:30 A.M., in the early morning of May 12, the woman attendant opened the door and said to Naraniah, "*Sirsodayam,* the head is visible." According to tradition, that is the precise moment of birth.

In this tiny room lit with oil lamps, in the presence of the ishta devata, the household god, Krishnamurti took his first breath. From the protected spaces of the womb the baby entered the spaces of the world.

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*Telugu is a Dravidian language spoken by the people of Andhra Pradesh in India. It has a large number of Sanskrit words included in it.

†Hanuman, the monkey devotee of the divine hero Rama of the epic the *Ramayana*, is a people's god, widely worshiped throughout India. In South India he is also known as Anjaneya

"In space one is born and unto space one is born."[2]

The child's horoscope was cast the next morning by Kumara Shrowthulu, a well-known astrologer of that region. He told Naraniah that this new son would be a very great man. The astrological chart was complex; the child would encounter many obstacles before he grew to be a great Teacher.

For eleven days of the prescribed period, the baby rested in an atmosphere that recreated the ambience of the womb. He lay in semi-darkness, gently rocked in a cloth cradle next to his mother. As in all orthodox Hindu births, Krishnamurti's entry into the dazzling light of the sun and the world was gradual.

On the sixth day after birth the name-giving ceremony was held It was inevitable in this tradition-bound family that the eighth son be given the name Krishnamurti, symbolic of Krishna, the cowherd-god who was the eighth child.

Three years later, in 1898, another boy was born to Sanjeevamma. He was named Nityananda, "eternal bliss."

When Krishna was six years old the *upanayanama* was performed. This is a ceremony of initiation into *brahmacharya*, the period of chaste discipleship that is the first stage in the life of a Brahmin. The ceremony took place at Kadiri, where Naraniah was posted.

The sacred handspun thread was placed around Krishna's shoulders and the secret *gayatri* mantra, the invocation to the sun, was whispered into Krishna's ear by his father. He was taught to recite the mantra with the correct intonation, accent, and gesture. He must have learned to recite the *gayatri* mantra to the sun at dawn and perform the Sandhya rituals at sunset, to take ritual baths, and to be free of any form of ritual pollution. He must have also been taught to recite the *Vedas*.

According to Naraniah's description, "It is a ceremony which Brahmin boys go through when it is time to launch them out into the world of education. It takes place between the age of five and seven years, according to the health and capacity of the child. So when Krishna had reached that age, a day was set apart for this ceremony. It is our custom to make it a family festival, and friends and relations are invited to dinner."

When all the people were assembled, Krishna was bathed and clothed in new clothes. The boy was then brought in and placed upon his father's knees, while Naraniah's outstretched hand supported a silver tray strewn with grains of rice. His mother, sitting beside Naraniah, then took the index finger of the boy's right hand, and with it traced in the rice the sacred word AUM, which in its Sanskrit rendering consists of a single letter—the first letter of the alphabet in Sanskrit and in all the vernacular languages.

"Then," says Naraniah, "my ring was taken from my finger, and placed between the child's finger and thumb; and my wife, holding the little hand, again traced the sacred word in Telugu character with the ring. Then again, without the ring, the same letter was traced three times. After this, mantrams were recited by the officiating priest who blessed the boy that he might be spiritually and intellectually endowed. Then, taking Krishna, my wife and I drove to the Narasimhaswami temple to worship and pray for the future success of our son. From there we drove to the nearest school, where Krishna was handed over to the teacher, who performed, in sand, the same ceremony of tracing the sacred word. Meanwhile, many of the schoolchildren had gathered in the room, and we distributed among them such good things as might serve as a treat to the pupils. So we started our son on his educational career, according to our custom. Then we drove home and partook of dinner with our relations and friends."[3]

Krishna and his brother Nitya were very close, but by nature they were totally different. Nitya was remarkably intelligent. Even "before he could talk, when he saw other boys going to school, he would pick up a slate and pencil and follow them."[4] Krishnamurti was a weak child and suffered grievously from bouts of malaria. At one stage he suffered from convulsions, and for a whole year was kept away from school because of bleeding from the nose and mouth.

Krishnamurti took little interest in the school and academic work, but spent long hours looking at the clouds, at bees, at ants and insects, and gazing into the vast distance. He has been described as sickly and mentally undeveloped. His vagueness, few words, lack of interest in worldly affairs, and eyes that gazed out at the world, seeing beyond horizons, were mistaken by his teachers for mental retardation.

The young Krishnamurti, despite his seeming vagueness, was greatly interested in all mechanical contrivances. One day Krishna missed school. Seeking him, his mother found him alone in a room, totally absorbed in opening up a timepiece. He would not move from the room, and refused all food and drink until he had taken the clock apart and, having understood how it worked, put the machinery back in its place.

The boy Krishna was deeply attached to his mother, who seemed to be aware of her son's unique nature.[5] Sanjeevamma died in 1905, and her death left the child Krishna bewildered and bereft. Many years later, in the summer of 1913, when he was in Europe, he decided to start writing his autobiography. He gave it the title "Fifty Years of My Life," intending as the years passed to "add fresh incidents, and by the year 1945 I shall have justified the title."[6] Alas, the story was to be abandoned after the first few pages. The short manuscript, however, throws very interesting light on his feelings and his early life with his mother. At age eighteen his childhood memories were still vivid, and there is a poignancy in his description of the visions of his mother after her death:

> The happiest memories of my child-hood centre round my dear mother, who gave us all the loving care for which Indian mothers are well-known. I cannot say that I was particularly happy at school, for the teachers were not very kind and gave me lessons which were too hard for me. I enjoyed games as long as they were not too rough, as I had very delicate health. My mother's death in 1905 deprived my brothers and myself of the one who loved and cared for us most, and my father was too much occupied with his business to pay much attention to us. I led the usual life as an ordinary Indian youth until I came to Adyar in 1908 [in fact it was January 1909].
>
> Adyar was of special interest to me as my father used to attend the conventions of the Theosophical Society there. He also held meetings in our house at Madnapalle for the study of Theosophy and I learnt about Adyar from my mother and from him. My mother had a *puja* room where she worshipped regularly; in the room were pictures of the Indian deities and also a photograph of Mrs. Besant in Indian dress sitting cross-legged on a *chowki* or small platform on which was a tiger-skin.
>
> I was generally at home while my brothers were at school for I suffered much from fever—in fact almost every day, and I often went into the *puja* room about noon when she performed her daily ceremonies. She would then talk to me about Mrs. Besant and about Karma and reincarnation and also read to me from the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana* and from other Indian scriptures. I was only about 7 or 8 years of age, so I could not understand much, but I think I felt much that I could not actually understand.
>
> Writing of my mother reminds me of some incidents which are perhaps worth mentioning. She was to a certain extent psychic, and would often see my sister who had died some two or three years before. They talked together

and there was a special place in the garden to which my sister used to come. My mother always knew when my sister was there and sometimes took me with her to the place and would ask me whether I saw my sister too. At first I laughed at the question but she asked me to look again and then sometimes I saw my sister. Afterwards I always could see my sister. I must confess I was very much afraid, because I had seen her dead and her body burnt. I generally rushed to my mother's side and she told me that there was no reason to be afraid. I was the only member of the family, except my mother, to see these visions, though all believed in them. My mother was also able to see the auras of people, and I also sometimes saw them. I do not think she knew what the colours meant. There were many other incidents of a similar nature which I do not now remember. We often talked about Sri Krishna to whom I felt specially attracted and I once asked her why he was always represented as being blue in colour. She told me that His aura was blue but how she knew that I do not know.

My mother was very charitable. She was kind to poor boys, and gave food regularly to those who were of her own caste. Each boy came to our house on a special day in the week, and went to other houses on other days. We had daily a number of beggars who often came from some considerable distance to receive rice, *dal* and from time to time clothes.

Before coming to Adyar my brothers and I attended many schools, the pleasantest of which was the school in Madnapalle. I first went to this school when quite a child, for I was born in Madnapalle. My father being a government officer, he was continually being transferred from one place to another, and so our education was much interrupted.

After my mother's death, matters were worse, for there was really nobody to look after us. In connection with my mother's death, I may mention that I frequently saw her after she died, I remember once following my mother's form as it went upstairs. I stretched out my hand and seemed to catch hold of her dress, but she vanished as soon as we reached the top of the stairs. Until a short time ago, I used to hear my mother following me as I went to school. I remember this particularly because I heard the sound of the bangles which Indian women wear on their wrists. At first I would look back half-frightened and I saw the vague form of her dress and part of her face. This happened almost always when I went out of the house.

CHAPTER 2

The Theosophical Society and the Occult Hierarchy

Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831–1891), often called H. P. B., was by all accounts an extraordinary woman. With her psychic vision and piercing mesmeric eyes, and with a personality that provoked controversy, she had appeared on the Indian scene in 1879. A Russian by birth, she claimed to have lived in Tibet for several years in close contact with the Mahatmas* or Masters of the occult brotherhood. It was there that she learned from her *guru,* her teacher, the well-guarded doctrines of the Tibetan sages. While she was in Europe in 1873 her Masters asked her to seek out Colonel Henry Steele Olcott, a fellow psychic researcher in the United States. Obediently, she went there, met Colonel Olcott, and by 1875 the Theosophical Society had been conceived. They were soon to travel together—first to Bombay and then to Ceylon, where they took Buddhist initiation, and later to Madras. By 1882 the Theosophical Society's Headquarters had been established at Adyar, Madras.

The Theosophical Society was based on the tenets of a Universal Brotherhood of humanity, which sought to study ancient wisdom and to explore the hidden mysteries of nature and the latent powers of man. It established an occult hierarchy drawing from the Hindu and Buddhist traditions, in particular the Tibetan tantric texts and teachings.

At the head of the hierarchy was Sanat Kumar, mentioned in the Tantras, in the Bhagvat, and in early alchemic writing, as a youth of sixteen, eternally young, free of all time, as past, present, and future; he was regarded in the Theosophical hierarchy as the lord of the world.

**Mahatma,* a Sanskrit term meaning "great spirit," "great soul," "adept," or "master."

Below Kumar was the Buddha. And below the Buddha were the three heads of the logos of the solar system: the bodhisattva Maitreya, the Buddha to be; the Mahachohan, a figure not to be found in any Hindu or Buddhist scriptures; and the Manu, one of the fathers of humankind, according to the *Rig Veda.* Respectively, they symbolized the heart as compassion, the head as intellect, and the hands as skill in action. Below them were the Mahatmas or Masters, who in years to come would themselves evolve to be bodhisattvas and Mahachohans. Master Koot Hoomi (or Master K. H., as he was known) had the body of a Kashmiri Brahmin, while Master Morya (Master M.) had the body of a Rajput prince. These two Masters guided the affairs of the Theosophical Society and the disciples who went through various initiations under their benign guidance.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century whispers of the coming of the Messiah or the World Teacher had spread amongst occult communities. H. P. B. had written before her death in 1891 that the real purpose of the Theosophical Society was to prepare for the advent of the World Teacher.

In 1889 Annie Besant (1847–1933) chanced to read Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine,* and later met the founder of the Theosophical Society. Besant, or A. B., had been a rebel, a free thinker, a fierce fighter for the causes she held to be right. Eloquent and dedicated, she had an organizational capacity of a very high order. She was a passionate crusader for freedom of thought, women's rights, trade unionism, Fabian socialism, and birth control. But Blavatsky's work transformed her completely. She turned her enormous energies from materialism and atheism to the pursuit of the occult and sacred. Her friends and admirers—among them Bernard Shaw, Sidney and Beatrice Webb and Charles Bradlaugh—were stunned when she joined the Theosophical Society. Parting from her former associates, and aware of the cynicism her new role would arouse in her admirers, she wrote:

> But here, as at other times, in my life, I dare not purchase peace with a lie. An imperious necessity forces me to speak the truth, as I see it, whether the speech please or displease, whether it brings praise or blame. That one loyalty to Truth I must keep stainless, whatever friendships fail me or human ties be broken. She may lead me into the wilderness, yet I must follow her; she may strip me of all love, yet I must pursue her, though she slay me, yet will I trust in her; and I ask no other epitaph on my tomb but
>
> "She tried to follow Truth."[1]

With her arrival in India in 1893 at the age of forty-six, the passionate dialogue and involvement with India that was to continue throughout her life had commenced.

She sensed the lack of interest in India for what she felt was its true mission in the world—the country's genius for religions and spiritual knowledge. She made this point in one of her first speeches:

> If religion perish here, it will perish everywhere and in India's hand, is laid the sacred charge of keeping alight the torch of spirit amid the fogs and storms of increasing materialism. If that torch drops from her hands, its flame will be trampled out by the feet of hurrying multitudes, eager for worldly good; and India, bereft of spirituality, will have no future, but will pass on into the darkness, as Greece and Rome have passed.[2]

Annie Besant studied the sacred books of India, learned Sanskrit, held discussion with the religious leaders of the land. Inspired by the passion of her words, many intellectuals and young aspirants flocked to her and joined the Theosophical Society. Listening with rapt attention and fired by her eloquence was a young boy, twelve-year-old Jawaharlal Nehru. He had come to hear Mrs. Besant under the influence of his Belgian-Irish tutor, Ferdnand T. Brooks, an ardent Theosophist.

Fascinated by the doctrine and by Besant's eloquence, he had gone to his father, Motilal Nehru (the nationalist and flourishing lawyer who would later form the Congress party), and asked for permission to join the Theosophical Society. Motilal Nehru laughed. He had also been a member of the Theosophical Society in the days of Madame Blavatsky. Permission was given, and at thirteen Jawaharlal Nehru became a member and was initiated by Mrs. Besant herself. He attended a convention in Varanasi and saw Colonel Olcott with his white beard. With the young Nehru's departure for Harrow, Theosophy promptly faded from his consciousness. But the three years of his contact with it would leave an impression on him and his character, which he would later acknowledge in his admiration for Annie Besant.[3]

With the death of Colonel Olcott in 1907, Annie Besant became president of the Theosophical Society. A web of intrigue and a fierce division of forces within the Theosophical Society had preceded this event. Soon after Mrs. Besant took over, she came into close contact with Charles Webster Leadbeater or C. W. L. (1847–1934), an ex-Anglican clergyman with reputed powers of clairvoyance. Some years earlier incidents connecting him with homosexual relation with young boys had led to his being expelled from the Society; but Mrs. Besant, aware of his psychic perceptions and refusing to accept the charges against him, had readmitted him to the Society as soon as she became president. Leadbeater was soon to rise high in the Theosophical Society hierarchy.

Naraniah retired from government service in 1908. On his meager pension of 125 rupees a month, he found it impossible to maintain his enlarged family—apart from his sons he also had the responsibility for supporting his sister and his nephews. He had joined the Theosophical Society in 1882, and he now wrote to Annie Besant asking for a job in Adyar. At first she had refused him, aware of the problems his large family would pose to the peace and quiet of the Theosophical Society campus. But Naraniah persisted, and soon he was in Adyar, working as assistant secretary to the Esoteric Section (E. S.). He took a tiny house outside the Adyar compound; his sister oversaw the domestic arangements.

Krishna and his brother Nitya had to walk every day to attend school at Mylapore, where Krishna's inattention resulted in severe punishment. He remained vague and uninterested in his studies; his teacher considered him half-demented. But Krishnamurti's aunt was extremely fond of the dreamy-eyed, unworldly young Krishna and, sensing an incipient wisdom, named him Dronachari, after Drona, the guru of the Pandavas and the Kauravas in the epic *Mahabharata*.

Naraniah's sons used to go bathing in the sea on the Adyar beach, where Leadbeater saw them. In 1899 the subject of Mrs. Besant's lecture at Adyar was "Avatars." In 1908, during her whirlwind tour of the United States, she spoke incessantly of the imminent coming of the World Teacher. For days Leadbeater watched Krishnamurti, growing aware of the presence of the young boy and the unique aura that contained no selfishness.

One evening Mr. Leadbeater, on returning to his room after his usual swim, told Ernest Wood, a young man who was helping Leadbeater in his occult studies, that one of the boys had a remarkable aura; it was Krishnamurti. Wood expressed surprise—he knew the boys, and Krishnamurti was certainly not one of the bright ones. But Mr. Leadbeater persisted that it was Krishnamurti who would one day become a spiritual teacher and a great speaker. Wood asked, "How great? As great as Mrs. Besant?" Leadbeater is said to have replied, "Much greater."[4]

Krishnamurti described his meeting with Leadbeater—who was quite possibly the first European he had ever met—in his autobiography:

> When we first went to Adyar we lived in a house close to the new printing press. Every day we walked to the Mylapore high school. In the early mornings and in the evenings we prepared our home lessons. After some time we began to paddle in the sea with some other boys who lived near. On one of these occasions, in the year 1909, we met for the first time my dear friend and elder brother, C. W. Leadbeater. The meeting was quite casual.
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> As far as I remember, he (Leadbeater) was going down to the sea with Mr. Van Manen and others to have a swim. I do not remember any particular conversation, especially as I did not know English at all well. After this we met very often and he sometimes invited us to his house or rather bungalow. He was living at the time of which I write in what is known as the river bungalow.
>
> When I first went over to his room I was much afraid, for most Indian boys are afraid of Europeans. I do not know how it is that such fear is created; but one of the causes, there was, when I was a boy, much political agitation and our imaginations were much stirred by the gossip about us. I must also confess that the Europeans in India are by no means generally kind to us, and I used to see many acts of cruelty which made us still more bitter. I wish the English people in India could understand that Indian boys have as deep a love for India as the English have for their own country and feel as deeply any insult, however unintentional.
>
> It was a surprise to us, therefore, to find how different was the Englishman who was also a Theosophist. We soon became very friendly with Mr. Leadbeater, and he helped us regularly with our lessons. Sometime later Mr. R. B. Clarke, a young engineer, arrived at Adyar and it was arranged with my father that my brother Nitya and I should leave school and be taught at Adyar by Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Clarke. We soon began to make much better progress than we had ever made before. Life became very regular. We came to Mr. Leadbeater's bungalow early in the morning, studied until what might be called breakfast, which we took at home, and then returned to him. In the afternoon we played tennis or went to the sea to learn swimming. My father was very pleased with the progress we were to make and on August 14th it was finally decided that we should not go to school any more.[5]

Krishnamurti had come to be noticed by Leadbeater at a time when the Englishman was undertaking a clairvoyant investigation into the former lives of his associates. Soon he began to probe into the former incarnations of Krishnamurti. These forays into Krishna's occult past were later published as "The Lives of Alcyone." The name Alcyone was derived from the "halcyon," the brightest star in the Pleiades. The investigations revealed a luminous array of past lives where Krishna had been a disciple of the Buddha, and other wondrous lives where his compassion and wisdom had healed and illumined.

At the time the boys were found, they had the front of their heads shaven (as was the custom in South India); Krishnamurti had long hair down to his knees. He was thin and ill-nourished. Soon Krishnamurti and his brother Nitya had started their studies in Adyar. At first strict caste rules on food were maintained, but they were relaxed as Leadbeater's impatience grew and he began weaning the boys away from their father's influence. Naraniah in turn began to create difficulties. Immediately, Leadbeater wrote to Mrs. Besant that the man had lost his sanity and fallen under the influence of "the Blacks." It was then that instructions were "received" by Leadbeater from Master Koot Hoomi. The message was as follows:

> They have lived long in hell; try to show them something of paradise. I want them to have everything the opposite of those previous conditions. Instead of hostility, distrust, misery, squalor, irregularity, carelessness and foulness, I want them to be surrounded by an atmosphere of love and happiness, confidence, regularity, perfect physical cleanliness and mental purity . . . Keep them as far as you can, within your aura and Annie's so that they may be protected from evil and carnal thoughts . . . I want you to civilise them; to teach them to use spoons and forks, nail brushes and tooth brushes, to sit at ease upon chairs instead of crouching on the ground, to sleep rationally on a bed, not in a corner like a dog.[6]

It is inconceivable that a Master of wisdom—who was also a Kashmiri Brahmin—could have written this letter, loaded as it is with colonial overtones and with its obvious Victorian bias. The contempt with which the British in India regarded Indian culture and living habits is evident in this letter. It was written at a time when the South Indian man, woman, and child, rich or poor, sat and slept on a mat on the floor, and where the joint family provided warmth and a sense of belonging rare in the West.

It is also difficult to believe that the brothers were dirty in their habits; as Brahmins, they must have bathed several times a day. Ritual bathing preceded by an oil bath was a discipline closely followed. The teeth were regularly cleaned by the twig of a neem tree, perhaps the best disinfectant that exists; daily clothes washing must also have been part of the regular chores of the household.

In the first half of the twentieth century the Indian was regarded by the British rulers of India as a necessary part of the landscape—to be kept at a sufficient distance, to be at best tolerated; but under no circumstances was an Indian encouraged to be familiar, and an attitude of condescension pervaded most relationships. It was in this milieu that the boy Krishna, born a Brahmin but to a family very low in the official hierarchy, came to be recognized by an eccentric British mystic, in a flash of psychic insight, as a great being, and later as the vehicle for the advent of the Bodhisattva Maitreya.

Krishna and Nitya were taken from the confines of their tiny house into the grandeur of the Theosophical Society headquarters building and its vast grounds. They were taken over by C. W. L., a long-bearded, venerable-looking white man who spoke an esoteric language of luminous Masters and initiates, past lives and splendid incarnations. The extra-sensitive nervous system and perceptions of Krishna, keyed to a state of expectancy, possibly did touch treasures of the racial unconscious. His Brahminic background and its iconography provided the warp to the woof of Theosophical Society imagery. Thought forms and visual images circulating in the atmosphere of Adyar, charged with occult truths and illusions, were made manifest to the young neophyte. As the boy Krishna had seen visions of the divine child Krishna in the devout home of his mother, so he now saw the Masters, the Buddha, and Sanat Kumar—the smiling, sun-filled youth who was the head of the Theosophical Society hierarchy. The esoteric forces, if they existed, and certainly Leadbeater, demanded for their vehicle a Brahmin body, with its heritage of sensitivity, vegetarianism, and cleanliness, with a brain that through centuries had been concerned with otherness, with the subtlety, strength and perception necessary to cleave into the within of mind and matter, with the capability of receiving the vast volumes of energy it would be called upon to hold.

Ironically, once they had been accepted into the Theosophical fold, everything possible was done to see that Krishna and Nitya were stripped of all Indianness. It is almost certain that Krishnamurti's mentors decided that he and his brother were to speak only English, so the melodious Telugu language was slowly forgotten; the *Vedas* and the hymns learnt in childhood were wiped away. Their hair was cut and halved by a central parting. They were taught English; they learned how to eat with a spoon and fork and to keep their elbows close to their body when they raised their forks to their mouths; to wear Western clothes with ease; to see that the crease of their trousers was pressed and to polish their shoes till they shone. They were taught how to bathe the British way. "The boys were to become English gentlemen because in Leadbeater's scheme of evolution, English gentlemen represented the pinnacle of human development."[7]

Fortunately, the outer veneer and education left no mark on the mind that lay in abeyance, untouched. Perhaps it was right that the boy, destined to be a Teacher who would walk the world, had to be freed from a condition of birth and country. To fulfill his destiny no frontiers could contain or restrain him.

According to C. Jinarajadasa, later to be president of the Theosophical Society, the training was strictly regimented. Meals, study, and games were on an absolute schedule intended to teach the boys alertness to time and circumstances. Bicycling was not for fun, but to teach self-reliance and resistance to fatigue. On one occasion they were made to cycle to Chingelpet and back, a total of sixty-four miles. To eliminate fear, Leadbeater read them bloodcurdling ghost stories.[8]

Speaking to us of this period of his life seventy-five years later, Krishnamurti spoke of the boy Krishna and his relationship to Leadbeater. "The boy had always said, 'I will do whatever you want.' There was an element of subservience, obedience. The boy was vague, uncertain, wooly; he didn't seem to care what was happening. He was like a vessel, with a large hole in it, whatever was put in, went through, nothing remained." They called him the vehicle, he accepted that without any question. There was no resistance in him, no doubt nor questioning. Krishnamurti also spoke of the boy's psychic powers. He could read what was in a closed letter, read people's thoughts, see faeries. But he appeared totally unaware of the significance of these extrasensory faculties; for him they were of no account.

The Masters had instructed Mrs. Besant and Leadbeater to protect the body of Krishnamurti for two years and so prepare it for the manifestation. Everything was done to ensure this; Krishnaji would later say that although Leadbeater and others determined the conditions in which the outer life of Krishnamurti would develop, no attempt was made to interfere with the boy's psyche or to mold his brain, for they said, "The Lord is preparing it."

Leadbeater was often impatient with Krishna—the boy's vagueness irritated him, particularly the habit of standing with his mouth open. On one occasion he hit Krishna sharply on the chin to force him to close his mouth. Krishnaji was to say later that this act of violence broke all relationship between Krishna and Leadbeater.

Just before Mrs. Besant's return to India, Krishna was put on probation by the Masters. When Mrs. Besant arrived in Madras in November 1909, she saw with Leadbeater an "eager large eyed boy" shyly step forward to put a garland round her neck. Leadbeater's voice said, "This is our Krishna."[9]

With her coming, a protective wall was slowly built around the boy. A special group of boys was selected to play with him; no one was permitted to sit on his chair or to use his tennis racket. Everything he did was closely monitored.

To ensure that Naraniah would not interfere in the training, a message was soon received from the Masters that the boys should go as little as possible to their father's house. Mrs. Besant prevailed on the father to hand over the guardianship of the boys to her. Soon all visits of the boys to Naraniah's house had ended.

While Mrs. Besant was in Adyar, she met with Krishna every day. It was during this period that the seeds of her relationship with him, based on love and infinite trust, were sown. In the months prior to Mrs. Besant's return to India, Leadbeater claimed to have taken Krishna every night on the astral plane to be instructed by the Masters. The boy had been brought in contact with the esoteric life of the Society as viewed by Leadbeater and the language that surrounded the occult mysteries. Portraits of the Masters and Mahatmas hung in the shrine room, the meditation hall of the Esoteric Section; faces and names were absorbed by Krishna to fuse and grow one with his everyday reality. Mrs. Besant first met Krishna on November 27, 1909, and by December 5 he had been admitted to the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society.

She was to leave Adyar for Varanasi soon after.

CHAPTER 3

The Dream: "Is That You My Lord?"

What was the work that took Mrs. Besant to Varanasi at this time, the most crucial moment of her life? Why was she not in Adyar at the time of the first initiation? Was she herself under the guidance of mystics and sages, seeking an assurance about Krishnamurti from the occult hierarchy? Had she to undergo yogic initiations in order to protect the child who was to be the World Teacher?

Speaking to learned scholars and the Brahmin pandits of Varanasi more than seventy years later, I gathered that in those early years Mrs. Besant had been in touch in Varanasi with Swami Vishudhanand and his disciple Gopinath Kaviraj. Swami Vishudhanand was a renowned tantric, with many *siddhis* or mystical powers. He also claimed direct links to a secret cult and doctrine of Tibet; originating in India, this doctrine had survived in its pristine form in a heavily charged psychic center beyond Mansarovar Lake in Tibet. At this center many great sages and bodhisattvas were said to gather, not in their physical form, but perhaps as centers of energy. One of their most guarded doctrines was an ear-to-mouth, whispered doctrine, concerned with the eternal cycle of time—with yoga or *kundalini* practices and with the transference of consciousness. This yoga, fraught with immense dangers, had originated in India long before the Buddha and his teaching. It later disappeared in India, but survived amongst adepts in that secret center in Tibet.

It is possible that through Swami Vishudhanand, Mrs. Besant grew aware of the doctrine of the "turning around" or transference of consciousness and its close links to *kundalini* yoga. Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya of Varanasi, who had found a copy of the original text of the *Kala Chakra Tantra,* and who was undertaking research into it, told

Krishnaji that Pandit Gopinath Kaviraj maintained that the Theosophical Society drew much of its hidden teaching from this secret doctrine. He went on to say that Swami Vishudhanand and Gopinath Kaviraj, in the early years of the twentieth century, had spoken to Mrs. Besant of the imminent coming of the Maitreya Boddhisattva and his manifestation in a human body; according to the swami, the body chosen was that of Krishnamurti. Krishnaji's response had been swift. "The Maitreya cannot manifest, it would be like the sky manifesting. It is the teaching that manifests." Another day, speaking on the same subject, as if through a rent in time Krishnaji suddenly saw an image. He said, "Amma [A. B.] visited the Kaviraj riding a horse."[1]

When I heard this I was intrigued. The image of Mrs. Besant riding a white charger in the early twentieth century through the tiny lanes of Varanasi to visit *sadhus,* mendicant ascetics, was pure magic; I enquired further and found that Mrs. Besant was very fond of riding and it is likely that she did ride to her meetings with the gurus of Varanasi. This whole area of enquiry throws new light on the manner in which many secret insights and doctrines entered the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society. It is possible that Mrs. Besant's total faith that the Bodhisattva Maitreya would manifest through the body of Krishnamurti was due to these early contacts with Varanasi gurus and their links to the occult hierarchy. Leadbeater, with his obvious psychic gifts, was heavily burdened by occidental occult symbology; the sources that provided the Indian stream to the occult world of Theosophy could only have come from sources steeped in Indian and Tibetan tradition.

Within three weeks of Krishna's joining the Esoteric Section, Leadbeater had telegraphed Mrs. Besant that the boy had been accepted by Master Koot Hoomi as his disciple. Only five months had passed since Krishna had been discovered by Leadbeater.

Writing to Mrs. Besant in a beautiful script, possibly the result of intense copybook practice, Krishna described the ceremony of acceptance on January 3, 1910:

> My dear Mother,
>
> It was very beautiful. When we went to our Master's house, we found him and Master Morya and the Master Djwal Kul all standing talking, and they spoke very kindly. We all prostrated ourselves, and the Master drew me onto his knee, and asked me whether I would forget myself entirely and never have a selfish thought, but think only how to help the world and I said indeed I would, and I wanted only to be like him someday. Then he kissed me and

passed his hand over me, and I seemed to be somehow part of him, and I felt quite different and very very happy, and I have had that feeling ever since. Then they all three blessed me and we came away. But next morning in the Shrine Room when I thanked him again, I felt his hand press strongly on my head again just as in the night.

I have ridden 254 miles now, and I enjoy the rides very much. How soon will you come back to us. I send you very much love many times each day.

Your loving son,
Krishna[2]

The period of probation was short, and unusual events soon followed. An eminent astrologer, G. E. Sutcliff, had foreseen a very unusual positioning of planets for January 11. Telegrams were exchanged between Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant, and she was finally informed that the first initiation of Krishna was to take place on the night of January 11 to 12. Mrs. Besant was unable to be present, but she issued instructions that the doors of the shrine room of the Esoteric Section and the veranda which opened onto her room were to be closed, and that Krishna and Leadbeater were to occupy her room during this momentous occasion.

It was said later that Krishna and Leadbeater were out of their bodies during two nights and a day, coming back into them occasionally for some nourishment. Krishna lay on Mrs. Besant's bed, Leadbeater on the floor. On January 12 they emerged from the room to find some of the elders of the Society awaiting them. Amongst them was Krishna's father, Naraniah, and his brother Nitya. Krishna wrote to Mrs. Besant immediately, describing the mysterious happenings:

When I left my body the first night, I went at once to the Master's house and I found Him there with the Master Morya and the Master Djwal Kul. The Master talked to me very kindly for a long time, and told me all about the initiation, and what I should have to do. Then, we all went together to the house of the Lord Maitreya, where I had been once before, and there we found many of the Masters—the Venetian Master, the Master Jesus, the Master the Count, the Master Serapis, the Master Hilarion and the two Masters Morya and K. H. The Lord Maitreya sat in the middle and the others stood round Him in a semi-circle. [Here Krishna drew a diagram to make the positions of the gathered Brotherhood clear.] Then the Master took my right hand and the Master Djwal Kul my left, and they led me in front of the Lord Maitreya, you [Mrs. Besant] and uncle [Leadbeater] standing close behind me. The Lord smiled at me, but He said to the Master: "Who is this that you bring before me?" And the Master answered: "This is a candidate for admission to the Great Brotherhood."

[The Masters who had gathered agreed to his admission into the Brotherhood.]

Then the Lord turned away from me and called towards Shamballa: "Do I this, O Lord of Life and Light, in Thy Name and for Thee?" And at once the great Silver Star flashed out over His head and on each side of it in the air there stood a figure—one for the Lord Gautama Buddha and the other the Mahachohan. And the Lord Maitreya turned and called me by the true name of my Ego, and laid His hand upon my head and said: "In the name of the One Initiator, whose Star shines above us, I receive you into the Brotherhood of Eternal Life." [The next night they were taken to visit Sanat Kumar.]

. . . for He is a boy not much older than I am, but the handsomest I have ever seen, all shining and glorious, and when He smiles it is like sunlight. He is strong like the sea, so that nothing could stand against Him for a moment, and yet He is nothing but love, so that I could not be in the least afraid of Him.[3]

Mrs. Besant's reply to Krishna is not available, but she wrote in glowing words to Leadbeater, confirming the event. The correspondence between Mrs. Besant and Krishna reveal the immensity of her love and concern for the child. Her words reach out to him:

31 March 1910

My loved Krishna, blessed little son, I wonder if you see or feel me in the morning meditation where I come to you, *you* do in your astral, but do you in your brain down here? And very often in the day I send a thought-form to wrap its wings round you.

There was such a big meeting in Calcutta for the animals and I told the people about the Robin who tried to pull the nail out of the hand of Christ on the Cross. That is not a story of a fact but of a real truth, like the story of Shri Rama stroking the squirrels have pretty stripes [sic]. Once at Sarnath where the Buddha preached his first sermon, I looked back to see it; and a little fawn came up and put her nose into his hand. The Lord was all love, so the animals were not afraid of him. Tell dear Nitya that I give him a kiss on the top of his dear little head every morning, and send him a thought-form too. You know that I love you very much my Krishna, and am always.

Your loving mother.[4]

Krishna replied on April 5, 1910:

Of course, my physical brain remembers when you put your arms round me, because I am trying to make my consciousness the same all the time, but I am not always quite sure of it yet. I am working always for what is wanted for the second step, but it will take some time. I think, I have not much doubt or superstition, but it is very hard to get rid of the delusion of self, but I will do it. I do not quite know how yet, but somehow it shall be done.

I have read "Children of the Motherland" and in about the next three days, we shall have finished "The Story of the Great War." I have heard the stories about "The Robin and the Squirrel," but I have not yet seen a Robin. It is 1250 years since I was last at Saranath, but I hope to go there in this life also. There was a great grey pillar there with a lion on it and other smaller pillars round it in half a circle. How soon will you come back to us? I send you very much love every day.

Your loving son, Krishna.[5]

A photograph taken immediately after Krishna's first initiation, five months after he had been "discovered" by Leadbeater, reveals the young *brahmacharin* mantled in an *angavastram*. It is a fragile face with intimations of unbounded strength. In profile, the hair hangs just above his shoulders; his eyes mirror *akash*, endless space and sound. The mouth is slightly open, neither smiling, nor grim; a tender mango shoot that has no self-will, but only life energy; a face defenseless, entirely without guile: "Of the waters the first born sap, / likewise of the forest trees."[6]

Many of Krishna's biographers, describing him at the time of discovery by Leadbeater, speak of him as backward, even moronic, dirty, unkempt, with only his large eyes to distinguish his face. Astonishingly, there are no comments on his awesome beauty.

By September 1910 Mrs. Besant, who was in Adyar, took the brothers with her to Varanasi. It was here that Krishna sent for the notes he is said to have written in Adyar, and which were to form the material for his first book, *At the Feet of the Master.*

The appearance of the book aroused a major controversy. Specially bound in blue leather and autographed by Krishna, a copy meant for Master Koot Hoomi and placed under Krishna's pillow was to disappear by morning. A vast number of copies of the book sold. Krishna's English at the time was feeble, and many critics maintained that the book had been written by Leadbeater. The book was lucid, combining Theosophical teaching with certain basic tenets of Hinduism.

There is little doubt that even if the notes had been originally written by Krishna under the guidance of Master K. H., the final version bore a definite Leadbeater imprint. Questioned by his father, Krishna is reported to have denied having written the book.

Some fifty years later the physicist George Sudarshan asked Krishnaji about the authorship of *At the Feet of the Master.* Krishnaji replied, "The man who wrote the book has disappeared."[7] He refused to say anything further about it.

In 1911 Mrs. Besant traveled to England with her two wards. Her old friends and admirers in India had been very critical about what they referred to as the whole "Messiah business," and she had been attacked relentlessly by *The Hindu,* an influential English daily published in Madras. Soon many members of the Theosophical Society from all over India, some of whom were her close friends, were in open revolt for her worship "of the little Hindu boy she calls Alcyone."[8] In spite of ridicule, open opposition, and desertion from the Society of some of its eminent members, Mrs. Besant stood like a rock, her faith unshaken, steadfast to the Masters' instructions that Krishna was to be the vehicle for the Maitreya Buddha.

Before leaving for England Mrs. Besant had a complete Western wardrobe made for the boys by the best tailors in Bombay. When they arrived at Charing Cross Station to be met by a gathering of Theosophists, Krishna was wearing a Norfolk jacket and trousers.

Mrs. Besant took the boys to stay at the home of her friend Miss Bright. In her book *Old Memories and Letters of Annie Besant,* Esther Bright described the two Indian wards of Mrs. Besant.

> It was to this house that A. B. brought her two young Indian wards, the brothers Krishnamurti and Nityanandam. They made their home with us. It was interesting to watch their reactions to our Western life—very shy and reserved they were—but keenly alive to what was going on in our peculiar Western world, and often, no doubt, very critical of us! Especially on the subject of Rice! "I do not think Miss Bright quite understands" said Nitya once very gravely "how much we like rice." He was a charming little fellow, such a serious face and keen, friendly, inquiring eyes; a fine, big nature in that small Indian body. A. B. was devoted to these boys and gave them all the affection and loving kindness possible. It was beautiful to see them together . . .[9]

Parted from Krishna for a short while, Mrs. Besant wrote on November 29, 1911:

> I am sending you big waves of love, like those that come tumbling in through the opening of the bar; only they do not knock you about, but only envelope and guard the precious body that the Lord will wear.
>
> I love my own dear Krishna, the ego that I have loved for so many years, How many? I do not know. Since we were leaping animals, and guarded our Master's hut? Perhaps longer still; perhaps when we were plants, we put out delicate tendrils to each other in the sunshine and the storm. And perhaps we

> were animals—Oh, so very long ago—I was a bit of crystal and you a bit of gold in me.[10]

Krishna and Nitya returned to India with Mrs. Besant for a short period in December 1921. The attacks against Mrs. Besant were continuing. The brothers accompanied Mrs. Besant to Varanasi. According to Mrs. Besant and Leadbeater it was here that the first quickening of the spirit was to occur, after which Mrs. Besant proclaimed that there could no longer be any doubt that Krishnamurti had been selected by the Bodhisattva Maitreya as his vehicle.

By 1912 Mrs. Besant and the two boys returned to Europe. Naraniah had reluctantly allowed his sons to go back, on the understanding that they would be kept away from all contact with Leadbeater. At the time, news of Leadbeater's sexual proclivities were being freely talked about in the English community of Madras, and it was natural that the father should resent any contact of his sons with him. As Mrs. Besant was about to leave India with her wards, Naraniah's fears reawakened and he threatened to file a suit for their recovery. But she prevailed on the father to allow the boys to accompany her and prepare for their entry to Oxford. Hearing, however, that Mrs. Besant on reaching Europe had taken the boys to Taormina in Italy, where Leadbeater was waiting to help Krishna undergo his second initiation, Naraniah finally filed a case for the recovery of custody of his sons. Mrs. Besant returned to India and fought the suit with her enormous energy, diligence, and sheer willpower; she appeared in person in the courts and argued with great skill against some of the best legal experts of the country. She lost the case both in the lower court and in the High Court of Madras; but eventually she won in her appeal to the Privy Council.

Krishna and Nitya did not see India from 1912 to 1922.

The contact between Mrs. Besant and Krishna could only be maintained through letters. Krishna wrote to her every week describing his studies, his dreams, his problems. He started collecting money for Mrs. Besant's work in India and promised to contribute 2s 6d a week from his pocket money. During a visit to a dentist in the last week of August 1912, a mild application of cocaine to his wisdom tooth led to an extraordinary dream that night of the Lord Maitreya. He described the dream in a letter to Mrs. Besant—the handwriting sprawls across the page, words are cut out, the lines crooked:

> I remembered being in a room above an E. S. [Esoteric Section] room with

Clarke.* There was an E. S. meeting which Mother held. The meeting was over and Clarke and I went upstairs into my room. My window looked into the E. S. room. I went to the window casually and saw a person in the E. S. room. I was rather startled at first, because I saw that every person was out after the meeting and I had myself locked the door. I felt rather uneasy about it and was rather afraid but, I said to myself "what is there to be afraid about?" Therefore, I called Clarke and went down. I walked down rather quickly and when I was at the bottom, I looked up to see Clarke, but he was not there. I heard a sort of noise and I saw as follows: A form seemed to come out of the Lord Maitreya's picture and those of the Master's. I saw a man's legs and only up to his neck, as I could not see whose face it was as it was covered with a sort of gold cloth. I knew who the person was as he had long hair and pointed beard and I wanted to make sure and I said very humbly & the words are exact. I said "Is that You, my Lord?" . . . He took away the cover from His face and I knew for certain, it was the Lord Maitreya. Then, I prostrated myself and He stretched His hand over me in blessing. Then He sat on the ground cross-legged and I also sat down cross-legged on the floor. Then He began to talk to me and told me things which I do not remember. Then I prostrated and He was gone.

A few hours later I and an Indian boy friend were walking along a road and on both sides there were mountains and rivers and I saw a man walking towards us, he was tall and well built. As the form approached us I knew who it was and told my friend to go away. My friend said he wanted to see who it was. By this time, the form was very close to us and I was going to prostrate myself when He put up His hand not to do it. My friend was behind me. The Lord turned to my friend and said to him "What do you want here?" My friend did not answer Him. Then the Lord said to him again "if you do not want anything, you had better go away." My friend still stood there without answering. Then the Lord lifted His hand and pointed it towards my friend and as I was close to His hand, I heard a sort of rumbling noise as if a train had passed by. I turned towards my friend and I saw him slowly falling down. My friend was motionless as though he was dead. Then I prostrated, and the Lord Maitreya said "That boy of yours is rather inquisitive" and I could not answer Him and I was sorry that I brought my friend along.

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The Lord said, I think this is what He said—"Raja [C. Jinarajadasa] was to go to America after George [Arundale, Krishna's tutor in England between 1912 and 1914] has come next year and Clarke was to stay." He told me that I was getting on well and something else which I do not *remember* I remember the

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*Russel B. Clarke (Dick) was an engineer and a Theosophist who came to stay in Adyar in 1910 and was assisting C W. Leadbeater in his work When the boys Krishna and Nitya were discovered, Clarke became their tutor

> Lord very clearly. His face was like a glass covered with a thin piece of gold; in other words, as Mother said, like ripe corn. His face was radiant and luminous.
>
> He was very kind to me. He once or twice put His hand over my shoulder. He talked about Mother and George. We talked for a very long time. At the end, I asked him "Is there any order my Lord?" and He said, "you need not be so formal." Then I prostrated once more. He said, "we shall meet often."
>
> I felt as though I could talk with Him for ever and I saw Lord Maitreya's form disappear. Then I awoke and it was half past five. Then also, I wrote out all this. . . . Krishna.[11]

Through the years of separation Mrs. Besant continued to write to Krishna regularly, describing her life, teaching him to spell, and so forth. Her letters reflect her concern for him and her remarkable qualities as a teacher. On October 9, 1912, she noticed his appalling spelling and wrote:

> I am glad you are doing your lessons regularly. Please try to pay attention to them while you are doing them, and make your mind steady and *think*, as you did with me. It is very important that you should master these ordinary things, and do us all credit at Oxford. I should like parallel bars better without two Rs; you have the ll's right; unparalleled is one of the puzzle words often given for spelling. I do not think there is any rule about "r" being single or double for we write harass with one, and embarras [sic] with two. In reading books, we learn to know how a word *looks*, and if it is wrongly spelt, it looks like a lame man.
>
> I leave for Adyar on the 20th at midnight, and there is going to be a reception given to me by the Madras people, to show that they do not sympathise with the *Hindu*.
>
> With very much love to you and dear Nitya,
>
> Your own loving Mother.[12]

A year later, in reply to a comment about his unruly writing, Krishna wrote to Besant, "I am very sorry that Lord Maitreya should speak three times about my hand-writing."[13]

Mrs. Besant, fighting the case for the custody of the boys, and caught in the whirlpool of political life in India, placed Krishna and Nitya in the care of C. Jinarajadasa and later George Arundale. Shunted as they were from place to place, tutor to tutor, very little spiritual education or discussion appears to have taken place during this period. For a time the brothers were sent to school near Rochester. Their lives were made miserable by the other boys, who told dirty jokes and called the brothers "black devils."

While Krishna was in India, in the early years, he had a living contact with the Masters: but in England he soon grew skeptical and took little interest in any esoteric activity. He told a friend that on one occasion when the Master K. H. was standing before him, speaking to him, he had gone up to the Master and walked through him. The Masters, according to Krishna, were never to appear to him again.

On April 15, 1913, Justice Blackwell of the High Court of Madras passed judgment on the case brought by Naraniah for the return of the custody of his sons, Krishna and Nitya.

The honorable judge concluded that although the evidence of Naraniah, the father, was not to be trusted, the plaintiff was not aware when he signed the guardianship agreement that his son was to be brought up as a "vehicle of supernatural powers" and, therefore, had a right to change his mind when he so learned.

His lordship refused to pass orders of custody, as the boys were residents of British India and only temporary residents of England. He therefore declared them wards of the court and ordered the boys to be turned over to their father on or about May 26, 1913.

A stay of execution, however, was granted to Mrs. Besant, who decided to appeal to the Privy Council. She had telegraphed Krishna and had received a cable in reply from Raja, Nitya, and Krishna, expressing their total confidence in her.

She wrote to Krishna on April 17:

> My beloved son,
>
> Your nice telegram, signed by you, Raja and Nitya, gave me much pleasure You and Nitya are perfectly safe. No one can touch you. "I protect." And over us all shines the Star of the great king, and the hand of the Lord Maitreya guards you. Did not He Himself bid me protect you? It is my privilege and pride to do so, my blessed boy.
>
> I am quite enjoying myself and am remembering how you, [and] I gallopped along the Himalayan valleys when we came down into India.
>
> Your own loving mother
>
> Do you think galloped or gallopped look better? I am not sure People spell it both ways. I think the two pps look more like the leaps of a horse [13]

With the outbreak of war in 1914 Krishna's tutor, George Arundale, had volunteered for the Red Cross and found a senior position in King George's Hospital. Krishna and Nitya, eager to work, had also offered their services, but to no avail. Despite the fact that a large number of Indian troops were fighting for the British, racial prejudice was at its peak. The presence of dark-skinned Indians in a white man's hospital was frowned on by the authorities. After great pressure from influential sources, Krishna found work in a hospital near the Theosophical Society, but was only permitted to scrub floors. He wrote to Mrs. Besant on July 1, 1915:

> My dearest Mother,
>
> Thank you so very much for your letter. Of course, I shall do what you wish and I shall not touch meat or anything of that sort. We are now working in a hospital near the Theosophical Society with Dr. Guest. I like working there and I am kept busy from morning till nearly 7 in the evening. I think George likes his work too and I think he is happier. We are of course working under Dr. Guest and I like it very much.
>
> I think everything is going on very well.
>
> Your own devoted son,
> Krishna[15]

But by July 15th they had been asked to leave. In another letter to Mrs. Besant, written from Greenwood Gate, Withyham, Sussex, Krishna says:

> . . . I have been working really hard for a change at the hospital because there are too many Theosophists and I being an Indian am not wanted by the Committee. They also don't want any honorary workers. They are all very jealous and very petty. Lady Williamson who is the wife of the Chairman, Sir Archibald Williamson, wants to boss everybody including Dr. Guest and he is appointed as the Head of the Hospital by the War Office. Dr. Guest is now Major Guest and he is a bit sick of all this. The Committee has asked me and others to go away and so I have not been working there since yesterday. I am sorry because I liked the work very much and I was just getting into it. Now, I am going to find something else which will occupy me and think of other people and get away from myself. I will do what you tell me and be useful. . . .[16]

The brothers tried desperately to find work but were turned away. Krishna wrote on August 18, 1915:

> . . . I have tried very hard to find work anywhere of any sort but it is really very difficult. First of all, I am an Indian and nobody seems to like them . . . I do want to work, in as [sic] you tell me to forget myself, I think it is the only way, work. I hope it will be all right.[17]

The fact that he was an Indian and, therefore, unacceptable became a recurrent refrain in his letters to Mrs. Besant.

Mrs. Besant's replies are unavailable, but the stiff-necked old ladies who surrounded Krishna felt he was too frivolous and must have complained to Mrs. Besant. Krishna wrote to Mrs. Besant on October 7:

> I know, I have not taken my life seriously so far and I am going to do it from now. I am beginning my studies from next Monday. I had settled to study after the letter you had written to Lady De La Warr. I am going to study Sanskrit, English, Mathematics, History and French. I am having lessons for each and I mean to get into Oxford as soon as I can. I will study for all my worth and after Oxford, there is my work laid out for me by the Masters and yourself. I honestly mean to do this and *I will* do this at all costs [18]

In spite of these letters, the brothers were very lonely, unhappy, and felt totally rejected. Increasingly disillusioned, they appear to have lost interest in the Theosophical teachings. Krishna wrote to Leadbeater about Nitya:

> He feels very lonely, like most of us do, and there is nobody whom he specially likes or loves and makes doubly harder. He is very bitter, hard and cold He suffers a lot. I am afraid, I can't help him much. He wants somebody to love him first and foremost and to whom he can pour out all his troubles. He wants a mother to love as I have lady Emily.[19]

Krishna's only friend in England was Lady Emily Lutyens, the wife of Edwin Lutyens, the visionary architect who had designed New Delhi. Thirty-six years old when she first met Krishna, she was present, along with a huge crowd at the Charing Cross Road platform, to receive Mrs. Besant and the mysterious young boy Alcyone. When she saw the large-eyed, long-haired young Indian boy, who was then sixteen years old, she was deeply stirred. Lady Emily became very friendly with Krishna, who was bewildered and lonely in alien surroundings. At first her husband, Edwin Lutyens, was amused. Later he became deeply upset, as he felt Lady Emily was neglecting him and the children. Mrs. Besant was very distressed, because she felt that any emotional atmosphere around Krishna was detrimental to the mission for which he was intended. In the letters Krishna continued to write Mrs. Besant, however, he referred to Lady Emily as being much better, more serious, and trying very hard.

The brothers' names had been entered for Balliol at Oxford. But the master of Balliol, concerned about the controversies that had arisen around Krishna, rejected him on the "general principle that his college did not want to have anything to do with a brown Messiah."[20]

All attempts by Mrs. Besant to arrange for their admission to any other college in Oxford or Cambridge also failed. Krishna was also unable to pass any of the entrance examinations for London University. He would study for days but, when faced with an examination, would come away leaving a blank paper.

The brothers were living with Miss Dodge in Wimbledon. Miss Dodge was a very rich and charitable American woman. Crippled by arthritis, she had financed many activities of the Theosophical Society. She was a friend of Lady Emily Lutyens, who introduced her to Mrs. Besant and Theosophy. Krishna and Nitya commuted every day to London, where they were studying, with immense difficulty, to pass the entrance examinations to London University. "It was at this time that they learnt to dress well, and feel at ease in a rich aristocratic household."[21] They had begun to go to expensive tailors and visit the theater. Krishna was showing very few signs of his fulfilling the promise forecast for him by Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant. As Krishna grew older Mrs. Besant was to say to him, "My dear, what is to happen to you?" She saw that Krishna was only interested in clothes and cars. But her trust in the role the Masters had foreseen for Krishna remained unshaken.

Meanwhile, at the Theosophical convention held in Varanasi in December 1913, C. W. Leadbeater had discovered a thirteen-year-old Brahmin youth from Madras named D. Rajagopal. Attracted by his aura, C. W. L. prophesied a brilliant future for him—even to the extent of saying that in a future life he would be the next Buddha on the planet Mercury. Adopted by Leadbeater, Rajagopal was sent to England with C. Jinarajadasa in 1920. He was soon to enter Cambridge, where he studied law and passed his examination brilliantly.

When Krishna and Rajagopal first met, there was a certain aloofness, and Krishna's friends treated Rajagopal with a flippancy and disregard. Rajagopal, deeply hurt by their attitudes, attempted to mask his feelings. By 1922, however, the relationship between Krishna, Nitya, and Rajagopal had improved considerably.

After the war, having failed in all his attempts to enter a university, Krishna went to Paris and stayed with his friends the Manziarlys. They were a large, warm family, and introduced him to Paris. Krishna met dancers, writers, painters, musicians. He was awakening to a new creative world. It was enchantment. For a time the role of messiah sat lightly on his shoulders.

One night Krishna attended a reception hosted for him. Amongst the many personalities present were some generals in gala uniform;

many had gathered out of curiosity to see this beautiful young man destined to be a messiah. Some were cynical, others full of admiration.

"Many expected the new messiah to appear as an oriental figure" with the "voice of an Elijah." The "messiah" proved to be "an elegant young man in flannel trousers." His gestures were nonchalant and even a little bored. When questioned about the heavy burden of being called an incarnation of a Deity, he laughed aloud. "I should say it is rather a burden. The thing I am most interested in just now is whether Suzanne Lenglen will be able to hold out against Helen Wills [at Wimbledon]."[22]

In December 1921, after an absence of nine years, Krishnamurti and his brother Nitya returned to India. Krishnamurti was seeing India anew; during this visit he would make friends, observe his surroundings, and reestablish a communication with the Masters.

The brothers decided to visit their father, Naraniah, who had had no contact or news of them for nine years. His daughter-in-law G. Sharada, who had married Krishna's elder brother when she was fifteen, was deeply hurt and in tears when she spoke to me years later in 1984 of the reports that had been current of the meeting between Naraniah and his two sons. Unable to visit the Theosophical Society, he had sought news of them from outside the Society. Neither of the boys had written to him over the years, and when he received a telegram that they were coming to visit him, he had wept. At his behest, his daughter-in-law spent two days preparing the special foods he knew his sons had enjoyed eating.

It was evening when the brothers arrived. G. Sharada said she was very shy, and waited outside on the veranda when Krishnamurti and Nitya came to visit. Describing Krishnamurti, she said, "He looked beyond description, very bright—full of light. He had a strange quick walk, and was much taller than others." She bowed her head when she saw him. To tease her, he put his two hands on his face, as if he had not seen her. Nitya chided him and said, "Why do you do that? She is naturally shy, like an Indian girl."

Naraniah was overwhelmed when he saw his sons, and stood up to greet them. Krishnamurti and Nitya prostrated themselves before him and touched their foreheads to his feet. Naraniah embraced them and started weeping. Krishnamurti sat down with him and, according to G. Sharada, "consoled him." Later they spoke of Mrs. Besant. The father and his sons did not speak in Telugu, but in English. The specially prepared sweets and savories were offered to the brothers. The boys were shy and embarrassed, and were unsure of how to behave. Consequently, they ate very little. Krishnamurti refused, but Nitya took an orange.

Naraniah was suffering from diabetes and had bladder problems. The emotional excitement of seeing his sons prompted him to go to the lavatory; and, as was demanded by ritual, he washed his feet. This was later interpreted to mean that Naraniah had washed his feet because they had been touched by his sons, whom he regarded as pariahs.[23]

The brothers stayed for only half an hour on their first visit. According to G. Sharada, they came to see Naraniah three days running, after which their visits were to cease.* Naraniah wanted to go to the Theosophical Society to see his sons before they left India, but was restrained by his eldest son. Naraniah died in 1924. He did not see his sons again in his lifetime.[24]

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*In Krishnamurti's *Journal*, page 36, there is an account that varies from that given by G. Sharada I read the version in my manuscript to Krishnaji. He said he did not remember. Sometimes when he spoke of the past, his own memories would fuse with what others had told him.

CHAPTER 4

"Mother, Please Touch My Face. Is It Still There?"

In early 1922 Krishnaji and Nitya traveled by ship from Colombo to Sydney, Australia, to attend a Theosophical convention to be held there. Krishna and C. W. L. were meeting after ten years, and he appeared happy to meet his old mentor. Charges of homosexuality arose again in Sydney against Leadbeater, and trouble exploded amongst serious Theosophists, which Krishna did his best to allay.

It was in Sydney that Krishna was also to meet James Wedgewood. By then Wedgewood had been ordained a bishop of the Liberal Catholic Church.* In 1916 he had in turn consecrated C. W. L. as the Regional Liberal Catholic Bishop for Australasia. C. W. L. was delighted, for this involved not only the rituals and the gorgeous robes attached to the Church, but a new liturgy, which was in English.

As Nitya was still unwell, after the convention was over the brothers decided to return to Europe by way of San Francisco and the United States. A. P. Warrington, the General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in the United States, was in Sydney for the convention. He invited Krishna and Nitya to spend some time in Ojai, California, an ancient Native American area near Santa Barbara, which had a dry climate, excellent for tuberculosis. As their time to leave Sydney approached, C. W. L. received a message from Master K. H. for Krishna, which touched Krishna deeply.

It was a long voyage, and Nitya grew desperately ill on board ship.

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*The Liberal Catholic Church emerged from a group of German Catholic rebels against the Church of Rome on the doctrine of papal infallibility in 1870. It associated itself with the old Catholic Church of Holland, spread amongst Catholic and Anglican priests, but had a small following.

But at last he rallied, and they arrived in California. It was their first visit, and Krishna was enchanted with the beauty of the countryside. After a trip to a redwood forest he remarked on the majesty of the trees and their resemblance to vast cathedrals.

Krishna and Nitya finally came to Ojai, where they lived in a cottage surrounded by six acres of land. The property was later to be bought for the brothers by Annie Besant, and renamed Arya Vihara, the monastery of the noble ones.

Krishnamurti had begun meditating regularly every morning, and was surprised at the ease with which the mind responded. He found he could hold the image of Maitreya in consciousness for the whole day. He was, as he said, "getting calmer and more serene." His whole outlook on life was changing. Doors were opening inward. From Ojai Krishnamurti wrote to Leadbeater:

> As you well know, I have not been what is called "happy" for many years; everything I touched brought me discontentment; my mental condition as you know, my dearest brother, has been deplorable . . . I have changed considerably from what I was in Australia. Naturally I have been thinking and deliberating about the message Master K. H. gave me while in Australia.[1]

In August 1922 Krishnamurti was to be plunged into the intense spiritual awakening that changed the course of his life. In the Indian tradition, the yogi who delves into the labyrinth of consciousness awakens exploding *kundalini** energies and entirely new fields of psychic phenomena, journeying into unknown areas of the mind. A yogi who touches these primordial energies and undergoes mystic initiation is recognized as being vulnerable to immense dangers; the body and mind face perils that could lead to insanity or death.

The yogi learns the secret doctrines and experiences the awakening of dormant energy under the instruction of the guru. Once the yogi becomes an adept, these transformations of consciousness on the playground of consciousness are revealed in a mystical drama. The body and mind must undergo a supremely dangerous journey. The adept is surrounded and protected by his disciples; secrecy and a protective silence pervade the atmosphere.

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*The *kundalini* energy principle, dormant until awakened by the yogi, is likened to a serpent; it arises at the base of the spine, behind the generative organs, and ascends through the *sushumna nadi*, piercing and awakening *chakra* by *chakra* till it exits through the center of the scalp, the aperture of Brahma. The six *chakras* of *kundalini* yoga are regarded as six centers of explosive but dormant cosmic energy of the nature of fire The route along which these centers are placed is the spinal column. The *chakras* are likened to a lotus· awakened by the rising *kundalini* or serpent power, it opens and faces upwards.

On either side of the *sushumna* or median nerve are the solar and lunar channels, *ida* and *pingala* coiled like serpents around the *sushumna*. The point between the eyebrows is the sixth *chakra* or nodal point of energy. With the opening of the thousand-petaled lotus in the scalp, the yogi is liberated; within him he holds an inexhaustible source of energy that does not dissipate.

In Ojai, Nitya and Rosalind Williams, a young American, were present when Krishnamurti experienced much of the phenomena.[2] Nitya and Krishnamurti both sent Annie Besant reports of the events. Nitya's account vividly describes his brother's agony. Krishna was in pain, fainting, calling out in Telugu for his mother, asking to be taken to the woods in India, complaining of dirt, asking Nitya and Rosalind not to touch him. Krishna spoke of the presence of mighty Beings; an emptying of the Krishna-consciousness was evident, and with it there was sometimes a feeling of great presence. Finally, Krishna went out of the house and sat under a pepper tree. Nitya's description, though conditioned by Theosophical terminology, reveals bewilderment and anxiety and deep concern for his elder brother. Krishnamurti also wrote an account of the happenings to Mrs. Besant:

> On the 17th of August, I felt acute pain at the nape of my neck and I had to cut down my meditation to fifteen minutes. The pain instead of getting better as I had hoped, grew worse. The climax was reached on the 19th I could not think, nor was I able to do anything, and I was forced by friends here to retire to bed. Then I became almost unconscious, though I was well aware of what was happening around me. I came to myself at about noon each day. On that first day while I was in that state and more conscious of the things around me, I had the first most extraordinary experience There was a man mending the road; that man was myself; the pickaxe he held was myself, the very stone which he was breaking was a part of me, the tender blade of grass was my very being and the tree beside the man was myself. I almost could feel and think like the roadmender, and I could feel the wind passing through the tree and the little ant on the blade of grass I could feel The birds, the dust and the very noise were a part of me Just then there was a car passing by at some distance; I was the driver, the engine and the tyres, as the car went further away from me, I was going away from myself. I was in everything, or rather everything was in me, inanimate and animate, the mountain, the worm and all breathing things All day long I remained in this happy condition I could not eat anything, and again at about six I began to lose my physical body, and naturally the physical elemental did what it liked, I was semi-conscious.
>
> The morning of the next day [the 20th] was almost the same as the previous

> day. I ate nothing throughout the day, and I could not tolerate too many people in the room. I could feel them in rather a curious way and their vibrations got on my nerves. That evening at about the same hour of six I felt worse than ever. I wanted nobody near me nor anybody to touch me. I was feeling extremely tired and weak. I think I was weeping from sheer exhaustion and lack of physical control. My head was pretty bad and the top part felt as though many needles were being driven in. While I was in this state, I felt that the bed on which I was lying, the same as on the previous day, was dirty and filthy beyond imagination and I could not lie in it. Suddenly I found myself sitting on the floor and Nitya and Rosalind asking me to get into bed. I asked them not to touch me and cried out that the bed was not clean. I went on like this for some time till eventually I wandered onto the verandah and sat a few moments exhausted and became slightly calmer. I began to come to myself and finally Mr. Warrington [General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in the United States] asked me to go under the pepper tree which is near the house. There I sat cross-legged in the meditation posture. When I sat thus for some time, I felt myself going out of my body. I saw myself sitting down and with the delicate, tender leaves of the tree over me. I was facing the East.
>
> In front of me was my body and over the head I saw the Star bright and clear. Then I could feel the vibration of the Lord Buddha; I beheld Lord Maitreya and Master K. H. I was so happy, calm and at peace. I could still see my body and I was hovering and within myself was the calmness of the bottom of a deep unfathomable lake. Like the lake, I felt my physical body an unfathomable lake. Like the lake I felt that my physical body with its mind and emotions could be ruffled on the surface, but nothing, nay nothing could disturb the calmness of my soul. The presence of the mighty Being was with me for some time and then They were gone. I was supremely happy for I had seen. Nothing could ever be the same. I have drunk at the clear pure waters at the source of the fountain of life and my soul was appeased. Never more could I be thirsty, never more could I be in utter darkness. I have seen the Light. I have touched compassion which heals all sorrow and suffering; it is not for myself, but for the world. I have stood on the mountain top and gazed at the mighty Beings. Never can I be in utter darkness; I have seen the glorious and healing Light. The fountain Truth has been revealed to me and the darkness has been dispersed. Love in all its glory has intoxicated my heart; my heart can never be closed. I have drunk at the fountain of joy and eternal Beauty. I am God-intoxicated![3]

For the next ten days Krishna's body was quiet, recuperating. On September 3, however, there were signs of an awakening of sensations in his spine and of his consciousness leaving the body. Soon periods of acute pain began. Three witnesses were present: Nitya, Rosalind, and Mr. Warrington. Nitya took detailed notes, but no one could understand what the events signified. The notes bearing Nitya's signature and the date February 11, 1923, were sent to Mrs. Besant. Only recently rediscovered, they lay for years in a miscellaneous file in the Adyar archives. Nitya wrote, "It is difficult for me to decide whether to write as if it were a scientific process; or as if it were a sacred ceremony in a temple. The incidents were concentrated and started every evening around 6. They lasted for a regular period and were to end at the same time late in the evening at 8-o'clock—on a few days they lasted till 9 at night."[4]

The sequence of events seems to have been as follows: Every evening Krishna meditated under the pepper tree. On September 3, after he had finished his meditations, he entered the house in a semiconscious state and lay down. He started to moan and to complain of great heat; he shuddered a little and collapsed on the couch. When he recovered full consciousness he did not remember what had occurred, though he felt a vague general discomfort. The next evening there was a recurrence of the symptoms. On September 5 he went down to Hollywood to see a dramatization of the life of Christ. He had arranged to do this a long time ago and did not want to break the engagement. Krishna told Nitya afterwards that while he was at the play in the evening, he felt himself gradually losing consciousness and it was with a great effort that he awakened himself. He returned to Ojai on the evening of the 6th. On the night of September 7, the day after the full moon, it was still very bright. Nitya continued,

> As Krishna came up from the tree we could see him clearly. He looked a spectral figure in his Indian clothes, as he walked with a heavy dragging step swaying a little, scarcely able to hold himself up. As he came nearer we could see his eyes, they had a curiously dead look in them, and though he saw us he knew none of us; he could still speak coherently but he was fast becoming unconscious. It looked so dangerous to see him walking unsteadily that Rosalind or Mr. Warrington tried to go near to support him, but he would cry out "please don't touch, Oh, please, it hurts." Then he would go into the porch and lie down on the bed. We had drawn all the blinds so it was dark in there though there was the brilliant moon. Rosalind would sit nearby. After a little he would get up and say to someone whom none of us could see, "what! yes I'm coming" and start walking out and Rosalind would try to restrain him, but he would say "I'm alright, please don't touch me, I'm perfectly alright" and his voice would sound normal though a little irritated. Deceived by this Rosalind would leave him and scarcely had he taken two steps, there would be a frightful crash and he had fallen full length on his face, unmindful of where he fell or how. Out on the porch there were boxes protruding from under a long bench that runs the length of the porch; but he was absolutely unconscious of all this, and he would fall wherever he was, fall unrestrainedly just

> as if he were fainting, sometimes he would sit up on the bed and after murmuring something he would fall backward with a crash on the bed and sometimes it was forward on the floor. He needed close attention every moment, and yet when he realized this he seemed annoyed and would affirm in a clear voice "I'm alright, please believe me, I'm perfectly alright." But even as he said it his voice would trail off. All this time he was groaning and tossing about unable to sit still, murmuring incoherently and complaining of his spine.

Any noise, even low-toned talk, would disturb him and he would beg his companions not to talk about him, to leave him alone; for every time they talked about him it hurt him. And so it went until eight o'clock. A little before eight he would become more peaceful, more restful, and sometimes he would go to sleep; gradually, he would become conscious and normal.

On the night of September 10 Krishna started calling for his mother. He called several times, then he said, "Nitya, do you see her?" When he returned to normal consciousness, he told Nitya that when his eyes rested on Rosalind, the face of their mother came in between and Rosalind's face would merge with their mother's face. Memories of his early childhood arose and he relived his childhood experiences.

Nitya and Warrington soon realized that Krishna was undergoing very dangerous transferences of consciousness or awakening of *kundalini*, and felt the atmosphere "charged with" electricity; they felt as if they were guardians of a temple where sacred ceremonies were being performed. At times those who were with Krishna felt the presence of a Being who was conducting the operations, although they could neither see nor identify it. But Krishna's body, between spasms of pain, would converse with the unseen presence, who appeared to be a friend and a Teacher. Krishna could not bear light or sound; he would cry out at the slightest touch; he could not bear too many people around him; the body and mind seemed tuned to a high pitch of sensitivity. A dull pain would suddenly concentrate on one spot and then become acute, he would push everyone away and complain of heat.

By September 18 a new phase began. The pain was more intense. Krishna was asking the unseen presence questions. His restlessness had increased; his eyes were open but unseeing; he would shiver and moan; sometimes he would shout out in pain, "Please, oh, please give me a minute." Then he would call for his mother.

On September 18, at 8:10 P.M., he was sitting on the couch, awake and fully conscious, talking and listening; but in a few minutes he went off again. The body, which was like an open wound, started to go through the same frightful pain. The pain seemed to have moved to a new part of the body unaccustomed to the deadly heat, and his sobbing would end in an awful, suppressed shriek. Krishna was in the dark and Nitya heard "the body speak, sob, shriek with pain and even beg for a moment's respite." They soon learned to recognize two voices: one, "the Physical elemental," the body, as Nitya writes of it, and the other the voice of Krishna. At a quarter past nine Krishna would grow conscious, finally, for the night. The time for the process seemed measured, as if a certain quantity of work had to be performed every evening, and if it were in any way interfered with in the beginning it was made up at the end.

Every night for the next fifteen nights he would ask, in the middle of his suffering, what the hour was. Invariably, to the minute, it was always 7:30 P.M.

When he came back to normal consciousness, the pain would be totally wiped out. He listened to Nitya and Rosalind telling him what had happened; but it was as if they were talking of another person.

On September 19 the pain seemed to be worse than before. It started immediately after he became unconscious, without any preliminaries, and grew worse and worse until suddenly Krishna was on his feet and running at full speed. They held him with difficulty, terrified that he would fall on the stones. He struggled to get away. After a time he started sobbing and gave a frightful cry, "Oh, Mother, why did you bear me, why did you bear me for this?" His eyes, according to Nitya, "looked strangely unconscious, wild and bloodshot, recognizing no one but Mother." He complained a fire was burning him, and his sobbings became so terrible that he began choking and gurgling; but this stopped soon. "And again when it became beyond endurance, he would suddenly stand up and run, and we would be round him. Three times he tried to run away and when he saw us round him he would calm down a little. At intervals when the pain was intense he would beg for rest for a few minutes and then he would start talking to his 'Mother' or else we would hear him talking to 'Them.' Sometimes he would say with a great deal of assurance, 'yes, rather I can stand a lot more; don't mind the body, I can't stop it from weeping.' "

On the night of September 20 the pain was even more acute, and Krishna tried to run away five or six times. His body would contort in dangerous and awkward positions, due to the awful pain. Nitya wrote that on one occasion Krishna, sobbing and weeping, suddenly put his head over his knees on the floor and turned over, nearly breaking his neck; but luckily Rosalind was there to turn him over sideways. He became totally still and for a moment they could hardly feel his heart beating.

The next day Rosalind had to go away for a few days. During her absence the process slackened, but he continued to complain of a strange pain low down on the left side of his spine.

On one occasion Krishna appeared distraught and felt that someone was lurking around the house. He insisted on walking to the low surrounding wall and said in a loud voice, "Go away, what do you mean by coming here? Go away. I don't know where you go, go behind the hills, but go right away from here." Then he came back and lay down. Soon he started calling out, "Please come back Krishna." He kept on calling for Krishna until he lapsed into unconsciousness. This was the first time he had called out his own name. That night there was an increase of pain in the back of his neck.

On Rosalind's return the pain grew worse and he complained of a burning in the spine and he could not bear too much light, even the light of the rising moon. Again, in the middle of the process he got up to repel some unseen person. He appeared angry and the invisible presence did not return. As soon as the light became unbearable they had to bring him indoors. One evening, toward 5 P.M., the atmosphere in the house changed; it grew quieter, peaceful, and soon they could feel a great Presence who was in charge. Nitya said it was as if, "Great engines were working and for a few hours, the house vibrated."

By October 2 a new phase began. The pain had shifted to Krishna's face and eyes. He felt that they were working on his eyes and said, "Mother, please touch my face, is it still there?" and a little later, "Mother, my eyes are gone, feel them, they have gone." As he said this he had started sobbing and moaning. This continued till 8 P.M. By 9 P.M. he was shivering and shuddering and could hardly breathe.

It appeared as if "the real Krishna" found it intensely hard to get back into his body. According to Nitya, "Every time he tried to wake up, it brought on this shivering."

On October 3 he said to Rosalind, "Mother, will you look after me, I'm going a long way off," and then fell unconscious. Some time later he began to speak to Rosalind, asking her where Krishna was. He told her that he had left her in charge, and now she did not know where Krishna was. And he began to weep, for he had lost Krishna. He refused to sleep before Krishna came back, which was after an hour and a half.

One morning while they were at Mr. Warrington's house Krishna went out of his body. He had told Rosalind that he had to go a long way and she had to look after him. Two hours later, he began to talk. Seeing Rosalind's hand, he appeared astounded and asked, "Mother, why is your skin white?" He looked at her and said, "You have grown younger, what has happened?" Then, "Mother, Krishna is coming in, look, he is standing there." And when Rosalind asked what he looked like, he said, "He is a fine tall man, very dignified. He frightens me a little." Then he said, "But, don't you know him, Mother, he is your son, he knows you."

On the night of October 4 Krishna suffered more than usual, the agony was concentrated in his face and eyes. He kept saying, "Oh, please have mercy on me," and "I don't mean that, of course, you are merciful."

Later, he told Nitya that they were cleansing his eyes so that he might be allowed to see "Him." It was, he said, "Like being tied down in the desert, one's face to the blazing sun, with one's eyelids cut off."

Later that night Nitya found Krishna sitting up in meditation and again felt the throbbing presence of a great Being flooding the room. All suffering had been washed away. "Krishna," Nitya wrote, "did not see His face, only His body in shining white."

The next morning Krishna was in a rebellious mood, he was semiconscious but insisted on going out. They had to stop him. Later he said that he had felt a frightful burning in his spine and wanted to find the creek in the canyon so that he could sink his body in it, to relieve the burning.

Shortly afterward his companions again felt the great Presence. "Krishna's eyes were extraordinarily brilliant and his whole face transfigured. With his entry the atmosphere was marvelously changed. We felt the presence of a supremely majestic Being and Krishna had a look of great bliss on his face." Krishna told Nitya, Rosalind, and Warrington to prepare themselves, for a great visitor would come that night. He asked for the picture of the Lord Buddha to be put in his room.

Later, when Krishna came in from his meditation, he told them that the Great Being had left after Krishna's meditation had ended.

> That night was a ghastly night of suffering and when I look upon it, it seems to me that it was the most agonising night that Krishna ever went through. He suffered terribly the following nights, and they seemed much worse, but I think this was due to the piteously enfeebled condition brought on by this night. Before the suffering actually started, we heard him talking to the Master in charge. He was told not to say anything of what was being done to him and he gave his promise; then he was told that the visitor would return later at 8.15. Krishna said "He is coming at 8.15, then let us start quickly." Then

just before it was started, he had been standing up and we heard him fall with an awful crash and then we heard Krishna apologising "I'm so sorry I fell, I know I must not fall." All through the evening he was more conscious of his physical body than he had ever been before. They told him that he must make no movement, for generally he was writhing and twisting with the pain. But now he promised "Them" he would not move and over and over again he said "I won't move, I promise I won't move." So he clasped his fingers tightly and with his knotted hands under him, he lay on his back, while the awful pain continued. He found it very difficult to breathe that night and he gasped for breath continuously and choked repeatedly and when the pain grew beyond endurance and he could no longer get his breath, he just fainted. Three times he fainted that night, and the first time he did it, we did not know what had happened; we had heard him choking and gasping and sobbing with the pain and suddenly after a long drawn gasp there was dead silence. When we called to him there was no answer and when we went into the room and felt our way towards him, for the room was inky black and we did not know where he lay. We found him lying on his back so still and his fingers so tightly locked that he seemed [a] tower out of stone. We brought him to quickly and three times this happened. Every time he came to, he would apologise to Them for the waste of time and tell Them that he had tried his best to control himself, but that it had been beyond control. Sometimes They gave him a slight breathing space and the pain would cease and between the throes of suffering he would start making some joke with the one in charge and he would laugh as if the whole thing was a joke. And so it went on for an hour and a quarter. By 7.45 Krishna started calling for his Mother and as Rosalind started gently to go in, he became terribly nervous and called out "Who is that, who is that, who is that?" and when she went into the room he fainted. The entry of any person into the room while he was in this sensitive state seemed to upset him. She was with him for some time and presently he asked her to go out of the room for "He was coming." So Rosalind and I were outside on the porch and Krishna sat inside, cross-legged, as if in meditation. Then we felt, as we had felt earlier, in the evening, the Great Presence.

Later, when both Rosalind and I were in the room Krishna began talking to people we could not see. The work had been assured of success and apparently they were congratulating him, and the room was full of visitors all desiring to rejoice with Krishna; but there were too many for his comfort. We heard him say "There is nothing to congratulate me about, you'd have done the same yourself."

Then they must have left for he gave a deep sigh and lay still for a long time, too tired to move. Then he began to talk. "Mother," he said, "everything will be different now, life will never be the same for any of us after this." And again "I've seen Him, Mother, and nothing matters now." Over and over again he said this and all of us felt the truth of it, life would never be the same for any of us.

That night when we went to bed, just before we fell asleep Krishna began talking to someone I could not see. I heard Krishna's end of the conversation. Apparently a man had been sent by the Master D. K. to keep watch over the body through the night, Krishna began to tell him how sorry he was to cause him all that trouble. This was one of the most noticeable things all through. Krishna's politeness and consideration was extraordinary, whether he was fully conscious or whether it was only the physical elemental speaking. The man came to watch every night after this for six or seven nights, Krishna was to say "I've seen Him now. Nothing matters."

By this time, the body had become very weak and would constantly lapse into unconsciousness.

The location of the pain was constantly shifting. A few days later, on October 6, the agony had shifted to the scalp. Something seemed to have been opened in his head, which was causing him indescribable torture. At one moment he shouted, "Please close it up, please close it up." He screamed with pain, but they kept opening it gradually. When he could no longer endure the pain, Krishna screamed and then fainted. At the end of forty minutes he lay without the slightest flicker of movement. Slowly, consciousness returned. To their amazement, his companions found they were speaking to Krishna as a child, about four years old or even younger. He was reliving certain episodes of his early years. He saw three distinct scenes. The first, his mother giving birth to a child. To witness his mother's agony was a terrible shock to him, and he moaned and cried out and kept on crying out, "Oh, poor Mother, poor Mother, you are brave Mother."

The next scene was of Krishna and his brother as young children, lying seriously ill with malaria.

The last scene was the death of his mother. He could not understand what was happening. When he saw the doctors give her medicine, he begged his mother not to take it. "Don't take it Mother, don't take it, it is some beastly stuff and it won't do you any good. The doctors do not know anything. He is a dirty man, please don't take it Mother." A little later, in a tone of horror, he said, "Why are you so still, Mother? What's happened and why does father cover his face with his *dhoti*? Answer me, Mother, answer me Mother, answer me?" The child's voice continued to cry out till he came to and Krishnamurti was back. That night again the presence came to watch over him while he slept.

The next night, according to Nitya, "They appeared to be operating on his scalp again." He was agonized and cried out in pain—even fainting eight times—when it became too severe. "He begged them to open it slowly and gradually so that he could get used to it by degrees." He was choking and had difficulty in breathing.

A little later he again became a child, and one could feel his loathing for his school. "Mother, I need not go to school today—need I? I'm awfully ill Mother." And after a while, "Mother, let me stay with you, I will do anything you want, I will take castor oil, if you like, but let me stay with you." And later, "Mother, you know, you hid the box of biscuits from us; well, I stole them from that box. I have been doing it for a long, long time." When Rosalind laughed, Krishna was very hurt, and said, "Mother, you are always laughing at me, why do you laugh at me?"

Still later, after talking a great deal about snakes, puppies, and beggars, "he talked of going into the shrine room where he saw a picture of a lady sitting cross-legged on a deer skin. Nitya had a vague memory that it might be a picture of A. B. and suggested this. Krishna did not know her name 'who is that?' he asked 'she looks like someone I know, only she does not look like that, she's quite different.' "

Soon, a change was apparent. By now he could leave his body with extraordinary ease and rapidity, and the return no longer brought on shivering. He was to say later that night that they had left open the center in his head.* The man whom they could not see came again to keep watch.

As the day progressed, Krishna talked less; he continued to faint at night, but he woke soon and he had greater vitality.

There were still periods when he became a child. On one occasion he spoke of a journey in a bullock cart which lasted for three or four days.

On October 18 the pain came in frequent spasms, waves of it which were to leave him exhausted. "We were again blessed with a visit from the Great One. The 19th was a very curious experience after he came in from his meditation, he began calling over and over again for Krishna. He called out 'Krishna, please Krishna, don't leave me.' "

Later he spoke to Nitya and Rosalind and asked them "to look after Krishna carefully, never to wake him too quickly, nor to startle him, for it was very dangerous"; "things might snap" if anything went

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*This is possibly a reference to the opening in the scalp which in *kundalini* yoga is regarded as the *Sahasrara* or the *Brahmarandhra*—the fully opened thousand-petaled lotus, resting in supreme emptiness With this opening comes union and final liberation for the yogin.

wrong. The episodes decreased in frequency, and by November 1923 they had ended.

The process, which could not be explained by Leadbeater or Mrs. Besant, was to continue intermittently in the months that followed. His body would be racked with pain, it would thrash around, and at times would hit the floor. Krishnamurti often had to send his brother and whoever else was present out of the room, for they found it difficult to witness his agony. He would faint repeatedly, and at the end of it he would look excessively tired.

In 1924 Krishna and some companions went abroad, where the experiences continued. Toward the end of his terrible pain he beheld visions of the Buddha, Maitreya, and the other Masters of the occult hierarchy. Nitya, deeply perplexed, wrote to Annie Besant on March 24 from Ojai on their return from Pergine, Italy:

> Krishna's process has now taken a definite step forward. The other night, it began as usual, none of us expecting anything fresh or new. All of a sudden, we all felt an immense rush of power in the house, greater than I have ever felt since we have been here; Krishna saw the Lord and the Master; I think also the star* shone out that night, for all of us felt an intense sense of awe and almost fear that I felt before when the star came out. Krishna afterwards told us that the current started as usual at the base of his spine and reached the base of his neck, then one went on the left side, the other on the right side of his head and they eventually met at the centre of the forehead; when they met a flame played out of his forehead. That is the bare outline of what happened; none of us know what it means but the power was so immense that night that it seems to mark a definite stage. I presume it should mean the opening of the third eye.

Except for the vision of "The Lord," the rest is a classic description of the arousing of the *kundalini*.

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*The Order of the Star of the East, an international organization, was established by Annie Besant and C W Leadbeater in 1911 Mrs Besant and C W L were named Protectors of the New Order and Krishna was declared its Head Representatives were appointed and offices established for each country The badge of the Order was a silver five-pointed star. A quarterly magazine was printed in Adyar under the name *Herald of the Star*, with Krishna as its editor The first issue appeared in January 1911 By 1914 the publications office was shifted to England

CHAPTER 5

"Our Life Here Is One of Intense Inner Activity."

A group of his close friends accompanied Krishna to Pergine in Italy. Lady Emily, with her daughters Betty and Mary, was there; so was Helen Knothe, a young American woman and a close friend of Krishnaji's; Dr. Shivakamu, Rukmini Arundale's sister; Malati; the wife of Patwardhan; another close friend of K's, Ruth Roberts; John Cordes, the Austrian representative of the *Star,* who had been in Adyar in 1910 and 1911 and at the time was responsible for Krishna's physical exercises, training and welfare. Rama Rao and Jadunandan Prasad, close associates of K's from India, and D. Rajagopal were also in the group. This anonymous account of K in Pergine was found among Shiva Rao's papers after his death. It is possibly a diary kept by Nitya or Cordes. Though the author's identity is not known, the document appears authentic.

August 29, 1924: Our life here is one of intense inner activity and almost complete outer inertia. Or that is what it should be and what Krishnaji desires.

On previous holidays of this kind, when Krishnaji has collected around him those whom he desired to teach and help and has retired to some quiet spot away from civilization, there has been no concerted plan of action. Krishnaji has of course spoken to each of his followers individually, but never before have the Masters been spoken of to us all collectively, as in our present group, so that every grade and those who were still apart might listen and talk openly about them.

We are here for but one purpose, to take definite "steps" and thereby become directly useful to Them. Each one has his opportunity;

each one is at a different stage, and therefore capable of serving those above and helping those below. (Terms such as above and below are apt to mislead, I use them not to imply a superiority and inferiority, but only a distinction.)

The regime for the day is, meditation at a quarter past eight, breakfast at eight thirty. A walk down to an open stubble field where we play rounders for an hour or two, and then one hour's talk under the trees, of the Masters and of how to serve Them. Lunch at 12.30—rest or individual work, if wished, until three; games in the Castle grounds, bath, and dinner at six. After which all separate for the night, some of us going to the Square tower where certain intensive preparation goes on for an hour. Bed at 8.30.

Krishnaji is of course the central figure of each day; of the games, and of the work. Around him everything [is] centred; Krishnaji's life is one of absolute devotion to the Lord, such passionate worship of the idealistic and the beautiful—and yet he is so perfectly human and so near to his fellow men. No words can depict his character, but he seems like a human creature who has perfected himself to a great extent, rather than a divine being in an imperfect human form. Surely what the Lord will desire, will be a perfect human instrument, so that he can contact humanity on its own level. The divinity He Himself will show forth through the instrument. Never except at the coming of a World Teacher to His world is there such a union between those things which are Divine and those that are human. For usually humanity reaches up to Divinity and the moment it touches it becomes one with it, but in this case Divinity reaches down to a human instrument, uses it, works through it as separate and apart from it, and retires again leaving the instrument still a human instrument. Certainly the evolution of the human instrument is often so quickened that it becomes almost immediately super-human (through this service) but this is a separate process. Man may reach up and become Divine but he cannot use divine powers while he is still human. Whereas the Divine can descend and use human powers, even though he is no longer human.

Today Krishnaji was very alive at breakfast, and as often our conversation was not printable. The morning after a very serious talk or hard evening's work, Krishnaji will often be most frivolous, making jokes and laughing at them uproariously, with his sudden thundering outbursts of mirth, or prolonged, infectious giggle. These two things are strange about him—first, his capacity to change from the most serious, real and glorious mood, to one of laughter and joking[,] in-stantaneously; secondly that no joke he utters however vulgar, makes the usual atmosphere surrounding such talk. It seems as though his beauty, his absolute clarity of being, sweeps everything before it, so that he can touch any person, or object or subject, and impart his cleanness to it, endow it with the fresh air of his presence. Krishnaji tried to remember his own experiences. When he and Nitya first saw C. W. L. he showed them pictures of the Master M. and the Master K. H. and asked them which they preferred. When they chose the one of the Master K. H. he said it was as he expected.

When Krishnaji was young the Masters were very real to him, then it was that he wrote "At the Feet of the Master," afterwards came a period when for him the reality was not so intense, he only believed because of what C. W. L. and A. B. said. Now again the intense realization has returned. Nitya said that our group should make an atmosphere which should "attract" Their attention. He spoke of the various influences at Ojai, on the different nights. That of the Master M. as a power that made you feel capable of anything. That of the Master K. H. as perfect kindness—it was as if honey were entering into you when he spoke. And that of the Master K. H. as absolute cleanness, perfect clarity. Then of the greatest of all influences, that of the Lord, as we also felt at Ehrwald*—peace—"the peace that passeth understanding."

Krishnaji spoke of Adyar as of a mighty power house, where either you became a saint, went mad, or were turned away as useless by an unerring watcher.

I have never seen him so radiantly beautiful as he is at nights, at these times. His eyes laugh with a strange unearthly joy, which is triumphant and yet so gentle. Gentleness and a sweet keen joy robe him, and show in the lines and curves of his face, and an aroma of roses surrounds and envelopes him. At times, he shivers as if cold and at other times he is too worn out, but on these nights, these particular nights of which I speak, the real Krishna, all that makes him what he is in the deepest sense, comes and looks out through his eyes.

September 1, 1924: Lady Emily compares Rajagopal to St. Peter. He is the Buffoon amongst the present disciples it seems; and he dearly loves his position as High Court Jester. To know Krishnaji, one has to know his followers. Rajagopal was once St. Bernard of Clairveaux, and at other times he has been a venerable priest; and both the saint and priest peep out through him over and over again. Perhaps especially the latter. He talks perpetually, and when making a speech is lengthy and tedious, in fact he sermonises. He is or rather pretends to be very fond of food, this being his chief topic for jokes etc. When Krishnaji is strained and tired, or the party in general, dull, Rajagopal has always some joke, or amusing phrase to hand, and he laughs at himself so persistently that everyone must join in. It is said that the one quality all the Masters have, and without which it is impossible for the disciple to progress, is a sense of humour. And the more the spiritual life is led the more this becomes apparent. A sense of humour will relieve the tension of feelings and thoughts under the most trying circumstances, and often it is just that that prevents a definite break in the work, or individually in a person. Certainly Rajagopal's wit is not of the clearest, sharpest type, but then it allows Krishnaji and the others to take part and add their quota. Needless to say, Rajagopal gets a great deal of teasing, but then so does everyone who comes near Krishnaji, that being one way through which he influences people; especially of certain types.

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*Krishna, Nitya, and some of their friends had visited Ehrwald in Austria before their trip to Pergine.

One of Krishnaji's theories is that people must surely be able to evolve through joy alone, arriving at Godhead as naturally as a flower opens to the sun. At one time it seemed almost to worry him, that everyone he met had evolved so far by the long devious ways of sorrow, and so few had taken the simple way of joy. I think I have heard him even say that he has never met anyone who evolved through joy alone, nevertheless it is a possibility, which would become very common if only our present civilization were not so complex. "Be natural, be happy." So Rajagopal plays a great role in this mighty drama, in which Krishnaji is the first to laugh, the easiest to be amused. "Be a God, and laugh at yourself."

Speaking of his two years of training with Leadbeater Krishnaji said he was "bored to tears," literally. All desires were burnt out; for instance, K and N asked for bicycles, (probably as they were small boys they pestered C. W. L. for them); the bicycles were found and a ten mile ride was not only done once but they had to do it every day for two years. Also they expressed a desire for porridge; they had it—but again every day for a year; if they had dirty feet, or as once Nitya threw a stone at a frog, it was "Pupils of the Master do not do these things." But it must have seemed hard then for the small dark boy who was to become the Krishnaji of today—the Jesus of tomorrow.

He has had many lives as a woman, and these have left a very strong trace in his character; his exceptional power of intuition makes him unlike most men. At times he can be as cruel as he can be the reverse, but this always for a purpose. One short sharp phrase, which his flashing eyes emphasise to an unbearable degree, that is all. Krishnaji will never offer to talk to anyone, unless an approach is made, and then for the first two or three times that a serious conversation is broached, he is terribly shy.

September 8, 1924: Lady Emily, Cordes and I sat in Krishnaji's room. Krishnaji being in the one below. The time was about a quarter to seven, and all was the same as on ordinary nights, except for a magic silence that came down on us. Somewhere in the tower Nitya, Rama Rao and Rajagopal were chanting, and incense wafted in through the cracks on the door. We all felt His Presence, how would even the dullest fail to recognize the ineffable peace that pervaded the building. We sat "silent and rapt" for an hour.

Afterwards when we were all together, and Krishnaji sat in our midst; it was as if we had all only just found each other; and as we spoke of what had happened, a low sweet laughter, of greatest inexpressible joy seemed to come to our lips. "If it is like this now, what will it be when the time comes?"

September 14, 1924: This afternoon instead of playing the usual "volley-ball," we all lay out on the rocks which surround the Square Tower. Krishnaji squatted on the rocks with Rama Rao, examining a small yellow snail with great interest. Once before some years ago, I remember being with Krishnaji when he discovered a colony of ants and spent the whole morning feeding them with sugar, stirring them up and watching them carry eggs and rebuild their home. Presently, another snail was found and the two were made to crawl over each other and up and down precipitous crags. At Ehrwald last year, he was lying amongst the long grass and flowers, when a butterfly settled on his hand, and soon he had one or two poised on his finger. His delight was unbounded. He has a love of all creatures great and small, indeed anything that is beautiful or natural interests him; he will chase a grasshopper following its movements and noting the colour of its wings; or with his customary "I say!" will stand almost enraptured before a beautiful scene. "Just look at that lake, it's so smooth, like ice—and dark green. See the reflections in it? Oh-ee you should see Lake Geneva—so blue."

Krishnaji reads a small passage out of "The Gospel of Buddha" in meditation each morning. He is indeed a devotee, and the very sound of the name of the Lord Buddha, seems almost to make him tremble with a feeling of utmost worship. There was one sentence today, in which the Lord Buddha said, that the disciple who lives in the world must be like a lotus. In India, the lotus symbolizes supreme purity. Its ability to blossom fully while rooted in a muddy, slushy pond signifies the human ability to flower in purity and rise out of any condition however dark and sullied.

Krishnaji was speaking to me this afternoon. He spoke of the Lord Buddha and that state of existence which is absolutely without self. He is thinking much of being absolutely impersonal these days, and already he seems to have dived deep into that clear well which is unsullied by the mud of self. As he spoke of the Lord Buddha, a new world lay stretched before one, in which all personal love and ambition died away and became as naught, only an impersonal, tremendous unshakeable love remained. The full realisation of life without self only came to Krishnaji while he was at Ojai, and even he finds it almost impossible to describe. He spoke of how when all the Masters were assembled together, the coming of the Lord Buddha was like the north wind, so free from anything even resembling self. He said: "Whenever I see the picture of the Lord Buddha, I say to myself, I am going to like it."

The image of the Lord Maitreya has been appearing to him on several occasions. At Pergine on the last appearance He was to give Krishnamurti a message—"The happiness you seek is not far off; it lies in every common stone." In another message, He conveyed "Do not look for the Great ones when they may be very near you." For the next three evenings, Krishna was to laugh often, tell comic stories—many members of the party were shocked at his behaviour.

CHAPTER 6

"I and My Brother Are One"

Mrs. Besant made her entry into the Indian political scene in 1913, just before the outbreak of World War I. Under the guidance and blessings of the Rishi Agastya (who, according to the Theosophical Society, had special charge in the occult hierarchy of the destiny of India), she was launched into the center of the growing political ferment.

She was already famous throughout the country. Known for her brilliant oratory, she was recognized as an educator of the highest order and admired for her courage as a social reformer. Concerned as she was with new values, and with her immense pride in Indian culture and thought, her entry into politics was welcomed by her many intellectual friends and admirers. With her temperament it was inevitable that she would grow deeply involved. Soon she lost contact with the occult hierarchy; her insights into the sacred and her psychic powers began to ebb, and she had to rely on C. W. Leadbeater to bring through messages from the occult world of the Masters.

By 1925, with growing age, Mrs. Besant's mental faculties began to decline and with it her iron control of the affairs of the Society. The intrigues and machinations to gain power over her and thus of the Society were gaining momentum. Aware of her failure to reawaken *kundalini shakti chakras* (or the six centers of dormant psychic energy placed along the spinal column) and her aspirations to regain contact with the Mahatmas, many of her associates claimed clairvoyant powers and the ability to bring through instructions from the Masters. Dabbling in the occult, claiming to have awakened the serpent of *kundalini*, seeking power and giving free play to illusion, often linking what did not fit their scheme of things as emanating from black powers, the actions of some of its senior members were to make a mockery of the Theosophical Society.

In Sydney, Australia, Leadbeater, clad in purple robes with crozier and jeweled cross, was busy creating the atmosphere and the energy for the emergence of the sixth root race.* Surrounding himself with young boys and girls who were his chosen disciples, his occult powers and their uses had reached bizarre levels. He was magnetizing jewels for fairies in the National Park in Sydney, in return for permission to take some fairies back to "The Manor," where he and his disciples lived. To add to his occult resources, while crossing the ferry in Sydney harbor Leadbeater claimed to be creating invisible nets in which he caught water sylphs from the sea; attaching them to his aura, he sent them out on command to succor people in distress.[1]

In Europe, George Arundale and Wedgwood claimed to have established a direct channel of communication with the occult hierarchy and to have been accepted as disciples by the Mahachohan. The atmosphere was charged with excitement as a number of new initiations were announced by Mrs. Besant as brought through by Arundale.

Having been ordained Bishops of the Liberal Catholic Church, the purple-clad Arundale and Wedgwood were in rapid succession to attain Arhathood† by passing through their third and fourth initiations. Arundale's wife, Rukmini,‡ passed three initiations in three days.[2] Mrs. Besant and Leadbeater were already Arhats, having passed the fourth initiation. Krishnamurti, in Ojai nursing his seriously ill brother Nitya, was unaware of the occult ferment taking place in the Netherlands at Huizen and later at the Star Camp in Ommen, an annual convention attended by members of The Order of the Star. Without his knowledge an announcement was made that his astral body from Ojai and Jinarajadasa's from Adyar had traveled and appeared before the magnificence of the gathered occult hierarchy to receive their blessings in their journey through the fourth initiation. Later, when the camp was over, Mrs. Besant at Huizen called Lady Emily, Miss Bright, and Shiva Rao to her room and told them that she and Leadbeater, Krishnaji, Arundale, and Wedgwood had passed their fifth and final initiation. All of them were now not only Arhats but Adepts, and so free of the causal chain of karma and rebirth.

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*In Theosophy the sixth root race would follow the fifth root race—our present society, similar to the coming of the Aquarian Age

†*Arhat* is a *sramanic* (Buddhist/Jain) term indicating the highest spiritual attainment for a monk below the status of Buddha/Jina In the Theosophical spiritual hierarchy, adepts were masters or mahatmas Members of the Great White Brotherhood, they had attained perfection but remained in human form, to help in the evolution of Seekers on the Path of Discipleship.

‡Rukmini was the South Indian Brahmin wife of George Arundale She came from a prominent family of Theosophists A major cultural personality, she established a well-known dance and music academy, Kalakshetra, in Madras She died in 1986

A report that appeared in the Theosophist journal *Herald of the Star* gives some insight into the Ommen camp, where these great tidings were being announced by Mrs. Besant. Under the heading "By command of the King," the *Herald* published Mrs. Besant's words:

> The new World Teacher will choose, as before, his twelve Apostles. I have only the command to mention seven who have reached the stage of Arhatship . . . The first two, my brother Charles Leadbeater, and myself, passed that great initiation at the same time. The other Arhats are, C. Jinarajadasa, George Arundale, whose consecration as Bishop was necessary, as the last step of his preparation for the great fourth step of initiation. Oscar Kollerstron, Mrs Rukmini Arundale, Krishnaji, and Bishop Wedgwood.[3]

Later, realizing that she had made a major error by including the name of Krishnamurti, who was the vehicle, in the list of Apostles, she corrected her statement. Various other lists existed in which were included the names of Lady Emily, Nitya, Rajagopal, and Theodore St. John, a golden-haired fifteen-year-old protégé of Leadbeater.

Mrs. Besant further went on to declare the three lines of activity the Society would follow in the future. A new world religion must be established, with Annie Besant as the head. A new world university must be set up with Besant as rector, Arundale as principal, and Wedgewood as director—because, according to Mrs. Besant, "he knows both sides—ordinary and occult." She goes on to say that "you should not oppose them as they are part of the work of the King." Meanwhile Arundale, claiming the power of prophecy, said,

> I think there is no one in the world who has so magnificent, so marvellous a capacity for self effacement, as has my brother Nitya. The way in which he loses himself in his brother is one of the most beautiful things I have seen: And I want you to remember what I am saying today, because I venture to think it is in the nature of prophecy. I think that as the years pass, not only shall we see our Krishnamurti leading the life to which he is so supremely dedicated, but we shall also see at his right hand his great brother recognised throughout the world as one of its greatest statesman-leaders.

Nitya died less than four months after these words were said.[4]

Meanwhile, Nitya's illness had taken a turn for the worse. Arundale had given Rajagopal, who was present at the camp and who had been made Deacon of the Liberal Catholic Church, an amulet to take to Nitya, specially magnetized by the Mahachohan. The great ones of the hierarchy had stated that Nitya would live and be one of the main supporters for the work of the World Teacher. According to Arundale, "Nitya's life was Krishna's boon on becoming an Arhat."[5]

Krishna, hearing reports of Apostles and Arhats, rapid initiations, world religion and world universities, was bewildered and deeply distressed. Leaving Nitya under the protection of the Masters, he departed for Europe with Rajagopal. Lady Emily, who had been present at the camp and had herself undergone her second initiation, had come to meet him at the dock. Krishnamurti told her his views in no uncertain terms. He refused to accept the initiations or the Apostles. He was deeply skeptical of the world religion and the world university. He did not want to hurt Mrs. Besant in her old age, and so refrained from openly voicing his protest; but he conveyed his misgivings to her.

Mrs. Besant was shattered by Krishnamurti's rejection of the initiations, Apostles, world religion, and world university. Her mental condition rapidly began to deteriorate. "She showed signs of ageing, loss of memory and a tendency to focus on the past."[6] But this did not in any way curtail her activities or her total commitment to Krishnamurti as the World Teacher.

By early November 1925 Mrs. Besant, Krishnaji, Rajagopal, Rosalind, Wedgwood, Shiva Rao, and Rukmini and George Arundale left for India to participate in the Jubilee celebrations to be held in Advar. Krishnamurti's faith in the Masters and their assurance regarding Nitya's well being was unquestioned. Early in 1925, while in Advar, Nitya had been dreadfully ill. On February 10, 1925, Krishnamurti had written a letter to Mrs. Besant describing a dream in which he had visited the Great Brotherhood and pleaded with them for his brother's life:

> With regard to my dream, I remember going to the Master's house and asking and begging to let Nitya get well and to let him live. The Master said that I was to go to the Lord Maitreya and I went there and I implored there, but, I got the impression that it was not His business and that I should go to the Mahachohan. So, I went there. I remember all this so clearly He was seated in his chair, with great dignity & magnificent understanding, with grave and kindly eyes. My futile description is so absurd, but, it is impossible to convey the great impression of it all. I told him that I would sacrifice my happiness or anything that was required to let Nitya live, for I felt this thing was being decided. He listened to me and answered "He will be well." It was such a relief that all my anxiety has completely disappeared and I am glad.
>
> With regard to my own preparation, I don't know what has been decided but I am willing to do anything. It has been very bad and I am feeling very tired and rather weak, but it can't be helped.

Thank Heaven, you will be here, my own mother & I love you, with all my heart and soul. Yours Krishna."

This direct meeting with the Masters had convinced Krishnaji of the powers of the Great Beings to prolong Nitya's life. If we pause an instant to examine Krishnaji's contact with the Masters, their manifestations, and Krishnaji's communication with them, it becomes evident that his encounters with Master K. H., the Mahachohan, Maitreya, and the Buddha were visions, often in the dream state. This had happened so when he was a child; with his tender consciousness exposed to the esoteric imagery and thought forms of Leadbeater, he naturally saw the Masters in the likenesses pictured in the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society. It was so when he described his meetings with Master K. H. in his early letters to Mrs. Besant, and traces of it were to be found in the process at Ojai, though by then he was freeing himself of visions, physical manifestations, and visual imagery. In the early years no sharp division existed for Krishnaji between the dream state and the state of being awake. Visions, dreams, and actual manifestations of thought forms for him appeared to have the same reality. Later he was to say that all images and manifestations, however profound, were projections of the mind. With the death of Nitya and the explosive sorrow that brought him face to face with the actual, all physical references to the Masters ceased.

Even before that, on board ship back to India, Arundale started bringing through messages from the Mahachohan chiding Krishnamurti on his skepticism and subtly implying that unless he accepted the revelations brought through by Arundale at Huizen and Ommen and confirmed the names of the people who had been made Adepts, Nitya would die. Krishnamurti refused.

While in the Suez Canal, Krishnaji received a telegram from Nitya saying that he had contracted influenza. The next day another cable was received in which Nitya said, "Flu rather more serious. Pray for me." Krishnamurti, faith unshaken, told Shiva Rao that the Masters would not have let him leave Ojai if his brother was destined to die. On November 13, in the midst of a thunderstorm, they received a cable announcing Nitya's death.

Shiva Rao, who was sharing the cabin with Krishnamurti, has left a vivid account of what followed.

> Mrs. Besant asked me, to take her to Krishnamurti's cabin. She went in alone, to speak to him. The news broke him completely: it did more, as I saw for myself during the rest of the voyage. His entire philosophy of life—the implicit

faith in the future as outlined by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, Nitya's vital part in it, were shattered at that moment. At night he would sob and moan and cry out for Nitya, sometimes in his native Telugu, which in his waking consciousness, he could not speak. Day after day, he seemed to change, gripping himself together in an effort to face life—but without Nitya.[8]

Krishna and Nitya had shared their loneliness in an alien world; laughed together; told comic stories; traveled together—planned their future work and life together.* Writing after his brother's death, Krishnaji was to say: "An old dream is dead and a new one is being born. A new vision is coming into being and a new consciousness is being unfolded—I have wept, but I do not want others to weep; but, if they do, I know what it means. Now, I know, now we are inseparable. He and I will work together, for I and my brother are one."

By the time Krishnamurti, with Dr. Besant, reached Adyar, Krishnamurti had emerged from his encounter with sorrow immensely quiet, radiant, and free of all sentiment and emotion. But his belief in the Masters and the hierarchy had undergone a total revolution. He was rarely to refer to the Masters in physical form again. In later years, speaking haltingly of this period, Krishnamurti accepted that perhaps the intensity of sorrow had triggered a vast, wordless perception. An intelligence that had taken long years to mature, that had rested in abeyance, was to function in the moment of acuteness of suffering.†

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*In a letter from Ojai February 28, 1923, Nitya had written to Mrs Besant "Krishna and I are full of schemes we want to carry out in India, and we want to talk to you about them and we both want to get back, I have never in my life been so homesick for India, California has made an Indian of me. I am beginning to realize in a small way of course, what you feel about India

With all my love,
Nitya "[9]

†In a message to the International Self-Preparation Group shortly after Nitya's death, Krishna wrote, "For instance, when my brother died, I felt utterly lost You have no idea how I felt for two or three days—for more than that, for a week perhaps I still miss him, I shall always miss him physically, but I feel that he and I are working together, that we are walking along the same path, on the same mountain side, seeing the same flowers, the same creatures, the same blue sky, the same clouds and trees That is why I feel as if I were part of him, and only when I get tired do I begin to say 'My brother is not here' But at once my mind pulls me up and tells me how absurd is such a thought."[10]

CHAPTER 7

"The Personality of J. Krishnamurti Has Been Swallowed Up in the Flames."

Before the Jubilee convention commenced at Adyar, Mrs. Besant tried to resolve the tensions between Krishnaji and the main mentors of the Theosophical Society. She brought the young Teacher to the room where Leadbeater, Jinarajadasa, Arundale, and Wedgwood had gathered, and asked K whether he would accept those chosen as Apostles as his disciples. K replied that he would only accept Mrs. Besant.

At the Star Congress that followed the Jubilee convention, K spoke under the ancient banyan tree; the sun filtered through its outstretched branches and its numerous roots, transforming it into a magical forest of light and shadow. Suddenly, in the midst of his talk, he electrified his audience by changing his speech from the third to the first person. Referring to the World Teacher to come he said, "He comes only to those who want, who desire, who long—" and then suddenly, "I come for those who want sympathy, who want happiness, who are longing to find happiness in all things. I come to reform and not to tear down, I come not to destroy, but to build." Many people who were present felt the timbre of the voice change, a strength and power enter the words. Later Mrs. Besant was to say, "The event marks the consecration of the chosen vehicle."[1]

From Adyar, Krishnamurti was to visit Varanasi in February. He was giving talks to the boys and girls of the schools at Kamaccha. He returned with high fever brought on by food poisoning. He was advised to rest and went up to Ootacamund. While there he was

> Experimenting with myself, not very successfully at first, trying to discover how I could detach myself and see the body as it is. I had been experimenting with it for two or three days—it may have been a week—and I found that for a certain length of time I could quite easily be away from the body and look at it. I was standing beside my bed, and there was the body on the bed—a most extraordinary feeling. And from that day there has been a distinct sense of detachment, of division between the ruler and the ruled, so that the body, though it has its cravings, its desires to wander forth and to live and enjoy separately for itself, does not in any way interfere with the true Self.[2]

In the spring of 1926 Mrs. Besant accompanied Krishnaji back to England. He was seriously contemplating taking *sannyasa,** and spoke of it to some of his friends.

Later in July K went to Ommen. Although Annie Besant was present, it was he who gave the fireside talks at the Ommen camp. Krishnamurti was expressing an overflowing joy and a feeling of oneness with the universe. His words did not conform to the orthodox Theosophical teaching and Wedgwood, who was present, was greatly perturbed. He whispered to Mrs. Besant that it was not the Lord Maitreya who was speaking through Krishnamurti, but a powerful black magician. Later Annie Besant herself spoke of this to the young Teacher. Shocked by her statement, he said that if she believed this story, he would never speak again. She withdrew her remarks and the next night Krishnamurti told the campers, "Walking over the hills of India last winter, there appeared before me my Ideal, my Beloved, my Guru, my Great Teacher and ever since that vision I seem to see all the trees through him, all the mountains, all the little pools, all the little insects and ever since that vision, that understanding of things has remained."[3] This oneness with the *guru* and the mystery of life continued to be the theme of his talks.

At the last talk Krishnamurti said, "I have altered so much during the last fortnight—both inside and outside my body, my face, my hands, my entire being has changed. The only way to breathe fresh

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**Sannyasa* is a state of being, a state of dying to the world and society The *sannyasin* takes the vows of *sannyas* Initiated by a guru, he is given the saffron robe, ceases to be a member of society, and is outside its frame, having hardly any concern with social laws, rites, rituals, sacraments, and so on The *sannyasin* renounces caste, family, and adopts a new name signifying rebirth air of life is by this constant change, constant turmoil, constant unrest."[4]

Writing of the 1926 Ommen camp, Esther Bright said:

> So A. B. sat by him at the Camp Fires, with a warm affection in her heart, wondering, loving, admiring, not always understanding, but with the most wonderful faith that he was the Herald of the New Age, and that in time all would be made clear And together they walked through that great throng of men and women, down the path which led to the centre, where the fire had been laid—great masses of branches, heaped-up logs and twigs, and together they set it alight—the grand old white head, and the black head and fine, thoughtful features of Krishnaji, bending down together. The flames leapt up, and all sat for a while in silence. . . .
>
> *"But you are a teacher"* said his faithful friend, Rajagopal to him one day at Ommen, when a group of us were gathered together, discussing difficult problems. Krishnaji was silent for a while, and then said simply, "I hold out a light to you."[5]

From August 1926 to April 1927 Annie Besant and Krishnamurti were together in Ojai. It was probably the longest time they had spent together since his youth. Sensing a certain need for her presence, Annie Besant canceled her return to India and the many engagements that awaited her there. While in Ojai she and Krishnamurti planted trees, and she busied herself with acquiring lands in the Ojai Valley for what was later to be the Happy Valley Foundation. Living in close proximity with him she grew aware of how far he had traveled from the orthodox Theosophical teaching.

Mrs. Besant was seeing a new Krishnamurti. She had a growing awareness that the earlier prophecy that Krishnamurti's body was to be the vehicle through which a fragment of the Maitreya consciousness would manifest was incorrect, and that the consciousness of Krishnamurti and the Lord Maitreya were likely to merge. She was to endorse this in a letter of October 12 to Arundale: "J. K. is changing all the time, but it does not seem as though he stepped out and the Lord stepped in, more like the blending of consciousness."[6]

It was growing clear that neither the formative years in the Theosophical Society under the guidance of Leadbeater, nor the rigors of his life during the war years in England, nor the time spent by Krishnamurti in the heart of British aristocracy had molded the brain of Krishnamurti. It could not be programmed, but rested—watching, listening, unoccupied.

After a long gestation, Krishnamurti's mind shed the superficial layers that had vaguely accepted and responded to Theosophical ritual and hierarchy and emerged pristine, without a scar. A volcanic energy was needed to plough the root of the human mind—to question, to perceive, to negate the structure of human consciousness, to enter the heart of the within of thought and feeling as they operated, to break away from all knowledge and to perceive anew. Austerity and a life of asceticism were not only integral to his person but, as he was to say, "a necessity to conserve energy."[7]

His awakening was luminous. His words had a startling simplicity. By February 9 Krishnamurti wrote to Leadbeater:

> I know my destiny and my work. I know with certainty that I am blending into the consciousness of the one Teacher and that he will completely fill me. I feel and I know also that my cup is nearly full to the brim and that it will overflow soon. Till then I must abide quietly and with eager patience I long to make and will make everybody happy.[8]

Before Mrs. Besant left the United States, she made a statement to the Associated Press: "The Divine spirit has descended once more on a man Krishnamurti, who in his lifetime is literally perfect as those who know him can testify. The World Teacher is here."[9]

At the opening of the Star camp at Ommen in 1927 Krishnamurti spoke a language diametrically opposed to Theosophical teaching. On June 30 he said, "For many lives and for all this life, and especially the last few months, I have struggled to be free—free of my friends, my books, my associations. You must struggle for the same freedom. There must be constant turmoil within you."[10] Krishnamurti was in revolt. No teacher nor authority satisfied him. "Who brings the truth?" he was to query.

He was questioning himself to find out the truth behind the form of the World Teacher. As a boy he told his listeners that he had seen Lord Krishna with a flute; in the Theosophical Society with Leadbeater he saw Master K. H. and then the Lord Maitreya, in the form in which his associates believed. In the last years, in the intensity of his suffering, he had seen Buddha, to his delight and glory.

The Beloved of whom he spoke were Krishna, the Masters, the Buddha—and far beyond all these. "The Beloved is the open sky, the flower, every human being. Krishnamurti is not outside but within them. He because of his sorrow has become one with the picture."[11]

Jinarajadasa was soon to arrive at the camp, and he was quick to question Krishnamurti's statements. For it was clear that Krishnamurti was rejecting all authority, even the most fundamental, such as belief in the Masters and the esoteric path. On July 23 he gave a reply to Jinarajadasa: "I and my Beloved are one. The vision is total. To me that is liberation." And then: "The personality of J. Krishnamurti has been swallowed up in the flame—what happens after that does not matter—whether the spark remains within the flame or issues forth."[12]

The following year, in the summer of 1928, Krishnamurti was at Eerde in Holland. He had started speaking to his friends of the possibility of dissolving the Order of Star.

A huge gathering of over three thousand people awaited Krishnamurti at the Ommen camp, which lasted from August 2 through 12. He spoke with great clarity on the need for the listener to abandon all grounds of authority, especially that of the World Teacher. Each one should live only by the light within. Later, speaking to a Reuter's representative who was present, he said, "The Buddha, the Christ had never claimed divinity, it was the disciple who, by his worship, gave divinity to the teacher."[13] To the astonishment of the correspondent, the World Teacher then went on to speak of golf and of his handicap, which was plus 2. Krishnamurti had played golf on some of the most famous golf courses in the world.

The news of the rift between Krishnamurti and the Theosophical Society spread rapidly. Annie Besant did not attend the Ommen camp, and on hearing what Krishnamurti had said she fell seriously ill. According to one version she had a nervous breakdown, fainted, and fell unconscious. She was ill for a long time. Her mental faculties slowly faded; she lost her memory and was never to recover completely. She had been told that Krishnamurti had refused to accept the role of the Messiah on the terms laid down by the Theosophical Society.

On her return to India she had recovered sufficiently to close down the Esoteric Section, the heart of the occult teaching within the Society, declaring that the World Teacher was here, and no one else had the right to teach. On November 30, 1928, she wrote to Krishnamurti, who was on his way to Adyar:

Beloved,

I am sending by Mr Varma a paper sent to all E S. corresponding Secretaries, as I am sure that it is better that all our students should devote themselves to the study of your wishes and ideals, and leave all the older teachings aside for the present. So, I am suspending the E. S. altogether indefinitely, leaving all teaching to you. I am sorry to be away when you arrive, but it cannot be helped.

All my love goes to you Beloved.

Mother.

A few months later, however, Mrs. Besant succumbed to pressures from other members and reopened the Esoteric Section. She also told Krishnamurti that she wanted to resign as president of the Theosophical Society and desired only to sit at his feet and listen to the teaching; but he refused to let her do so.

On August 3, 1929, in the presence of Mrs. Besant and three thousand members of the Order of the Star present at the Ommen camp, Krishnamurti announced his determination to dissolve the Order of the Star, of which he was the president. His talk to the members was a summation of the insights that had arisen within him during the years since his brother's death. The talk was possibly a seminal statement of his position, one that remained unchanged throughout his life: "I maintain that Truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsover, by any religion, by any sect. That is my point of view, and I adhere to that absolutely and unconditionally. Truth, being limitless, unconditioned, unapproachable by any path whatsover, cannot be organized; nor should any organization be formed to lead or to coerce people along any particular path. If you first understand that, then you will see how impossible it is to organize a belief. A belief is purely an individual matter, and you cannot and must not organize it. If you do, it becomes dead, crystalized; it becomes a creed, a sect, a religion, to be imposed on others. Truth is narrowed down and made a plaything for those who are weak, for those who are only momentarily discontented. Truth cannot be brought down, rather the individual must make the effort to ascend to it. You cannot bring the mountain-top to the valley. If you would attain to the mountain-top you must pass through the valley, climb the steeps, unafraid of the dangerous precipices. You must climb towards the Truth, it cannot be stepped down or organized for you. I do not want to belong to any organization of a spiritual kind, please understand this. Again, I maintain that no organization can lead man to spirituality. If an organization be created for this purpose, it becomes a crutch, a weakness, a bondage, and must cripple the individual, and prevent him from growing, from establishing his uniqueness, which lies in the discovery for himself of that absolute, unconditioned Truth. So that is another reason why I have decided, as I happen to be the Head of the Order, to dissolve it. No one has persuaded me to this decision.

"This is no magnificent deed, because I do not want followers, and I mean this. The moment you follow someone you cease to follow Truth. I am not concerned whether you pay attention to what I say or not. I want to do a certain thing in the world and I am going to do it with unwavering concentration. I am concerning myself with only one essential thing: to set man free. I desire to free him from all cages, from all fears, and not to found religions, new sects, nor to establish new theories and new philosophies. Then you will naturally ask me why I go the world over, continually speaking. I will tell you for what reason I do this: not because I desire a following, not because I desire a special group of special disciples. (How men love to be different from their fellow-men, however ridiculous, absurd and trivial their distinctions may be: I do not want to encourage that absurdity.) I have no disciples, no apostles, either on earth or in the realm of spirituality.

"One newspaper reporter, who interviewed me, considered it a magnificent act to dissolve an organization in which there were thousands of members. To him it was a great act because, he said, "What will you do afterwards, how will you live? You will have no following, people will no longer listen to you." If there are only five people who will listen, who will live, who have their faces turned towards eternity, it will be sufficient.

"As I have said, I have only one purpose: to make man free, to urge him towards freedom; to help him to break away from all limitations, for that alone will give him eternal happiness, will give him the unconditioned realization of the self.

"Because I am free, unconditioned, whole—not the part, not the relative, but the whole Truth that is eternal—I desire those, who seek to understand me, to be free, not to follow me, not to make out of me a cage which will become a religion, a sect. Rather should they be free from all fears—from the fear of religion, from the fear of salvation, from the fear of spirituality, from the fear of love, from the fear of death, from the fear of life itself. As an artist paints a picture because he takes delight in that painting, because it is his self-expression, his glory, his well-being, so I do this and not because I want anything from anyone.

"You are accustomed to authority, or to the atmosphere of authority which you think will lead you to spirituality. You think and hope that another can, by the extraordinary powers—a miracle—transport you to this realm of eternal freedom which is Happiness. Your whole outlook on life [is] based on that authority.

"You have listened to me for three years now, without any change taking place except in the few. Now analyze what I am saying, be critical, so that you may understand thoroughly, fundamentally. When you look for an authority to lead you to spirituality, you are bound automatically to build an organization around that authority. By the very creation of that organization, which, you think, will help this authority to lead you to spirituality, you are held in a cage.

"Instead of old spiritual distinction, instead of old worships you have new worships. You are all depending for your spirituality on someone else, for your happiness on someone else, for your enlightenment on someone else; and although you have been preparing for me for eighteen years, when I say all these things are unnecessary, when I say that you must put them all away and look within yourselves for the enlightenment, for the glory, for the purification, and for the incorruptibility of the self, not one of you is willing to do it. There may be a few, but very, very few.

"So why have an organization?

"Why have false, hypocritical people following me, the embodiment of Truth? Please remember that I am not saying something harsh or unkind, but we have reached a situation when you must face things as they are. I said last year that I would not compromise. Very few listened to me then. This year I have made it absolutely clear. I do not know how many thousands throughout the world—members of the Order—have been preparing for me for eighteen years, and yet now they are not willing to listen unconditionally, wholly, to what I say.

"So why have an organization?

"As I said before, my purpose is to make men unconditionally free, for I maintain that the only spirituality is the incorruptibility of the self which is eternal, is the harmony between reason and love. This is the absolute, unconditioned Truth which is Life itself. I want therefore to set man free, rejoicing as the bird in the clear sky, unburdened, independent, ecstatic in that freedom. And I, for whom you have been preparing for eighteen years, now say that you must be free of all these things, free from your complications, your entanglements. For this you need not have an organization based on spiritual belief. Why have an organization for five or ten people in the world who understand, who are struggling, who have put aside all trivial things? And for the weak people, there can be no organization to help them to find the Truth, because Truth is in everyone; it is not far, it is not near; it is eternally there.

"Organizations cannot make you free. No man from outside can make you free: nor organize worship, nor the immolation of yourselves for a cause, make you free; nor can forming yourselves into an organization, nor throwing yourselves into works, make you free. You use [a] typewriter to write letters, but you do not put it on an altar and worship it. But that is what you are doing when organizations become your chief concern. 'How many members are there in it?' That is the first question I am asked by all newspaper reporters. 'How many followers have you? By their number we shall judge whether what you say is true or false.' I do not know how many there are. I am not concerned with that. If there were even one man who had been set free, that were enough.

"Again, you have the idea that only certain people hold the key to the Kingdom of Happiness. No one holds it. No one has the authority to hold that key. That key is your own self, and in the development and the purification and in the incorruptibility of that self alone is the Kingdom of Eternity.

"So you will see how absurd is the whole structure that you have built, looking for external help, depending on others for your comfort, for your happiness, for your strength. These can only be found within yourselves.

"So why have an organization?

"You are accustomed to being told how far you have advanced, what is your spiritual status, How childish! Who but yourself can tell you if you are beautiful or ugly within? Who but yourself can tell you if you are incorruptible? You are not serious in these things.

"So why have an organization?

"But those who really desire to understand, who are looking to find that which is eternal, without beginning and without an end, will walk together with a greater intensity, will be a danger to everything that is unessential, to unrealities, to shadows. And they will concentrate, they will become the flame, because they understand. Such a body we must create, and that is my purpose. Because of that true friendship—which you do not seem to know—there will be real cooperation on the part of each one. And this not because of authority, not because of salvation, not because of immolation for a cause, but because you really understand, and hence are capable of living in the eternal. This is a greater thing than all pleasure, than all sacrifice.

"So these are some of the reasons why, after careful consideration for two years, I have made this decision. It is not from a momentary impulse. I have not been persuaded to it by anyone—I am not persuaded in such things. For two years, I have been thinking about this, slowly, carefully, patiently, and I have now decided to disband the Order, as I happen to be its head. You can form other organizations and expect someone else. With that I am not concerned, nor with creating new cages, new decorations for those cages. My only concern is to set man absolutely, unconditionally free."[14]

Later, the various trusts and funds were liquidated, the vast estates and lands returned to the original donors. A small office was established with Rajagopal as the main organizer, to undertake publications of Krishnamurti's talks. By now Krishnamurti was coming to be regarded as a secular philosopher, totally hostile to all religious beliefs, and many stalwarts of the Theosophical Society maintained that the coming of the World Teacher had been vitiated.

CHAPTER 8

Krishnamurti in Ojai: The Forgotten Years, 1938–1947

Krishnamurti resigned from the Theosophical Society in 1930.Writing in the *International Star Bulletin* in that year he had said, "My teaching is neither occult nor mystic for I hold both as limitations placed on man on his search for Truth." Mrs. Besant's one concern on hearing the news of his resignation was anxiety about Krishnamurti's future. She was aware of his total lack of worldly values and wondered how he would survive the cruel world without the protection of the Society. I am told that she prevailed on B. Sanjeeva Rao and his wife, Padmabai, eminent educators and her close associates, to resign from the Theosophical Society so that they could join Krishna's work, to be with him and protect him.

He did not return to India until November 1932. From Bombay he went directly to Adyar to see Mrs. Besant. She had become very fragile, had lost her memory, and was living in the past. But she recognized her dearly beloved son. It was tragic to see her, and Krishnamurti was deeply saddened. On his return from Varanasi he was to see her again. He had grown a beard and she commented on his beautiful face and said that he was frail and should look after himself. This was their final meeting.

His speech at the Theosophical convention held at Adyar in 1932 was met by critical comments from the elders of the Society. He told me many years later that they had cornered him and questioned him relentlessly, asking him to affirm or deny the existence of the Masters. He had refused to reply.

On his way back to Europe he met George Bernard Shaw at the home of Sir Chunilal Mehta. They spoke of Mrs. Besant. Shaw enquired how she was. "Very well," said Krishnamurti, "but at her great age, she cannot think consecutively." "She never could," whispered Shaw. Krishnamurti merely smiled.

Later Shaw was to describe Krishnamurti to Heskith Pearson as the most beautiful human being he had ever seen.[1]

Annie Besant died at Adyar on September 20, 1933. Half a century later I asked Krishnaji about the impact Mrs. Besant's death had on him. A look of intense gravity touched his eyes as he responded. "I read the notice of her death in *The New York Times*—they never informed me."

Throughout their two lives, so closely intertwined, Mrs. Besant and her adopted son Krishna were to spend little time together. But from Mrs. Besant's earliest letters to Krishna an intensity of love, a wave, flows from her to reach out and envelop the child, holding and protecting him.

The bonds fused between her and Krishna, transcending time and space. As a boy he wrote to her every week describing his dreams, his studies, his daily life, and his little problems. She was first a mother, anxious that no harm should befall him; then the teacher; as the years passed she sometimes took the role of disciple and sat at his feet to listen to his words. As her intellect faded, her mental powers diminished and her letters to Krishna grew pale; his were affectionate, yet formal. But Krishna's deep love and respect for her rested undiminished throughout his life.

She was an influence not in molding or giving direction to his mind and teaching, but in providing the ground of a total security of love. He had seen the fire in her blaze and sink to embers, but the warmth and unselfish love of Mrs. Besant was perhaps the one constant factor in his early life.

With the dissolution of the Order of the Star the group of young people who were always around Krishna dispersed. The organization of his travel plans and talks were for a time divided between Jadunandan Prasad, a young and much-loved associate, and Rajagopal. Jadu's sudden death in 1931 at the age of thirty-five left Krishna with few companions. Many who had left the Theosophical Society with him felt lost and in despair; the Society had provided shelter, solace, and a purpose in life. Money was scarce.

Jadu had been a close friend. Krishna wrote to Padmabai Sanjeeva

Rao in Varanasi, sharing her grief. These letters reveal Krishna's mind in the days following the severing of his membership with the Theosophical Society. On August 30, 1931, he wrote:

My dearest Akkaji,

Isn't it terrible that Jadu has gone away. It is really tragic and dear Padmabai, I can imagine what you must be feeling and how depressed you must be. I can hardly believe such a thing is possible. Jadu was just getting into his stride and you have no idea how much he was liked on his tour and what a success he made of it. I heard during the camp that I had a cable from John Ingleman—Jadu had a heat stroke and his blood pressure 220; again a few days later, that he was steadily improving. We were naturally anxious about it but he didn't think that anything serious was afoot. When I came here, I had a cable of which you know. Akkaji, you must have had a grievous shock and I wish I were with you, but . . . !

In your letter—thank you so much for it—you were prophetic as you said how many of us will be alive when we all meet again! Nitya has gone and so has Jadu. Jadu was so clever, liked by everybody and very intelligently critical. We shall miss him and my dearest Padmabai, all my love is with you.

You were all depressed and this will be another dreadful blow. Akka, there are so few of us that we must pull ourselves together and we have got to change and we have to realise there is something infinitely greater than birth and death. We have to realise it and the effort is colossal. I wish I were with you but there it is. Life is like that and cruel if we are not master of it.

I wish, I were with you dearest Akka.[2]

Padmabai's reply must have expressed her own profound anguish, for in another letter, on September 29, Krishna refers to his sorrow at Nitya's death, his enquiry into the cause of sorrow, and a blazing awakening.

My dearest Padmabai,

Thank you very much for your letter. I know, Padmabai the fight you must be putting up, Akkaji, because we want the perfume of love through one person only, death [darkens] our love. There will be always death as long as our understanding is limited by personal, egotistical outlook. I tell you, Akkaji dear, as long as there is consciousness of oneself there is death, loneliness and sorrow. I went through this when Nitya died and I understood what lay behind sorrow, the cause of it. I have cheated death. So, Akkaji, this is the time to understand in the midst of this sorrow and loneliness. You must understand, probe into the deepest and you will see, Padmabai dear, that there is something more permanent, eternal than all persons. We all must die and while you are in the midst of this sorrow, this is the time to understand. Don't postpone it, Akkaji. In the gloom, you must seek the way out and not wait or let sorrow eat your heart and loneliness darken your smile. So Padmabai, be eager to understand, though it hurts. Detach your mind from loneliness, sorrow and examine and you will see that by freeing your own consciousness, you go beyond birth and death. Try it dear Padmabai and don't say these are just words.

I wish I were with you, perhaps I could be able to help you. Oh, Padmabai, you have no idea the joy of true impersonal love.

You are in my thoughts and in my heart.

All my love, my dearest Padmabai. My love to everyone.

Krishna

His letters express a longing for India; he was drifting away from many of his close friends in the West whom he had known from his childhood. From Ojai he wrote of being alone, resting and going into *Samadhi*

My dearest Padmabai,

Thank you very much for your letter of October 29th. I am so very sorry that you are having a hard time and I wish I were there to help you along. It would be good to talk things over and that has to wait till we meet again, which will not be till the end of next year. I have been by myself for the last fortnight and I have been over the thoughts of the past years. I wish, I could have a good talk with you which is much better than writing.

This place is lovely and one day (?) you must come here. I am taking a complete rest and going into *samadhi*.* I only see people on Sundays and the rest of the days I am giving to thought. Rajagopal and Rosalind are in Hollywood as Rajagopal has to see to his rheumatism which is pretty bad.

I hear Amma is pretty bad and that she is not expected to live long Rama Rao wrote to me that she is stone deaf and can hardly recognise. It is tragic and I wonder what is going to happen to the Theosophical Society. . . .

With all my love,
Krishna

Krishna's friend Rama Rao went blind and was seriously ill. With the death of Jadu, Krishna turned to Rajagopal and his wife Rosalind (they had married in 1927), who remained with him and were free to journey with him across continents.

While Nitya was alive Rajagopal's role in the young seer's life was peripheral—Nitya had taken over all organizational matters connected with Krishnamurti's work. Nitya's death created a functional vacuum that had to be filled. Inevitably, at first Jadu and then Rajagopal took charge, planning lectures and tours and setting up the infrastructure to support his future work. Rajagopal's marriage to Rosalind, a very close friend of Nitya's, brought Rajagopal closer to Krishnamurti. Soon Arya Vihar in Ojai became their permanent home.

**Samadhi* A state of final liberation A state where the ego entity has ceased to exist and the seeker has disappeared A state of union with the cosmos

A relationship born of an act of friendship to protect the young, vulnerable Krishnamurti—whose utter lack of worldliness made protection necessary—slowly underwent a sea change. In the earlier period of his life, protected by Mrs. Besant, he was the World-Teacher-to-be—and the attitudes of Krishnaji's comrades reflected this awareness and a reverence. There was always a distance between the World Teacher and his disciples.

However, with the dissolution of organizations and the negation of all spiritual hierarchy by Krishnamurti, new attitudes were inevitable. Slowly, the distance between the teacher and his associates lessened. Soon Rajagopal and Rosalind assumed the role of guardians, *sarvadhikaris,* holders of authority around the young seer, taking over all decision-making in Krishnamurti's personal life and the work connected with his teaching. The shy, hesitant young man who was feeling his way in the irridescent ocean of energy being released within him, groping for words that could contain his observations and insights, was totally unconcerned with worldly affairs. He was happy to leave everything in the competent hands of Rajagopal. K seemed vague, passive, naive, and even juvenile. His former disciples, living in close proximity to Krishnamurti, found him eager to perform the most menial chores; and this blurred their vision. They lost contact with the immensity in their midst and in time started to treat him as a child, who could be scolded, ignored, bullied, told what to do and whom to meet.

It is part of Krishnamurti's mystique that, time and again, he permitted this. His very nature made any assertive or aggressive response or action impossible. He never lost his temper. His pliant mind, lack of the ego, and total trust in those around him made it possible for others to take him for granted. He would sign any paper placed before him by his close friends, and at times even echoed their irrationalities. This led to seemingly contradictory statements and actions, which confused his friends. Yet, when he appeared to be totally hemmed in and dominated, the situation would explode out of its complexities, leaving Krishnamurti untouched, free to move on; while those who dominated him would be left angry, bewildered, often broken.

Between 1933 and 1939 Krishnamurti traveled several times to India, giving talks to fairly large audiences. With the death of Mrs. Besant in 1933 and the election of George Arundale as president of the Theosophical Society in 1934, all contact between Krishnamurti and the Society had been severed. Krishnamurti had spoken of the Theosophical Society as an organized belief, "and the idea of a Master leading man to truth does not enter my belief."[3]

The world and the media had lost interest in the "World Teacher" after his rejection of the role the Theosophical Society had conceived for him. For a long time his name disappeared from the newspapers and he led a life of anonymity.

Toward the end of those years, a new foundation, Krishnamurti Writings Inc. (K. W. I.), was established with headquarters at Ojai. Krishnamurti was nominal head, but Rajagopal played the pivotal role in determining the membership of the new body and its areas of operation. However, there was one area where the young seer, however hesitant, refused to permit any intrusion: That was in the unfoldment, the flowering of the new mind and the silent ground of perception that was coming into being.

Krishnamurti was in Ojai in 1939 when World War II broke out in Europe. For nearly eight years he lived in Ojai in comparative isolation. The war restricted his movements, and it was no longer possible for him to travel. He had been sent for by the U.S. draft board, and had to give detailed explanations as to why he could not fight and join the army. The board suggested that he return to India. He agreed and asked them to send him back, but there was no transportation. So they let him stay, but he was forbidden to give talks and had to report to the police regularly.

In later years Krishnamurti was to speak of those forgotten years in Ojai. He cherished his walks in the silences of the mountains surrounding the Ojai Valley. He walked "enormously," for endless miles, spending whole days in the wilderness, alone, forgetful of food, listening and observing, probing the world within him and around him. He recounted episodes of meeting wild bears and rattlesnakes, facing them without movement of body and mind. The wild beast would pause, its cautious, watchful eyes meeting K's silent eyes for several minutes; the animal, sensing a total absence of fear, would turn and move away.

The observing mind of Krishnamurti, free of any inner direction or pressure, blossomed; and with it an elemental perception, a mind-body awareness through which earth, rocks, trees, budding leaves, insects, reptiles, birds, animals communicated the story of earth's history and the mystery of a bottomless pit of time. He said, "When I walk, I don't think, there is no thought. I just look. . . . I think my solitary walks must have done something."

Krishnamurti recalled gardening at Arya Vihar, growing roses and vegetables, milking cows, washing dishes. His intense interest in mechanical things, which he had cultivated from childhood, was to continue; he still enjoyed taking apart watches and automobile engines to understand how they worked, and then putting them together again. He had been given a gift of a car by some of his friends. Gas was scarce but, whenever possible, Krishnamurti enjoyed driving at a tremendous speed along the curving roads of the valley.

Reports of the war and the atom bomb's devastation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki filled him with inexpressible horror, but awakened insights into the nature of violence and evil. This was made especially vivid to him one day when he went to nearby Santa Barbara. A woman approached him, offering Japanese souvenirs. Krishnamurti declined, but she insisted on showing him what she had in her box. She opened it to reveal a shriveled human ear and nose.

Miss Muriel Payne, who claimed to have nursed Krishnamurti in Ojai when he was very ill, told me that his response to the devastation and cruelty of war had been traumatic. He asked repeatedly, "What is the use of my talking?" He sought refuge alone in the mountains, with trees and wild animals. He spent several weeks in solitude in a hut in Wrightwood, in the San Gabriel mountains near Los Angeles, and in Sequoia, further North. He had grown a beard.

Krishnaji recalled the routine of his life in the sparsely furnished log cabin in the wilds. He would awake early in the morning, go for a long walk, cook breakfast, clean the dishes and the house and for an hour every day play Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (the only record available), listening, meditating. There were no books. In the evenings he would chant Sanskrit hymns remembered from his early childhood. His favorite was one to Daksinamunti—Shiva as the supreme guru. The sound of Sanskrit rose from the depths of his belly—it filled forests, virgin sounds heard by pine and ancient redwood trees, by skunk, bear, and rattlesnake. A spider shared the hut with him. Every morning Krishnamurti swept away the spider's web, in which were trapped flies and insects; carefully picking up the spider, he would place it outside the hut, but every morning, the spider was back, spinning its web.[4] A verse from the *Upanishads,* learned in his childhood, may have come to his mind. "As a spider emerges [from itself] by [spinning] threads [out of its own body], so too from this self, all life breaths, all the worlds, all the gods, and all contingent beings rise upon all directions."[5]

For days the ritual between the spider and Krishnamurti continued, a wordless communication; then one day Krishnamurti said to the spider, "Pax, let us share the hut."

Krishnamurti had occasional visitors. Aldous Huxley, who had settled in California and who was losing his eyesight, walked with Krishnamurti for long hours. At times they spoke of the senses and blindness. Krishnamurti helped Huxley; the power to heal was alive. He used it sparingly and in secret, was rather shy of it, and apologized before he even spoke of it.

Many years later, when asked what he meant when he spoke of all the senses operating simultaneously, Krishnaji told of meeting a blind friend while he was living in the hills. They had discussed the senses. Later, alone in the hut, Krishnamurti spent a week with his eyes bandaged, to see what happened when a sense on which one depended was denied. He spoke of every pore of his body, being fully awake, every sense carefully operating, compensating for the lost sense; of everything having to be in the right place, inwardly and outwardly.

There are also hints that he experimented at this time with many of the rigid austerities of yoga—fasting for long periods; observing complete silence for days; closing the sense organs with two hands to shut out sight, sound, and breath; and awakening to vast reverberations of sound within. But he dismissed these yogic stances as play, peripheral, and of no account.

The luminous beauty and the dramatic legendary early life of Krishnamurti had aroused the curiosity and interest of a number of writers, actors, and seekers who had settled in and around Los Angeles, besides Huxley. Gerald Heard was one of the first of the Western mystics to settle in California and delve into Indian religious enquiry. He was a friend of Huxley, Krishnamurti, Christopher Isherwood, and Prabhavanand, a monk of the Ram Krishna Mission. Huxley and Heard had become close friends of Krishnamurti. It was a curious relationship. Krishnamurti in the late 1930s and early 1940s was very shy, and perhaps had not allowed the limitless within him to reveal itself. Otherwise, it is impossible to understand Maria Huxley's comment on him.

She said of him during the years 1938 to 1939, "He is charming and amusing and so simple. How he must suffer when he is treated as a prophet?"[6]

Aldous Huxley and his first wife, Maria, loved picnics, as did Krishnamurti. Anita Loos, writing of Los Angeles in the late 1930s, recounts an incident which, as she put it, "could have taken place in Alice in Wonderland." At one such picnic the guests included the Huxleys and Krishnamurti; Greta Garbo, wearing a sloppy pair of men's trousers and a battered hat; Charlie Chaplin and his beautiful wife Paulette Goddard, dressed in a Mexican peasant outfit; Bertrand Russell (who is described by Anita Loos as a "Pixie on a spree"); and writer Christopher Isherwood.

Failing to find a suitable picnic spot, they finally descended on the dusty bed of the Los Angeles river. As they were getting down to prepare their special food—Garbo carrying bunches of raw vegetables, Goddard with her champagne and caviar, Krishnamurti with his rice—a hefty policeman suddenly appeared and asked, "What the hell's going on here?"

They stopped all preparations, "stunned into silence." A sheriff appeared, holding a gun. "Don't anybody in this gang know how to read?" he asked Aldous Huxley, pointing to a sign that read "No trespassers." Huxley pleaded with the sheriff, promising to clean up the place and leave the riverbed cleaner than they had found it. The sheriff was getting angry and told Huxley to "Get going—and that means now." Huxley, thinking he might appease the sheriff by mentioning some of the celebrities, pointed out Charlie Chaplin and Greta Garbo.

"Don't give me that," snarled the sheriff. "I seen these stars in the movies and none of them belong in this outfit. Get out of here, you tramps, or I'll arrest the whole slew of you." And so, says Anita Loos, "We folded our tents like the Arabs and quietly stole away. . . ."[7]

By the mid-1940s Krishnamurti and Huxley had become close friends. They met often and went for long walks. Huxley talked and Krishnamurti listened. Huxley was perplexed; his formidable intellect found it difficult to comprehend the pliant strength of a mind born of perception untainted by knowledge. In turn, Huxley listened and learned to be silent when Krishnamurti spoke of perception, of time, and of awareness. That Krishnamurti's mind interested Huxley is evident. On one of the walks, he told Krishnamurti "that he would give everything for one direct perception of the truth, but his mind was incapable of it. It was too filled with knowledge." Christopher Isherwood recounts a conversation he had with Huxley. Isherwood had been telling Huxley of the instructions for meditation given to him by his guru, Swami Prabhavanand, "thus, prompting Aldous to tell me that Krishnamurti never meditated on 'objects' such as lotuses, lights, gods and goddesses and even believed that doing so, might lead to insanity."[8]

Recalling his relationship with Huxley and Gerald Heard, Krishnamurti says, "I was terribly shy. They were all tremendous intellectuals. I listened to them. I interjected one or two statements."[9] Much of the correspondence between Krishnamurti and Huxley, and the notes taken by Huxley of that period of his life, were burned in a fire that destroyed his home and all his records. Later, Huxley was to write the introduction to Krishnamurti's book *The First and Last Freedom*. In 1961, just before his death, Huxley heard Krishnamurti speak at Saanen in Switzerland. Writing to a friend, he describes it "as amongst the most impressive things I have listened to . . . it was like listening to the discourse of the Buddha—such power, such intrinsic authority, such an uncompromising refusal to allow the *homme moyen sensuel* any escapes or surrogates, any *gurus*, saviors, *führers*, churches. I show you sorrow and the ending of sorrow, and if you don't fulfill the conditions for ending sorrow, be prepared, whatever *gurus*, churches, etc. you may believe in, for the indefinite continuance of sorrow."[10]

In Ojai, during the war years, Krishnamurti recalled visiting Gerald Heard at Trabuco, "a club for mystics" built a few miles from Los Angeles by Gerald Heard and Felix Green, a British sinologist who was also interested in Indian religious enquiry. Gerald Heard, who has been eloquently described by Christopher Isherwood as "one of [the world's] few great magic myth makers and revealers of life's wonder"[11] had built a retreat with a meditation hall overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Krishnamurti visited Trabuco for a week at the invitation of Gerald Heard. Describing Trabuco to us, Krishnamurti spoke of its resemblance to a Trappist monastery—except that here people could come for retreat and were not trapped for the rest of their lives. Meditation sessions took place about six times a day. The residents were permitted conversation in the mornings, but after lunch strict silence was imposed. Krishnaji joined in the meditation sessions; sitting cross-legged on the floor for hours in the darkened meditation hall, he felt the seething thoughts in the minds of those meditating around him. The intense darkness was used as an aid to create the silent mind. The eerie atmosphere and the chaotic, violent thoughts of the other guests greatly disturbed Krishnamurti, and he did not visit Trabuco again.

Perhaps the most insightful of the comments to come from "outsiders" living on the Pacific Coast in the 1940s and 1950s was from Henry Miller, the bawdy, tempestuous writer of some of the finest prose to emerge from North America in the twentieth century. In his later years Miller became a recluse and lived at Big Sur on the coast south of San Francisco. He had never met Krishnamurti; but after reading a book about him by Carlo Suarez, Miller wrote,

> Krishnamurti has renounced more than any man I can think of except Christ. Fundamentally he is so simple to understand that it is easy to comprehend the confusion which his clear, direct words and deeds have entailed. Men are reluctant to accept what is easy to grasp.
>
> I have never met Krishnamurti, though there is no man living whom I would consider it a greater privilege to meet than he.
>
> His career, unique in the history of spiritual leaders, reminds one of the famous Gilgamesh epic. Hailed in his youth as the coming Savior, Krishnamurti renounced the role that was prepared for him, spurned all disciples, rejected all mentors and preceptors. He initiated no new faith or dogma, questioned everything, cultivated doubt (especially in moments of exaltation), and, by dint of heroic struggle and perseverance, freed himself of illusion and enchantment, of pride, vanity, and every subtle form of dominion over other. He went to the very source of life for sustenance and inspiration. To resist the wiles and snares of those who sought to enslave and exploit him demanded eternal vigilance. He liberated his soul, so to say, from the underworld and the overworld, thus opening to it "the paradise of heroes."
>
> Is it necessary to define this state?[12]

In 1945, when the war was over, Krishnamurti was to go to New Zealand, but fell very ill. He had urinary trouble, high fever, and was unconscious for long periods. It is possible that some vast psychic changes took place in him during this illness. He talks of recuperating by himself, of the body being alone. Doctors saw him, but seemed unable to diagnose his illness, no medicines were prescribed.

Part 2

KRISHNAMURTI IN INDIA
1947–1949

CHAPTER 9

The Gathering of the Friends

On August 15, 1947, India became independent and Jawaharlal Nehru its first prime minister. Tumultuous yet nonviolent in character, the struggle for independence had been from the early twentieth century guided by Mahatma Gandhi. By 1944 the courage of a nonviolent struggle against the military might of the British Empire had inspired people in a world struggling to rehabilitate itself after the most violent war in history.

But independence in India had also brought a bitter aftermath. To achieve it, the vast subcontinent had been partitioned, territories in the North, West, and East cut away from the main heartland, to form the new Islamic State of Pakistan. Families were divided, friendships broken. Violence exploded; massacres, rape, looting, arson were witnessed along the borders and in the hinterland. Vast migrations of people took place; the Hindus moved eastwards, the Muslims westwards. The new rulers of India, most of whom had spent half their lives in jail, were suddenly called upon to bring order to a continent in flames and to deal with a refugee problem the like of which had never before been witnessed.

K's arrival in India, two months after independence, could not have been at a more propitious moment. An old age in India was dying, and the birth of the new was beset by travail and disillusionment. The massacres that had erupted with freedom and the partition of India had been traumatic for minds nurtured on theories of nonviolence. There had been little time to pause, to ponder, to look into the distance, to cogitate, to ask fundamental questions. For India's leaders and builders, action based on immediacy had overtaken the possibility of action born of long vision.

Vast resources of energy were held in abeyance in the startlingly young body and mind of Krishnamurti. His face in 1947 appeared qualitatively different from earlier photographs of him in the 1920s and 1930s. It was evident that the long period of withdrawal in Ojai, brought about by forces beyond his control, had provided the spaces in which exploding energies could converge. An intelligence was coming into being, a perfection of mind, heart, and body that was supremely beautiful, majestic, and awake. When asked about his years in Ojai, K said, "I think it was a period of no challenge, no demand, no outgoing. I think it was a kind of everything kept in, everything held in; and when I left Ojai it all burst."

A splendor and inward incandescence had transformed K's face; ancient yet untouched by time. The blue-black eyes reflected the long vision of the seer. Profoundly empty yet grounded in compassion, they were prophetic eyes that had journeyed vast distances. His slightly greying hair, swept back, revealed the majesty of his forehead. The earlobes were long, the head and spine erect, the waist slim, the shoulders sloped. He walked with long strides, his feet pressed down, sinking into the earth, creating spaces within which he walked. The long arms rested at his side, the palms open and held inward. From my first meeting with him, I was aware of the deep stillnesses of his body. In repose there was little movement of head, shoulder, or spine; no movement was superfluous; when need for action arose, the body responded with a natural dignity and grace, with precision and a minimum expenditure of energy.

In dialogue the hands assumed symbolic gestures, they opened, questioned, probed, contained, pointed the way. Relaxed, the hands rested.

He arrived in India alone for the first time. All outer bonds and constraints had dropped away. Throughout his life he had been held, protected. At first by the affection and concern of his father, then by the Theosophical Society and their expectations of the role he was to play as the World Teacher. When he left the Theosophical Society, its rituals and hierarchies, his outer life was taken over by Rajagopal and Rosalind. The nine years in Ojai had separated him from his friends in India. Slowly, the old, loyal friends were dying or being pushed away. Now, however, there was no one to question him, to plan his day, to decide whom he should meet, where he should go. Outwardly and inwardly he was totally free.

All through the years, whenever he was to return to India, his first act was to take off his Western clothes and wear Indian garments. With this change of clothes his personality, attitudes, and responses also changed. In the West he was more formal, with exquisite Old World manners. He lived a secluded life, meeting few people; the long discussions and insights that arose at breakfast and lunch, intimately woven into his life in India, were absent. The perceptions that arose on walks or in apparently casual conversations have not been recorded.

With the Indian robes, the length of which gave him the look of a mendicant, he naturally assumed the role of the teacher. The centuries of meditation and concern with otherness held in abeyance in the Indian earth entered into him. He appeared to grow taller, the sloping shoulders revealed by the shape of his garment. His walk had the majesty of the king elephant in a forest.

The young men and women who gathered round Krishnaji in Bombay (many of whom, like myself, were to remain with him for over thirty years) were drawn from various disciplines—political, literary, academic, and social. Many of them had participated in the freedom struggle and had been acclaimed political heroes. Filled with horror by the events that followed the partition of India, they lacked the prophetic insight to see the chaos that was to face the India of the future. They were sensitive enough, however, not to share in the wild euphoria of freedom that led large numbers of people to believe that with the retreat of the British Raj a Golden Age based on the ethical values of secularism, socialism, and an ending of poverty had dawned.

They had glimpsed the wasteland of ambition, bitterness, and greed that lay behind their slogans and grandiose words. The ideals that had carried them through years of political struggle had crumbled under them, and with it the verbal structures that had nourished them. They were faced with confusion, contradiction, and what seemed a blank wall.

They gathered because of the radiance and compassion that emanated from K's presence; and because of the personal aches and despairs, the sorrow, that they could neither face nor dispel; and their inability to give a meaningful direction to their lives. Buddha had ordained his monks with the call *"Ehi Etha,"* Come ye. Krishnamurti's silent call was of the same nature.

Amongst the people who met K at the airport was Sir Chunilal Mehta, a distinguished industrialist, who had served as a member of the Governors Council in what was then the Bombay presidency.* An ardent admirer of K, Sir Chunilal was ecstatic when, on returning home, he told his young daughter-in-law Nandini of "this wondrous young being, who ran down the steps of the plane—and like a shaft of light came towards us." K was staying at the house of Ratansi Morarji on Carmichael Road. It was open house in the mornings, and many people had gathered when Chunilal Mehta and Nandini walked in. What happened is best told in the words of Nandini:

"I went and sat on the floor in a corner, feeling a little nervous. I saw a figure in a long white *kurta* sitting straight-backed at a distance. The room was full of people, and K was in the midst of a discussion. Kakaji [Sir Chunilal] was sitting facing K and soon joined in the discussion. A minute later K, whose face was looking away from me, turned and looked at me steadily for a few seconds. Time stopped for me. He turned back and continued his discussion. Some time later he turned again and looked deep into my eyes, and again time stopped. K continued his discussion. But I was totally unaware of what was being said.

"The discussion ended and people started getting up to leave. I rose and found K standing in front of me. Seeing K approaching me, Kakaji rushed up and introduced me as 'Nandini, my daughter-in-law'—Krishnaji had started laughing, not smiling, but laughing—I had never heard laughter as deep and as resonant. The sound of a Himalayan stream falling rock to rock to mingle with another stream. He asked, 'Why have you come?' Tears had started flowing uncontrollably down my cheeks. He continued to laugh and my tears continued to flow. He took my hand and held it hard. Again he asked, 'Why have you come?' and at last I could speak, though the tears were unabated. 'I have waited thirty years to see you.' [Nandini was thirty years old at the time.] K's laughter continued. Then, letting go of my hand, he placed his palm on my head and left it there for a few seconds. My *pranams*† to him were through my tears.

"In the car Kakaji seemed a little bewildered, turned around and told me, 'Did you see him? That he should notice you is a great privilege. Don't let it go to your head.' I started accompanying Kakaji every day to see K. One morning K said, 'Don't you want to see me?' I did not answer. I did not know it was possible to see him."

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*The present states of Maharashtra and Gujerat

†*Pranam* and *namaskara* have the same meaning except that pranam has an element of greater respect in it It is the traditional form of greeting, the holding up of folded hands as in prayer.

K was to leave for Madras shortly, and it was only on his return that Nandini started seeing him.

Maurice Friedman, a Polish engineer, was also at Carmichael Road to meet K on his arrival. A tiny, bent-backed man, he wore a *kurta* and a loose, ill-fitting pyjama. It was impossible to determine his age. A Theosophist since his boyhood, he had come to India as an engineer to work in Bangalore. Soon he lost interest in his work, donned a saffron robe, took the vows, and became a mendicant, taking the name of Bharatanand. From the northernmost point of India to Kanniyakumari in the deep south, he traveled the pilgrim's path—barefoot, eating the food given to him, staying in *maths* (monasteries) or under trees, discussing with yogis and fakirs. He met wise men and held discourses with religious teachers, but found that awakening did not lie in the outer facade of robe or begging bowl. So, giving up the robe, he came and stayed at Ramana Maharshi's *ashram* in the deep South. Ramana Maharshi is regarded as a liberated man; a saint who broke all bondages and transcended the self.

An apocryphal story relates how Friedman went to the flooded river one day. Pondering on life and causation, he said to himself, "If I am to die, I will be swept away; if I have to live, the waters will save me." So he threw himself into the torrential waters, and was thrown back on the banks. Thrice he threw himself, and three times the waters refused to accept him. So, battered in body but undaunted in spirit, he said, "Fate wants me to live." He walked back to the *ashram*. Halfway he met Ramana Maharshi, who looked at him and said gently but sternly, "Stop playing the fool with yourself."

While a *sannyasin*, Friedman had lived for some years at Sevagram, Gandhiji's *ashram* near Wardha, in Maharashtra. He used his engineering skills to help evolve the *ambar charkha*, the many-spindled spinning wheel, and had participated in many of the development programs initiated by Gandhiji. Deeply interested in K and his teachings, he had come to Bombay to be with him. Friedman participated in the discussions with much energy, took on himself the role of interpreter, and prefaced his remarks with, "In other words . . . " Warm, affectionate, intelligent, intensely curious, but with a somewhat distorted approach to life, he battered himself against his bonds, unable to penetrate beyond his own self-made limitations of words and ideas.

Jamnadas Dwarkadas, another constant visitor, was a rotund figure who wore a spotless *dhoti*, a white Gandhi cap, and *kurta*. Dwarkadas came from a very affluent family from Kutch. Long settled in Bombay, the several brothers had distinguished themselves in various fields. Jamnadas Dwarkadas, a politician and businessman, had been a close associate and friend of Dr. Annie Besant. Generous of heart and with a deep devotion to K, he had given of his wealth with abundance. Through the years he was to lose his family fortunes, but his generosity did not diminish nor did misfortune sour his bountiful nature. He would embrace K, weep with emotion, and sit with his eyes closed during the discussions, an ecstatic look on his cherubic face. He would tell us stories of K's childhood; for Jamnadas had a remarkable memory and a fund of anecdotes. The children in our family gathered round him, for he held them spellbound with stories of K and Dr. Besant. A *vaishnava,** he brought K exquisite garlands of jasmine interwoven with rose petals to resemble pearls and rubies; he would insist that K wear this fragrant garland after his discussions and talks. I remember standing with Nandini at the foot of the staircase that led to the terrace where K held discussions. K stood at the head of the stairway, a slender figure in white, with jasmine around his neck, a garland that fell to his knees. It was always late evening when the discussions ended, and the glow of the lights used to catch K's hair, swept back from his brow, while his eyes smiled down at us.

Also amongst the people who gathered at Madras to meet K in October 1947 was a young chemist named Balasundaram, who was teaching at the Institute of Science in Bangalore. K was staying at Sterling Road, Madras, where he gave talks and held public discussions. His host was R. Madhavachari, the Indian representative of Krishnamurti Writings Inc. and an engineer in the Southern Railways.

Attendance at the talks was small; a few old Theosophists, some writers and professors, and a few young people were the audience. Amongst them was Shanta Rao, the *bharat natyam*† dancer; she spent the day at Sterling Road, taking K his orange juice, helping serve his food, and acting as a *dwarpal*, a doorkeeper outside K's door.

These were the years before Shanta Rao had emerged, resplendent on the Indian landscape, as one of the most brilliant *bharat natyam* dancers to perform in free India. Shanta entered K's surroundings with the same eloquence and assured presence with which she entered a

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*A *vaishnava* is a devotee of Krishna But the word also conveys a certain ethical behavior, such as vegetarianism, almsgiving, kindness, and devotion.

†*Bharat natyam*· Dances born out of the rituals of worship in the temples of South India It was in the middle of the twentieth century that *bharat natyam* began to be danced by women of the higher castes and was transported from the temple to the stage, from ritual to art and entertainment

stage. She was to spend long periods of time in Madras listening to his talks, having interviews with him, or just being around. Young, with a panther-like body and strong, arrogant mind, she had studied the *Natya Sastras** and had learned to dance under the discipline of the great gurus of *bharat natyam* and *kathakali*.† Her supreme confidence was evident in her poise and her words. She questioned K on the nature of beauty—whether it was outer or inner, and what was its measure.

Perhaps she influenced K, who wrote of a dancer in his *Commentaries on Living:*

> She was a dancer, not by profession but by choice. She must have felt proud of her art, for there was arrogance about her—not only the arrogance of achievement but also that of some inner recognition of her own spiritual worth. As another would be satisfied with outward success, she was gratified by her spiritual advancement. She not only danced, but also gave talks on art, on beauty, and on spiritual achievement.[1]

Another visitor who was closely associated with K through his years in India was doe-eyed, lissome Sunanda, the daughter of an old Theosophist. Sunanda, a graduate of Madras University, had a finely honed intellect and was studying law and preparing for the foreign service examination. She too spent some time every day with K at Sterling Road—speaking of her dreams of the future, her personal problems, or watching him as he sat polishing his shoes or sitting quietly while K was writing letters. K bantered with her, chanted with her, told her that she was too young to consider settling down, and asked her to go out and see the world. Her senses afire, she responded passionately to K's presence and was swept away in the torrent of his attention.

In those years K was very accessible. Mukund Pada, a young man who would later don the saffron robe, wrote to me many years after of his meeting with K in 1947:

> Back in Madras, I attended for the first time in December 1947 a talk by one

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**Natya Sastras*, written between 200 B.C and A D. 200 by the sage Bharat Muni, was a treatise on the dramatic arts, mime, dance, stagecraft. A theory of aesthetics formed the basic element of the book.

†*Kathakali* is dance, mime and theater Accompanied by powerful drumming and song, it evolved in the courts of the Nayar kings of Kerala The stories were based on the epics, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. The Nayars were a military class The society was matriarchal. The Brahmin (Namboodries) were learned and powerful. Costumes, painted masks, and highly stylized gestures were integral to the *kathakali* form of dance.

Theosophist named J. Krishnamurti as described by an elderly person. The talk stunned and rocked me out of my core. Standing lost and helpless after the talk, Krishnaji who was passing me, suddenly stopped and putting an arm around me asked Shri Madhavachari to grant me some time for an interview. The interview between an insignificant pebble and the Himalayas was a blast of the Eternal, Cosmic breath. It left me shattered and trembling in every limb. As Krishnaji was speaking, I was thunderstruck in an awareness that the seeds of his message were already there in my brain. It was the voice of truth that had spoken to me. His last words to me on parting, as he came to the door "Sir, two flowers or things can be similar, but not the same," suddenly opened an immense space. Quietly words surfaced in my mind. "Yes, Sir, thou are Blessedness walking amongst humanity. Two flowers may be similar. You are the thornless flower—me, I am more thorns than flower." Oh, how he laughed—his laughter like a lightning in a thundercloud.

Dr. Balasundaram found that Krishnaji's former Theosophical associates had grown old. C. Jinarajadasa, then president of the Theosophical Society and wearing a purple cap, used to visit Krishnaji. They had long talks, but Krishnaji did not enter the compound of the Theosophical Society—though he went for long walks on Adyar beach. Sanjeeva Rao, an old associate of Dr. Besant and an eminent educator who had built Krishnaji's educational institutions in Varanasi, and his wife Padmabai, a friend of Krishnaji and an equally well-known educator in her own right, were constant visitors.

A small discussion group had started, but most of the participants were weary and aging and had little contact with the enormous new teaching. K told them, "You are clinging to the known. Let go." They looked bewildered, tried to appear intense, but little energy was generated.

Balasundaram described to me a poignant moment during a discussion of "the ending of the known." An old Theosophist named Narhari Rao had put up his hands and, in a tremulous voice, said to Krishnaji, "Wait, Sir, wait—the unknown is coming."

B. Sanjeeva Rao accompanied Krishnaji on his return to Bombay from Madras in early January 1948. They were staying with Ratansi Morarji at Carmichael Road. Every morning and evening Krishnaji would sit in the living room, which was furnished with chinoiseries, carved chairs, and jeweled screens. People who wished to see Krishnaji dropped in and sat with him asking questions, discussing problems or giving him the news of the day.

Prominent amongst the visitors were two young men dressed in spotless white hand-spun and handwoven *khadi*: Rao Sahib Patwardhan and Achyut Patwardhan. Their father had been a respected and wealthy resident of Ahmadnagar in Maharashtra, had belonged to the Theosophical Society, and had been an ardent follower of Annie Besant. He died young, leaving the burden of his large family to his eldest son, Rao Sahib Patwardhan. Before his death he had told his two elder sons that they were to dedicate their lives to Krishnaji and his work. Whatever happened in the future, they were never to deny the great teacher.

Handsome, intensely male, austere, with an inviolable integrity, Rao Sahib and Achyut were devoted brothers. Within his family Rao Sahib was a domineering patriarch. Deeply attached to learning, impatient with women except the rare few who measured up to his standard of brain and heart, he set himself moral standards and practiced an austerity that made life miserable for his family and placed limits on his own potential. He was deeply committed to work for the amelioration of poverty and want, and was closely associated with the Sarva Seva Sangh, a service organization established around Gandhiji; but it was the idea rather than the operational part of work that attracted him. He was not a builder, nor an organizer. Perhaps the lesson that nothing is trivial had evaded him. The canvas of the freedom struggle was vast, and the actors had assumed the role of heroes. The struggle had not prepared these fighters of independence for a work technology that would demand an understanding of the nuts and bolts of development. An insight into the seemingly trivial was part of the genius of Gandhiji and his homespun development economics. Two decades of independence would pass before its essential truth was made clear.

Rao Sahib was intense, but he was also vulnerable and sensitive to beauty. A romantic, the austere and the sensory battled within him and made him hesitate and withdraw at the slightest sign of a physical flowering of the senses. The only areas in which he permitted abandon were in his relationship to K, and in growing roses and cultivating the parijataka bush.

That he never broke through the limitations of his self-imposed austerity and circumscribed environment was a personal tragedy. Within him was a reservoir, capable of receiving and communicating with abundance. His Brahminic arrogance and refusal to claim what was his by right, along with an incapacity to take anything to its limits, generated conflict and kept him conditioned and confined.

His brother Achyut was an intellectual, a word that in India has very special connotations. He lived in an age that hailed Karl Marx as the prophet of the new awakened man, and Achyut, along with his friends Jai Prakash Narain and Acharya Narendra Dev, grew impatient with the older traditional leadership of India, which was concerned primarily with maintaining the status quo. Together, they founded the Socialist Party of India. In total contrast to Rao Sahib, Achyut was not emotional; in him the mind dominated action. He was a leader of men, a fighter; and for long periods of his life ends determined means. But his incapacity to wear masks or to disguise his emotions inhibited him. He had a violent temper and could seldom brook being thwarted.

In 1929, when the freedom struggle in India was at its peak, the brothers had gone to Krishnamurti. Achyut had asked, "Do you really mean it when you say 'negate all authority'?" K replied, "Yes. The mind has to reject authority and examine everything." Achyut's response was that, for him, the freedom of India was the only freedom that was important. On this note he left Krishnamurti, and he and Rao Sahib plunged into the struggle for independence—fighting the British colonial rule, going to jail for long periods, making friends within prison walls, reading and contemplating.

In 1938, the last time Krishnamurti was in India before 1947, Achyut met him in Rishi Valley.* Madrid had fallen in the Spanish Civil War and Achyut was in tears. Speaking to Achyut, K said that in this defeat he saw the beginning of World War II. He commented that he did not see much difference between fascism and communism. Achyut vehemently denied this. K repeated, "They are both tyrannies." It was a major truth that Achyut was to realize in later years.

The Quit India movement of 1942† saw Rao Sahib in jail, while Achyut had gone underground to wander, seeking anonymity and refuge over the length and breadth of India. He and Jai Prakash Narain were to become revolutionary heroes of those dark, fearful, yet intoxicating days. Unlike Jai Prakash, Achyut was never arrested, escaping the police net time and again—by taking refuge as a patient in a hospital, disguising himself as a miserable clerk, growing a beard, and wearing a fez.

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*Rishi Valley, ten miles from Krishnaji's birth place Madnapalle, was so named after the cone-shaped hill, Rishi Konda, which lay to the west of the valley Seeking to find a suitable site for a school, Krishnaji, with some friends, had spotted the vast banyan tree from the roadside. He stopped the car and said, "This is the place."

†A meeting of the All India Congress Committee was held in Bombay on July 16, 1942. The main intention was to serve notice on the British government to "Quit India." The resolution was greeted with an uproar of applause. That night Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, and a large number of Congress leaders were arrested in Bombay and other parts of India

In 1947 he came to K, weary and disillusioned. With freedom, the petty urges to power that had lain in abeyance amongst Congress leaders were surfacing. During the struggle the anti-Brahmin feeling in Maharashtra had little vitality. The leaders, the constructive workers, the intelligentsia in Maharashtra were mainly Brahmins. With independence, the drives for the loaves and fishes of office had given stimulus to the formation of groups within the Congress. Very disturbed by the intrigues and with a fractured emotional life, Achyut turned back to his roots and sought advice from Krishnamurti.

Achyut expressed his conflicts, and K took Achyut for a walk. Pointing to a tree, he turned to Achyut and said, "Look at that tree—the leaf that was tender green has turned yellow. The leaf has nothing to do with it. It is born, dries and falls. Any decision to stay in politics or to leave, any decision taken by choice is wrong. Things happen in their own course. Stop fretting."

Achyut went to see Gandhiji for the last time toward the end of 1947. He told him that he was going to leave politics for a few months. Gandhiji asked him what he was going to do. When he heard he was to spend the time with Krishnamurti, Gandhiji was very happy. He spoke to Achyut of the terrible events of the partition. He said he was passing through a great darkness. He could not see any light.

Achyut spent the next year with K in Bombay, Ootacamund, Poona, Delhi, and Varanasi. At the end of the year Achyut told Krishnamurti that when he was with him all his faculties were wide awake. K's response was, "Be careful, don't take a little of this, to gild what you already know. What you think you feel is only a theory. On no account allow your mind to be stimulated by me." In early 1949 Achyut returned to Delhi to edit a Socialist weekly; but his comrades were aware of deep changes taking place within him, which were to lead to his final break with the Socialist Party and politics.

Rao Sahib was a member of the Congress working committee. A friend of Jawaharlal Nehru and Sardar Patel,* his future in politics seemed assured. But he too felt the suffocation and darkness of the struggle for position and power that erupted amongst his erstwhile friends. The Constituent Assembly was about to meet. Rao Sahib was expected to be one of the participants, but his close friends persuaded

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*Vallabhai Patel and Sardar Patel are the same person Vallabhai was the given name and Patel the caste name Sardar, meaning leader, was a term of endearment and respect.

Vallabhai Patel and Jawaharlal Nehru to exclude him. Rao Sahib was deeply hurt, but his pride and obstinacy made it impossible for him to fight his friends or to appeal to Nehru. The personal disappointment was forgotten in the aftermath of partition; the hatred, bloodshed, and cruelty generated by the transfer of population had shattered Rao Sahib's foundations, built on Gandhian values and ideals. He met Krishnamurti, discussed his conflicts with him, listened to his talks. His immaculately starched *khadi kurta* and Gandhi cap worn at a rakish angle, and his face with its warm captivating smile, were seen mornings and evenings around Krishnamurti.

Reared in an atmosphere that threw up vast challenges and demanded equally vast responses, Rao Sahib and Achyut never admitted to any personal sorrow, frustration, or despair. To them the personal was narrow and trivial. The canvas of their concern had to include great abstractions—man, the masses, the poor. Their sorrow had meaning only when related to the immense sorrow of man. Many years later Achyut was to tell me, "That was the great illusion" that held Rao imprisoned.

However, the intensity and luminosity of Krishnamurti touched deep springs. The Teacher reached out with a passionate flame. Krishnamurti smiled, and Rao smiled with him. Tears sprang to Rao's eyes, for *bhakti*,* also part of the Maharashtrian ethos, was awakened. Rao Sahib, with love overflowing, would say with folded palms, "Sir, there was a Maharashtrian poet, Saint Tukaram, who said, 'When *vithal*† enters the home of a householder all peace is shattered.' " In the evenings, Rao and Achyut would sing Tukaram's *"Abhangas." "Adi Beja Ekle"* was Rao's favorite. He had a deep, emotion-filled voice. On other occasions they joined Krishnamurti in chanting the *"Purusha Shukta"* of the *Rig Veda*. They sat straight-backed, the sharp stacatto sounds of Sanskrit reverberating and filling ears and eyes. The vowels were resonant and strong, each sound pronouced distinctly. The *vedic* chants were woven on fire, on winds, on the hearts and breath of singer and listener. We gathered and listened, even the little ones—my daughter Radhika, aged ten, and my nephew Asit, aged nine. Wide-eyed, they were swept into the blazing presence of Krishnamurti, a man aflame with intensity. Beauty of sound, form, illumined. Every pore of the body responded. Those were enchanted moments.

**Bhakti* A creed based on devotion to Krishna

†*Vithal* Another name for Krishna, the divine cowherd.

CHAPTER 10

"You Are the World."

Krishnamurti in later years was to say of himself, "Full awakening came in India in 1947 to 1948." During those years the five ways of communication integral to the teaching were unfolding: public talks, dialogues and discussions, personal interviews, seemingly casual insights revealed on walks or at the dinner table, and silences. Krishnamurti was launching his associates and listeners on the river of self-knowing, on a journey of discovery "of oneself without a beginning" that in its movement broke the limitations of the mind, opening new frontiers of perception. It was an austere teaching, not in its demand for outer renunciation or sacrifice (though in actuality, austerity and a life of correctness was the ground from which the teaching emanated), but in its total negation of all anchors, crutches, and rituals, even the most subtle.

The denial of the guru as central to religious enquiry was in India the ultimate negation of all spiritual authority; for in the absence of the one sacred revealed book, the guru was the initiator, the preceptor, the doorway to truth. By his refusal to concede the place of any intermediary between the seeker and reality, Krishnamurti cast total responsibility on the seeker. To the seeker he said, "The Real is near, you do not have to seek. Truth is in 'what is,' and that is the beauty of it." But for the aspirant who remained inwardly a disciple, there was bewilderment, for there was nowhere to go, no goal to reach, no peak to climb. There was no guru to promise ecstasy or exploding lights, no visions or *siddhis*, extrasensory powers, to sustain a quest; all extrasensory phenomena as they arose were to be observed and put aside. The only concern was with the awakening of a living perception: seeing and listening to the actual in the outer, as revealed in relationship to man and nature; and in the inner as revealed in thoughts and feelings that were the actual content of the mind.

This frontier perception, direct and uncluttered, was the beginning of self-knowledge, of the self as "is." To observe thought as it arose in consciousness, and as it disappeared to hold it by its tail and not let go, was to have insights into the nature of thought and to observe "what is."

But the "what is," in its swift movement, was constantly changing, transforming, in flux. An awareness flowing from senses tethered to a sluggish static mind, held in thought born of the past, did not have the energy or the pliability to pursue and be one with the present, the "now" of existence, and act from that perception. Man was forever seeking to mold the movement of thought, projecting action into the future as the "I will be," and so thwarting action in the present. Krishnamurti asked, Who is it who seeks to mold or change thought or give it direction? "Remove thought, where is the thinker? If the thinker is thought—then he cannot act or change thought. Thought has to end."[1]

When asked, "How does one know oneself? What is there to know? For what does one seek? Where does one start?" he replied, "The more complex the question, the more overpowering the confusion, the more simple and innocent has to be the approach. Man does not know the way, so the only thing he can do is to cease to struggle and with whatever instruments and energy he has, observe that which is the bondage. It is the simple, the sorrow-laden, the real seeker who is the hope. The simple are so crushed by their own insignificance, they do not trust the integrity of their own intentions."[2]

Many people came to him seeking physical healing. To them he said, "I also at one time did healing; but I found it far more important to heal the mind, the inward state of being. Merely to concentrate on healing physically may make for popularity, draw large crowds, but it will not lead man to happiness."[3]

In *Commentaries on Living I,* he writes: "We are an old people; we wander in search for everything in far off places when it is so close to us. Beauty is ever there, never here, truth is never in our homes but in some distant place. We go to the other side of the world to find the master, and we are not aware of the servant; we do not understand the common things of life, the everyday struggles and joys and yet we attempt to grasp the mysterious and the hidden."[4]

Krishnamurti's public talks in Bombay in January 1948 were held on the lawns of Sir Chunilal Mehta's spacious residence on Ridge Road. Krishnamurti entered the grounds dressed in a red-bordered *dhoti,* a long, spotlessly white *kurta*, and an *angavastram*. Taking off his sandals, he sat cross-legged on a platform, his back straight and without movement. Turning his head he looked at the five hundred people who sat on the ground or on chairs before him. Among them were *sannyasis*, old Theosophists, some professors, and a sprinkling of *khadi* caps. There were few young people; but the rich merchant princes of Bombay, the friends of Sir Chunilal Mehta, were present.

In those early years Krishnamurti flayed the rich. He was to say, "You cannot mix god and mammon. Reality is not for the man who has his hand in his neighbor's pocket—who exploits and fills his heart with the riches of the earth."[5] The gaze of Krishnamurti drew his listeners into a united field of attention. But it was not a glance that classified as a group. The direct communication that emanated from Krishnamurti established contact with the individual woman and man; each person felt that Krishnamurti was speaking to her or him alone. Krishnamurti's role was that of a friend, taking the hand of the man in sorrow and walking with him through the by-ways and depths of the mind, of thought and feeling. He moved step by step, with infinite patience, opening up the problem, probing, questioning, blocking all escapes away from the fact. Teaching the listener to observe, as in a mirror, sorrow, anger, fear, loneliness. Teaching him to dwell on the space between thoughts—moving from thought to thought; to see, when pushed back to its roots and its source, thought dissolve in the ground of its begetting.

While speaking, Krishnamurti was aware not only of the people who listened to the words he was saying, but of what was happening around him—the birds twittering, a leaf falling, the sound of a flute being played in the distance. There was a simultaneity of awareness, an inclusive seeing, listening, that did not shut out the outer or the inner, but let it flow through the mind, so that nothing was exclusive, nothing was a distraction. Only the flowing river of existence, of "what is."

A large number of people were hearing him for the first time. His vocabulary had totally changed, and even people like Sanjeeva Rao, who had been with him for many years, found it difficult to comprehend him. What he said appeared simple. "I am going to say 'What is' and I will follow the movement of 'What is.' " Then to the audience, "Follow not my words, but the movement of thought, that is active in you."[6] To acknowledge life "as is," ends conflict. "The seeing of 'What is' is the freedom from 'What is.' "[7]

Clogged with words and ideas, and caught in the trap of becoming, the minds of K's listeners, which had never directly "seen" thought as it operates—its movement, its complexities, and the spaces it creates as it moves—struggled to understand. "Can I who am the result of the past—can I step out of time?" Krishnamurti asked. "You do step out of time when you are vitally interested. You take a stride—not chronologically but psychologically—in that timeless existence."[8]

In those early years Krishnaji rarely posited a position of direct confrontation with the "I," the ego entity. He never asked the question, "Who am I"; rather, he approached the "I" through negating the accretions, the qualities that coalesced to form the "I" and give it reality. This negation, the dissolution of the nature and qualities, quenched the volition of thought through which the "I" was manifest and through which it perpetuated itself. The perception and negation of all psychological becoming was the ending of thought, of time, and of the "I" principle.

Seeing the nature of mind and its structure and the forces that operated in human consciousness, insights arose: The very nature of the mind and thought limits us and is the cause of our bondage and sorrow. To Krishnamurti all efforts to substitute or change at the level of content and meaning a movement within the field of the opposites, was at best a partial answer, incapable of solving the extraordinarily complex and primeval urges that lay at the depths of the mind.

The problems that face man could end, not through ideals that projected a gradual change of sorrow into happiness, greed into love, but by a transformation in the nature of the ground from which sorrow takes root. The change or transformation, therefore, is not in quality or degree, but in nature, structure, and dimension.

As such, Krishnamurti's teaching altered the very dimensions of the human problem. It concerned itself with a revolution at the core of human consciousness and the discovery of a new space-thought relationship—so that mind, moving in a linear space-time, cause-effect dimension, turned back on itself and a simultaneity of sensory perception arose. This simultaneity, by its very operation, negated any self-centered entity. It awakened new capacities and instruments of enquiry, a new energy was set into operation, negating the limitations.

"It is only truth that deconditions completely," said Krishnaji. "To perceive the truth, there must be a focusing of attention. This does not mean turning away from distraction. There is no such thing as distraction, because life is a movement and has to be understood as a total process."[9]

K was addressing an audience that for a century had been educated in English-speaking schools and nurtured on Western ideals of democracy, with its emphasis on universal franchise and an egalitarian society. The principles on which the Indian Constitution were being formulated were to lead to a great churning within all sectors of society. The underprivileged would slowly grow aware of the power they wielded. With this came a rapid transformation and hardening of class structures. Pressures were to mount in the years that lay ahead.

The Indian mind, held in centuries of myth, symbol, concern with "otherness," was in the mid-twentieth century colored by the theories of the Indian social philosophers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; rebelling against the superstitions and darknesses that had eroded the Indian psyche, they had adopted a veneer of Western conditioning to cover the tumultuous centuries of tradition. Forces and energies of the archaic past, its wisdom and its violence, lay dormant and unexplored. With freedom, people looked to leaders, both political and religious, to show the way; they could not comprehend the pace of change and the explosive forces that were soon to shatter their traditional ways of life and their values. Demand for social change in India generated a laudable concern for the "more" in certain sectors of society. And within and integral to this concern was a redistribution of wealth. But, within a democratic structure, the thrust for the "more" could not be confined to the legitimate needs of the underprivileged, but saturated the human condition; inevitably, it led to the release of forces previously kept in check by traditional relationships, with their exploitations but also with their inherent responsibilities. Linked to this, pressures were generated by a rapidly escalating population and accelerated increase in material hardware made possible by advances in technology. A blatant shift to material attitudes and values was to saturate Indian society and relationships. The new rich—the landlord and the industrialist—the emerging power groups of the "backward," and a rapidly growing antisocial organization battled for the postulates of wealth and power.

The postwar West was also in turmoil; the war had generated vast resources of material and scientific knowledge, and technocrats trained to create artifacts of destruction had to find new avenues for their skills. Cybernetics was soon to come of age and the tools of automation were taking shape on drawing boards. By the end of the 1940s one could see the stirrings of what was to come. At the material level, man seemed ready to dominate the world—all problems appeared soluble.

One conspicuous aspect of the postwar phenomenon was the production of weapons of war and an avalanche of consumer goods (central to economies geared to waste-makers) and artifacts that were built to become obsolete. With it came an emphasis on the creation of a rapidly escalating entertainment industry, with artifacts and gadgets that were to swamp the markets and the minds of man, woman, and child.

In 1947 the impact on India of the West and its exploding technologies was still minimal. The trauma of partitions and its aftermath had shaken the foundations of every thinking person. But these were only surface murmurs revealed the chaos and violence that lay in the future. Krishnamurti, with the long vision of the seer, sensed the seething unrest. He was feeling his way into the landscape of India, delving into the minds of men and women, observing, questioning, probing the environment, laying his hands on the tensions and conflicts that were to corrode mind and heart. "The house is burning," he passionately told those who listened—but the intensity and urgency were absent in those who heard him.

Out of his passionate concern and his vast perception were born major insights central to the teaching.

Man—not in the abstract, but in the "I", the ego entity in his relationship to another—creates society and the world. "You are the world" was a central tenet of the teaching. Social and political action can never transform the world at its roots unless the individual radically transforms himself. "Systems can never transform man, man always transforms the system," said K. When questioned on the helplessness of the single individual to change society and the world, Krishnamurti replied that the roaring volume of water that was the Ganga* in flood, at its source was a single drop, and that all major actions that have changed man had been born of a single human being.

The transformation of the individual was not a gradual process. Transformation was an immediacy—it was the instant man saw himself in the mirror of relationship—to man, nature, and to himself. Speaking of relationship, Krishnamurti used the most intimate examples: the relation of husband and wife; employer and employed. Though many who listened were troubled by Krishnamurti's persistence in speaking of the hypocrisy that underlay these relationships, they were to realize the truth of his insights. He said that "seeing" without any movement to distort or change what was seen is only possible when the direction-giving activity of the seer has ended. This is the instant of transformation; the birth of insights that in turn transform society and give birth to a new generation. Real transformation is not the result of any revolution of the right or left, but a revolution from sensate values to those values that are not the result of environmental influence.

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*The Ganges River.

Inbuilt into the immediacy of transformation were Krishnamurti's insights into time. He perceived that the "coming to be" and the "ceasing to be," or the sapling growing into the banyan tree, involving linear time, are integral to the life process. Energy held in matter and subject to the laws of time as an arrow is entropic—it has to dissipate, deteriorate, and end. Krishnamurti said, "There is a chronological time and time of the mind. Time which is mind itself. There is confusion between the two. Psychological time is the process of becoming."[10] This time as becoming, the "I will be," was born of illusion and was a manifestation of the "I"; both self-sustaining and self-energizing, maintaining and supporting itself through its own ignorance and, by this process, storing up its own potential energy as consciousness. This consciousness was perceived by the individual through the operation of the senses.

The "I" as the product of psychological time, manifesting itself as thought, could not act to transform or free itself. It was only through a negative approach, the perception and denial of all psychological thought—as a desire to change "what is" into "what should be"—that there could be direct perception of "what is" and a freedom from time born of the psyche.

In this state of perceiving, the mind is not using thought to revive itself. There is neither the thinker nor thought, neither experiencer nor experience. The mind that is caught in becoming is the product of time, which has transformed itself. From this approach, arising out of the negation of the false as it arises, emerges the great truth that seeing and listening to the fact directly—innocently, without thought seeking to change or alter the fact, a nonoperation of thought or will on the deep roots of hate, anger, greed, fear—dissolves the state. There is a transformation in the nature of matter as anger or fear and the release of an energy held in these states, an energy untouched by time and, therefore, not subject to its laws. This state is not related to, nor is it the opposite of hate, anger, or fear. Posing the problem in terms of the opposites, as the ideal, is the trick thought plays to self-perpetuate itself; for the ideal contains within itself the seed of its own opposite.

Only a total, nonfragmented perception can negate both the observer and the observed. The seeing of "what is," is the transformation of "what is."

Thought divides the mind from the heart. The mind, with its roots in self-interested activity, leads to an increase in material values and the slow drying of these essences and responses which nourish humankind.

The denial of love is the destructive tendency in man. It is only when the mind rests in the heart and self-centered activity is totally negated that humanity has its flowering.

The unlocking of the secrets of mind and the arising of insight came naturally to Krishnamurti. Thus with ease, with grace, he could open the door and say, "Look. Take. It is there, why do you hesitate?"

It was during the months in Bombay that dialogue as a major instrument of exploration into Krishnaji's teaching was born. Through the years it would flower in subtlety and insight. In the early years the group discussions had been in the form of question and answer. The precision and perceptive probing into hidden depths of the mind as evident in dialogue were absent.

The first discussions in Bombay in 1948 were confused and dispersed. A question was asked of K. His fluid mind took in the question and turned it back, challenging the questioner and the group to seek the answer within the field of self-knowing. K spoke slowly, with many pauses, bending forward as if each response was for the first time. He listened to his own responses with the same openness and receptivity as he did to the voice of the questioner. The energy of Krishnaji's response was met by struggling minds, battling with confusion, conditioned to respond from memory and to seek solution from a higher authority, inner or outer, spiritual or temporal. We found Krishnaji's way difficult to comprehend. We strained to understand the words of Krishnaji and to apply them to our own minds. We attempted to approximate, to reach beyond the word with the only instruments of enquiry available—memory and thought. But these were the very instruments that were being challenged, and there was a sense of bewilderment. The clues were missing and the mind, clinging to words, was a battlefield of despair and conflict.

Krishnaji spoke over and over again of the seeing of "what is," the real, and not "what should be," the illusion; of the need for man to transform himself before he could transform society, for he is society. He spoke of being free of memory; memory that counteracts and distorts and hinders understanding of the present, memory that is the "I" consciousness, and of the nature of "being" and "becoming." In the discussions Krishnaji refused to give an immediate answer, an easy solution. To K any reaction to a fundamental question ended the probing into the question. He demanded an enquiry, a seeing and penetration into the question itself; not as an outer dual process, but seeing both the nature of response and the ground from which the question and answer arose. To pause, to ponder, was the awakening of the "listening" and "seeing" mind that annihilates the illusion of outer and inner, awakening a state that can deal with the question.

The discussions proceeded slowly. K moved from thought to thought, pushing, blocking, retreating, advancing. In the very movement of this step-by-step observation of the mind, the thought process slowed down until, in an instant, the perceptions of the participants awoke, and there was direct contact of perception with mind and its flux. The first "seeing" of mind was the starting point of enquiry. It was the clue that unraveled and revealed and, in the very revealing, illumined the question and the answer.

The people who investigated with K were discovering the structure and nature of consciousness and the immense strength and resilience of the thinking process. To observe the movement of the mind caught in thought and to "see" its own inadequacy had in it the excitement and awe of discovery, of traveling uncharted terrain.

Thought held in its grooves could not break through its own bondage. By discussion, seeing, observing, challenging, and doubting, the grooves in which thought moved and the process of becoming was born were being shattered.

A new methodology born of seeing and listening was unfolding, new perceptions were awakening. A ground of observing and enquiry was being established. The energy generated by the question was not permitted to dissipate in the reflexive answers and responses that arose from the storehouse of memory. K was challenging the minds of the participants. Every cell in the body and mind of K was awake. His relentless questioning opened up the psyche; and as the muscle and tone of the listeners strengthened, the mind of K in turn was deeply challenged. In K's very challenging there arose rare insights into the human condition.

Like an antenna, K's mind reached out to sense the minds of the participants. When the dialogue got bogged down or the group entered into sterile dialectics and the discussion was barren, K's mind would take a leap, carrying the discussion out of its rut. He brought into the discussion the nature of love, death, fear, and sorrow; feelings and situations that were of the skin and heart; and suddenly the discussion would come in direct, tactile contact with the problem.

The breakthrough in the discussions began one morning in 1948 when Rao Sahib Patwardhan said that the ideals and beliefs that had carried him through the political struggle had crumbled under him. He was faced with a blank wall and felt that the time had come for him to reexamine his fundamental beliefs. Then he turned to Krishnaji and asked him what he meant by "creative thinking." Krishnaji, who had been sitting quietly, listening intently to Rao Sahib, sprang to his feet and sat down next to him. Leaning forward, he said, "Do you want to go into it, Sir, and see whether you cannot experience the state of creative thinking now?" Rao was perplexed and looked at K, unable to comprehend what he was saying.

"How does one think?" K began. Rao responded, "A problem arises, and to meet the problem thoughts arise."

K asked, "How do you try to solve a problem?" "Find out an answer," said Rao.

"How can you find an answer and how do you know that it is the right answer? Surely you cannot see the whole content of the problem—how can then your answer be the right one?"

"If I do not find the right answer the first time, I try other ways of finding it," answered Rao.

"But whatever way you try to find an answer it will only be a partial answer, and you want a complete answer. How then will you find a complete answer?" K was blocking all movements of the mind—refusing to defuse the energy held in the question.

"If I cannot see the problem completely, I cannot find the right answer," Rao responded.

"So you are no longer looking for an answer."

"No."

"You have shut off all the avenues seeking an answer."

"Yes."

What is the state of your mind when it is no longer looking for an answer?"

My own mind was quite blank, but this was not what he was getting at. We were missing something.[11]

During a discussion a few days later, K spoke of memory as the "I" consciousness, the factor that distorts and hinders understanding of the present. He separated factual memory from psychological memory—the "I" will be, "I" should be. Then he asked, "Can we live without psychological memory?"

The discussion proceeded slowly, and I lost interest. My mind darted away in pursuit of some desire. The more I tried to concentrate on the subject, the more restless the mind grew. I was so disgusted that I let it roam. Soon I found that it settled down, and for the first time that morning I listened to what was being said. Professor Chubb of Elphinstone College had entered into an argument, and I listened. Could memory drop away? I asked myself. I did not want to be free of the "I" principle. I had built it up so carefully; why should I be free of it? I would be lost.

Then I felt curious to find out whether one could drop memory. There was an immediate clarity. I started watching the mind. K was saying, "What can you do, Sirs? You are faced with a blank wall. You can't just leave it, you have to do something." In a flash I spoke: "Drop memory." Suddenly, my mind was clear. K looked straight at me. The clarity deepened.

"Go on," he said. "What is the state of your mind when you drop memory?" It was as if the fifty people were gone, and there were just K and I. "My mind is still," I said. Suddenly, I felt it—a quality so potent, so flexible, so swift and alive. He smiled and said, "Leave it, go slow, don't trample it." The others tried to intervene to get at what I had experienced, but K said, "Leave it alone, it is so delicate, don't strangle it." When I left the meeting he came to the door with me and said, "You must come and see me, we must talk of it." I had the feeling my mind had been washed clean.

As the intensity and clarity generated in the dialogue became evident, we were eager to continue. And on days when public talks were not held, we met and discussed with K. Most of the questions that arose concerned the urgency of ethical action in the midst of a chaotic society, and it was only later that the fundamental human problems—envy, ambition, fear, sorrow, death, time, and the agony of becoming and not achieving—were to surface and find expression.

In later years K wrote, "To be still after tilling and sowing, is to give birth to creation."[12]

As the discussions proceeded through the years, various analytical enquiries were made; tentative and exploratory. We questioned without seeking immediate solution; rather, we developed a step-by-step observation of the process of thought and its unfoldment—penetration and withdrawal, every movement plunging attention deeper and deeper into the recesses of the mind. A delicate, wordless communication took place; an exposure of the movement of negation as it met the positive movement of thought. There was the "seeing" of fact, of "what is," the releasing of energy held in "what is," which is the mutation of "what is." This was again perceived from various directions to examine its validity.

The nature of duality and nonduality were revealed in simple language. In that state of questioning—a state where the questioner, the experiencer has ceased—in a flash "truth" was revealed. It was a state of total nonthought, the ending of duality. At the end of the discussion many of us felt as if our minds had been freshly bathed.

In later years K was to say of these discussions, "The mind which is the vessel of movement, when the movement has no form, no 'me,' no vision, no image, it is completely quiet. In it there is no memory. Then the brain cells undergo a change. The brain cells are used to movement in time. They are the residue of time and time is movement; a movement within the space which it creates as it moves. . . . When there is no movement, there is tremendous focus of energy. So mutation is the understanding of movement, and the ending of movement in the brain cells themselves."[13]

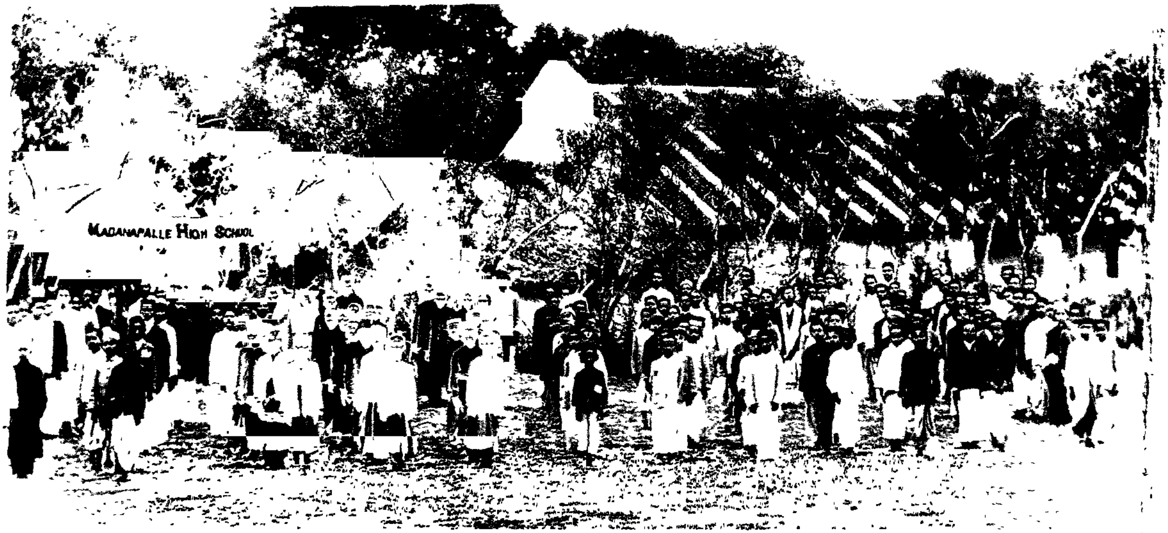
The revelation of the instant of mutation of "what is" provided a totally new dimension to the whole field of intellectual and religious enquiry.

Years later I said to Krishnaji, "Having a personal discussion with you, one is exposed to a nothingness. It is like facing something totally empty. There is nothing except 'what is' as reflected in oneself. You throw back on the person exactly 'what is.'

K replied, "That is what Aldous used to say. But when K throws back, it is yours."

Jiddu Krishnamurti at the age of five

Jiddu Sivamma, the mother of Krishnamurti, about 1900



The Madanapalle High School in September 1908. Krishna stands in the second row from the left, fourth in line, with a cap on and a handkerchief in his pocket

Krishnaji in 1909 sitting in front of the elephant bas-relief at Mahabalipuram, a seventh-century archaeological site forty-five kilometers west of Madras

Krishnaji on the morning after his first initiation into the Theosophical Society in January 1910.

Krishnaji, his younger brother Nitya, and C. W. Leadbeater of the Theosophical Society, on the terrace of the Society's headquarters at Adyar, that same morning

Krishnaji in January 1910

Nitya in April 1911

Radha Burnier in the 1950s.

Krishnaji at the time of his visit to the Theosophical Society, Varanasi, in November 1985, thirty-three years after their split. On his right is Radha Burnier, the president of the Theosophical Society

Krishnaji, seated center, flanked by Annie Besant, C. W. Leadbeater and other members of the Theosophical Society, approximately 1911 (from left to right, seated on floor) Subba Rao, Jadunanandan Prasad, Padmabai, Siva Rao, Sanjeeva Rao, Balfour Clerk; (sitting on chairs) Francis Arundale, Annie Besant, Krishnamurti, C. W. Leadbeater, G. Arundale; (standing, front) V. P. Dalal, Bankey Behari, Cooper Bekley, P. K. Teleng, Nitya, Damodar Prasad, Samant; (standing, rear) M. G. Kanitkar, I. G. Gurtu, A. Woodhouse, Trilokikar, Ruspoli.

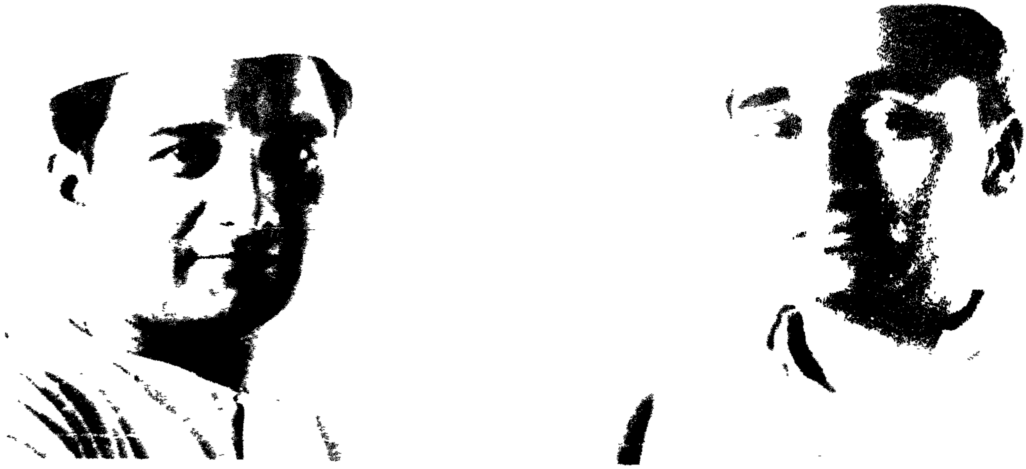
Krishnaji during his time in Europe in the early 1920s

Krishnaji and Jadunanandan Prasad, a close friend and associate, in Ootacamund, India, 1926

Nitya and Krishnaji in Europe in the early 1920s.

Nandini Mehta in 1947, at the time of her first meeting with Krishnamurti.

Sunanda Patwardhan in 1947



Rao Sahib and Achyut Patwardhan in the 1940s The white handspun cap, called a "Gandhi cap," was the mark of a freedom fighter.

Dr Balasundaram in 1947

CHAPTER 11

"Go and Make Friends with the Trees."

In early April 1948 Krishnaji returned to Madras. He stayed at Vasant Vihar, the official headquarters of Krishnaji's work in India. R. Madhavachari was his host.

Vasant Vihar was a solid colonial building with pillars and verandas; the doors, windows, and furniture were of rich Burma teak. On the ground floor, the house had an office and a large room for meetings, but very few bedrooms—it had been deliberately built so that few people could live there. Although he had a suite of rooms on the ground floor of the house, Krishnaji slept on a covered veranda. He gave interviews in a room that faced the front lawn, and public discussions were held under the trees. The house was surrounded by banyan, mango, and rain trees; flowering bersali, cassia, gold mohur, and laburnum gave fragrance and color to the varied greens; and near the gate was an artificial lake filled with water lilies.

Madhavachari was an austere Brahmin, a follower of the Madhava sect. He was naive, devoted, obstinate, and steeped in a monumental tradition. Dark, with the smooth, unwrinkled skin that comes from numerous South Indian oil baths, and with a lean upright body, he had a presence, his face radiated strength and beauty. But beneath his austere outer appearance, in later years we were to discover a very human person. He could chuckle with my husband at rather risqué stories, and had a number of anecdotes of his early life.

Krishnaji had been discussing with Sanjeeva Rao and Madhavachari the possibility of starting a magazine with Sanjeeva Rao, Maurice Friedman, and myself as editors. In his first letter to me dated April 18, 1948, he wrote from Madras:

> My dear Pupul,
>
> Since the mountain will not come to Muhamad etc.
>
> I wrote to Nandini, I think it was yesterday, telling her that my host has asked you & Nandini to stop here for a day or two before going up to Ooty. I hope you both will. Then we can all travel together to Ooty; we can leave here about the 1st of May.
>
> If you accept Mr. Madhavachari's invitation, which I hope you both will, then before going to Ooty, a new job which we got for you!! I hope you will like the job. Joking apart, I would like to talk over with you & a few others something which we have been talking over here. They have been talking over with me the starting of a magazine, with you, Friedman, Sanjeeva Rao as co-editors. It sounds formidable but it is serious. We can talk it over when you come here. Please let us know when you & Nandini can come. If you can come a couple of days before the 1st of May, it will give us an opportunity to talk over the matter.
>
> I hope you & family are well. Please give my love to them.
>
> With much affection,
> J. Krishnamurti

I had never seen Madras, and so decided to go. Nandini ultimately persuaded her husband to agree that she could accompany me. On our arrival we were met by Krishnaji and Madhavachari, who were warm and affectionate in their welcome. In the evening we went with Madhavachari to the Theosophical Society and the Garden of Remembrance, the grounds where Annie Besant had been cremated—her *samadhi*. Krishnaji did not come with us. Since his break from the Theosophical Society, he had not visited the estate in Adyar. The break with the Society was complete.

We brought a white lily back from Annie Besant's *samadhi*, and gave it to Krishnaji. He took it in his two hands and held it. We could see he was deeply moved. Later we went with him for a walk on the Adyar beach. He walked away from us, his white-garbed body erect, elongated, his long arms by his side. On his return his deep blue-black eyes were distant, his face appeared exalted. When we reached home he asked Madhavachari (whom he addressed as *Mama*, "uncle"), "What were the gongs I heard last night—two long and one short? They were marvelous." Madhavachari was puzzled, said he had heard no gongs and did not know from where the sounds had come. Krishnaji insisted that he heard extraordinary sounds. K went to his room and came out within a few minutes to say he had found out about the gongs. It appeared that the deep, resonant sound was produced by two fans working together. Krishnaji was in an ecstatic state, his hands beat time to the resonance. He hardly spoke right through dinner, which we ate on *thalis*, while sitting on mats on the floor.*

Late at night we woke to the sound of Krishnaji's voice calling from the veranda where he slept. His voice sounded frail, and we were bewildered and thought he was ill. After a great deal of hesitation, we went to the doorway that led to the veranda and asked him whether he was unwell. Krishnaji was calling for somebody, his voice was fragile and childlike. He kept on saying, "Krishna has gone away, when will he be back?" His eyes were open, but there was no recognition. Then he seemed to grow aware of us and asked, "Are you Rosalind?" And then, "Oh, yes, yes, he knows about you, it is all right, please sit here, wait here." Then again after a little while, "Don't leave the body alone and don't be afraid." The voice started calling for "Krishna" again. His hand would cover his mouth and he would say, "He has said not to call him." Then in the voice of a child, "When will he be back? Will he come back soon?" This went on for a while; he would be quiet, then shout for "Krishna," then chide himself.

After about an hour his voice became joyful. "He is back, do you see them? They are here, spotless." His hands expressed a fullness. And then the voice changed, it was again the familiar voice of Krishnaji. He sat up, apologizing for having kept us awake. He saw us to our room and left. The strangeness of it all bewildered us; we were dazed and did not sleep all night. Next morning at breakfast he looked fresh and young. We questioned him as to what had happened. He laughed and said he did not know. Could we describe what had happened? We did so. He said we would talk about it some time, which by then we had come to understand meant that he did not wish to discuss the matter further. The next day we returned to Bombay.

Tensions and the ominous threat of war in Europe altered Krishnaji's plans for the summer. It was decided that he would not return to Europe and the United States, but would rest in India during May and June. Miss Hilla Petit and Maurice Friedman were his hosts. Miss Petit had rented Sedgemore, a house in Ootacamund—Ooty, we called it—a verdant hill station in Nilgiris situated at a height of eight thousand feet. The hill stations in India, with their lush forests, shady walks, bridal paths, and exquisitely tailored gardens, had been planned to create the ambience of the British countryside. The British created these sylvan retreats to escape the heat of the long summer on the plains.

**Thalis*: round metal plates on which food is served in traditional Indian households. The *thali* can be made of silver, of stainless steel, of stone. Little round bowls with various vegetables and lentils are placed on the *thali*, while rice and *rotis* or whole wheat bread are placed on the *thali* itself.

In 1948 these hill stations had still not been Indianized. The cottages and large bungalows nestled amongst trees and overlooked emerald green meadows; wildflowers, daisies, forget-me-nots, and dandelions blossomed with unobtrusive elegance in the grass, and pine, eucalyptus, and areccanut trees densely covered the hillsides. This was undulating country, with none of the rugged rocks and gorges of the Northern Himalayas. The gardens that surrounded the houses were resplendent with roses, fuchsias, poppies, and pansies. Climbing roses and wisteria covered the old house walls.

The window in Krishnaji's bedroom overlooked a dense grove of silver-green eucalyptus; branches and leaves intertwined to form a canopy of slender-trunked trees rising vertically to the sky. Shanta Rao, a close friend of Friedman's, had come from Madras and was also living in the house.

Krishnaji wrote to Nandini and me to join him in Ootacamund. We had just returned from seeing him in Madras. Looking back, it appears incomprehensible that Krishnaji did not consider for a moment whether it was possible, whether the money for the journey and stay in Ooty was forthcoming, whether Nandini could get permission to come. I was free to travel within the constraints of my not very affluent finances, but with Nandini the situation was entirely different. Her estrangement from her husband was deepening; though her husband and his family were quite wealthy, they were orthodox and very conservative. Nandini had no independent means of her own.

But it had been always so with Krishnaji. Once a necessity arose within him and was expressed, it happened—all hindrances were surmountable. And so Nandini, her children, her father-in-law, Sir Chunilal Mehta, and I with my daughter Radhika arrived in Ootacamund in the third week of May. Jamnadas Dwarkadas was to join us in Ootacamund a few days later. We found that Krishnaji had recovered from an illness and had grown a beard while he rested in bed. It was cold, and Krishnaji wore a long, flowing *choga* of natural *tus* wool.* The large penetrating eyes, bearded face, and long robes gave him a biblical appearance.

**Choga*: A loose woolen or silk coat with one button in front. It is worn by men over

We went with him for long walks, taking shortcuts through the pines. He walked lithely up vertical slopes and it was difficult to keep pace with him. It was the season before the rains, the forests were opaque with rising mists. We walked with Krishnamurti, entering enchanted woods where trees shrouded in rising clouds turned incandescent, as sunlight touched them, to dissolve as mists closed in. On one occasion, climbing up a steep path through the pine trees, we came on three women walking carefully downhill, balancing heavy loads of wood on their heads. Krishnaji stood to one side and watched every movement the women made as they passed him. Suddenly, one felt it—a compassion emanating from him, a tender attention and energy that wiped away the burdens of the women who passed, never knowing what made their loads lighter.

One day, on a walk through the pines, he asked me how I met people. I did not know what he meant, and said so. As we passed a Toda patriarch and his daughter, he said again, "How do you meet people? Look at these Todas passing us—that old man with his beard, and the young girl with her striped shawl. What is your response to them?" I said that when I see them I think of what they once were. Once their tribe ruled in the Nilgiri hills. They were the kings of this land, and now they are poor wanderers, grazing cattle and clustering in small glades. He said, "Surely, if you want to understand them, you do not see them through your thoughts: Why aren't you just aware of them passively, with alertness? Why are you not sensitive to them?" Later, as we were returning home, he turned to me and said with a twinkle in his eye, "Go and make friends with the trees."

Although Krishnamurti was resting and in retreat, the news of his presence in Ootacamund had spread rapidly.

Jawaharlal Nehru, now the prime minister of India, was in Ootacamund, and I got a message from his secretary that the prime minister would like to call on Krishnamurti. But the problems of arranging for security were found to be tiresome, and so Krishnaji went to see him instead at Government House. Maurice Friedman and I accompanied

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Indian garments, as protection from cold.

Tus: Fine handspun woolen fabric. Spun from the wool of sheep that graze at a height of over eight thousand feet, it is woven by families of traditional weavers in Srinagar, Kashmir. A six-yard-long shawl of *tus* can be pulled through a finger-ring.

him, and were present during the meeting in the prime minister's private sitting room. There was an open fire, and large bowls of carnations were placed on the tables. Krishnaji and Nehru sat on a sofa facing the fire, while Friedman and I sat on chairs on the side of the sofa. The flames lit the two noble Brahminic heads, their chaste, finely drawn faces—one from the Northern highlands, the other born amongst the most ancient Southern rocks of Andhra. The faces were sculptured, sensitive, with fine translucent skin that accentuated the bones and heightened mobility—the eyes of the seer encompassing vast distances, emanating compassion and silence; the other with the swift, nervous energy of an arrow. Nehru was a romantic man of action, with a highly cultivated intellect; concerned, committed, restless, seeking the unknown within the tangle of political adjustments.

Both men were shy, hesitant. It took some time for them to establish contact. Jawaharlal Nehru started the conversation by saying that he had met Krishnaji many years earlier, and that he had often thought of what he had said. He had been anxious to meet Krishnamurti again. Achyut Patwardhan and other friends had spoken to Nehru at length on the profound work Krishnamurti was doing in Madras and Bombay. Nehru appeared anguished at the massacres and violence that had erupted after partition and independence. He spoke of it at length; he saw the two forces operating in India, the thrust for good and evil. These forces were in conflict; if the good could not contain the spread of evil, the world would perish. Krishnamurti said good and evil were always present; while it was more difficult for the good and the compassionate to function, evil was waiting for a crack in which it could gain foothold. It needed a great awakeness and awareness to ensure that evil could not enter and gain strength. To be awake and aware, said K, was what would sustain man.

Jawaharlal Nehru asked Krishnamurti whether his teaching had changed over the years since they had last met. Krishnaji said it had, but he could not say exactly where and how. Nehru then spoke of what Krishnamurti had to say on transformation. He felt there were two ways in which transformation could be accomplished. By the individual transforming himself and so transforming his environment, and by the environment working on and transforming the individual. At this Krishnamurti intervened, "Isn't that the same? The two could not be said to be separate processes." Nehru agreed. He was groping, trying to express the desperation he felt at the state of the chaos in the world and what had happened in India in recent months. Greatly troubled and not knowing which way to turn, he started to question in depth his own thoughts and actions.

"Tell me, sir," he asked Krishnaji, "I wish to be clear of this confusion within me. Tell me what is right action and what is right thought." To us who listened it was the perennial question of the awake Indian mind.

There was silence for over three minutes. We were discovering that the silences that surrounded Krishnaji in dialogue formed part of communication; a silence of the mind in which distances between the minds diminished so that there was direct mind-to-mind contact and communication.

Then Krishnamurti spoke slowly, pausing at every word. "Right action is only possible when the mind is silent and there is a seeing of 'what is.' Action that arises from this seeing is free of motive, of the past, free of thought and cause." He then said that it was difficult to go into this vast problem in such a short time. Jawaharlal Nehru was listening deeply, his mind appeared fresh and sensitive, capable of receiving and responding. Krishnaji leaned forward, his hands eloquent. He said that with the growing chaos in India and the world, man could only start the process of regeneration with himself. He had to begin anew. For the world to be saved, a few individuals had to free themselves of the factors that were corrupting and destroying the world. They had deeply to transform themselves, to think creatively and so transform further people. It was from the ashes that the new had to rise. "Like Phoenix from the ashes," said Nehru.

"Yes," replied Krishnaji, "for there to be life there must be death. The ancients understood this and that is why they worshiped life, love, and death."

Krishnaji then spoke of the chaos of the world being a projection of individual chaos. The human mind caught in the past, in time as thought, was a dead mind. Such a mind could not operate on chaos, could only add to the confusion. Man had to free himself from time as becoming, the projection into the tomorrow. He had to act in the "now" and so transform himself.

The seer and the hero politician spoke for over an hour and a half. The evening sky had darkened and the evening star had sunk behind the horizon, when we came out of the room. The prime minister saw us to the car and there was affection and grace in the parting. They promised to meet again in the winter, when Krishnaji was to be in Delhi. Later Krishnaji, who wrote in a notebook every day, recorded these observations:

> He was a very famous politician, realistic, intensely sincere and ardently patriotic. Neither narrow minded nor self-seeking, his ambition was not for himself, but for an idea and for the people. He was not a mere eloquent tub-thumper or vote-catcher; he had suffered for his cause and, strangely, was not bitter; he seemed more of a scholar than a politician. But politics was the breath of his life and party obeyed him, though rather nervously. He was a dreamer, but he had put all that aside for politics.[1]

Toward the end of May certain incidents occurred which cast light on the secret mystical life of Krishnamurti.

In August 1922 in Ojai, when Krishnaji was undergoing violent awakening, he had two trusted friends with him. This was so on most such occasions in his life, and the emphasis on the two people is not accidental. From Krishnaji's early years, Annie Besant had insisted that two people be with Krishnaji all the time, to protect the body. The protection of the body of the sage when it is undergoing mystical processes of mutation and transference of consciousness, was deeply rooted in Indian mystical tradition. The body at this time is immensely sensitive, vulnerable, and empty of all ego sense.

In the Indus Valley there is a pictograph in which the seer, sitting cross-legged in meditation, is flanked by two uprising cobras. In an image of the instant of creation, a plant sprouting from a woman's womb has two rampant tigers protecting the moment of mystery. A legend describes the body of Adi Sankaracharya (the exponent of Advaita and the reputed founder of the Advaita Vedantic school of philosophy) when it lay in the Amarnath cave in Kashmir. For some time the body lay empty, for Sankaracharya had taken over the body of a king, so that without destroying the innocence of his own body, he could experience sex and fatherhood and so answer the challenge of Sharda, the wife of Madan Misra of Mahishmati who had challenged the great Acharya in discussion at Varanasi. While the body lay defenseless in Amarnath, two of Sankaracharya's disciples tended it and saw that it came to no harm. The need to protect the body had been the main and perhaps the only function of those present while Krishnaji underwent enormous transformations of energy that opened up the previously nonoperative areas of the brain. To give any other significance to Krishnaji's relationship to these people, as may have been claimed, is not valid. The only valid point is that they were people whom Krishnaji trusted, who would see that no harm came to the body, and who above all would have no strong emotional reactions, fear or otherwise, to what took place.

The incidents at Ooty extended over a period of three weeks, from around May 28 or 29 1948 to June 20. They took place in Krishnaji's room at Sedgemoor. My sister Nandini and I were present. It was embarrassing for Nandini and me. Maurice Friedman had undoubtedly explained to Shanta Rao and Miss Petit something of what was happening, familiar as he was with the secret mystical traditions of the sages of this land. Anyway, there was nothing we could do.

It began on an evening when Krishnaji had been for a walk with us. He started to say that he was not feeling well, and could we go home. When we asked whether he wanted to see a doctor, he said, "No, it is not that." He would not explain further. When we got home he went to his room, telling Friedman that on no account was he to be disturbed; but he asked Nandini and me to come into the room. He closed the door and then told us not to be afraid, whatever happened, and on no account to call a doctor. He asked us both to sit quietly and watch him. There was to be no fear. We were not to speak to him, not to revive him, but to close his mouth if he fainted. On no account were we to leave the body alone.

Although I had been swept away by my meeting with K, I had a skeptical mind and observed very intensely the events as they took place.

Krishnaji appeared to be in extreme pain. He complained of severe toothache and an intense pain at the nape of the neck, the crown of the head, and in the spine.

In the midst of the pain he would say, "They are cleansing the brain, oh, so completely, emptying it." At other times he would complain of great heat, and his body would perspire profusely. The intensity of the pain varied as did the area where it was concentrated. At times the pain was located in the head, in the tooth, the nape of the neck, or the spine. At other times he groaned and held his stomach. Nothing relieved the pain; it came and went at will.

When the process was operating, the body lying on the bed appeared a shell; only a body consciousness appeared to be present. In this state the voice was frail, childlike. Then suddenly the body filled with a soaring presence. Krishnaji would sit up cross-legged, his eyes closed, the fragile body would appear to grow and his presence would fill the room; there was a palpable, throbbing silence and an immense strength that poured into the room and enveloped us. In this state the voice had great volume and depth.

After the first evening he started going for a walk alone in the evenings and used to ask Nandini and me to come later to the house. In the beginning the experiences started at 6 P.M. and were over by 8:30 P.M., but later they sometimes went on until midnight. On days when he had to meet people (Jawaharlal Nehru, for instance), nothing happened. Toward the end the periods grew longer, and on one occasion went on all night. On no occasion did he speak of dirt or express a desire to leave the room as he had done at Ojai, though Sedgemoor was not particularly clean; nor did he speak of disturbing thoughts. On one occasion he asked Nandini to hold his hand, as otherwise he would slip away and not come back.

While he was in the midst of the ordeal, his body would toss on the bed. He would have fits of shivering, would call out for Krishna, and then put his hand to his mouth and say, "I must not call him."

*May 30, 1948:** Krishnamurti was getting ready to go for a walk when suddenly he said he was feeling too weak and not all there. He said, "What a pain I have." He caught the back of his head and lay down. Within a few minutes the Krishnaji we knew was not there. For two hours we saw him go through intense pain. He said he had a pain in the back of his neck, his tooth was troubling him, his stomach was swollen and hard, and he groaned and pressed down. At times he would shout. He fainted a number of times. When he came to, the first time, he said, "Close my mouth when I faint."

He kept on saying: "Amma—oh, God, give me peace. I know what they are up to. Call him back. I know when the limit of pain is reached, they will return. They know how much the body can stand. If I become a lunatic, look after me—not that I will become a lunatic. They are very careful with the body. I feel so old. Only a bit of me is functioning. I am like an India rubber toy, which a child plays with. It is the child that gives it life."

His face throughout the occurrence was worn and wracked with pain. He kept clenching his fists and tears streamed from his eyes. After two hours, he fainted again. When he came to, he said: "The pain has disappeared. Deep inside me I know what has happened. I have been soaked with gasoline. The tank is full."

He then said he would speak so that he would not think of the pain inside him. "Have you seen the sun and the soft clouds heavy with rain? They pass over the sun and then the rain comes down with a roar on the earth that waits like an open womb. It washes everything clean. Every flower, every leaf. There is fragrance, a newness. Then the clouds pass and the sun comes out and touches every leaf and every flower. The gentle little flower that is like a young girl that ruthless men destroy. Have you seen the faces of rich men? Hard busy with their stocks and money-making? What do they know of love? Have you ever felt every limb of a tree, touched a leaf, sat by a ragged child? You know when I drove to the aerodrome, I saw a mother washing the buttocks of a child. It was beautiful. Nobody noticed her. All they know is to make money and cesspools of their women. Love to them is sex. To hold a woman's hand, then she is not a woman, that is love. Do you know what it is to love? You have husbands and children. But how would you know? You cannot hold a cloud in a golden cage."

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*I tried to keep notes of what Krishnaji said in these mystical states. Some of the notes are missing. However, I have reprinted here the notes that do exist, and Nandini has helped me reconstruct the rest.

He was silent for a time, then said, "This pain makes my body like steel—but, oh, so flexible, so pliant, without a thought. It is like a polishing—an examination." We enquired whether he couldn't stop having the pain. He said: "You have had a child. Can you stop it coming when once it starts?" Then: "They are going to have fun with me tonight. I see the storm gathering. Oh, Christos!"

After some time, Maurice brought in some soup and then went out. Krishnaji had the light put on. He had sat up with the legs crossed, body erect. The pain had gone from his face. His eyes were closed. He seemed to grow. We felt tremendous power pour into him. There was a throbbing in the atmosphere. It filled the room. Our eyes and ears were filled with it and with sound, though there was no sound; and every pore of our bodies felt a touch, but there was nothing in the room. Then he opened his eyes and said: "Something happened—did you see anything?" We told him what we had felt. He said: "My face will be different tomorrow." He lay down and his hand went out in a gesture of fullness. He said, "I will be like a raindrop—spotless." After a few minutes, he told us he was all right and that we should go home.

June 17, 1948: Krishnaji went out for a walk alone. He asked Nandini and me to wait for him. We sat by the fire and waited. He entered the room as if he were a stranger. He went straight to his table and wrote something in his file. After some time he grew aware of us. He came and sat down near the fire. He asked us what we had been doing and said that he had walked far beyond the Golf Club. There was a flute being played in the distance and he sat silently, listening to it intently. It was only after it stopped that he appeared in that semiconscious state. Twice while we sat there, that tremendous presence filled him. He grew in stature before us. His eyes were half-closed; his face silent and immensely beautiful.

And then he lay on the bed and there was just the body. The voice that came from it was that of a frail child. The Krishnaji we knew was not there. The body of Krishnamurti started saying that he was very hurt inside, that they had burnt him inside; that there was a pain right through his head. He was shivering and started saying that something had happened on the walk. He turned to us and asked, "Did you see him return?" He could not synchronize his body and mind. At times he felt he was still in the woods. "They came and covered him with leaves." He said, "Do you know, you would not have seen him tomorrow. He nearly did not return." He kept on feeling his body to see if it was all there. He said, "I must go back and find out what had happened on the walk. Something happened and they rushed back. But, I do not know whether I returned? There may be pieces of me lying on the road." Twice he got out of bed and made for the door, but lay down again. Later, he went to sleep. When he awoke, he felt himself and stared at his hands.

June 18, 1948: Krishnaji asked us to come at about seven in the evening. He was out. We waited. He came in some time later. He was again the stranger. He wrote something in the book and then came and sat with us. He said: "Thoughts of my talk in Bangalore are pouring in. I am awake again." He closed his eyes and sat for some time erect, silent. Then he complained of hurt and went and lay down. He said he felt he was burnt. He was crying. "Do you know, I found out what happened on the walk. He came fully and took complete charge. That is why I did not know whether I had returned. I knew nothing." A little later, "Then in the emptiness, there was a light and a storm and I was tortured that day in the wind. Do you know that emptiness that has no horizon—no limit—it stretches?" His hand moved to show empty space.

Then a little later: "They have burnt me so that there can be more emptiness. They want to see how much of him can come." Then later: "Do you know emptiness? When there is not a thought? When it is completely empty? But, how could you know? It is this emptiness that brings power—not the power they know, the power of money, the power of position, the power of husband over wife." He paused. "This is pure power—like that in a dynamo. You know, on the walk I was in an ecstasy. I have never cried like that. As I walked I met a poor man. He saw me crying and thought I had lost a mother or sister. Then he smiled at me and I could not understand." Suddenly, he said, "I have a thought—time and emptiness—that's it. I hope I remember when I wake up."

He started saying that he could not bear it, that he was all burnt inside, hurt. Then suddenly he sat up and said, "Don't move," and again we saw him like the other night. His face was in the dark, but the fire leapt up and his shadow lengthened on the wall. All pain had disappeared from the face. His eyes were closed, his body was throbbing, as if some power was entering his body. His face was pulsating. He appeared to grow and fill the room. He sat without movement for about three minutes and then he fainted. He woke up calm and peaceful.

Although the notes we took on the final night are lost, Nandini and I remember the occasion vividly.

Krishnaji had been suffering excruciating pain in his head and neck, his stomach was swollen, tears streamed down his face. He suddenly fell back on the bed and became intensely still. The traces of pain and fatigue were wiped away, as happens in death. Then life and an immensity began to enter the face. The face was greatly beautiful. It had no age, time had not touched it. The eyes opened, but there was no recognition. The body radiated light; a stillness and a vastness illumined the face. The silence was liquid and heavy, like honey; it poured into the room and into our minds and bodies, filling every cell of the brain, wiping away every trace of time and memory. We felt a touch without a presence, a wind blowing without movement. We could not help folding our hands in *pranams*. For some minutes he lay unmoving, then his eyes opened. After some time, he saw us and said, "Did you see that face?" He did not expect an answer. He lay silently. Then, "The Buddha was here, you are blessed."

We went back to the hotel, and the silence came with us and enclosed us for the next few days. We were held by a pervading presence. Most of the time we were in the room with Krishnaji, we had no part to play; yet our presence seemed necessary. There was nothing personal in him during the incidents—no emotion, no relationship to us. The ordeal appeared physical, and yet the next day left no trace on his face or body. He was aflame with energy—joyous, eager, and youthful. Not a word he said had psychological overtones. A weight, depth, and strength was present in the silence that permeated the room and the atmosphere on every occasion. When Nandini and I compared notes later, we found that we had both had identical experiences.

When Nandini and I left Ootacamund, Krishnamurti asked us to "go to Bombay and rest. You have gone through a great ordeal."

In one of his letters to me, K later referred briefly to what had happened. I had asked him one morning what was the reason for the two voices—that of the frail child and the normal voice of Krishnamurti. I said that it looked as if some entity goes out of the body and some entity reenters the body. Krishnamurti said in his letter, "This is not so. It is not that there are two entities." He said he would talk about it later; but it was to be many years before he spoke of it again.

CHAPTER 12

"There Was the Face Beside Me."

On my return to Bombay I underwent a very deep and inexplicable experience. My senses, torn from their routine, had exploded. One night as I lay down to sleep I felt the pervading touch of a presence, waiting. I was received and enveloped in a dense embryonic fluid. I was drowning, for I felt my consciousness fading. My body rebelled; it struggled, unable to accept this encompassing embrace, this sense of death. Then the silent presence disappeared. This happened for three nights running. Each time, my body struggled; it resisted this encounter, unable to face this touch of death, which passed as swiftly as it had come, never to return. There was no fear. I told Krishnaji about it at our next meeting, and he told me to let it be, neither to hold it nor resist it.

Krishnaji had asked us to keep secret what we had witnessed at Ooty. We felt that he did not wish it to confuse the precision, clarity, and directness of the teaching. But by the 1970s Krishnaji himself started talking about it to many of the people close to him. I asked, "Do you think that the physical brain cells, unable to contain or hold the immensity of the energy that was flowing into the brain, had to create the spaces in the brain to sustain it? Did there have to be a physical mutation in the brain cells themselves? Or was it like a laser beam operating on the brain cells to enable them to function fully and so contain the boundless?"

Krishnaji said, "Possibly that was so." He paused, and then continued. "After Ojai, Leadbeater could not explain the pain, nor could Mrs. Besant. The explanation given by them was that the consciousness of Krishnaji had to be emptied for a fragment of the Maitreya Bodhisattva to use the body."

When asked whether it was "Maitreya," he neither said yes nor no. I asked, "Is it that we are witnessing the first mind that is operating fully, totally?"

"Possibly," K said, "and that is what has to be done with the children here [at the Rishi Valley School]."

Krishnamurti, speaking in 1979 about the happenings in Ooty, said that for him the dividing line between life and death was fragile and tenuous. During the state when the body was a shell, the possibility existed that K could wander away and never come back, or some other elements that wanted to destroy the manifestation could harm the body. Therefore there could be no fear amongst the people near him at the time. Fear attracted evil.

I told him that while he was in those states, only the body was operating; there was an emptiness in the body. The voice was childlike. K said, "Couldn't you explain the two voices by saying that one was that of the body alone?"

I asked, "Only the body speaking?"

He said, "Why not?"

"Only a shell?" I persisted.

"Yes, why not?" Then K asked me, "Was the voice hysterical?"

I replied, "There was no hysteria."

"Was it an imaginative state?" he asked.

"How could I know?" I replied.

K asked what would happen the next morning. I said we sometimes went with him for a walk. Krishnaji was alive, fresh. The pain had left no mark, and he appeared to have forgotten what had happened. He laughed a great deal, looked at us quizically, was affectionate, considerate, overwhelmed us with his presence, and had no answer to our questions. He said he did not know.

That same year, 1979, when K was in Bombay, some of us asked him to explain the phenomenon of the face changing. He said, "Many years ago I awoke and there was the face beside me. There was the face that K's face was becoming. This face was with me all the time, happily. The face was extraordinary, highly cultured, refined." He spoke as if his words related to another being. "And one day the face was no longer there."

"Had it become one with K?" I asked.

K said he did not know. He also spoke of the need of the body to be protected. Nothing ugly should take place around it while K was away, nothing evil. In that state the body was defenseless, all kinds of elements wanted to destroy it. "When there is good, there is also the other."

He was asked whether evil could take over his body when it was empty. His "no" was absolute.

"Then what could evil do? Destroy the manifestation?"

"Yes," K said, "that is why there has to be love. When there is love there is protection."

K also said that it was possible that the pain and what took place was necessary, as the brain was not ready. Traces of immaturity remained, the brain cells were not large enough to receive the energy. "When the energy comes pouring in and the brain is not capable of holding it, then that energy feels it has to polish it up. It may be its own activity."

Speaking further of the need for two people to be with the body, K said, "Where there is love there is protection. Hatred permits evil to enter."

When asked where does the consciousness of K go, he replied, "I have asked myself what happens when there is no movement of the brain." After some time he continued. "It ceases completely. Only when it has to manifest it comes. It ceases to exist when it is not there. Has air any place, has light any place? Air is enclosed and so it is there. Break the enclosure, it is everywhere."

He seemed hesitant to probe further. He said that he should not probe further. "You can ask," he said, "and I will reply. But I cannot ask."

Krishnaji visited Bangalore on his return from Ootacamund. He was staying at Premalaya, a house that belonged to the well-known physicist Vikram Sarabhai, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and a pioneer of space research in India. Maurice Friedman was looking after him. An insatiable desire to experiment made Friedman suggest to Krishnaji that garlic was beneficial for his health. So six cloves of raw garlic were added to his diet. Under Friedman's instructions Balasundaram, who was in Bangalore, massaged Krishnaji daily with medicinal oil.

By now a small group of young people had gathered around the seer. Balasundaram and his wife Vishalakshi, Sunanda and her cousin Lalita, Dwaraka (a young friend from Bangalore), and Shanta Rao were constantly around, adding color, chatter, and laughter to the atmosphere. Sanjeeva Rao, who was in Bangalore, was disturbed by so many young people gathering around the astonishingly beautiful being. He felt there was a certain levity in the atmosphere, and perhaps was reminded of Annie Besant's instructions on the need for initiates to protect Krishnaji against destructive forces. Rumors started, and some of the gossip floating around came to Krishnaji's hearing. Sensing a certain smugness in the situation, he chided the older group at a public meeting. He spoke of the destructive nature of irresponsible gossip and the need for a serious mind.

By now the very proper Madhavachari had come to Bangalore. He was aghast at Friedman's experiments, and immediately stopped Friedman from giving Krishnaji his garlic diet and the massages.

Subha Rao, an old Theosophist who had left the Theosophical Society with Krishnaji and was now principal of the Rishi Valley School, soon came to Bangalore to discuss the school's affairs with Krishnaji. Subha Rao was a fine, dedicated educator, loved by the students; but he was growing old. As Madhavachari repeatedly stated, the affairs of Rishi Valley were falling into the hands of the Coimbatore group. Subha Rao, unable to control the affairs, had suggested he resign. One day Sanjeeva Rao said to Krishnaji, "Rishi Valley was bought with £10,000 given as a gift for that purpose. It is your property. It is being destroyed. You must interfere." Krishnamurti replied swiftly, "My property? I have no property."

The talks in Bangalore were very well attended, and soon discussions were held regarding the Rishi Valley School. At this stage Miss Muriel Payne stepped in. Muriel Payne, who had come to Bangalore from England, was a big-boned woman, immensely energetic. The head of a nursing organization during the war, she sold her nurse's training college and came to India. She had known Krishnamurti for many years. In fact, she told me that she had nursed Krishnamurti when he was seriously ill in Ojai during 1945 and 1946.

She met Krishnamurti in Bangalore and suggested that she put together a group of young people and start work in Rishi Valley. Miss Payne's down-to-earth capacity to organize, combined with a certain perception and some insight into the teaching, made her a formidable personality. She was an ardent friend, but had no use for the inefficient and the mediocre and dealt with people harshly. A physically unattractive woman, she was unmarried; and the absence of physical love had accentuated her natural ruthlessness. But she was a tall woman in every sense of the word. She could fill a room with her irrepressible intention to shape people's lives.

It was decided to set up a community to look after Rishi Valley; the group would include Miss Payne, Madhavachari, Maurice Friedman, Subha Rao, and Rajagopal Iyengar. Also in the group were Evelyn Wood, Gordon Pearce, and Adhikaram. Evelyn Wood, an Englishman married to an Indian woman who was a professor of English at Bombay University, served the British government and later stayed on in India after Independence. Gordon Pearce, a Theosophist and well-known educator, married an Indian woman, Anusuya Paranjpaye. He established a public school in Gwalior, took charge as principal of Rishi Valley School, and later was to start the Blue Mountain School in Ootacamund. Adhikaram, a very well-known educator from Sri Lanka, later became chancellor of Colombo University. They were later to go to Rishi Valley and take charge. Inevitably perhaps, they were soon torn by dissension. Evelyn Wood was the first to leave, followed by Maurice Friedman. Madhavachari resigned, and Subha Rao left the valley. Pearce and Adhikaram never came. Miss Payne was left in sole charge. Sanjeeva Rao was by then horrified by Miss Payne and her "lack of education." Educated at Kings College, Cambridge, Sanjeeva Rao was unable to countenance Miss Payne's ignorance of English grammar and her appalling spelling. Sanjeeva Rao wrote poignant letters to me, complaining of Miss Payne's ignorance and the impropriety of her being connected with educational work.

At this stage a suggestion was made that Rishi Valley and the lands surrounding it be sold. Miss Payne reacted strongly to this whisper and wrote to Krishnamurti, who was in Poona, protesting the sale of land but suggesting that the school be closed. Miss Payne advised the establishment of an international community. Madhavachari strongly opposed the idea of selling the land, and in protest he resigned from the Rishi Valley Trust.

Krishnaji finally decided that Rishi Valley would not be sold. However, Subha Rao resigned and the school was partly closed down by Kitty Shiva Rao, Shiva Rao's Austrian wife, and Rao Sahib Patwardhan, then president and secretary of the Rishi Valley Trust. Miss Payne returned to England, after which Madhavachari rejoined the Trust. However, Miss Payne returned to the East and met Krishnamurti in Colombo, Sri Lanka, in October 1949. Later, along with Adhikaram and Pearce, she established the Rishi Vana Sangha, a community in which to live the teachings of Krishnamurti. They all drove to Rishi Valley and took over the estate. Rajagopal Iyengar, a senior engineer of the Central Services who had resigned prematurely from the government to work in Rishi Valley, was also a member of the community, as was Maurice Friedman. Relentlessly, Miss Payne took over. The old workers were asked to leave, and the community was soon reduced to a skeleton.

From Bangalore K traveled to Poona, where he was to stay at the guest house of the Servants of India Society. My mother, Iravati Mehta, was to play host and look after K while he was in Poona. My nephew Asit Chandmal, aged nine, was with my mother. His father, a member of the Indian civil service, developed a mental illness. His mother and father separated and Asit was brought up by his grandmother, my mother. Aware of the complexity of the child's problems, she had taken him out of school to be in Poona, intuitively understanding that two months under the same roof with K would do more for Asit than any school.

I asked Asit to write some of his recollections of this period, for he had spent a great deal of time with K. In one letter, Asit wrote,

> When I was nine I stayed with Krishnaji in Poona for several weeks. My grandmother had set up house in the Servants of India Society—there were two bedrooms and a living room in between. The dining room and the kitchen were in a separate cottage two hundred yards away. We used to walk together to the cottage for lunch—his umbrella always protecting him against even a hint of sun. He often asked me to run to the cottage—he ran with me and we finished together. I was nine and he was six times my age—fifty-four. When he saw me flying kites he told me about the enormous kites in California, larger in span than his outstretched arms, and later, when it was Dewali, we went to the markets of Poona, bought firecrackers, and lit them at night. Once, when I shied away from a bursting bomb he said, "Watch it, don't look away."[1]

Before he left Bangalore, K had given Sunanda 400 rupees and a shawl. It was a symbolic gesture, a suggestion that she leave her home and enter the world. She had come to Poona with her cousin Lalita, Dwaraka, and Gautam, her maternal uncle. They were staying in the Theosophical Society rest house. Also present was Gawande, a very intelligent and thoughtful young man who later was to become a *sannyasi*.

The audience at the talks was alive. Gandhians, students, writers, scholars, and professionals came to the meetings. The discussions were vibrant, dominated by questions on alleviation of poverty and the demands of social work.

K was meeting vast numbers of people. Many women with troubled marital lives sought interviews with him, and he soon sensed the insecurities and sorrows that burdened the life of a married woman. In his public talks he was asked many questions about the "duties of a wife" and the role of marriage. He lashed out at the hypocrisy of Indian society, its values and moralities. He spoke of the position of the woman and the economic domination of the husband. "It is only a static society and a deteriorating society that talks of duty and rights." He said, "Have you noticed a man whose heart is empty? His face becomes ugly. Look at your face sometimes in a mirror, how unformed, how undefined it is." He spoke of the absence of love with its depth and profundity. "To love is to be chaste, pure, uncorruptible."

I had preceded K to Delhi. By then my husband had shifted his headquarters to Delhi and we were staying at the Delhi Gymkhana Club. As my work was mainly in Bombay, I commuted between the two cities. I was troubled in Poona, my mind had begun to rebel. I felt I should go back to my old life and activities, to my work, my clubs, my endless routine. I tried to, but found myself an outsider. Neither could I go to meet K. Every time I was near him, I felt a wall between us; he was unapproachable. My inward balance was shattered.

I asked K what had happened to me. At Ooty I had felt at the edge of an awakening. I needed just one step to plunge into nothingness. But the step never came, and before I had time to hold to what I had, I was swept away into the depth of loneliness. In Ooty there was joy and the passion of awakening every morning, of seeing K aflame with the rising sun. It was like falling in love with sunlight; passionately, yet with delicacy. I had glimpsed vast depths and an immensity of seeing. It remained with me, sustaining me for days. Soon, however, I was to be thrust into the harsh reverberations of Bombay—its noises, the crude exploitations, the ugliness and coarseness of living. This sudden descent into the denseness and the grit of a polluted city, prompted me to write to Krishnaji, saying that it would be easier to don the saffron robe.

But that was not the only reason for my being so rapidly overwhelmed. I asked K in Poona again and again the reasons for despair, and he said, "Why do you ask for a reason? You are troubled and not in a state of awareness. See yourself in the pit and you will be out of it. Next time you will be watchful and see that you do not fall back into the pit." But I could not understand, and felt that going to him was utterly futile.

One of the *Upanishads* says that it is better to keep away from truth altogether; but, once having heard, you must act or the truth acts as a poison within you. Krishnamurti says the same thing: "Keep away if you are not serious." But I was serious. I have never been so serious. I have never felt so deeply. As I was leaving Poona he said to me, "Let go your hold. Why do you want to hold so tight? Let it go and see what happens."

When he arrived in Delhi, I went to meet K alone. He told me that he had dreamed about me (he rarely had dreams). "Listen to what I say. I am going to talk as if I were you. I am a Brahmin born of a tradition of culture and learning with a background of intellect and sensitivity. In this background there is a vein of weakness, of crudeness. I spent my childhood in a civil servant's house. I ate meat and was made to reject my Brahminism. I went to Europe, married, had a child, a severe illness. I went blind, life used me and left its mark on me. I grew ambitious and cultivated ruthlessness and denied sensitivity. In meeting people I have absorbed and reflected their coarseness or their sensitivity. I have not had the intelligence to meet coarseness with intelligence. Then Krishnamurti came. At first I saw in what he had to say a way of sharpening my brain, but soon I was caught in it. In the most powerful influence I had known. And all the time, although I denied my Brahmin background, it was there, the main contradiction, the Brahmin background never understood but rejected, and so I am always in conflict."

Then he said, "You see the picture, the patches, the lights, the shades, the crudeness, the sensitivity. What is it you feel when you see the picture as a whole?" I said it was a mess, and asked what I could do to straighten out the contradiction. Surely I must be able to act on the contradiction.

He said, "You are still concerned about doing. But any action on your part will mean adding another patch. Why can't you just see it? It is you, with all its shades and lights. What is the use of prejudice or pleasure? Just absorb it and see yourself as you are, clearly. Then you will stop bridging the coarseness and sensitivity."

"That is, I must stop trying to be sensitive, when I am coarse."

"No," Krishnamurti replied. "You cannot do anything. Just watch the truth of your bridging, which you are constantly doing." This was the first time I had heard him refer to the background and the necessity of understanding it. I asked him how it could be understood.

"See that it is there in all its richness, its fullness, its thousands of years of racial memory. Then when it next projects itself, you will see it and there will be instant understanding and the end of conflict with it. You cannot reject the background, for it is there as much as your arm or skin. You can only understand it, and understanding it be free of it." A little later he said, "What man needs is that contentment that is in the earth when it has given birth to a tree. In a bush when it has produced a flower."

CHAPTER 13

"Why Don't You Begin to Clean Your Front Doorstep, the Part of Your Street Which Is Yourself."

While in Delhi Krishnaji was the guest of Sanjeeva Rao's brother Sir B. N. Rao, a brilliant lawyer and bureaucrat, a member of the Indian civil service, who had been asked by Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru to advise in framing the constitution of India. Delhi was basking in brilliant sunshine, slowly awakening to the implications of freedom and the vast opportunities that were arising in every direction. The Constituent Assembly had commenced to function; lawyers, political thinkers, and freedom fighters had gathered in Delhi to formulate in a written constitution the ideals for which they had struggled. Secularism, equality before the law, freedom of speech, freedom from arbitrary arrest and confinement—all were being debated with passion. But underlying their discussions were the murder of Gandhiji and the traumatic events of partition that had revealed the violence and divisive faces buried deep in the Indian soil, and the intimations of chaos, fear, and brutality that lay ahead.

Sanjeeva Rao, the gentle educator and one of Annie Besant's oldest associates, had come from Madras to be with Krishnaji. With him was his wife Padmabai, an extremely able teacher and a pioneer in women's education in Uttar Pradesh. In the late 1920s I had for a short period studied at Varanasi, at the school where Padmabai was the principal. Dignified, protective, available, she communicated her affection and concern to young adolescent girls, who in turn loved her. In the 1920s women's education in Uttar Pradesh was still a sensitive subject. It demanded intelligence and probity to impart right values to girls within the restricted framework the environment demanded. Sir B. N. Rao's youngest brother, Shiva Rao, the Delhi resident representative of the powerful South Indian English daily *The Hindu,* was sharing the house with B. N. Rao. His wife Kitty, an Austrian who had come to India in the 1920s and taught in the Montessori School for children at Varanasi, acted as B. N. Rao's hostess.

In the evenings after dinner, K listened to the Rao brothers discuss India and the intricacies of the new constitution that was being framed.

K was visiting and speaking in Delhi after an absence of many years, and the legendary early years of his life had created great curiosity and interest. Scientists, administrators, diplomats, academics, and *sannyasis* came to his talks and discussions, confronting him with questions on the harsh realities of the Indian situation. They found in Krishnaji a silent and compassionate listener, and challenged him with the inadequacy of his teaching, asserting that he had no solutions to the problems of poverty, untouchability, the caste system. Krishnaji's response was to pose another question: Did they know the nature of the vast problem?

In this modern sage they sought a Vivekanand, but came away puzzled—for they encountered a man of supreme presence who did not fit any of their known categories of saints and *sannyasis.* He answered their questions on poverty by saying that the needs of man—food, shelter, clothing—could only be effectively organized when the needs were not used for psychological purposes for self-exclusive ends, but were dealt with on their own level. Sensing the smugness of the questioners, he castigated them: "The mind is yourself. It cannot be quiet when it is sitting on a volcano." Negating all beliefs, secret doctrines, and practices, he said to those who had gathered, "The self is not a permanent entity, but a stream, flowing water."

Most people in India had witnessed the freedom struggle and the power of a mass movement, and they felt that to build a new India vast numbers of people should launch a new struggle for values. Krishnaji told them, "To create a new structure I must be the architect, the builder as well as the workman." When asked what one man could do, he responded, "You think in terms of large movements, large actions, large responsibilities, but you do not take responsibility. Why don't you begin to clean your front doorstep, the part of your street which is yourself?"

The light of his intelligence was probing into thought and the mind.

"We feel that the 'I' is different from thought, from mind. Is the 'I' the thinker separate from thought? Then the thinker can operate on thought. Is the 'I' separate from its qualities? Remove thought, where is the thinker?" After each sentence he paused, as if to let the words sink deep into the listener's consciousness.

"We feel that the 'I' is permanent, because all other thoughts come and go. If the thinker is permanent, then thought can be changed, controlled, transformed by the thinker. But is not the 'I' the result of thought? Your mind separates the 'I' from thought because it cannot bear impermanency. Thought cannot move from the known to the unknown. To free the mind from the known is all the mind can do. To find out what lies beyond words, words must cease. I can only use words to get to the door."

In December Krishnaji was invited to Teen Murti House, the Prime Minister's official residence. I was also present. Jawaharlal Nehru had just returned from the Jaipur Congress and looked very tired and depressed. He said to Krishnaji, "I have been very busy lately, doing I don't know what." He asked Krishnaji how the disintegrating forces that were spreading so rapidly could be stemmed. Krishnaji answered that integration could only start at the individual level.

"This must be a slow process, while disintegration is spreading so rapidly," said Jawaharlal Nehru. "What is there to show that the forces of disintegration will not swamp the integrating forces?"

Krishnaji replied, "It is possible."

They then discussed how the individual was to regenerate himself. Krishnaji said, "Understanding of the self only arises in relationship, in watching yourself in relationship to people, ideas, and things; to trees, the earth, and the world around you and within you. Relationship is the mirror in which the self is revealed. Without self-knowledge there is no basis for right thought and action."

Jawaharlal Nehru intervened and asked, "How does one start?"

K replied, "Begin where you are. Read every word, every phrase, every paragraph of the mind, as it operates through thought."

Nehru was listening, but one could see the weariness on his face. He asked, "What is the common factor amongst all people?"

"The desire to avoid pain and seek happiness," said Krishnaji.

Nehru then discussed the fear that was driving people to acts of violence. He asked Krishnaji whether action born of understanding could free man from fear, the psychological fear that was the motive force of many of man's actions.

Krishnaji said, "Freedom from fear can only arise when man perceives the movement of fear within himself. The seeing of it is the quenching of it."

Jawaharlal Nehru and Krishnaji did not seem really to communicate except once or twice. The prime minister appeared very interested, but very tired. He kept himself awake by smoking. His mind turned back to the problem of integration and the approach to self-knowledge. "How does man understand himself?" he kept on asking, seeking a clue.

"Look at what is outside you and within you. Look at your thoughts," said Krishnaji. "Who is the thinker? And are thoughts separate from the thinker?" He spoke of the need for a deep revolution in consciousness; of the urgency for a perception of the global to operate, without which man could not survive. These were prophetic words; they would assume supreme relevance in the fragmented, violent world of the 1980s.

On the way to home after the meeting, Krishnaji was disturbed and sad. He remarked that Nehru's was such a fine, sensitive mind. It was wasted in politics. Politics was deadly. Later, at dinner, Krishnaji discussed with the Rao brothers the problem of disintegration in India. "Society is continually disintegrating. What is the place then of a reformer in society? Is he not adding to the disintegration? A reformer is concerned with effects and their rearrangements. Only a revolutionary goes to the root, to the cause in which the end is contained." Krishnaji was questioning himself. He asked whether Gandhiji was a revolutionary or a reformer.

"Gandhiji had the vision of the revolutionary. He had the capacity to think in a big way. His thinking was not that of a reformer," said Sir B. N. Rao.

"He was a revolutionary then in thought, but in execution, the vision narrowed. Caught up in politics, Gandhiji had to compromise, and his revolutionary sense was submerged and he emerged a reformer," mused Krishnaji. He then asked Sir B. N. Rao whether India had leaders who were capable of shaping effects.

"In India leaders seem powerless. Effects are sweeping them away. In this rapid disintegration there is despair as well as hope. There are two paths before India. Either she will be completely swept away and will cease to be of any importance in the world; or, by the very touching of the depths of disintegration, the individual will awaken to his responsibility and refuse to be carried away by the current. A new society will emerge entirely different to any that has been known." Krishnaji said that he was extremely interested to see what would happen.

He spoke again of his meeting with Jawaharlal Nehru. He had felt deeply moved by the fineness of the prime minister's mind, and it was a sadness to him that a sensitive mind like this should have been caught up in politics. Krishnaji said, "Politics ages the mind, it is destructive to the flowering of the mind."

Anandmai Ma, the most famous of the then-living deified "Mothers" (women who in their lifetime transcended the self and became symbols of Sakti, the primordial mother as energy), with a very large following in North India, came to meet Krishnaji. They met in the garden, as the Mother never entered the home of a householder. She did not speak English, and spoke through a translator. She had a radiant, smiling presence. She said that she had seen a photograph of Krishnaji many years before and knew that he was very great. She asked him, "Why do you deny gurus? You who are the Guru of Gurus" (this was translated to him).

He replied, "People use the guru as a crutch."

"People come to listen to you in thousands," she said. "That means you are a guru." He held her hand gently and did not answer.

Many visitors came and prostrated themselves at the feet of K and Anandmai Ma. Anandmai Ma accepted their greetings, but Krishnaji was embarrassed. As always, he would not permit them to bow down, but sprang to his feet and bent down to touch the feet of the seeker of blessing.

Later, after Anandmai Ma left, Krishnaji spoke of her with warmth and affection. There had been communication, though much of it had been wordless. He was, however, horrified at the prostrating, hysterical women followers who surrounded her.

In my notes of the period I have recorded the visit of an old blind *sannyasi,* who spoke only Hindi. The *sannyasi* asked Krishnaji about freedom from the bonds of body and mind. Someone translated. Krishnaji answered with passion and intensity, and the *sannyasi* seemed to understand. Although in his public talks Krishnaji castigated the wearers of the robe, deep within him he had always felt an immense kinship for the person who wore the robe. In his early years there is evidence that at times he had thought of becoming a *sannyasi.* Awakening to its implications, he had not done so; but a special tenderness for the true *sannyasi* or Buddhist monk remained, and he never refused to meet them, however tired he was. His criticism of their rituals, disciplines, and practices, however, was devastating.

One day two Iranian princesses came to see Krishnaji. They were visiting India and had heard of the presence in the city of a great religious teacher. They asked Krishnaji whether he could foretell their future. Krishnaji looked quizzical, and said that he was not an astrologer. They were embarrassed, for they had presumed that Krishnaji, being a religious person, was also a fortuneteller.

Discussions with a small group had started. Achyut Patwardhan was in Delhi and so was Sunanda, with her lithe young body and razor sharp intellect. Sunanda was very young, and her exploding senses held her enraptured. Ecstatic in the atmosphere surrounding Krishnaji and aflame with his supreme beauty, she would continue to sit on the floor after the discussions were over, her eyes tightly closed, one palm resting on her cheek. After a few minutes, when asked what was the matter, she would open her large eyes and say, "I am experiencing."

The discussions were precise, probing; every movement, every action of life was brought into the light of attention and examined. At times the process was painful, and the body mind shrank from the confrontation. We discussed violence, fear, anger, jealousy, and death.

At one of the evening discussions K was asked, "How can one be in love? To be so embedded in the state that action and response are those of love, and so free of the self?"

Krishnaji said, "Can you know love? Obviously, that which you know is not love. To love is to be sensitive, vulnerable to everything. It is to be virtuous. Can virtue be studied? Any attempt to become virtuous, any effort, is to deny virtue."

A young civil servant said that some mystics maintained that by acknowledging a personal God, endowing that God with certain qualities and all-embracing love, and then surrendering the self to those qualities, the self ended.

"This implies the projection of the self in a preconceived conception of what the qualities of love are," said Krishnaji. "I say to know it you have to be in a state of not-knowingness. But to want to be in a state of not knowing is to desire a result, which you have already projected; for all that you know is the known. How can you go from the known to the unknown? Whatever you do from the state of the known will remain within the field of the known. What then happens?" The participants were absorbed by the clarity and lucidity of his words. "You do not seek a way out, because you do not know a way out. The moment you really see this, you are out—in a state of not knowing, receptive, ready to receive the unknown."

We also discussed the nature of perception, that through thought there is no exit from the routine of the mind, for thought was its bondage. Krishnaji asked, "Is it possible to have a mind that is totally empty, free of any flowing movement of the self? Can the forward and backward movement cease? In this is there not the dissolution of the self?"

At that moment the lights went out. In the darkness the atmosphere became charged, minds turned to darkness as an aid to emptiness and nothingness. Krishnaji suddenly stopped speaking. He said he would wait for the lights to come on. "In darkness the mind can hypnotize itself, imagine all kinds of states. This is dangerous. It is illusion."

It is these little incidents that reveal the integrity and immensity of a mind that refuses to compromise or allow any foothold.

Achyut Patwardhan, who was in Delhi, came regularly to see Krishnaji. He had been to see Dr. Gyanchand, a well-known economist at Delhi University, who had pronounced Socialist views. Gyanchand had argued with Achyut on the nature and structural framework needed to establish the principles of equality in the constitution. He said that intellectual capacity had to be the criterion for leadership. Achyut asked Krishnaji whether this was the right approach. For Achyut, socialism implied the absence of hierarchies at all levels. By emphasizing hate and bitterness, Marxism had failed to see this. Krishnaji asked, "Can there be an approach that wipes away intellectual or capacity differences?"

"Socialism," Achyut said, "cannot merely be concerned with the economic needs of man. The economic struggle must create capacity differences, unless the basis was an equality of spirit."

Someone brought up the story of Krishna raising a hunchbacked woman to dignity. "How can such a psychological raising be brought about? Can there be a transformation at the root of the mind, and so outside the preview of capacity differences?"

Krishnaji asked, "Is the problem not one of refusing to accept a leader? This alone brings equality in social and economic relationships. When thrown on his own responsibility, man will inevitably question. And in questioning there is no higher, no lower. Any system based on acceptance of capacity differences to establish status must inevitably lead to a hierarchical society, and so breed class war."

Krishnaji later asked me, "What is it that gives dignity to man? Self-knowledge—the knowledge of what you are? The follower is the greatest curse."

CHAPTER 14

"Under the Last Rays of the Sun, the Waters Were the Color of Newborn Flowers."

In 1949 Krishnaji was to discover the flavor of India: the splendor of its rivers, mountains, and countryside; its squalor, poverty, and sorrow; and the dust of the paths on which barefoot sages and seekers had walked for centuries. He was feeling into the Indian mind that dwelt in abstractions and delighted in ideas; he was growing intensely aware of the shadows that separated the ideal from action.

From Delhi he traveled by train to Varanasi. A man sharing his compartment, interested in death and physical phenomena, questioned Krishnaji on the truth of death and on continuity. As the train came to a stop at a local station, an interesting thing happened.

"The train had come to a stop," said Krishnaji, "and just then a two-wheeled carriage was passing, drawn by a horse. On the carriage was a human corpse, wrapped in an unbleached cloth and tied to two long green-bamboo poles, freshly cut. From some village it was being taken to the river to be burnt. As the carriage moved over the rough road the body was being brutally shaken, and under the cloth the head was obviously getting the worst of it. There was only one passenger in the carriage besides the driver; he must have been a near relative, for his eyes were red with much crying. The sky was the delicate blue of early spring and children were playing and shouting in the dirt of the road. Death must have been a common sight, for everyone went on with what they were doing. Even the inquirer into death did not see the carriage and its burden."[1]

The house in which Krishnaji lived at Rajghat in Varanasi, the luminous city of pilgrimage, was built on the site of ancient Kasi on the high ground that arose near the Sangam, the confluence of the rivers Ganga and Varuna. It was here, at the most sacred point of its journey to the sea, that the river took a great curve and swept north towards its source. It was here near the ancient site of the temple Adi Kesava that the Buddha, having attained enlightenment at Bodh Gaya, is likely to have crossed the sacred river, traveling by ferry, to set foot on the riverbank. Along this ancient road of the pilgrim the Buddha had walked to the deer park at Saranath to preach his first sermon. The river Varuna bifurcated the land, dividing urban Varanasi from the rural countryside.

Through centuries the seers of this land had come to the banks of the Ganga in Kasi and left the seed of their teaching dormant in the soil. The Buddha, Kapila Muni, Adi Shankara—these great teachers had sat under the shade of ancient gnarled trees, on the *ghats* or along the riverbank. The villages had names that bore testimony to their presence.

A city known for learning and seeking, for skepticism and doubt and the hard brilliance of the dialectic mind, it was to Kasi that Adi Shankara had come to establish his supremacy. Through the centuries iconoclasts had swept through the city, destroying temples and shrines; but the seed of doubt, of enquiry, and the essence of the great teachings, which resided neither in temple nor in a single book, had been held by scholars and priests. In secret conclave, they kept alive and resonant the petals of a perennial wisdom. Along the banks of this river dialogue and a probing into the "within" of nature and mind had evolved.

Mango and neem trees, flowering cork and peepul grew on the Ganga's sacred banks. Ruins of temples and *ashrams* were overgrown with plumed grass and wild creeper. Every dawn Krishnaji stood in darkness on the veranda of his house and watched fire enter the rising sun, creating the world anew. A boat floated past, its sails unfurled. Swollen carcasses—human and animal, vultures sitting perched on their bodies—were carried by the waters. Everything was in slow motion, peaceful; the monsoon currents had ended with their frenzy and devastation, the waters like the poor people who lived on its banks had dignity, whatever their burden.

Achyut and Rao Sahib Patwardhan, Maurice Friedman, Sanjeeva Rao, Nandini, and I with Radhika, my ten-year-old daughter, were in Varanasi. Every evening we went for a walk with Krishnaji on the road of the pilgrim. The white flowers of the cork trees that bordered the road to the riverbank had scattered their fragrance, and perfect white blossoms lay under our feet. The rains had been plentiful; the river had overflown its banks and the rickety bamboo-and-earthen bridge that appeared during the dry months had not yet been erected. We had to cross the river by ferry, plied by a boatman. The sense of the never-changing rhythm of man's life was revealed in Kasi. A sense of the archaic permeated the land and the people. The unending past was mirrored in the lithe, dark-skinned boatmen on the waters, the women carrying water pots on their heads, the fishermen casting nets.

One evening, a dozen little children and goats stood with their herdsmen, waiting for the ferry on the banks of the river. Krishnaji picked up a baby goat, the gesture swift, natural; his leap into the boat was sure and precise; the children laughed to see the little goat wag its tail and nestle close to the gentle stranger. We crossed the river and the bleating goat went back to its mother.

Seeing a stone on the path, Krishnaji would remove it so that it might not hurt the naked foot of a villager. He was watchful, listening to the sounds of the river, watching people who passed, the waters, trees, birds, and the village dogs who barked incessantly. He would be quiet and we would be quiet with him.

On one of his walks he spoke. "Man is, because he is related; without relationship, man is not. To understand life you have to understand yourself in action, in relationship to people, property, and ideas."

He turned and pointed to the flowing river and then to an old peepul tree. "Most of us are not aware of our relationship to nature. When we see a tree we see it with a utilitarian view—how to get to its shade, how to use its wood. Similarly, we treat the earth and its products. There is no love of the earth, only a usage of earth. If we loved the earth there would be frugality of the things of the earth. We have lost a sense of tenderness, of sensitivity. Only in the renewal of that can we understand what is relationship. That sensitivity does not come by hanging a few pictures or by putting flowers in your hair. It only comes when the utilitarian attitude is put aside. Then you no longer divide the earth, then you no longer call the earth yours or mine."

Krishnaji was giving public talks at Kammacha in the heart of the city. As in all his talks the people who attended were Buddhist monks, *sannyasis*, the devotees from the Theosophical Society who still regarded Krishnaji as the world teacher, tourists, educators, and a large number of young people who came out of curiosity. The great *pandits* of Varanasi, steeped in the tradition of learning, grammarians and lo-gicians, tantricks and devotees, were also there to listen to this teacher who denied all systems and all gurus. Some of them met him alone. Little discussion was possible, because of difficulties of language, but Rao and Achyut were there to translate.

Krishnaji had numerous discussions with the members of the Rishi Valley Trust, who managed the schools in Varanasi. We discussed the place of authority and fear in education. Krishnaji expressed his dissatisfaction with the approach of the management of the educational institutions and the quality of the teachers at Rajghat. No one quite understood what had to be done. Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, a much respected citizen of Varanasi, who for years had been connected with Mrs. Besant's work and later with Krishnaji's schools, was fearful of change. He dug his feet into the ground and declared that any drastic change would be disastrous. Uttar Pradesh was old fashioned, traditional. Only gradual change was possible. The word "gradual," however, did not exist in Krishnaji's dictionary; action was immediate, arising out of seeing the fact of "what is." So there were marathon meetings.

The Rishi Valley Trust was being shaken to its roots. The members, sensing Krishnaji's concern at the state of the institutions, submitted their resignations and a new group of members were elected.

In 1948 the Rishi Valley Trust consisted of two independent institutions—a Children's School at Rajghat, a Boys' School and a Women's College in the city, within the Theosophical Society Compound. Another educational complex had been established in the deep south at Rishi Valley in Andhra Pradesh, where Subha Rao was head of a coeducational residential school. Subha Rao, a dedicated man capable of arousing affection and loyalty amongst his students, had built the school with spartan simplicity. Krishnaji's absence for many years, and the lack of a clear direction as to the purpose of the school, had led to a deterioration of standards at all levels in both Rishi Valley and Rajghat. The teachers were mediocre. Government grants limited all flexibility or possibility of change. Vested interests were entrenched and determined to see that the status quo continued.

On his return to Bombay from Varanasi in March, Krishnaji stayed at my residence, Himmat Nivas on Dongersey Road. It was a rambling flat with spacious rooms and high ceilings. The spaces had dignity, and Krishnaji filled it with his presence; a quietude lingered even when he was absent.

A large number of visitors came to meet Krishnaji. Amongst them was Morarji Desai, who was then finance minister of Bombay, a state that at the time included both Gujarat and Maharashtra. Krishnaji and he discussed the sacred books of India. Sensing a certain smugness and "holier than thou" attitude in Morarjibhai,* Krishnaji said that he had not read the *Bhagavad Gita* and had no use for sacred books. Morarjibhai was horrified, and told me later that he was unimpressed.

Krishnaji now felt strongly that the existing situation with the Rishi Valley Trust and the schools in Rajghat should not be allowed to continue. At a meeting on February 8, 1949, Krishnaji was to say, "A school born of friction cannot be creative. Unanimity amongst the workers is essential. The school should be treated as an organic whole. There should be concern with how to make the center alive. A dead center can only produce dead institutions. If people are really interested, Rajghat cannot remain with the status quo."

It was at this meeting that the decision was taken that Rao Sahib Patwardhan would go and work in Rajghat. He went there a few months later. The situation needed deep uprooting of crystalized structures, mentally and physically. Rajghat needed an explosion. But Rao Sahib was hesitant. Either he was not prepared passionately to locate the problem, giving it the one pointed energy the situation demanded, or he did not know how to tackle the problem. His mind, caught in structures, sought alternatives. He did not perceive that the negating of the existing situation would throw up the new. Energy, with its driving passion, and a cleaving vision were needed in Rajghat. Rao Sahib made friends, he was warm and affectionate, everyone loved him; Iqbal Narain Gurtu, the tough doyen of Rajghat, was his close friend. But something in his personal life, or his incapacity to abandon his ideals and live in uncertainty, made any creative action impossible. At the end of the year Rao Sahib returned to Poona, and Rajghat continued to be a mirror of the stagnation that had held Varanasi for centuries.

One morning in early 1949 a tiny, shaven-headed figure dressed in saffron robes rang the bell at the doors of Himmat Nivas. She gave her name as Chinmoyee. The servant who had answered the bell could

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***Bhai* means brother in Gujerati. It is a suffix attached to the name of an elder person as a term of respect. In Western India a first name is rarely used for a man or woman. In Gujerat, *bhai* is used with the first name for a man, *behen* or sister for a woman. It is the equivalent of the North Indian '*ji*'.

not tell whether it was a boy or a girl, and came to me to say that a swami was at the door. Knowing Krishnaji's special affection for the *sannyasi* and for the saffron robe, I told K and he met Chinmoyee immediately. She was to return again.

The story of her life symbolizes one important aspect of the Indian ethos, in which the revolutionary spirit and religion integrate. Chinmoyee, whose original name was Tapas, came from a family of Bengali revolutionaries. Her father and brother had died in jail. Her mother had worked in an educational institution and brought up her two daughters. According to a close friend of Tapas, "She was a brilliant mathematician and a keen student of astronomy."

After graduating, she was for some time headmistress of the Sister Nivedita School in Calcutta. She had always wanted to lead a religious life, and after her mother's death, at the age of thirty-four, she left home in search of a *sannyas* guru. She spent some time in the Ramakrishna Mission, and six months in Anandmai Ma's *ashram*. Life in these places did not satisfy her. She spent her time in Varanasi meeting scholars like Gopinath Kaviraj and Gobind Gopal Mookherjee.

It was at this time that she met the great scholar saint of Bengal, Anirvanji. He agreed to be her *sannyas* guru and gave her the name Chinmoyee. For the next four years she was with him, helping him first with his work of translating the *Vedas*, and then Shri Aurobindo's *Life Divine*, into Bengali. They were then living in Almora, in Uttar Pradesh. It was in connection with collecting funds for the publication of Anirvanji's works that she went to Bombay. A friend suggested she go to hear Krishnamurti, who was then giving talks in Bombay. She went to hear him and then sought an interview.

That interview seems to have changed her whole being—it certainly changed her whole life. Back in Almora, she proceeded to arrange affairs for Anirvanji; and as soon as she could hand over her duties to another, she left him. She resumed her original name, Tapas, and gave up the saffron robes.

Completely on her own, some inner urge prompted her to undertake a trip to Kailash and Manasarovar Lake in Tibet that first summer, sacred sites of pilgrimage. Kailash, a cone-shaped mountain, is regarded as the abode of Shiva and his consort Parvati. Manasarovar Lake is situated to one side of Kailash. The azure waters of this lake are calm, and mythical swans are believed to appear on its waters. The journey to Kailash is fraught with great dangers. (The route to Kailash from the Tibetan side has recently been opened to pilgrims by the Government of China.) Alone and unaccompanied, she set out on a most hazardous journey through passes over 18,000 feet high, joining a party of pilgrims only when she was no longer permitted to travel alone.

In 1950 she returned to see Krishnaji. She was unrecognizable: Wearing a white *kurta* and pyjama, her gray-flecked hair had grown shoulder length. She came to Krishnaji and said, "I have come." He replied, "Good"; and she slowly became part of his surroundings.

In the years to come she would travel to every part of India where Krishnaji spoke: in time she began to look after Krishnaji's wardrobe. She would slip into the house unnoticed and make herself invisible—even to the extent of hiding behind doors—unpack Krishnaji's bags, wash and iron his clothes, arrange them in the cupboard, and potter around. Though Tapas herself only wore white, she had developed a fine sense of color. It was she who got her friends to buy natural honey-colored cottons and textured bark-colored wild silks for Krishnaji's *kurtas*. She transformed his wardrobe with an unusual eye for the rare and beautiful. But she was fiercely possessive of her role. The slightest disorder in the room was corrected and the servants concerned were spoken to severely. They regarded her as a terror; but Tapas, being a *sannyasin*, wiped away all irritation or anger within them. They touched her feet and carried on. She sat through discussions but never participated, though her friends tell me that she had deep understanding of the teaching and used to speak to small groups wherever she went.

When Krishnaji was not in India she would disappear into the mountains alone, unafraid—in the centuries-old tradition, she was a wanderer. It was impossible to determine her age. In the twenty-five years I knew her she hardly aged. She eventually fell ill with an illness that could not be diagnosed. Her body gradually wasted away, and she died of a heart attack in 1976.

Nandini's problems with her husband, Bhagwan Mehta, were approaching crisis. A few months after meeting Krishnaji, she had told her husband she wanted to lead a celibate life. Inevitably, the situation exploded. Sir Chunilal Mehta was bewildered, torn between his son and his guru; for it was universally believed that Krishnaji's teaching had influenced Nandini and led her to cease her physical relationship with her husband. It was assumed that Nandini was immature and that her intention was born out of this immaturity. Sir Chunilal sought Krishnaji's intervention, hoping that Krishnaji would persuade Nandini to change her mind; or, given time and with Krishnaji's absence, Nandini's capricious decision would change. But the situation could not be defused.

It is not my intention to explore the marital incidents that were to lead to an explosion in my sister's home. The situation was made for whispers and gossip, and the "elite" in the vast metropolitan city were agitated. Men looked afresh at their wives, the clans closed in. The eyes of the dwellers of Malabar Hill turned to the huge, rambling house on Ridge Road, furnished with the trappings of a rich merchant prince, rich for generations, where women kept their heads covered and singing was taboo. Lady Chunilal, Nandini's mother-in-law, was a wizened old lady with a grim, tightly shut mouth and few words. She had told Nandini after her marriage that a woman's voice should not be heard, and that she was not supposed to laugh; she could smile, so long as her teeth were not seen. And above all, the eyes of the city turned to Krishnamurti.

On the night of the festival of Holi, when the fires had been lit, the situation between husband and wife exploded. Her children were taken from her, and Nandini fled. At midnight she came to my mother's house, hardly a hundred yards from the house of Sir Chunilal Mehta. Bruised in spirit and body, anguished by the loss of her children, the next morning she came to Krishnamurti.

Due to leave within the next few days, he told her, "Stand alone. If you have acted out of the depths of self-knowing because you feel in yourself that what you have done is right, then throw yourself on life. Its water will hold you, carry you, and sustain you. But if you have been influenced, then God help you. The guru has disappeared."

Nandini was penniless. Her children had been taken away from her and she had little support, for my father was dead. She had either to go back to her husband, or separate and face the consequences. My mother, struggling against events that were destroying her, went to Krishnaji and spoke to him of her burden she felt unable to carry. He told her to lay down her burdens. K said they were his responsibility. She wept, but his words had quenched her fears.

Aware of the consequences that would follow any move toward legal separation, I went to Krishnaji and told him that although Nandini had decided that she would not return to her old home, under no circumstances could we allow any legal action, which would be necessary to settle the question of the custody of the children. I said that as Nandini's husband had no other excuse, Krishnaji's name was bound to be brought in as having influenced Nandini in her action of renouncing sex. He looked at me a long time and then he asked, "Are you trying to protect me?" He then raised his two arms in a significant gesture. "There are far greater beings who protect me. Do not falter, do what is right for Nandini and the children. The children are important. It does not matter whether she wins or loses, if it is right, fight."

Soon Nandini filed a suit against her husband for legal separation and custody of the children, on the grounds of cruelty. Her daughter was nine, her elder son seven, and the youngest son three years old. The case came up for hearing in the autumn of 1949. By then Krishnaji had come back from Ojai—first to Madras, and later he was in Ceylon and then Rajamundry, Andhra Pradesh. Long passages from Krishnaji's public talks were quoted by Bhagwan Mehta's lawyers. Krishnaji had pointed out in the talks at Bombay and Poona the hypocrisy of Indian society, the moral stances of religious teachers and householders, the inferior position of the woman and her bondage to her husband and his family. Krishnaji had been passionate, earnest, deeply concerned. A number of women had sought interviews with him in Bombay, Poona, and Madras and had voiced their anguish, their sorrows, and their inability to break free.

The lawyers attempted to prove influence, and used these teachings to strengthen their case. It was a grotesque situation. A wife was suing her husband for legal separation and long passages from religious sermons were being presented as evidence.

Nandini's father-in-law, though he supported his son, was not prepared to say a word against his guru. When, during the cross-examination, he was asked whether he resented Nandini's association with Krishnaji, Sir Chunilal Mehta jumped from his chair and said in a loud voice, "Never, he is the greatest of the great."

According to him it was Nandini, aided and abetted by her sister, Pupul Jayakar, who were at fault. He pointed to Nandini's misbehavior in Poona. When questioned, he said that in Poona the sisters laughed a great deal and Nandini did not cover her face with her *sari* and had insisted on sitting to the right of Krishnaji. Her behavior, according to Sir Chunilal Mehta, had caused anxiety amongst the elders around Krishnaji.

But throughout the hearings not one word was said that was suggestive or improper. The emphasis was on influence and its role on a young immature mind.

The judge in the Bombay High Court listened to the arguments and the counterarguments in Nandini's plea for separation. Justice Weston was a Bombay civilian, and for him it was unthinkable that any violence could occur in the renowned family of Sir Chunilal Mehta, K.C.S.I.*

My father, who had lived his life in what was then the United Provinces, was dead, and his family little known in Bombay. The judge held that the plea for separation on grounds of cruelty was not proved in the High Court of Bombay, and the complaint was dismissed. The children, who were under temporary custody with Nandini, were taken away by her husband. We sent a telegram to Krishnaji, giving him the news. In his reply, he said, "Whatever will be is right."

Several queries had arisen amongst people close to Krishnaji whether he should speak during February and March of 1950 in Bombay. Nandini had appealed the dismissal of her suit by Justice Weston to the Bombay High Court, and the city was still astir with gossip.

It was finally decided in consultation with Ratansi Morarji that Krishnaji should speak in Bombay. He wrote from Madras on December 19. "So you can go and make necessary arrangements. If possible, not a hall, but an open space, *not* a rich man's house, this time. Isn't there some quiet open space, a pleasant spot, central and all that? Halls are terrible and I don't feel comfortable in them."

At the time, no open spaces were available. We arranged for his public meetings on the terrace of Sunderbai Hall, which was open to the sky. The number of people attending the public meetings had doubled, but the rich socialites and industrialists with their wives were conspicuously absent.

On his return to Bombay, Krishnaji met many of his old associates. There was no special sympathy in his attitude to Nandini. He met her alone several times, and refused to allow her space in the mind for self-pity. He was relentless in his demand that she face the fact that one life was over and she had to awake to the new. But his concern and compassion for Nandini's children was limitless. Whenever possible, Nandini—without the knowledge of her ex-husband—would bring the children to see Krishnaji. He would lay his hands on the eyes of the elder boy, who had been told by the doctors that he would never see normally, as the optic nerve of one eye had not developed. The eye improved and, in years to come, Ghanashyam Mehta was to take his doctorate in economics from the University of California at Berkeley, and would later teach in Australia at the University of Brisbane.

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*Knight Commander of the Star of India, one of the highest titles awarded by the British

Rao Sahib and Achyut were in Bombay and came every morning to Ratansi's house to see Krishnaji. The master was determined to kindle an awakening in Rao. One morning when we had gathered, Krishnaji said in the midst of a discussion, "Let us see whether we can stay in the pause between two thoughts." Rao Sahib looked skeptical, Achyut wary. Krishnaji began to challenge Rao's mind, refusing to let it escape into concepts. Krishnaji was pushing Rao, blocking the mind, forcing Rao to do nothing with it, to see "what is."

We were in the same stream as Rao; the refusal to let thought escape, or to change it, created an intensity of energy in the mind. On an instant, unable to wander, held by the energy of the question, the mind let go and there it was: the poise, the no-wandering, the end of thought, and of the sense of time as duration.

Rao's expression, which had been blank and stubborn in its refusal to be carried away by Krishnaji, suddenly lit up. His face relaxed and there was clarity in his eyes.

Krishnaji did this again and again; breaking through the frontiers of consciousness, through thought ending itself, finding no door through which to escape.

We took Krishnaji by motorboat to the Elephanta Caves. It was a night of the full moon; a night when the planet Mars was to vanish behind the moon for a minute; to reemerge with unsullied brilliance.

The rays of the setting sun penetrated and revealed the colors held in the rock. Out of the twilight of the cave loomed the face of the three-headed god, with eyes that were neither open nor closed; still eyes awake to the outer and inner. The lower lip was full and sensuous. Out of the rising sound of the archaic Sanskrit chants, the sculptor had created the meditation of the universe. Krishnaji stood before the sculpture, silent for a long time. He then turned and said he would have liked to have spent a night in the cave. Rao Patwardhan suddenly started to chant Sankaracharya's hymn to Shiva; that "Being" that is, when all qualities are negated. Krishnaji, deeply aroused by the quality of sound, was in a state of ecstasy. As we returned to the boat, he kept asking Achyut, where it had gone, the energy and creativity that had made manifest the Maheshmurti?* Why was India so dead to all creation?

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*The "Maheshmurti" (seventh century A.D.) is a soaring image in stone of Shiva as the great god, sculptured with three faces—the creator, the preserver, and the destroyer—symbolizing the three aspects of the supreme godhead. The Maheshmurti is carved within a vast cave and surrounded by sculptures depicting episodes from Shiva's myths. Sound and form become one to create this sublime manifestation.

The moon was rising as we walked back. Children from the village had gathered, offering us flowers and asking for money. Krishnaji tried to talk to them; showed them his empty pockets, turned to us and wished us to give them some money. He laughed with them and, taking the hand of a little child, walked with him to the boat. In the boat we all tried to glimpse Mars emerging from behind the moon. Krishnaji went on the top deck and at last saw it, a minute speck. "There it is!" he cried excitedly, like a child.

In the morning meetings Krishnaji probed deeper and deeper and we could move with him. The mind felt fluid. I heard the words without verbal responses—there was a flowing of sound, word, and content. I could actually have counted the number of thoughts that arose in those two hours we spent with Krishnaji every morning.

CHAPTER 15

"The Mind Operating as Part of the Whole Is Endless."

While Krishnaji was in Bombay, a small group of people consisting of Rao Sahib, Achyut, Maurice Friedman, the Honorable Mrs. Lucille Frost (an Englishwoman and a long-time student of Jung who had met Krishnaji while in Sri Lanka and accompanied him to India), Nandini, and I soon gathered to hold discussions with Krishnaji. From these discussions were to emerge the first of the series of Krishnaji's great Indian dialogues. A new dimension was being added to his teaching, a movement which in its momentum was to free the mind from its old grooves.

We had been discussing the mind and memory, and Krishnaji raised a question. He had awoken in the night at about three o'clock, feeling a surge of joy that exploded within him. It seemed to spring from the heart of silence. He lay in bed with it, and then consciousness arose and the experience had been named. The mind-consciousness remembered. How did the mind, which was absent in the experiencing of that state, remember?

It was suggested that the superior mind had experienced the joy and the silence. Krishnaji said, "Any postulation of a superior mind is but another projection of the mind. The suggestion is hardly adequate. Either that state of silence was false—a projection of the mind—or it was real." He paused. "How did the mind remember? The mind is cause and effect, it is caught in time, it has a beginning and an end. Mind can never experience that which is without cause, the timeless, that which has no beginning and no end. The state this morning was without cause. How did the mind, which is both cause and effect, limited, remember the causeless—the limitless?"

Someone suggested that what the mind remembered was not the experience, but the waking from it. Krishnaji said, "In silence what is there to experience? Silence can only experience silence. Can silence leave an imprint?"

Perhaps, then, what the mind felt was the glow of being dipped in the silence. Krishnaji said, "There is an experience of silence and the mind remembers the feel, the perfume, the essence; how does the mind remember? Consciousness is the thought of the moment before, or the moment after. Thought is always of the moment or many moments before. Thought is the result of a stimulus." He let his words sink in, let the mind of his listeners ponder, move with him.

"We live in cause and effect, constantly rearranging them. We reject our background, our past of yesterday and of thousands of years, without being even aware that the past we reject is an aspect that lies deep within. And so the background remains undiscovered and is always in conflict, in contradiction.

"Do we see that consciousness is never in the 'now,' that it is always a projection, a backward or forward movement? That it is never in the present."

He was asked, "How does man understand this?" "Understanding of the 'now' can never be through thought, through consciousness," Krishnaji replied. He looked at Rao Sahib. "What is the state of the mind when it sees this?"

"The mind refuses to accept it as a fact," said Rao.

"But it is a fact. The mind cannot understand the 'now' which is the new. It is a fact, like a wall is a fact. What do you do when you are faced with a wall? You do not say you cannot accept it as a fact. What happens when you see as a fact that the mind cannot understand the 'now?' What is the state of your mind?"

"It is silent—thought has ceased," I offered.

"Go into it. What happens when the mind sees the fact that thought has ceased and yet there is movement, a freedom?"

"I see it and thought has ceased, and yet I hear your voice, a sensory perception continues."

"I see you. I hear your voice. Mind as thought is not there and yet sensory perception continues, is present. Only identification has ceased." said Krishnaji.

The next morning we again discussed consciousness.

First comes the layer of everyday activity—eating, going to the office, drinking, meeting people, the conditioned habits that operate automatically. It is obviously a static state that conforms to a pattern.

When one's routine is disturbed, this surface layer ceases for an instant and what is below reveals itself. For convenience we will call this the second layer (of course, since consciousness is nonspatial, it cannot be accurate to use terms indicating layer or level). The thinking that emerges from this layer is still conditioned memory, but it is not as automatic as the surface layer. It is more active, more elastic; it has more nuances. Here thought need not conform so completely to pattern, it has more vitality. The next layer is conditioned by like, dislike, choosing, judging, identifying. Here there is the sense of the ego established and in focus.

At this point Krishnaji stopped and said, "How have you been listening? How do you enquire? How does the mind function?"

"I have been dramatizing it," said Rao.

"I have been watching my responses," I said.

Krishnaji's response was immediate. "No, you are wrong."

"Surely, what else can you do?" queried Rao. And then one grew aware of the intensity of Krishnaji's awareness, how he listened to every response; Krishnaji's mind sensed that our watching was another repetition, another memory. He simply knew whether the state one spoke of was born of insight or was another repetition.

Krishnaji said, "I have not been thinking about it. There has been no delving into the past, into memory to find the next response. The responses have arisen by the very perception of the fact." He pushed further.

"Next come the unconscious memories of the individual and the collective, the tendencies, the forces, the urges, the racial instincts; this is the whole network of desire, the matrix of desire. There is an extraordinary movement here. The ego is still functioning—ego as desire moving in its patterns of cause and effect. The ego as desire that continues. The ego with its unconscious tendencies that reincarnate. Let us push still further." He paused and pondered. "Can we push further? Is there anything further? Is it that the known dimension has ended? Is this the bedrock of the ego? Is this the structure of consciousness, of the mind and its content?"

Someone asked, "What sustains it?"

Krishnaji was silent. After a few moments, he said, "Its own movement, its own functioning. What lies below? How can one proceed, go beyond the matrix?"

"Shut off the mind," said Rao.

"Who shuts off the mind? He who is the mind?" Krishnaji responded swiftly. "Then what is the way? Seeing the fact of consciousness—not the word, not the theory, but the fact of it—is ending not possible? Again, whatever I do to move toward the other is of effort and so destroys it. I cannot desire it. I can do nothing except be indifferent to it. And concern myself with the ego, with what I am, and my problems."

One morning Krishnaji said, "Can we go into consciousness again? Yesterday we had gone into it from the point on the periphery to the center. It was like going down a funnel. Could we today go from the center to the point on the periphery? Could we move from the inward out? Could we approach consciousness from the center?"

"Is there a center?" asked Rao.

"The center is only when there is focusing of attention. The center is formed when periphery is agitated. The center is formed as a point on the periphery. These peripheral points are one's name, one's property, one's wife, fame. These points are constantly being strengthened. There is movement all the time at the peripheral points. There is a constant fear of the breaking of these points."

"Can I live without the formation of centers?" asked Rao.

"If I start from the center, to investigate, where is the center from which to start? There is no center, but only the field. Except for the periphery there is no center. The fences to the field create the center. I only know the center because of the fence, the periphery. The fences are the points of attention, the limits that create the center. Remove these fences. Where is the center?"

"Can one remove the fences?" I queried.

"If you move in the field, in the non-center, there is no memory. See what happens as you move from field towards fence. As you approach the fence, memory begins.

"So far we have been thinking from the periphery to the center. The thinking from this (non-center) must be totally different. I have to get used to the movement from within towards the periphery."

"What happens to the points?" I asked.

"It is like slipping under and through fences. The fences no longer matter. To see the point at the periphery is to see no point at all. What we do, however, is to jump immediately into the periphery, into the habitual. I cannot form a habit of that which has no center.

"To go from the periphery to the center is to stick in the center. When attention becomes identified it becomes the point. Thinking in habit is the movement of the periphery. There is no point from which I can recognize point. To know the center it must be related to point. I can only know it if I approach it from the periphery.

"The more I stay in the field, I see there is no center."

The next morning the discussion continued. We asked Krishnaji, "What is the periphery? How is it formed? How are fences made? Are they different material from the pointless center?"

"Why do you stay at periphery? Why cannot you stay in the field, seeing its flora and fauna, its perfume? Why are you concerned with the fence?" he responded.

"I have been torturing myself to find out. The whole thing seems un-understandable. Achyut told me that I should take it playfully," said Mrs. Frost.

"You are taking time, effort, why?" asked Krishnaji.

"Because my mind is like a stone wall."

"Why? What is wrong? Listen to what is wrong," said Krishnaji.

"My thoughts," Mrs. Frost responded.

"Which means you have a pattern in which you want it explained. Your words are hindering you. The stone wall of ideas, words to which you are accustomed. Why don't you let go?"

"I don't know how," Mrs. Frost protested.

"Why? To you, thinking is important. You are lost when you cannot think along your grooves. Forget all that, play with it. See if we can start, not from the stone wall but from the non-center. What is the difficulty?"

"I am perfectly aware we have not got to that stage." Mrs. Frost was agitated.

"There is no stage. Why do you hold on to the periphery and then want to go to the center? Wipe out the state. It is too full at the periphery. Let it go. Begin as if you were entering a new room. You see periphery and want to proceed to create center. You call it God and approach it. But there is no center without periphery. You cannot think apart from the thinking habit. You can never think anew. Difficulty lies not in the field, but with the periphery. It is the simple mind that sees this."

"From the periphery it is like seeing through a telescope. Being in the field is fluidity," commented Nandini.

"What is the point? Identified attention? What is the fence? What is the fence when you approach it from the pointless point? It is stoppage of movement. If there is the flowing field, is not the field of the same quality as movement arrested, as the fence? The stoppages of movement are points along the fence. I am still inside the field.

"Yesterday after the discussion I slept. As I was beginning to wake up, there was a coming from afar to a point of elaborate design. I lay watching design—it took me a long time to watch it. Then it disappeared and I came to. Movement when arrested forms design, becomes point from which I act. Sorrow is the result of stoppage of movement and the movement away from it. If I see that the point is of the same substance as the field, there is no struggle. If there is a living in the pointless center, the stoppage is the point. It is in fighting point with point that we strengthen it," said Krishnaji.

"What creates point? Is it that the same fluid crystalizes?" I asked.

"Is it subject to pressure—to a counterforce?" asked Rao.

"Is not your flow and my flow the same?" said Krishnaji.

Friedman asked, "Why does the impediment arise? Is it unreal, false?"

"Why does it happen? Twenty things are happening around me. Sometimes there is extensive seeing; sometimes it is limited," said Rao.

"No center meets impediment, nervous responses of the body. Why not? These may be just body reactions. You ask me a question and I answer you according to my conditioning—which arrests the flow. This conditioning is the result of the environment acting on the body and its responses. If the flow is arrested—I accept arrestation—life is like that," said Krishnaji.

"What is arrestation?" asked Rao.

"It is attention focusing. The river suddenly comes between two banks and the flow narrows down.

"The field has no point, no limit; it is vast and limitless. Focused attention is the narrowing down. Why do we stay there at the point? That is the question. The moment you ask me something, a point must form. But why do we allow it to crystalize?" He was silent and then spoke slowly, telling us to contact his mind.

"The vast field has no positive state. In solidity there is the positive. The non-center state is negation. This negation is challenged and there is positive action. This positive state creates its opposite."

"Has the positive state its own momentum?" asked Rao.

"The real solution lies in a field of negation. If we move away from this field we are lost. If we enter the point to examine it, we are lost. Look at it from the field of negation. Why does crystalization take place?" He paused, questioning himself. "Is this a wrong question? Crystalization is inevitable, a fact. My difficulty is, why does the mind stay in crystalization? When I see the negative approach I am free of crystalization, free of the point. I accept friction as inevitable and move on."

"Is it because we see our flow as separate that the trouble starts?" Rao asked.

"If negation was there it would have an answer. My problem is, why don't I stay in a state of negation? The danger is I am constantly weighing this with that. The fools enter the kingdom, not the cautious." said Krishnaji.

Krishnaji said, "What is the energy of the field? What place has energy in this we call consciousness? We know the activity of narrowing down. We know fear, want, sublimation, we know the various reasons and causes for identification.

"What is this energy? Obviously this energy has no enclosed space, no fence, no opposites. The field is energy."

"When we attempt to examine this energy the examiner becomes the point," said Rao.

"What is silence? Let us approach this energy differently. What is silence? Are you being silent? How do you find out what silence is? Are you being noisy? How do you know you are silent?"

"Silence is the pointless flow of the field," said Rao.

"Don't define it. Do I see silence? Do I experience it? Can I say as an observer, 'This is silence'?" asked Krishnaji.

"There is silence when I am not focused," said Rao.

"What do you mean by focused? Don't verbalize it. Just see what silence is and how you see it, how you experience it." Krishnaji was holding Rao's hand, moving with him into the pathless field.

"What is silence? How do you experience it? Don't do anything, just listen. Are you experiencing it or is there a state of silence which you are trying to describe?" He paused. "You see the difference? *See* what silence is."

"I am saying it is not a state to be got, so leave getting," said Achyut.

"You first make a picture, then fit things to the picture. Find out what silence is." Krishnaji was pushing.

"I can recollect times when there has been a state of silence," said Mrs. Frost.

"That is not silence. What is silence? I was asked what is energy, and I said there is a different approach to the problem. I say let us go into silence. That is the challenge. Now, what is silence? Do I have an image of it, or do I see it is there and because you ask me, I will communicate it to you?"

"Don't try to see or not see, just let go." Rao had touched the flow for an instant, was one with it.

"Leave your ideas and *see* what silence is." said Krishnaji. "Either I am imagining it or the state is there. I am not experiencing it. With you the mechanism operates immediately. Be simple, leave your mechanism. Why does it operate before silence?"

"The mind is so clever," said Achyut.

"That is no answer. Why does the mechanism come first? The moment I ask what is silence, your mechanism answers. How do you find silence? Surely not through the noise of the mechanism. So what do you do?"

"The fence begins with the mechanism," said Rao.

"Silence is there without end. I want to find out what energy is. It may be possible for it to function endlessly. But idea comes first and covers and frames silence. But silence has no end; things exist in it; they are part of it; they are not contradictory to silence. That child's crying is silence. When noise is within it, it is silence. If silence is extensive, noise is part of silence.

"Anything with its own mechanism contradictory to silence is not in silence. The mechanism as the observer looking at silence is contradictory to silence, is not silence. The idea of silence as exclusive is not silence. Anything separate may have its own energy, but is not part of expansive silence. By its movement separateness can create its own action and energy. The two energies are entirely different. The movement of a separate mechanism experiencing silence and noise in silence are entirely separate.

"Anything in silence that is not contradictory is extensive. Anything contradictory with its own energy is limited, and when the limited tries to find the extensive, there is no silence.

"I can live in silence and whatever I do is not contradictory, so long as I live in silence and do not resist it. Then everything is in it except resistance. It is resistance that creates its own whirlpool, like fire the flames leap to the skies."

"Is this silence the source of energy, without limit?" asked Rao.

"The moment it has limit, there is resistance," said Krishnaji.

"What is this state?" asked Rao.

"What is operating? In that state I smell these jasmines. I hear, I see. What is not in it? The exclusive, the contradiction, the idea which is always exclusive. Any form of resistance destroys this state.

"To me in silence, a cry is not exclusive, but the cry of the baby as an exclusive act is apart from the state of silence. Silence has no limit. When there is resistance there is exclusion; noise becomes exclusive, when the sensation forms a point which acts as a disturbance, it becomes a separate noise when you focus attention on it."

"This happens the moment a system of values begin to operate," said Friedman.

"The moment mind as idea operates it is contradiction. But this state needs extraordinary intelligence and integrity. Since this thing is limitless, it must be energy. Here it is limitless because there is no causation. The mind creates energy that has a cause and so an end. But silence is not of the mind, and so that energy has no limit." K stopped. Seeing our faces, he said, "Don't translate this to suit your mind. The mind cannot understand what is not of itself. But this is limitless. In this state everything is, but the things of the mind. In this state every noise is, and that is not noise. Then contradiction arises and mind arises and creates an exclusive pattern with its own energy."

Maurice Friedman said that he was experiencing a complete satiety. He felt that he was listening to Krishnaji through a mind that already knew what Krishnaji was going to say. He felt no newness. He felt he could not take it any more.

Rao Sahib said that though he did not feel satiated yet, he felt that he wanted to go away from Krishnaji. He felt that this sitting around was all wrong.

Nandini said she too felt the same. If she had understood Krishnaji, something must happen. She was waiting for it to happen and nothing was happening.

Achyut said he felt like Rao, and I said I felt dead, a complete sense of not functioning.

Krishnaji said, "It boils down to one thing. You are all waiting for something to happen. Some have technique but no urge, and they are waiting for the urge to act. Some have the urge but they have no technique, and so they too wait. Some feel dead, and they are waiting to be given life so that they can act.

"Why are you waiting and for what are you waiting? Are you waiting in order to act? You are not sure and you want proof before you act. How can you have proof? You have still not left the field of known action and known result.

"You want to be certain of the new before you act, and how can you be certain? You are not living, you are only waiting; that is not living. Rao has left his political action and is waiting; he is not living.

"So far you have been facing north, and I say to you turn round and face south. You want to face south without leaving the north.

"Why are you waiting? To be sure? Sure of what? That your action will be the new? But you are not living, waiting is death. Live, move, walk.

"I say to you, Rao, 'Look,' you have got it, walk.

"I feel something is happening. If I had a son I would like to share it. When you love you want to share, and I tell you Rao, hold out your hand. If you want it, you shall have it.

"When the little operates in the whole as part of the whole then the little is limitless. When it acts separately, then it is limited. The mind operating as part of the whole is endless."

"What is energy and can it be, so that it is continually free and operating—never limited?" Rao's face was aglow.

"If the mind does not limit it, then it is always limitless. Can action take place from there and not from the mind? What happens then to action? What is your action to the beggar on the street? Can you answer? No. But there will be action that will operate on him. As long as that operates there is no problem."

The next day Krishnaji was again to ask, "What is the problem? Instead of these flowers"—he pointed to a bowl of carnations before him—"put artificial flowers. You know which are real. These flowers have what nothing else has. What is the problem? What is missing between artificial and real?"

"They just are," said Rao.

"No, what is the central problem?"

"We refuse to see ourselves; becoming in our every breath," Achyut responded.

"I know all that, but what is missing? Take Rao, he is serious. He has the capacity to learn, to assimilate, he is capable of sacrifice. He has the faculty to gather facts, and he says, 'What am I to do? I am not the real flower.' Why has he become the artificial flower?"

"Why have I no song?" Rao spoke.

"Yes, why is there no flame? What is missing? We have no love, without it, do what you will, artificial will never make me real. We have cultivated intellect, which is the artificial flower. We have dug the real out from its roots. Now how is one to have love?

"Why haven't we got love? This demands extraordinary intelligence. Because I haven't got love I create temples and institutions." He pointed to the flowers before him. "That flower just opened; did you see it?"

Rao continued, "Love is missing and I keep on saying, I want a breath of it. I have not got love and I have spent my energy in making artificial flowers. What am I to do? Unless I have it, nothing else has meaning. Why don't I love?

"I know I exist on an artificial level. My brain can discuss anything, and yet I see I must have the other. How am I to get it?" asked Rao.

"What is the state of your mind when you say you see the artificial and are shocked? What is the state when you demand the other? There must be a way of unlocking the door. And there must be a way of receiving it. How? That is the real miracle. It cannot be put there. It must be something that cannot be undone. It is not a thing that continues. I cannot be concerned with it. I cannot create it.

"I can only act from the center, which is open to both cessation and the coming to be.

"I cannot try to hold it. The moment I say I must have an experience of it, it must always be there, I shut it out.

"I see falseness of the artificial, but I haven't got the real. What is happening to you when you see this? The moment I stop playing with the artificial, all efforts, all explanations have ended," said Krishnaji.

"All wanting, all yearning to do has ended. I feel relaxed, playful. I am not trying to catch up," said Rao.

"It means what, Sir? From what point of view are you seeing it? Is it free of reasoning?"

"To function without it is the only sin," said Friedman.

"So you are not going to play with the artificial. You may play with it, but you are out of it," said Krishnaji.

"We think that the first sign of sensitivity is to think, to reason. But to think is not have it. I act," said Rao. "My being feels conscious only when it is processed through thinking. This sucks away my vitality. I see this now very clearly."

Krishnaji said, "Can you be uncertain, hesitate between artificial flower and real? You will examine everything very carefully, you will be wary. It is only when you are not clear, that you will stumble.

"We began by saying we are dry. We carry with us a basket of the artificial. We have given the basket wrong values. You see this and put it aside. You are free of the basket, which is the artificial. What is your actual state?"

"All the inward wrinkles go. Inside one, the sense of getting at something goes. I am not dry," said Rao.

"You are not dry, which means you have a song. I want to know the state of inwardness, of being free."

"After three hours I see that it is the artificiality which is responsible for there being no warmth. In dropping artificiality, the scorching dryness has gone," Rao answered.

"It is difficult to communicate the quality that comes into being when in dialogue," I said. "There is an instant of understanding, of totally being one, a state where thought has ended and silence alone is awake."

Rao began, "Silence is not my normal consciousness, moments of silence are rare. A life based on action, response has not ended for me. I come on action which at the time I think is not a reaction. What is the difference between this action and action as challenge?"

Krishnaji answered, "The only test is whether it produces further reaction, whether there is continuity to it. If you are happy you would do the right thing. Action out of happiness is one thing. Action in a state of freedom from unhappiness has its own reaction; this is not the state of happiness. We don't know happiness which is not a reaction. We know happiness of reaction."

"I am unhappy and, having momentarily seen a state of being not unhappy, I am more unhappy. I want a mode of living which will free me," said Rao.

"Though I live in this world I want to live without unhappiness with its reactions. How am I to do it? I am not outside this pattern. I see it in all complexity. I live in that field. My problem is, I want to live in it completely anew, because I see the futility of pattern and its enlargement. I can't escape from it or run away from it. What am I to do in the pattern?" asked Krishnaji.

"The last few days my reflex actions are less. The urges and movements have died down. Voltage is so low. I have the feeling of not wanting anything. I want to sit by myself," said Rao.

"It is a feeling of shrinking," I added.

"The trouble is we are taken high and then we drop with a bang." This was Friedman's comment.

"Why do you soar and why do you shrink?" asked Krishnaji.

"Why do I come with a begging bowl? The begging bowl must go," said Rao.

"The begging bowl must go and I must live in the field with happiness. I will come to you, but I don't want to be dependent. What am I to do?"

"The voltage of life is so low, there is no joy," said Rao.

"Do you actually feel it, like a bucket that cannot hold water, which means you have no love? Why is it you haven't got it? Is it that emotionally your mind has lost its resilience, that you feel dead?"

"I am not dead. I still feel alive," answered Rao.

"Elasticity is there, but it is not reacting any more," said Krishnaji.

"There is the sense of an ebbing tide," said Rao.

"Is it that we have touched the bottom of things? Have you come to that, that you are nothing?" asked Krishnaji.

"You are saying that if there is no zest, you have reached the depth. The mind is so subtle. It will not see that," said Rao.

"Have you reached the bottom?" Krishnaji was pushing.

"In the darkness, I see a small ray of light, but it is still too dim to use," said Rao, hesitantly.

"Go with it," said Krishnaji.

"One is too aware to be anything of the old, but still one is not the new. Synthetic sensations have ceased, but happiness is not there."

"What are you to do? Let lie. It is like a field that has been sown and harvested, let it lie fallow now.

"I feel that there should be an explosion from within and not from outside. How am I to do it? I feel there is a clue to that mystery. If we can find it, we can pick it up. The last ten days something is happening to me, an extraordinary thing going on within me. I don't know where it is going. It is like a river moving. It is doing something physically. I haven't thought about it, and I ask why doesn't it happen in someone else? I have a feeling it is waiting. When I awoke something was happening. Why doesn't it happen to others? It is not a question of being clever or stupid. I know all the reasons that prevent you. But I say it is like going through something together. We have gone through this together. We can't do more. Now stretch out your hand and receive the certificate. It is really the same thing deeper down."

He turned to Nandini, "And I want to know why you don't pick it up. I say to you, bend down and pick it up.

"You know about the baby they have been bringing to me. The doctor had said its brain had not formed. It could not see, could not smile, could not recognize, and I have been touching it. Something is functioning very strongly in me.

"I feel a burning in my hand and the baby has begun to smile, to recognize people. You can do it. All you have to do is to pick it up. The thing that is operating in me will work with you as well, pick it up.

"It is no use saying you don't know how. I say to you, pick it up."

The dialogues ended, and Krishnaji prepared to return to Ojai. On March 10, at one of his last morning discussions, he spoke with great urgency of the need to penetrate the mechanics of his mind.

"I was thinking this morning if I could understand my own mind and the way it works, I could say to you, look carefully and you can have it.

"How does my mind work? Yesterday, when I spoke of meditation, was my brain working? If not, then what was working? My answers were logical. How did they arise? What happened? I said that the thought and the thinker were one. What was the mechanism that produced that thought? One can speculate and say it was the higher mind that was using me, Maitreya, that I am a sounding board; that would be a good Theosophical explanation. But that does not satisfy me.

"If I could show it to Achyut very clearly, he could have it. What is the thing operating? Yesterday, the moment Rao said 'point,' I said 'choice.' And who chooses? There is no step-by-step thinking, so what is operating?"

"This time I think I understand what Krishnaji is saying," said Rao. "Krishnaji is aware when people who listen to him are with him. But this would be the experience of any genuine person—with Krishnaji it is something more."

"To know an audience and to change, adjust, that is simple. Let us go a little beyond," said Krishnaji.

"What is the intellect that needs no books, no knowledge?" asked Rao.

"You are always new. There must be a creative source operating all the time. What is the nature of this source?" asked Friedman.

"You are in front of the wave, in front of consciousness. Are you conscious of that creative source?" said Rao.

"You are a trinity. There is Krishnamurti the man, just as he is; then he is the guru, pinching, coercing; then he is truth, the power 'which is.' They are not separate, but three aspects of the same truth. The question is, who is Krishnamurti?" asked Friedman.

"How would I set about getting this thing that is operating?" said Krishnaji.

Rao responded, "From the first day when you spoke of the movement, from pointless point, one saw that this state to you was a moment-to-moment reality. If one can remain there then conflict ends. If I see that, the quality of speaking is different."

"How does a man transmit the creative touch to another?" asked Krishnaji.

"This cannot be done except through identification," said Friedman.

"No, there is something operating through K which I would like to share. I know it is possible. I feel it is as possible as the sunshine," said Krishnaji.

"Are you drawing a current from a source not limited to you? If so, how can we tap the source?" Friedman was challenging Krishnaji.

"I feel from the beginning it was open to me. It has always been there. The distance getting clearer, clearer, closer—Why doesn't X get this? Would you have it if you kept near K all the time? I don't think so. I want to see how it works. I know how it works with me. This morning I woke with a feeling. There was no 'me' feeling. Tomorrow morning when I wake up there will be something new. It keeps going on all the time. When I talk it bursts out. There is never a storing up and then pouring out. With most people the storage is always the old. Here there is no storage, no safe. K wants you to have it. How is it to be done? Even if it is true that K was trained, that he is being used by Maitreya, that entity says to you, 'You should have it.' Admitting all the differences, that entity says, 'Come, you can have it.' He wants you to have it, therefore he abolishes all divisions. I feel that it is operating, I feel the field is open and some are in it.

"What is our problem? I have it, you don't, and I say you can have it. But if you ask, 'Have I got it? And what is the test? And is there a test? How can I know that I have it?'—then you are lost. For there is no test. You ask, 'Is this enough?' It is this asking for more that is the blockage.

"I say to Rao, 'Go out, try it.' I remember my first speech at Madurai. Dr. Besant said to me, 'My dear, your stance was alright, your gestures right, only you were too inexperienced. I know it is possible for you to have it. Go, start, speak, see what happens. Even if you make a mess, remain hesitant. With this you must be completely uncertain.' I say to you, you have got it. Go, open the door.

"This is so in my relationships. There is never a sense of coming back to a relationship. There are no anchorages, there is always a moving out.

"I have been told what I say today is different to what I said earlier and to what I was; and I will be different again. K is like that. K has no fixed points of return."

I met Krishnaji alone after the dialogues ended. He asked me how I was feeling. What had the five weeks of discussion done for me? I replied that I had been left with little self-volition. I was feeling very young within. It was like being reincarnated while still alive. I felt part of something that had to be. Things would happen to me, as was right and as they were meant to; there was little I could do.

I also told him of what had happened to me toward the end of the discussions on consciousness. The dialogue had generated an intense watching of the mind during the day; when I fell asleep, the observation continued. One night I had an explosive perception of the thinker and thought as one; there was blazing light and I fell into deep sleep. The second night the same watchful intensity and the perception of the observer and the observed as one, exploding light and deep sleep. The third night there was an instant when all thought was quenched, an immense light and then dreamless sleep. He heard me speak, but refused to give the experiences any importance. He said, "It is over, move." He then asked me what I was going to do. I said, "I do not know. I feel the urge to write. I also feel like doing nothing." He said, "Do nothing, see what happens."

Part 3

THE UNFOLDING OF THE TEACHING 1950–1959

CHAPTER 16

"Religion Comes When the Mind Has Understood the Workings of Itself."

On September 11, 1950, Krishnaji wrote to me from Ojai: "I have been here a good three weeks and need a long rest, as I have been talking for three years steadily. Also I have decided to go into complete retreat for a whole year without any interviews, public or private discussions or public talks. It will be more or less a silent year. So, I shall not be coming to India this winter."

His retreat was total. There were no meetings, no interviews. It was from Rajagopal that we heard Krishnaji was observing complete silence. From August 1950 to December 1951 Krishnaji's contact with India ended. Questioned later on what he did during this period, Krishnaji grew vague. The body was tired, he was inwardly drained, possibly some impurities, however subtle, still tinged the crystal clarity of his consciousness. And so, in keeping with the mystic tradition, he withdrew into himself.

In early spring of 1950 news of the dismissal of the case concerning Nandini's plaint for separation and custody of the children had exploded in the press in India. Even *Time* magazine in the United States carried a paragraph with the headline, "Revolt of the Doormat." It referred to Krishnaji as the Messiah and quoted Krishnaji's talks, in which he spoke with passion of the position of Indian women, that they were treated as doormats. It also linked Krishnamurti's name with Nandini's demand for separation from her husband. Rajagopal telegraphed to me to enquire whether this news that had appeared in *Time* was accurate. We replied, giving details and expressing our grave concern that Krishnamurti's name had been mentioned. On his return to Ojai later in 1950, Krishnaji faced a storm. Rosalind and Rajagopal questioned him on what had happened in India. Letters from Rajagopal's friends in India had spoken of Krishnaji's "new friends." Rosalind and Rajagopal were anxious and insisted on knowing more about these people. Krishnaji remained vague.

Rosalind and Rajagopal were united in their concern for the new Krishnamurti that was emerging. Aware of his sensitive, shy nature and the passivity of his personality, Rajagopal and Rosalind soon sensed the change in him. Krishnaji grew increasingly passive and silent, and withdrew within himself.

It was becoming evident to them, however, that the long spell in India, the people he had met, the freedom that had broken all the restrictions placed on him, had introduced entirely new elements in Krishnaji's attitude to people and situations. For the first time he had friends in India who were unrelated to his old connections. These people, who made no demands on him, sensed the vastness of the sacred manifest through him. They saw him with fresh, unburdened eyes, and brought to him a relationship of deep veneration, affection, and friendship.

Krishnaji returned to India in the winter of 1951, after an absence of nearly eighteen months. Rajagopal accompanied him. The many friends Krishnaji had made in the previous years thronged to meet him in Bombay. Krishnaji entered the room, greeted us solemnly, took our hands, but did not speak a word. He was still maintaining absolute silence. Rajagopal looked uneasy. We were meeting him for the first time, and we were wary of each other.

Krishnaji did not break his silence in Bombay, but went on to Madras, where he was to give twelve talks between January 5 and February 12. Nandini and I went to Madras and stayed in Vasant Vihar. We were living in a space that had been created by using cupboards to partition the veranda; we shared a bathroom with Madhavachari and ate our meals separately from Krishnaji, who ate in his room alone.

Rajagopal was very much in control. His relationship with Madhavachari was also slowly growing clear. Rajagopal treated him in a friendly manner, but did not reveal to Madhavachari what he had in his mind. Madhavachari was respectful, addressed him as Mr. Rajagopal, took his instructions, and carried out his wishes. Rajagopal was staying in the Leadbeater Chambers in the Theosophical Society, as the upper floor of Vasant Vihar had been rented and there was no other room suitable.

Krishnaji grew vague when questioned on the reason for his silent year, but spoke to Nandini and me of Rajagopal. He tried to make us understand how much Rajagopal had sacrificed for him. Krishnaji was apologetic, anxious that we become friends with Rajagopal; soon after dinner one evening a meeting was arranged, and we went to the Leadbeater Chambers to meet him.

Rajagopal was courteous; but his eyes, sunk in deep hollows in his somber, shadowed face, bore into us, trying to read nuances of meaning into every word we spoke. He was suspicious and inquisitive, and one needed an awake and alert mind to answer his seemingly innocuous questions. He seemed to be trying to catch us unawares. He hinted that Krishnaji could not be counted on as he was constantly changing his mind. Rajagopal had heard from Velu, a servant who had looked after Krishnaji in Sedgemoor, what had happened at Ootacamund. So Rajagopal grilled us for over four hours, wanting to know every detail of what had taken place. It was a trying experience and we were both worn out by the end of it.

Later we were to discover another side of Rajagopal. He appeared deeply attracted to us. He was warm and affectionate and we became friends. Years later he was to say to Nandini that it was such a pity that they were to meet under Krishnaji's shadow. He had an extremely intelligent and incisive South Indian mind. Sensitive to disorder and dirt of any kind, immaculately dressed in a starched white *kurta* and pyjama, he spoke and moved with elegant precision.

Krishnaji and Rajagopal were to leave for Europe and the United States by the spring of 1952.

By July 1952 Nandini's body, which had born the strain of five years of humiliation and the anguish of separation from her children, broke down. She was under pressure from many fronts: her ex-husband's arbitrary attitude toward when Nandini could see her children; the disapproving attitude of the elders around Krishnaji. She fell mortally ill with a fast-growing cancer of the cervix and had to be flown to England for an urgent operation.

I sent a telegram to Krishnaji giving him the news. There was no reply. It was as if he had vanished, and all relationship with us at the outer level had ended. However, his silent presence could be felt all through the period of our troubles, and with it came great strength and the capacity to face calamity.

Nandini was told in London of the devastating cancer that was destroying her body. Faced with the imminence of death, she received the news with deep silence. She told me that her brain became for some moments totally still and free of all thought or feeling. Right through the period of waiting for the operation in the hotel room, where she was to suffer a severe hemorrhage, there were few thoughts—no fear, no anxiety, no concern for tomorrow. On the eve of her operation she spoke by telephone to her children in Bombay with tenderness and concern for their well-being.

Later, she was to tell me that as she went under anesthesia she heard the sound of resounding laughter, which continued all through the operation. There was no blocking out of consciousness. She knew what was happening. She found herself walking in green fields, soft breezes played on her, and the sound of birdsong filled her ears. She felt a protective presence that surrounded her and held her. The protection was not to keep her alive, but to be with her in death or life. The protection, the presence, was in the surgeon's knife.

I was with her the next day, when she was told that the surgeon who had operated on her had suffered a stroke and was incapacitated. For two days she was without medical attention. After the operation, wherever she turned her face, the protection was there—to the left of her, to the right, above and below, she felt the touch of it. A few days after the operation she sat up in bed, cross-legged, and the breath of silence entered her. One day the young assistant doctor entered the room unexpectedly. Seeing her, he asked, "Are you a yogi?"

Like an underground spring of clear running water, unseen yet potent with life, Nandini's years have passed. Living with our mother in the 1950s, she chanced upon two tiny orphan girls of the neighborhood. Destitute, they lived with a distant aunt, but spent their life on the street. Deprived of her own children, Nandini had taken the girls in and started a tiny play school for them and for the other poor children of the neighborhood. Later, the school shifted to two nearby garages. Children of the surrounding areas soon started pouring in—today there are 150 children. Teachers and helpers have also come forward. The school, Bal Anand, provides to the child who wanders the street a creative space in an otherwise dreary landscape of concrete. Living alone for many years, Nandini has been the silent, nodal point of the school. The children sit round her and talk, laugh, and play. They are offered music, dancing, weaving, painting, language, dramatics, science, and a little arithmetic. After twenty-five years Bal Anand has become a part of the Krishnamurti Foundation, India, and

Nandini has become a member of the foundation. As her own children have come of age, they have returned to her, overflowing with love and protection.

Nandini remained a close friend of Krishnaji's, traveling with him to some of the centers when he was in India, and maintaining her contact through letters when he was away. Her hair is gray. She remains fragile, beautiful, anonymous.

As part of his Indian program it was decided that Krishnaji and Rajagopal would participate in a discussion group in Poona in the winter of 1952. Rao Sahib Patwardhan had arranged for a meeting of his friends at Vithal Wadi, where Achyut was living in a tiny cottage amongst forested hills, after his final break with the Socialist Party in 1950.

The people who gathered at Vithal Wadi for the discussions came from varied backgrounds. Professor Dhopeshwarkar taught philosophy at the University of Poona. S. M. Joshi was an austere, upright Chitpavan Brahmin, a Socialist and an active member of the Sarva Seva Sangh. He and Rao Sahib Patwardhan were close friends and had participated in many of the work camps with voluntary Sarva Seva Sangh workers. Mangesh Padgounkar, a poet, was one of the participants, along with Durga Bhagwat. Durga Bhagwat, a writer and anthropologist who had worked with Verrier Elwin in Madhya Pradesh, was a short lean woman with a tight bony face. Tough both physically and mentally, she had never married, had enormous energy, and felt strongly about problems of poverty in India. She was devoted to Rao Sahib. Madhavachari had come from Madras for the discussions, along with Padmabai and Sanjeeva Rao. Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu came from Varanasi and L. V. Bhave from Thana. I was the only other woman present.

Rao Patwardhan approved of me, and over two years he had become a close friend. His austere nature had responded personably and at depth to my totally alien background and attitudes. We discussed beauty, art, the Western mind, and the Indian creative matrix. For the first time I had established close contact with a traditional Brahminic intellect, a way of life that had no relevance to my early years as the daughter of a civil servant or to the life I led in the social milieu of Bombay.

Sunanda, who by then had married Pama, one of Rao Sahib's and Achyut's younger brothers, was not invited to attend the seminar. Nor was Nandini. Her astounding beauty, simplicity, and childlike quality combined with the fact that she had been married into a family of great wealth, made it difficult for Rao to accept the fact that she was serious. Sunanda had been asked by Rao to look after the arrangements for Krishnaji's food and other needs. Life was spartan, the rooms tiny; there were few amenities.

Krishnaji, sensing Sunanda's hurt at being left out of the group discussions, was most affectionate. He talked to her at length and walked with her in the woods. His attitude to her was of a much-loved daughter.

The discussions continued for over a week. Every morning and evening we gathered at Vithal Wadi. Krishnaji was dealing with tough minds entrenched and rooted in Marxian tenets of social service. The discussion kept impinging on poverty and the need for social action. This was understandable in a country of such immense poverty. But the minds that had gathered were intelligent enough to realize that at some point their approach was thwarted by their own inner conflicts, urges, and inadequacies. Slowly, with infinite patience, Krishnaji probed into the nature of mind, social action, thought and the thinker, and silence. He told the Socialists that the problem of food, shelter, and clothing could never be solved at an ideological level. It could only end when needs were not used for psychological purposes, but were dealt with on their own level. Though the hard-headed Socialists remained tethered to their perches, they were no longer secure in their positions.

At the end of the week we went our own ways. Of the group that had gathered, all drifted away except for the Patwardhans, Friedman, me, and the old friends of Krishnaji who had been with him from the Theosophical days. That the discussions had an impact on the tough minds of the Socialists and academics was evident. Professor Dhopeshwarkar wrote several books on Krishnaji's teachings. Many years later, S. M. Joshi was to say to me that Socialists in India since 1934 were dominated by Western thought and its dialectics. Marx became the central point from which all Socialist thought radiated. They could not see that when applied to Indian conditions, the Marxist position lacked a critical base. Western Marxism had no place for humanism. S. M. Joshi said his concern with socialism had always been with whether man could grow to his full stature. Therefore a moral element was integral to the Socialist stance. In 1948 the Socialists were profoundly perplexed and in a dilemma. They saw that ends justified means in Marxist thought. This was never quite acceptable to S. M. Joshi. While in jail, between 1944 and 1945, for a moment he had felt that perhaps ends did justify means; but this did not satisfy him and he was very confused. The discussions with Krishnaji had a liberating influence on him. He said they had "helped to clarify my attitude to injustice—helped me to face confusion and come through with clarity."[1]

While I was in Poona to attend the discussions at Vithal Wadi, I found myself watching with ruthless attention. I watched the movement of thought and feeling as they arose within me. I also watched what was outside me—people's faces, a leaf, a stone. While on a walk alone in the woods around Vithal Wadi, I suddenly found myself running. It was a still evening. The cry of one bird superimposed itself on other bird cries; the murmur of mosquitoes and chirping of crickets, a distant voice, the sound of my heartbeats poured piercingly into me, while sharp scent of neem, tulsi, and a multitude of jasmine swept through me like a strong wind. I was afloat in a sea of exploding color. The living green of peepul leaf, fresh fig green, new pink green of the mango shoot, the pale dawn green of a cactus bud, became one with sound; filling my nostrils, my ears, my eyes, my mouth. I found I was standing before a cactus bush weeping, unable to bear or contain the potency of that spring evening. The abundance of beauty, heavy like honey, lay in my eyes and ears for days. In seeing, beauty awakened; what was seen was unimportant. The intensity diminished as day followed day, but beauty taking over the sensory doorways, had generated a perception that seldom abandoned my eyes.

From Vithal Wadi in Poona, Krishnaji and Rajagopal went to Rishi Valley. The school had reopened with Pearce, the old Theosophist and educator, as principal. He had gathered a group of earnest young teachers around him. Rishi Valley was situated in the famine belt of Rayalseema in Andhra Pradesh. The land was barren. Miss Payne had dug wells, but trees had still to be planted—the thousands of trees that in years were to make this valley an oasis out of barren land. The surrounding hills were formed of rocks and boulders of immense size. Torn and gnarled by wind and time, they had assumed sculptural form; the huge boulders were balanced precariously on rocks, amongst the oldest in the world. The colors of sunsets and sunrises over the valley were palettes of saffron and amethyst; the air was clear and free of dust. In spite of the poverty of soil and sparse population, the area stretching from Anantpur on one end and Tirupati on the other was dotted with shrines to the *siddhas*.* Madnapalle was twenty kilometers from the site of the school.

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*The *siddhas* or *sittars*, as they were known in South India, included Buddhist alchemists

At the heart of Rishi Valley was a very ancient banyan tree, like a temple; its roots had formed pillars, its branches sheltered monkeys, and cobras dwelt in the hollow at its base. A stage had been built around the tree, where the children danced between the many trunks and hid in the hollows. There were few birds, for the trees that were to attract them were yet to be planted.

Only thirty children attended the school, but the problems of the place had been immense. The teachers held long discussions on the role of authority, freedom, and order. No solution was possible, for the problems were living, moving, in flux; and the observations of the participants had to move, query, observe—with the same swiftness as the problem and its many nuances. Meanwhile, reports had reached Krishnaji of the conflicts that were arising in Rajghat, and he sent a telegram to Achyut at Vithal Wadi, asking him to come to Rishi Valley to see him.

Achyut swiftly responded to Krishnaji's telegram and arrived in Rishi Valley. Taking him aside, Krishnaji suggested to Achyut that he work at Rajghat in Varanasi. The land across the river Varuna was lying unused. Acquired to start some projects on agricultural research, the absence of workers had led to the lands remaining barren. Sanjeeva Rao and Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, both close associates of Dr. Besant, who had left the Theosophical Society along with Krishnaji, had dominated the Rishi Valley Trust since its inception. They were growing old and a new initiative was needed. Krishnaji told Achyut that he would have to do a great deal of work, institutions would have to be built, the land had to be saved. But that was not and should not be the reason for Achyut to go to Rajghat.

Achyut's mind, Krishnaji said, was choked with the syndrome of social work. It was in his blood.

"Get it out of your blood. The deep movement of change has to be at the center. Unless the center changes, all social work is useless. Never lose sight of this, while you are at Rajghat. Don't let work overwhelm you and shadow your primary function, which is to change totally at the center. A watchfulness of mind has to be there."

Achyut agreed to go. The words of Krishnaji had soaked in. He saw the immensity of Krishnaji as a teacher; but to Achyut, with his Socialist background, Krishnaji's teaching could not be for the few. He felt that Krishnaji's presence had to permeate the soil of Rajghat. It

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and magic makers, awakeners of *kundalini*, with intimate relationship with plants and minerals In the face of invasions they had fled from the Buddhist monasteries of Vikram Sila and Nalanda, seeking refuge in Andhra Pradesh and Tamilnadu was sacred soil—the Buddha had walked there. Krishnaji had stood and watched the sunrise on the curve of the river, the sacred point where the Ganga started its journey northward—back to its source. This sacredness, that which lay behind the word of Krishnaji, the overflowing compassion, had to be communicated nonverbally to the villager, the fisherman, the weaver, the farmer who tilled the sacred Gangetic soil. The politically educated mind of Achyut saw that without this, there could be no stability in Rajghat and no work with the teaching was possible. Achyut's background and political life were legendary. Prepared to use violence to gain freedom, he had gone through all the inner and outer actions of the revolutionary. His name was resonant with the passion and fire of the freedom struggle. And now the *vira*, the warrior, had in spirit donned the saffron robe—a reversal of roles which intrigued Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, and many of his Socialist comrades. There could be no finer material than Achyut to work in the villages of India.

Achyut went to Rajghat. From the first moment, he was totally dissatisfied with the mediocre school for middle-class children run by the Trust; and so he decided to work towards establishing a rural hospital to cater to the needs of the villages of the surrounding area. This was Achyut's first social response to the building of a religious center. He told me that "it was a gesture of friendship unconditionally available to the poor and the needy." Later, Dr. Kalle, an F.R.C.S.* and a deeply compassionate human being, joined Achyut to work in the hospital.

Achyut, like all Indians, had an intense love of the earth. It was for him the mother. So Achyut's mind now turned to the land. The Gangetic soil was rich, the crops poor. Ravines and the absence of any care for the land was impoverishing the rich earth. It had been neglected and plundered. He formulated plans for starting the agricultural school for the sons of farmers—Sir V. T. Krishnamachari, vice-chairman of the planning commission, was most receptive to Achyut's approach. Soon the agricultural school across the river Varuna came into being, the land was contoured, wells sunk. Achyut lived there in a tiny cottage, without electricity and with primitive sanitation. His main companion was Dr. Kalle, who lived in a cottage across the road from Achyut. It was Dr. Kalle, with the support of Achyut, who was to establish the medical center and hospital for the poor who lived in the villages around Rajghat.

To Achyut starting the agricultural school was a symbolic act, bearing witness that the land, the sacred ancient land, the river, the cycle of the seasons, were alive, sanctity was reviving itself. Kasi, the most ancient and most sacred of the cities of India, was the soil in which the seed of renewal lay dormant. It had awaited the arrival of the Teacher for centuries. Krishnamurti's voice was heard again, and the dormant seed responded.

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*Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, a prestigious British degree

About this time Dr. Ram Dhar Misra, a mathematician who had been head of the department of mathematics in Lucknow University, was to join Achyut in his work. Ram Dhar Misra was a bachelor, and had decided to give up his profession to become a Buddhist monk. He had met Achyut, heard of the teachings of Krishnamurti, gave up his decision to take the robe, and came to Rajghat. He shared the small house with Achyut. And when Dr. Kalle started the hospital, Dr. Misra worked as his assistant, cleaning wounds, bandaging patients. No work was too menial; his role was to enable the rural hospital to function in every way. Austere, erudite in mathematics and in the sacred texts of India, he had a close affinity with growing things—trees, shrubs, or flowering grass. He was very fastidious about food and often invited his friends to a Varanasi breakfast of *jalebis* (luscious syrup-filled sweets), *kachoris* (wheat cakes stuffed with savory vegetables), and delicious fresh peas, which he cooked with delicacy.

It was about this time that Vinoba Bhave, one of Gandhiji's most trusted lieutenants, had started his Bhoodan movement. He had begun the *pada yatras,* a pilgrimage, walking on foot from village to village, asking landowners for gifts of land for the poor and the landless. The movement was in harmony with India's ethos, where quixotic behavior, sainthood, sacrifice, and gestures of righteousness were inextricably woven on the loom of tradition and social action.

Vast numbers of young people, shattered by Gandhiji's assassination and not knowing where to turn, followed Vinoba Bhave. "*Sarva bhoomi gopal ki,* all land belongs to God," sang his disciples. Vinobaji, the gaunt, bony, bearded ascetic, walked along the dust-filled paths of village India, eating frugally, demanding nothing for himself. Only in India was it possible to look as one pleased, without self-consciousness. In fact, eccentricity was considered integral to sainthood. For a time the Bhoodan movement exploded in India. Ripples were felt everywhere. Chief ministers and intellectuals, the poor and the affluent, walked on foot long distances, with the saint of Paunar, a village in Maharashtra where Vinobaji had his *ashram*. Rao Sahib and Achyut Patwardhan were deeply moved by the Bhoodan movement. They felt that Vinoba was introducing a new revolutionary, nonviolent attitude to poverty. From the earliest times the village of India had given of their bounty, their labor, and their skill to the city dwellers. The process, Achyut felt, had to be reversed.

In a sense Achyut was bridging, through his work at Rajghat, the impact of Krishnaji's teachings with his own conditioned responses to his social background and the immediate impact of Vinoba Bhave.

Krishnaji came with Rajagopal to Bombay in early 1953. They stayed with Ratansi Morarji on Carmichael Road. The affectionate atmosphere of the early days was over. Krishnaji was withdrawn and spent much time in his room, alone. His laughter was seldom heard, but the voice of Rajagopal in irritation and anger was often heard from Krishnaji's room.

Krishnaji was giving a vast number of interviews, meeting *sannyasis*, students, men and women burdened with sorrow and the isolation of old age. He was holding talks in the compound of the J. J. School of Art; small discussion groups had started, but he no longer came and sat in the living room every morning and evening. The chanting in which Krishnaji had participated also ended. Rajagopal appeared to be determining what Krishnaji could or could not do. At the time, Rajagopal was very friendly with Jamnadas Dwarkadas, who, with his ardent love and devotion for Krishnaji, reacted strongly and with anger to Rajagopal's insinuations. Jamnadas never told us what Rajagopal had said, but hinted that he had accused Krishnaji bitterly. Rajagopal was friendly to me, but we had long arguments on publications, organizations, and the like. At times we disagreed with passion. I was not used to secretive attitudes in public institutions. Rajagopal was arrogant and refused to answer questions. He wanted to know everything, but was not prepared to reveal anything. I told him that I could not work with him on these terms.

Krishnaji's public talks, however, bore no trace of the whirlpool that was revolving round Krishnaji at Ratansi's residence.

About this time an incident took place that was to release the arrow of causation which ultimately led to a complete break between Krishnaji and Rajagopal. Badgered by Rajagopal, with scenes taking place every day, Krishnaji was made to say something that affected Krishnaji's personal integrity. Having said it, Krishnaji awoke to its total implications. That is the only time I have seen Krishnaji in deep anguish.

He asked us to take him for a drive to Worli beach. We walked along the seashore; the tide was in and there was a strong wind. In those days the Worli beach was deserted. Krishnaji walked far ahead of us, completely silent, aloof. He stopped and waited for us. Turning to face us, he stood for a while, then crossed his hands across his chest and said, "Mea culpa." He knew that we understood. Then, as if from a long distance, we heard his voice. "The words have been said, the arrow has sped, I can do nothing about it. It will find its mark." He was never to refer to the incident again.

During the days that followed, the small discussions and talks started again. Krishnaji spoke of the necessity to be established in whatever state arose at a given moment—hatred, anger, greed, affection, generosity. "Is it possible," he asked, "to be these states completely without any movement of the mind away from them, without any movement either to change or strengthen them?"

Krishnaji said it was essential to ask fundamental questions; they rarely arose spontaneously. The mind, concerned with the trivial, seldom paused to ask the fundamental question. And when it did, it always had the easy answer arising from what it had already experienced.

"We have been educated to fight strong emotions, the resistance gave them strength and food. Is it possible to question, seek questions, without a movement of the mind? Could one ask the fundamental question and leave it in consciousness—remain with it—not let attention wander away from it? To hold the question or the problem so that it starts unfolding its petals, revealing itself—in the light of attention—so that, fully flowering, there is an ending totally?"

In 1953 Krishnamurti's nephew G. Narain came to see him in Bombay. The son of Krishnaji's eldest brother, Narain had finished his M.A. and qualified to be a lawyer. Krishnaji took Narain to his room. It was evening, and Krishnaji opened the windows so that the setting sun entered the room, lighting up Krishnaji's face. He asked Narain what he was going to do. Narain hesitated, and Krishnaji suggested that he should go to teach at Rishi Valley. Narain said he would think over it. That night, Narain told me that he felt his whole body covered with blue light, cool and beautiful. He struggled and pushed it away, but half an hour later it was there again. Narain felt that this experience had wiped away all his problems. He went to Rishi Valley in June 1953, first as a teacher and later as vice principal.

From Rishi Valley Narain went to Oxford to qualify for his M.A. in education. After a year he rejoined Rishi Valley, but later went abroad.

He taught at one of the Rudolph Steiner schools for several years. Deeply interested in Buddhism, he had contacts with many practicing Buddhists in England. On a request from Krishnaji, he returned to India in 1978 and took charge as principal of the Rishi Valley School.

Krishnaji went to Varanasi with Rajagopal in the late winter of 1953. Kitty and Shiva Rao were away in the United States, and Krishnaji wrote to ask me whether he and Rajagopal could stay in our rooms in the Delhi Gymkhana Club, one of the last remnants of Delhi's colonial past. Krishnaji and Rajagopal stayed there for a night on the way to Rajghat in Varanasi, where Krishnaji was to give fifteen talks to the children of Rajghat School.

The talks were a challenge to Krishnaji. He had to discover words in which he could express himself and be understood by children who spoke English haltingly. Complex problems of authority, fear, sorrow, and death were being communicated. Krishnaji's pauses, the intensity of attention, the inclusive perception, the affection contained in his words, touched the depth of the minds of the youngest child. Krishnaji's voice was gentle, his words hesitant; he smiled with his heart and his eyes and the children listened and were quiet.

Speaking on January 4, 1954, Krishnaji said, "Education is not till you are twenty-one, but till you die. Life is like a river, it is always in movement, never still. It is alive. If one holds to a part of the river and thinks one understands, then it is like holding dead water. For the river goes by and if we cannot flow with it, one is left behind. Can one watch the movements of the river? Can one see things happening on the riverbank, can one understand, be faced with what is life?"

Speaking of fear with utmost simplicity, he opened up its complexities. He went into the fears that crowd a child's mind. He spoke of the nature of fear and punishment, the need for intelligence. Seeing and sensing the conservative families from which the children came, he probed into the words "to conserve," to hold, to guard. He delved into the word "tradition." What was it to be respectable? "If," he said, "you go into it very deeply, you will see that it arises out of fear of making a mistake."

"Why not make a mistake?" he asked. "Why not find out? The old people have not created a beautiful world, they are full of darkness, fear, corruption, compulsion; they have not created a good world. And perhaps if you are free of fear in itself and can face fear in another, the world would be totally different."

"What is sorrow?" asked a child of ten. Krishnaji, with anguish, turned to the teachers and said, "Is it not a terrible thing that a child so young should ask?" Then to the child he spoke of understanding of sorrow, of fear. "You cannot avoid sorrow or run away from it. You have to understand it. And to help you understand is the function of the teacher."

A little girl asked, "What is God?" and Krishnaji said, "In answer to that question, we are talking to the little girl, and also to the old people, the teachers will kindly listen. Have you watched a leaf dancing in the sun, a solitary leaf? Have you watched the moonlight on the water and did you see the other night the red moon? Did you notice the bird flying? Have you deep love for your parents? I am not talking of fear, of anxiety, of obedience, but of the feeling, the great sympathy you have when you see a beggar, or a bird die, or when you see a body burnt on the river bank. Can you see all this and have sympathy and understanding for the rich who go by in big cars, and for the poor beggar as well as for the poor *ekka* horse that is almost a walking skeleton? Can we have the feeling that *this earth is ours—yours and mine* to be made beautiful?

"Then, behind it all there is something much deeper. But to understand that which is deep and beyond the mind, the mind has to be free, quiet. The mind cannot be quiet without understanding the world around you. So you have to begin near, begin with little things, instead of trying to find out what God is."

In one of the talks, he explained the necessity for the child to sit still. "The older people grow, the more nervous, fidgity agitated they become. They cannot sit gently."

He told the child how to prevent the mind from becoming imitative; how the mind creates for itself tradition which is the way of imitation. "Can the mind be free?" he asked. "Not free from experience, but free to experience. Freedom comes when the mind experiences without tradition."

In his last talk to the children, he spoke of religion. "Religion comes when the mind has understood the working of itself. When the mind is quiet, very still—the stillness is not the peace of death; this stillness is very active, very alert, watchful. To find out what God—Truth is, one has to understand sorrow, and the struggle of human existence. To go beyond the mind there must be a cessation of the self, the 'me.' It is only then, that which we all worship, seek, comes into being."

In Varanasi we asked Krishnaji what he would do to create a school that would reflect his teachings. He replied, "First of all there has to be an atmosphere of immensity. The feeling that I am entering a temple. There must be beauty, space, quietness, dignity. There must be a sense of altogetherness in the student and teacher; a state of floration, a sense of flowering, a feeling of extraordinary sacredness. There must be truthfulness, fearlessness. The child must put his hands to the earth, there must be in him a quality of otherness."

"How do you create this concretely?"

"I would go into the way of teaching, the quality of attention," Krishnaji responded. "I would enquire how to teach the child to learn without memory being predominant. I would talk about attention and not concentration. I would go into the way the child sleeps, his food, the games he plays, the furniture in his room; I would see that the child is attentive to the trees, the birds, the spaces which are around him. I would see that he grows in an atmosphere of attention."

CHAPTER 17

"The Mind Seemed to Expand without an End."

In March 1955 it had been decided that before returning to Europe Krishnaji would rest for a month at Ranikhet, a hill station in the Himalayas. During the years of British rule, Ranikhet, in the Kumaun ranges of the Himalayas, had been a cantonment—no civilians had lived there. The houses, like all the homes built by the English in the hill stations of India, were nostalgic copies of English cottages—nestled in gardens, filled with fragrant flowers and towering pines and deodar trees. The sharp scent of resin and smoke permeated the trees. Flower bushes had been planted along the roadside, and in the summer they were ablaze with blossom.

From Ranikhet lay the route to the sacred points of pilgrimage, deep in the Himalayan ranges—to Kedarnath and Badrinath, the Himalayan homes of Shiva and Vishnu; to the sources of the rivers Ganga and the Jamuna; and to Kailash and Manasarovar in Tibet. Kailash, the snowbound mountain home of Shiva after he had been accepted into the Brahminic pantheon, was cone shaped. On one side of the mountain was Manasarovar, the lake with azure waters wherein lived mythical golden swans, the *ham sā*. The sound of the name of the swan was resonant with the silences of the cosmos, and with the inbreathing and outbreathing of *prana* the life force. On the other side of the mountain was Raksasa Tal, a volcanic lake with dark, angry waters. The two lakes symbolized the two aspects of Shiva and of mind—the turbulence and the total stillness.

From Ranikhet one could see on a clear day a vast stretch of snow-tipped Himalayan peaks. They had sacred names—Trisul, Neelkanth, Nandadevi, Nandakhot. Sunrise and sunset, the blazing noonday sun, the full moon at night—all revealed changing light and shadow on their awesome, steadfast faces. They were the eternal seers, the guardians of the land and the source of the life-giving rivers.

Achyut had gone to Ranikhet and found a house, Ardee, for Krishnaji to live in. It was arranged that my husband drive Krishnaji up to Ranikhet from Delhi. Krishnaji had been in Bombay giving talks and discussions, and it was decided that he would leave for the hills on March 18. In Bombay, however, he fell ill with a high fever. Krishnaji was delirious; he could not bear noise and his bed had to be moved to the sitting room. Dr. Nathubhai Patel, an eminent physician, examined Krishnaji and determined that he had gotten worms from eating raw food. K's sensitive body had reacted violently, and the bladder and urinary tract were inflamed. With treatment, however, Krishnaji recovered rapidly. By the third week of March we were in Delhi, and on March 28 we were ready to leave for the mountains.

Kitty Shiva Rao had arranged for one of her servants, Diwan Singh, and Tanappa from Rajghat, to go ahead to Ranikhet and prepare the house for Krishnaji. The journey was a little over two hundred miles. As Krishnaji could not bear heat, we started the journey at 5 A.M.

Krishnaji sat in the front seat with my husband, who was driving, and Madhavachari and I sat at the back. The early morning air was cool, and we covered most of the journey to the foothills before the sun was too hot. Krishnaji had always been a very good driver. His extensive awareness could sense danger seconds before catastrophe struck. But as a back-seat driver he was very disturbing. Throughout the journey he instructed Jayakar to do this and not to do that; warning him of approaching dangers. Several times we suggested that Krishnaji sit with us in back, but he was intent on staying where he was.

Madhavachari and I began to discuss various problems connected with self-knowing. We had been climbing steadily; the view was of waterfalls and steep gorges and hillsides covered with rhododendron. We looked out at the changing vegetation, the rocks and precipices, the rushing streams. We were speaking of awareness, and splitting hairs as to its nature, when suddenly we felt a jolt. We paid no attention and continued our conversation. A few seconds later, Krishnaji turned round and asked us what we were discussing. "Awareness," we said, and immediately started asking him questions about it. He listened, looked at us quizzically, and then asked, "Did you notice what happened just now?"

"No."

"We knocked down a goat, did you not see it?"

"No."

Then with great gravity he said, "And you were discussing awareness." No more words were necessary. It was devastating.

The house in Ranikhet was overgrown with creepers, the garden smothered with weeds, but deodars and pines surrounded the house. The sharp freshness of resin permeated the rooms. It was intensely quiet with the silence that is found in lone houses situated in forests.

My husband and I returned to Delhi after staying overnight. Madhavachari had to go to Madras, and he accompanied us back. Achyut stayed with Krishnaji for a few days.

Krishnaji went for long walks alone. Amongst pine trees and deodar forests he became lost, but instinctively found his way home. The trees against the backdrop of the Himalayan peaks were a delight. He spoke of these peaks stretching from Nepal to the Badrinath caves: "They were sixty miles away from us, with a vast blue valley between them and us stretching for over two hundred miles. They filled the horizon from end to end. The intervening sixty miles seemed to disappear, and there was only that strength and solitude. These peaks, some rising over 25,000 feet, had divine names, for the gods lived there, and men came to them from great distances to worship and to die.

"The mind seemed to cover the vast space and the unending distance, or rather the mind seemed to expand without an end and behind and beyond the mind there was something that held all things in it."

He then questioned his own perceptions. "That which is beyond all consciousness cannot be thought about or experienced by the mind. But what is it then that has perceived and is aware of something totally different from the projections of the mind? Who is it that experiences it? Obviously it is not the mind of everyday memories, responses and urges.

"Is there another mind?" he asks himself. "Is there a part of the mind that is dormant, to be awakened only by that which is alone and beyond all mind? If this is so then within the mind there is always that which is beyond all thought and time. And yet that cannot be, for it is only speculative thought and therefore another invention of the mind.

"Since the immensity is not born of the process of the mind, then what is it that is aware of it? Is the mind as experiencer aware of it, or is it that immensity is aware of itself because there is no experiencer? There was only *that*, and that was aware of itself without measurement. It had no beginning and no word."[1]

In the evening Krishnaji sat before the fire and asked Achyut to teach him some Sanskrit. Achyut began reading the *Mandukya Upanishad* with Krishnaji. The *Upanishad* which unfolds the sound of *Ōm*[*]—the total vowel sound in which there are no consonants—the *Ōm* sound that reverberates in the universe and in the caverns of the heart when all outer sound has ended.

Achyut asked, "What is wrong with the chanting of Ōm if the mind grows still?"

"Is your mind still?"

"For that second when we recited—the 'I' was not," Achyut said.

Krishnaji's response negated all anchors and props. "What you are doing involves time. That has nothing to do with time. Time can never lead to the other."

Achyut returned to the plains after a few days and Krishnaji stayed alone at Ardee. A series of letters to my husband reveals the meticulous care Krishnaji took of his clothes. He always had a passionate feeling for color and texture. Handwoven textiles enchanted him. In India he dressed with elegant simplicity, wearing a long *kurta* reaching below the knees and loose pyjamas. For warmth he wore a jacket or a *choga*. He had several of these beautiful woolens, given to him by Mrs. Besant, made of Kashmir *tus* wool, in warm honey-brown tones.

In 1948 and for some years following, he wore only white. But later his love of the earth colors of the mendicant prevailed. Friends brought him handwoven cottons and the heavy, handspun coarse linen-textured *kurtas* made from the waste that remains after silk has been reeled, in colors ranging from thick cream to burnt umber and the bark-dyed tones worn by Buddhist monks.

Living alone, with a cook to look after his needs, Krishnaji renewed himself. He went for long walks, conversed with the snowy peaks, looked, listened to the world within him and around him. He once told us a story of a large number of monkeys, the black-faced langurs which used to swing on the tree-tops surrounding Ardee. One morning he was writing in his room, the window was open. Suddenly, he had a feeling of eyes watching him intently. He looked up and found a full-grown monkey sitting on the windowsill and looking into the room with intensity. Krishnaji arose and walked towards the monkey. When they were face to face, the monkey put out its hand. Krishnaji took it and the monkey let him hold it. There was complete trust. Krishnaji describes the touch of the palm as strong, infinitely soft, despite callouses which had formed from climbing branches. For a few minutes they remained holding hands, then the langur tried to enter the room. Krishnaji pushed him back, gently but firmly, and closed the window.

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[*] Also, *Aum*.

CHAPTER 18

"Can There Be Action without Consequence?"

The winter of 1955 saw Krishnaji in Varanasi. He had come there with Rosalind from Sydney. His astonishing, awesome beauty was absent. The face appeared aged, the hair had started to turn grey.

He questioned himself aloud. "What is action without consequence?" For three days he probed into the question, refusing to allow any immediate response, letting the question unfold, letting it release the energy held within it. There was no leaving the question, and during the discussion meetings our minds probed with him. He refused to let us answer from the *Gita* or the sacred books. For him the question had to evoke its own answer. And yet every answer from the past was a consequence, from the present a consequence, and the projected future was also a consequence.

Krishnaji asked, "Can there be action without consequence? Can the past, future, be brought together in the present and extinguished? The past mistake was a consequence, my action on it is a consequence, my refusal to act on it is also a consequence, and yet there has to be action without consequence." He went on searching. He would take up the question, letting every intimation surrounding the question arise, perceiving the response without condemnation or justification and so negating it. All enquiry was tentative, there was a total absence of any assertive statement.

Then suddenly, on the third day, as if there had been revelation, he said, "Can one live without self-concept? Can one live without the reflected self-image? Only in that is there action without consequence."

"What does that imply?" we asked.

"To live without self-concept," he responded, "is to be aware of the constant projection of the self and seeing it to negate it."

Another morning he said, "We die through disease, old age, suicide. The dying is the sinking into the unknown, a sudden cutting away, an oblivion." Then he asked with great gravity, "Living, can one enter the house of death?"

Rosalind was visiting India after many years. She was meeting old friends from the days of her life in the Theosophical Society, and made new friends, among them Malti Nauroji and Kawji Dwarkadas, Jamnadas's brother and an old associate of Mrs. Besant. Kitty Shiva Rao was also in Varanasi, and they spent long days together. Sunanda Patwardhan had been working as Krishnaji's secretary from 1949, while Krishnaji was in India. She traveled with him around the country, taking shorthand notes, typing his letters, attending the talks and discussions. Rosalind liked her and gave her much affection. However, in Rosalind's relationship to Krishnaji, the tensions had accentuated. Like Rajagopal, her voice was often heard remonstrating with Krishnaji. Faced with her anger, Krishnaji was to tell us later, he became totally silent and passive. He listened with precision, deeply and extensively, but refused to react. Her inability to evoke a response from Krishnaji made Rosalind furious. It was a confrontation with no opponent. The other had vanished.

With an unending stream of questions, Rosalind sought to find the "influence" that underlay the seeming change in Krishnaji. For many years Rosalind had taken Krishnaji for granted, and now she found that there was suddenly no Krishnaji to contact or with whom she could establish a relationship.

Obstinately, Rosalind insisted that Krishnaji agree to travel with her to see the Ajanta and Ellora caves. Malti Nauroji and Sunanda accompanied them. It was very hot. The landscape was stark, the Deccan rocks molten in the sun. There was little green to relieve the eye. Krishnaji suffered, and when they returned to Bombay, the situation remained grim.

Krishnaji returned alone to Delhi in early October 1956. Beauty filled him. He was speaking again in the capital city after many years, under an open *shamiana*, a tent erected on the lawns of the Constitution Club. Diplomats, *sannyasis*, bureaucrats, clerks, professors, and a sprinkling of young people came to hear him.

The young were a handful. In spite of the massacres of partition, the euphoria of freedom continued at its zenith. The glitter and affluence generated by the skills and artifacts of science and technology were becoming apparent in India. The young minds, stimulated and responsive to vast new explosions of knowledge in the West and the opportunities being released by technology, were not interested in self-knowledge or the long perspective. It was the immediacy and possibilities of the new that fired their minds.

The older generation was still steeped in the sterility of dead traditions; with the death of Gandhiji, the Gandhians had turned to Vinoba Bhave. Intrigued by Rao Sahib and Achyut's total involvement with Krishnaji and his teachings, the Gandhians had started attending Krishnaji's talks. The small group discussions had commenced. Shankar Rao Deo and Dada Dharmadhikari, two very important members of the Sarva Seva Sangh were seen at every gathering.

Shankar Rao Deo, matured in the freedom struggle, was steeped in a tradition of austerity. Highly educated, he was one of the bare-bodied followers of Gandhiji, imposing on himself rigid disciplines of fasting and practice of *brahmacharya,* which involves a vow of total celibacy. He had gone to jail several times, had been placed in "C" class—the lowest class reserved for prisoners. Political prisoners placed in "C" class had to wear prison garments, eat prison food, and were not permitted newspapers or books. Revolted by the prevalent injustices, he had protested and gone on a fast. His refusal to break his fast had infuriated the prison authorities. He had been placed on the triangle and flogged and left jail with permanent scars. A wildness and passionate urgency for the unexpressed fired his eyes; he had curbed his senses with a harsh austerity; deep within were frustrations and unfulfilled desires, passions, and ambitions. In jail Shankar Rao Deo had come in close contact with Javdekar, a close friend of Tilak and Bhagwat,* and an associate of Mahatma Gandhi from 1920. Recognized as intellectuals in Maharashtra, they were steeped in the finest traditions of learning. With them, Shankar Rao Deo had read Krishnamurti's books. In later years Javdekar and Bhagwat had attended Krishnaji's talks, but had never come close to him personally. They felt strongly that Krishnaji was expressing, although in a new language, the entire Adwaita position of Vedanta.

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*Bal Gangadhar Tilak was a Brahmin intellectual, scholar, writer, and freedom fighter A highly revered and respected figure in Maharashtra, he was tried by the British government on charges of sedition and imprisoned in the Andaman Islands

Bhagwat was a philosopher, freedom fighter, and editor of an important Marathi newspaper, *Lok Sakti.*

In 1948 Javdekar and Bhagwat, in *Lok Shakti*, a much-respected Maharashtrian journal, wrote a six-column article in which Krishnaji was proclaimed a realized human being. The Maharashtra pandits accepted Krishnaji in 1948; it was late in the 1970s before the pandits of Varanasi did the same. With the acceptance of Krishnaji by Javdekar and Bhagwat, a stream of Maharashtrian thinkers and writers were drawn to him. They saw in him a teacher who, without contradicting the past, had shattered the tradition, transcending it. Through him they saw revealed the luminous, eternal truth.

In 1948 Shankar Rao Deo had been in New Delhi for the meetings of the Constituent Assembly. He had also participated in the small discussions Krishnaji had held at the time. At one of the first ones, Krishnaji had been discussing violence and nationalism. Shankar Rao Deo said of this, "To understand Krishnaji you had to understand the 'I.' Krishnaji had said, 'The understanding of the "I" involves time and space; understanding is, when time has ended.' "[1]

1956 was the year of the Buddha Jayanti, and the government of India invited His Holiness the Dalai Lama from Tibet to visit India and travel to the various sacred sites associated with the Enlightened One. Apa Sahib Pant, a senior officer in the Foreign Service who at the time was political officer in Sikkim, had been asked to accompany the Dalai Lama around the country. They traveled in a large, air-conditioned train accompanied by a vast entourage.

As religious and secular head of the Tibetan state, the life of the Dalai Lama was strictly bound by protocol. He had been a figure of mystery. In Tibet, rarely visible except to a few lamas, he lived a life of strict discipline and meditation. This would be the first visit of any Dalai Lama out of that mysterious land.

When he arrived in Madras in December, Apa Sahib Pant had suggested to the twenty-year-old incarnation of the divine that he visit Krishnamurti, who at the time was staying in Vasant Vihar. Apa Sahib had related the life of Krishnaji and the extraordinary nature of his teachings. The young monk had commented, "A Nagarjuna!"* and had expressed a keen desire to meet Krishnaji. Those around the Dalai Lama were most distressd. It was a shattering of all protocol. But the Dalai Lama insisted, and the meeting was arranged.

In Apa Sahib's words, "Krishnaji received [the Dalai Lama] simply.

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*A reference to the second-century Buddhist sage who taught adherence to the "Middle Path" as also the way of the great negation.

It was breathtaking to feel the electric affection that instantly flashed between them." The Dalai Lama gently but directly asked, "Sir, what do you believe in?" and then the conversation went on in almost monosyllabic sentences, as it was a communication without rhetoric. The young Lama was feeling on familiar ground as Krishnaji made him "coexperience." On the return journey to Raj Bhawan, the Dalai Lama was to say, "A great soul, a great experience."[2] The Dalai Lama also expressed a wish to meet Krishnamurti again.

From the mid-1950s Shankar Rao Deo became a familiar figure at Krishnaji's talks; every winter he would visit Varanasi and stay at the Sarva Seva Sangh headquarters, which had been built at the entrance to Rajghat. With Rao Sahib Patwardhan, I had often visited him there and had found him engaged in *shram dan*—the gift of work, which along with the gift of land, was part of the teachings of the hermit Vinoba Bhave. We would find Shankar Rao sitting for hours with a winnowing fan, picking tiny stones out of rice. It amused me to see him do this seemingly absurd activity, but his action appeared perfectly appropriate to Rao Sahib.

Shankar Rao used to come to hear Krishnaji's talks; he would attend the discussions and sometimes meet K alone. Krishnaji would banter with Shankar Rao, make him laugh, point to the river and the trees, speak of beauty, love, and the nature of compassion, and overwhelm him with affection. Shankar Rao would listen, powerfully attracted by Krishnaji, yet his whole background rebelled against K's words. He was incapable of comprehending Krishnaji's insistence on the need for love, beauty, and sensitivity. Krishnaji's attitude to the sense and to desire perplexed him. "Listen to desire as you listen to the wind amongst the trees," said Krishnaji. The Gandhian, nurtured on ideas that demanded the destruction of desire, did not know where to turn or what to say. Shankar Rao found it difficult to reconcile Krishnaji's teaching with Gandhian ideals.

Krishnaji's response to Shankar Rao's determined austerity and his harsh denial of the senses was later reflected in Krishnaji's talks in Bombay. In February 1957 Krishnaji was to say, "To make the senses insensitive to that which is tempestuous, contradictory, conflicting, sorrowful, is to deny the whole depth and beauty and glory of existence. Reality demands your whole being, a total human being, not with a mind that is paralyzed. There is a constant battle between 'what I am' and 'what I should be.' This is the web of sorrow on which man is caught. To curb your senses is the cultivation of insensitivity. Though you may be seeking God, your mind is made dull."

In the small discussions the nature of being and becoming were explored. Germinating in the dark recesses of the mind, "desire to become is the soil in which sorrow takes root." The mind, to be free, has to see itself as the result of time—only in the energy of self-knowing is true enquiry possible.

"There is an astounding movement in the stillness of discovery moment to moment, which destroys germination in the mind. Self-knowing is the understanding of becoming in oneself. The religious revolution is the ending of becoming." On his evening walks on the Worli beach he spoke of the act of listening as "unpremeditated and uncalculated. It is an action of truth, for in it is total attention," and of silence as "the source of all creation." Then he made a seminal statement, which was to find expression again in his talks. "Can there be a feeling without thought? Can you ride a feeling without directing it, seeking to change it, calling it good or bad? Try it," he said.

Shankar Rao was present at the talks and at the small discussions. His conflicts and his complex reactions seemed to intensify. Shankar Rao Deo was incapable of living life with both passion and austerity. In Bombay Krishnaji asked, "If you knew that you were about to die, what would you do? Can you live one hour completely—live one day—one hour—as if you were going to die the next hour? But if you die so that you are living fully in this hour, there is enormous vitality, tremendous attention to everything. You look at the spring of life, the tear, you feel the earth, the quality of the tree. You feel the love that has no continuity and no object. Then you will find in that attention that the 'me' is not. It is then that the mind, being empty, can renew itself."

In the winter of 1956 Vimla Thakkar, a young woman devotee of Vinoba Bhave, was to accompany Shankar Rao and Dada Dharmadhikari to see Krishnaji in Varanasi. She was a Maharashtrian, passionate of speech, learned in Sanskrit and the ancient Indian texts. From her childhood she was attached to a religious life, and had visions of Krishna and other mystical experiences. In search of a guru, for some years she had been a disciple of Tukroji Maharaj, an accepted saint of Maharashtra, and later had left him to join Vinoba Bhave. She had walked with him through the villages of India. Preaching came naturally to her. She saw herself as a woman of destiny; this gave her enormous energy, eloquence, and drive.

During discussions Krishnaji, sensing her self-image, said to her, "Don't try to experience truth through Shankara, Krishna, Gandhi, or Krishnamurti." She questioned him, but found that there appeared to be no relationship between the questions she asked Krishnaji and his responses. For his responses were a challenge to her mind and its assumptions.

Vimla Thakkar had been practicing intense yogic *sadhanas*,* and she was suffering from a severe pain in the ear. The trouble in her ear persisted, and her friends had told her that it was due to the awakening of the *kundalini*. One morning when she, Shankar Rao, and Dada Dharmadhikari were discussing some aspect of the teaching with Krishnaji, Dada spoke of Vimla's ear trouble. He told Krishnaji that it was related to Vimla's yogic practices, but Krishnaji did not agree. He asked her to see a doctor, as he felt that it was not a mystical experience but a physical illness. She was distressed to hear Krishnaji say this, but later went to an ear surgeon and in 1960 was operated on in Bombay. The pain disappeared, but she became totally deaf in one ear.

In December 1960 she met Krishnaji again in Varanasi with Shankar Rao and Dada. During the conversation the deafness was mentioned, and Krishnaji suddenly said, "My mother used to tell me when I was very young that I had the power to heal in these hands." He said it shyly, as always when he spoke of himself. "Would you like me to see whether I can help you with your ear?" Vimla was taken aback. Brought up in a tradition which made her react strongly against all miracle makers, she said she did not believe in these things, and so the moment passed. Dada later chided her and told her that she should not have refused; Krishnaji was not like the ordinary *sadhu* living on miracles. After much discussion, she went back to Krishnaji and sought his help.

Krishnaji had a certain way of performing an act of healing. The sufferer sat on a chair, Krishnaji stood behind, and placed his hands on the head of the patient. Then, with a gesture, he seemed to throw off what had entered his hands. He would repeat this several times. Then he placed his hands on the patient's head for several moments, after which he asked the person to sit quietly for a while. Krishnaji invariably washed his hands afterward. In this way, for several days Krishnaji placed his hands on Vimla's ear, and slight hearing returned.

Vimla followed Krishnaji to Bombay, where he was giving talks. He asked her about her ear. She said she was hearing the sound of a flute

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**Sadhana*: practice of austerity or discipline.

in the deaf ear. He told her that she was translating the sound into her own imagery; he asked her to stop doing so and to use ice packs on the ear to cure the noise. She was later to follow Krishnaji to London—and then to Saanen in Switzerland, where he continued his therapy. From Saanen she wrote to Dada joyfully, "I am cured, and can hear clearly."

At an interview in Wimbledon, Vimla asked Krishnaji about his healing powers. He told her, "I am afraid you won't understand."

She followed him to Gstaad, Switzerland. Krishnaji was not looking well, and appeared to be under a strain. She asked him again about his power to heal, as she felt that the healing had affected her mind as well as her body. The deafness was cured, and the mind too had been released, freed from bondage. She felt "something inside let loose, can't stand frontiers." Krishnaji was to say to her very seriously, "Who told you that the two are related?" She again questioned him on the "explosion" within her. But he did not encourage her in her belief, and refused to accept that his touch had brought about deep psychic changes and release from bondage. She decided not to attend any more of Krishnaji's talks, but to start speaking of reality, on her own.[3]

Meanwhile, Shankar Rao's inner conflicts were intensifying. In 1962, in the midst of the Chinese conflict and the traumatic Bay of Pigs confrontation between Kennedy and Kruschev, Shankar Rao decided to lead a peace march to China. His friends tried to dissuade him, but he was adamant. So a small band started walking the dusty, overland trail. No one was very clear what route they were to take; frontiers were forgotten, but the spirit had decided and so they marched. Poet Allen Ginsberg and his friend Peter Orlovsky, founders of the Beat movement, with its revolt against the establishment and its questioning of all material values, were in India at the time. They were seeking Truth on the Varanasi *ghats*, along with ferocious Aghori Bawas and Nath Panthis. Delighted by Shankar Rao's act of lunatic humanity, they walked part of the way with him, chanting *bhajans* in their nasal American voices.*

The Central Bureau of Investigation (CBI) grew suspicious of these two dirty, long-haired, bearded foreigners. They refused to extend their

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*Aghori Bawas are amongst the most terrifying of the *sadhus* or holy men of India

Nath Panthis are followers of Gorakhnath, the author of the first treatise on hatha yoga Drawn from both Hindu and Muslim sects, they are wanderers, involved with magical practices and the worship of Shiva and Shakti. They are associated with many archaic legends all over Northern India.

Bhajans are devotional songs sung by groups of men and women visas. I received a telegram in Delhi from them which read, "CID [Criminal Investigation Department] harassment, visa extensions denied telegraphed Nehru, Gailbraith and Lord Ganesh arrive Delhi Monday—Allen and Peter." I explained the problem of these Western seekers to Viswanathan, a very sympathetic but cynical secretary of the home ministry, who told me that their telegram addressed to Prime Minister Nehru was before him, and that my name had been given to vouch for their integrity. Their visas were extended. Later, they rejoined Shankar Rao Deo's march. On March 16, 1963, they wrote:

Dear Pupul,

We went on elephant ride in zoo & then went out to Khurja and spent a day walking with Shankar Rao Deo & other marchers. They are making sense i e. confronting loudspeaker-hysteria with person-to-person calm. Spent night with them; they took us in & treated us fine and we touched their walking feet & left. I phoned your house when we got back to Delhi, your husband said you were still out. I guess he told you—

OK—
love, Allen.

Hollo Pupul & Babu Pa and Babu Ma,

It was a joy to walk with them day & night before the walk we slept with them in a one room house ashram all of us in the one room, sleeping next to me was a fellow name Jain from Madras who writes articles for a Budan [Bova's work] newspaper—also a young girl from Bangalore married to an Austrian Gandhian fellow both of whom are on the walk to Peking last name DADA was accompanying Shankar Rao for a few months walk & talking—DADA making jokes cheering everybody up—. I hope they make it into Peking—it would be great if Bhave & Nehru & Shankar Rao Deo could meet & walk with each other a day & talk about—

Love & Ganesh
- Peter -
What you reading now?
Just finished Dali Lama's autobiography.

Shankar Rao and his dusty pilgrims were stopped at the frontiers of Burma. They sat and waited, but the Burmese government was adamant. So the travelers had to turn back and disperse. The newspaper comments were satirical, the scoffers laughed, and Shankar Rao was deeply hurt.

In the winter of 1961 Rao had met Krishnaji in Varanasi and had spoken to him of the enormous fear that was consuming him. When

Krishnaji asked him what he feared, Shankar Rao had said, "Death." Krishnaji had gone into fear and death with the Gandhian, but later was to say that it was the forced repression of the senses that was destroying Shankar Rao.

After the peace march debacle, Shankar Rao tried to see Krishnaji again, but Krishnaji was not in India in the winter of 1962. Thwarted, fearful, not knowing where to turn, the years of abstinence and sensory denial were suddenly shattered and the violence within Shankar Rao expressed itself in an act of passion. Horrified with himself, holding a great burden of guilt, Shankar Rao went into deep depression and became totally dumb. His friends were enormously concerned and wrote to Krishnaji about him.

On Krishnaji's return to India in the winter of 1963, Rao Sahib Patwardhan and Dada Dharmadhikari brought Shankar Rao to Krishnaji. At first Shankar Rao refused to accompany Dharmadhikari and Rao Patwardhan, but suddenly he nodded his head and ceased to struggle. I remember the wild-looking, fierce-eyed, dark, thick-set, bare-bodied person wearing a high *dhoti* who was brought into the sitting room of Himmat Nivas in Bombay.

Krishnaji came into the room and said to Shankar Rao, "What have you done to yourself, my friend?" and embraced him. At Krishnaji's touch the wild, terrible eyes burst into tears. Holding him by the arm, Krishnaji took him to his room. An hour later they came out. Shankar Rao's face was calm, he spoke to Dada with affection, and said goodbye to Krishnaji. It appeared that Krishnaji had warned Shankar Rao not to touch politics again.

The news of the "miracle" spread through the Sarva Seva Sangh, and through them to the *ashrams* all over the country. People flocked to hear Krishnaji. According to Dada Dharmadhikari, this was the second miracle he was to witness, the first being the curing of Vimla's ear. At Krishnaji's talks at Bombay, crowds gathered as he walked to the car from the meeting, striving to touch his hand, to share in his benediction. These incidents (which Krishnaji for many years refused to have talked about) and the vastness of his silent presence impressed people tremendously. The teaching, though they all agreed it was grounded in a total nonduality, appeared too distant and too unattainable.

When Krishnaji and Rajagopal came to India in the winter of 1957, Krishnaji was in semiretreat and was not giving public talks.

Rajagopal had accompanied Krishnaji to India to settle matters relating to Vasant Vihar and Krishnaji's copyright. Krishnaji was vague about institutional structures, uninterested in his legal rights and reponsibilities, and agreed to whatever Rajagopal had suggested, although the signatures to the legal documents were finalized only in the winter of 1958. Krishnaji gave Rajagopal and Krishnamurti Writings, Inc. all rights on his copyright, and practically withdrew from K. W. I., of which he had been the president.

Madhavachari had become the secretary of the Foundation for New Education in 1957; he was also the K. W. I. representative in India. He had become Krishnaji's constant companion, his friend and his host. Madhavachari, retired from service, was living in Vasant Vihar. He was a tough South Indian Brahmin, and life in Vasant Vihar was spartan. Austerity was equated with a lack of concern for space or form, or for an ambience in which the creative could germinate. The spaces created by the genius of South India, to be found in temple shrines, in rural cottages, and the objects of daily use, had long been abandoned. Intimate laundry hung on clotheslines, over beds, and lithographs adorned the walls.

Vague feelings were arising in Krishnaji about the unkempt gardens and the general set-up in Vasant Vihar. The talks coincided with the Theosophical Society convention, and were attended by a large number of old people. Very few young people were in contact with the Vasant Vihar center or with Krishnamurti's teachings.

From Madras, Krishnaji and Rajagopal went to Rishi Valley and later returned to Madras. His work accomplished, Rajagopal returned to the United States. He was seen off at the Bombay airport by Sunanda and L. V. Bhave.

I had not been able to go to Rishi Valley or Madras, as my husband had had a very serious heart attack; I had to wait for Krishnaji in Delhi. My relations with my husband had been intensely difficult for some time; a Maharashtrian, he could not tolerate a wife who lived a life and had interests independent of his own. He struck out where he knew it would wound, but in the process the conflict shattered him and his body broke down.

Krishnaji, accompanied by Madhavachari, came to Delhi in early 1958. It was several years since I had met Krishnamurti the healer. I spoke to him of my sorrow and pain. His compassion contained me. He made me face the fact that no relationship existed between me and the man I had married. I was not prepared to see this. The pain came in waves, drowning me, making clear sight impossible. He put the two palms of his hands swallow-like round my face. He made me look into his eyes and see my sorrow reflected in them. He was the father, the mother, the friend, and the teacher, providing to my anguished spirit toughness and tenderness; but he would not let me look away. Like a pillar of fire, his seeing annihilated the memories, the loneliness, the lack of affection that were the root of pain. I was brought face to face with the emptiness of sorrow. A perception was generated that burnt away the scars of what had been. He gave abundantly of his love and it flowed through me, quietening the heart. If he healed me inwardly, to my husband too he gave of his abundance. Physically, healing the damaged heart, speaking to him with the same affection, healing his mind and spirit.

From Delhi, Krishnaji and Madhavachari went to Varanasi. I received several letters from Krishnaji asking me to come to Rajghat, but my husband's physical condition did not permit him to be left alone.

Krishnaji spent the summer of 1958 in India. He had been offered the M. E. S. bungalow at Chowbatia in Ranikhet, a spacious house situated at the highest point at Ranikhet, with a magnificent view of the snow-peaked Himalayas that lay enshrined before it. Again Krishnaji was in the sacred mountains of his ancestral past. In the evenings he sat and chanted the Sanskrit hymns he had relearned. He walked in the deodar woods, got lost, found the path that led homeward.

Speaking of these walks, he told of an evening when news came that a tiger had killed, not very far from Krishnaji's house. The next morning Krishnaji went for his usual walk, wandering farther and farther into the jungle. The many sounds of the forest—birds and rustling leaves, chattering monkeys—flowed through him. He came to a clearing and found that his body refused to move. Instinctively, he had sensed something, and the intelligence of the body had responded. All sound had ceased. Everything seemed in a state of abeyance—the breathing of nature had for an instant been suspended. Krishnaji stood for about two minutes, his mind totally alert, his body without movement. He could feel the watching. Then suddenly it was over, the birds called to each other, the monkeys sprang from tree to tree, the forest was alive, and Krishnaji came home. In the evening, reports reached the house that the tiger had been sighted in the forest.

Radhika, my eighteen-year-old daughter, and Asit Chandmal, my seventeen-year-old nephew, were to visit Krishnaji and Madhavachari at Chowbatia in May. They would later go abroad to continue their education—Radhika to Bryn Mawr in the United States, where she studied philosophy, and Asit to the Royal College of Science in London.

Krishnaji was happy to have two young people staying with him. Madhavachari gave them quantities of food, and Krishnaji taught them yoga *asanas,* postures. He showed them how to walk, how to stand, how to see from the back of the head. This was to let seeing flow backwards and to see from depth. He took them for long walks, observing, listening, and teaching them to see and listen.

"Pick up a leaf," he said. "Look at it—look far to the snow-clad peaks and let seeing flow beyond and then look very near and relate the looking to listening. Look in the Japanese way," he told them, which Radhika says is to bend the head and look at the world upside down. On one of the walks Asit recollects Krishnaji speaking of the sign of the cross, "The straight line being the 'I' and the vertical bar, the negation of the 'I.' "

Madhavachari was to leave for Madras before Krishnaji, and Murli Rao who had long been associated with Krishnaji, came up from Delhi to take Krishnaji down to the plains. Though the gardeners and the other attendants could not speak English, they had felt the silent, meditative presence of Krishnaji. The news of the great yogi had spread, and people arrived from all over the town to have a *darshan* and bid him goodbye. Krishnaji greeted them with smiles of affection, then before leaving he went round the garden and stood silently before the ancient gnarled deodar and pine trees. Later, Murli Rao asked Krishnaji what he was observing, and Krishnaji replied that he was bidding farewell to his friends. The trees had been his companions for the months he was there, and he had communed with them.

In Bombay, in January 1958, Rao Sahib Patwardhan brought a friend, P. Y. Deshpande—a lawyer, writer, and theoretical Marxist—to see Krishnaji. Disillusioned with Marxism, erudite, known for his intellect and his fierce temper, Deshpande came to meet Krishnaji in Bombay with his wife, Vimla Tai. Sorrow had shattered them; their son was dead and Marxism had no answers. He had turned to his Brahminical past, and he and his wife had studied the *Vedas* and the *Upanishads.* The Hymn to Creation of the *Rigveda* had evoked in them an instant of shattering perception. Deshpande had written a commentary on the hymn, through which he met Rao Patwardhan.

The Deshpandes met with Krishnaji at Himmat Nivas. Deshpande had a frail body, his face was lean and lined with sorrow, but his spirit had an amazing vitality. He told Krishnaji, "I am a Marxist and I want to have it out with you. I have to talk to you, with no holds barred. If what you say is true, I will drop Marxism and join you."

As Deshpande was to describe it later, he tried to wrestle with Krishnaji in words. He challenged Krishnaji but found no one to combat at the other end. This made him frustrated, angry. The stronger and more vehement his enquiry, the emptier the field he faced. Suddenly, all enquiry ended. Krishnaji spoke. "Marxism is not the problem, but the death of your child." The Deshpandes could not proceed further. "Let us speak of that, and of your sorrow," said Krishnaji.

They sat before Krishnaji in silence, while Krishnaji spoke to them on death. When words ended, the Deshpandes walked out with moist eyes. Seeing them, Rao asked, "Is all well with you?" Deshpande said, "All problems are over." They went back to Nagpur, packed up their belongings, and came to live at Sarai Mohana in a cottage on the bank of the Ganga. In later years Deshpande and his wife were to be connected with every aspect of the work at Rajghat.

CHAPTER 19

"To Speak with the Whole Head"

In early 1959 it was decided that Krishnaji would not return to Ojai, but would be spending his second year in India. He had been in the country since the autumn of 1957 and was not to return to Europe till the spring of 1960. It was the longest period that he was to spend in India since he left the country as a young boy.

In April, when the damp, hot weather became unbearable, Krishnaji decided to leave Bombay for Lonaula, a small hillside resort between Bombay and Poona. He stayed alone with a servant in the house of Amru Mehta, my youngest sister. Sunanda and her husband, Pama Patwardhan, were at Poona, which was only forty miles from Lonaula, and often came to visit him. He spent most days alone.

In May it had been arranged that he go to Kashmir via Delhi, accompanied by Madhavachari and a South Indian cook named Parameswaran. While in New Delhi Krishnaji insisted that a new woolen suit be tailored for Madhavachari. It gave him great delight to see Madhavachari well dressed, and he remarked, "Mamaji will look very smart now." On their arrival they stayed overnight on a houseboat in Srinagar. The next day they moved to a house located in a crowded part of the city, and in a letter to me Krishnaji expressed his unhappiness with the rat-infested house and its surroundings.

By May 26 Krishnaji and Madhavachari had left Srinagar and driven to Achebal, a *serai* or rest house built by Nur Jehan on the ancient road from Lahore to Srinagar. Achebal is mentioned in the *Akbar Nama** as a place of worship of the ancients; its abundant water, crystal clear and cold, arises from a torrential spring. Occasionally, the *Akbar Nama* goes on to say, a beautiful yellow-spotted fish would appear in the waters, and its appearance was regarded as very fortunate. For hundreds of years pilgrims had come to this sacred site because of the healing properties of the spring water, though myths of the *yakshis,* water and tree spirits who guarded the spring, had long disappeared.

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*Chronicles of Akbar's life and rule by Abul Fazl.

Nur Jehan had built a walled garden around the spring, enclosing an area planted with chinar and poplar trees. At one point in the enclosed area the spring that gushed torrentially from the earth fell as a sheet of water to lower levels of the garden. The huge branches of the chinar trees spread across the falling waters. Below the fall were pools and fountains, and channels had been laid to carry the water to distant parts of the garden. The channels were so planned that the rays of the sun created rainbows as they caught the spray of waterfall and fountain. Flowers had been planted, a trifle wildly, in areas where the chinar and poplar did not cast their shadow. Pavillions, originally built by the Moghuls, but later repaired and bearing little trace of their earlier exquisite proportions, were placed near the pool. The thunder of the waterfall and the sound of rippling water did not intrude to shatter the silences nor disturb the birds that rested in the wide-trunked chinar trees. The countryside was a vast carpet of sun-soaked green young rice fields, against a backdrop of snow-peaked mountains, which arose precipitously on the horizon.

Soon after their arrival Madhavachari had to leave for Madras, as one of his children was ill. But Parameswaran stayed on to attend to Krishnaji's needs. I joined Krishnaji at Achebal on June 6, and lived in a tiny hut next to Krishnaji's till the end of the month.

Before I came up to Kashmir, Krishnaji had written asking me to bring him a beginner's book of English, a copy of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of English Verse,* and a bottle of hair tonic. I had also brought up a parcel of alfonso mangoes, a fruit Krishnaji loved. There was no electricity in Achebal, and at night we used kerosene lanterns or a petromax.*

K woke at dawn and did his yoga *asanas* and *pranayama,* which he had learned from B. K. S. Iyengar, an eminent teacher of yoga from Poona. Krishnaji was trying to persuade me to learn the yogic *asanas,* but I am by temperament physically lethargic and my attempts to learn were futile. After Krishnaji's *asanas* were over, we had a South Indian breakfast of *idlis* and *sambhar* or *dosas,* savory rice-and-lentil cakes, with coconut chutney. I drank coffee, Krishnaji drank some herbal concoction.

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*Petromax: Before electricity was introduced in India, lamps fed with kerosene oil with special wicks and with a pump were used to produce a bright light. The petromax is still used at night in wedding processions

By then Krishnaji was ready for his long walk, and I joined him in climbing the surrounding hills. Walking through pine forests, we climbed steep slopes; Krishnaji was agile, exquisitely balanced, clambering over rocks and taking the most strenuous shortcuts with ease. I panted and sighed, but I was used to the mountains from childhood and managed to keep pace with him. He would climb swiftly, then look back at me, watching me struggle to negotiate a particularly difficult rock; sometimes he lent a hand and pulled me up behind him, across very steep slopes. From the top of the hill, which we reached after long and arduous climbing, the view was breathtaking. The walled garden and the cool green of rice fields flanked with poplar trees lay below, while the startling white of the snows surrounded us. Krishnaji was enchanted with the place.

In the afternoons, after resting, he would teach Parameswaran English. In the evenings we walked at a slower pace amongst the rice fields, or within the walled Moghul garden. The flowers were in full bloom and the light winds carried the fragrance of rose, lilac, and honeysuckle. Watercress grew along the bed of the stream, and we picked some for our evening meal. There was a trout hatchery, and Krishnaji spent time watching the swift movement of the fish.

Krishnaji was water's child. He delighted in falling, leaping, running water, or water flowing over lichen-covered boulders, or water with no ripple. The translucence and the freedom of water, its enormous turbulence, its stillness or its thrust through earth and rock, embodied him.

Krishnaji's mood was young; no storms raged. Laughter was on his lips and his eyes. He drowned me in compassion and affection. At times he was intensely serious and contemplative. Many of the insights that he was to explore later in the year, in his talks at Madras and Bombay, were arising. Like the tide, or the waxing and waning of the moon, his mind moved in its own rhythm. I saw this man of mystery, endowed with limitless beauty, comment on "the wholeness of sunlight," look up at a budding leaf, put his hands on a centuries-old tree, make friends with it, feel its bark, listen to the thunder of the sap as it flowed through the veins of a leaf. "The timeless is here, it lies under every leaf," he would say. I felt the earth on which we walked, talked, ate, and lived as the ground of an energy without limit. At times I felt intoxicated, as if fed on morning dew.

On a walk he asked me how I observed, and how I spoke. I was puzzled. He then said, "Is it possible to speak, sing, chant, not from the throat and mouth, not from the front of the mouth, but letting the words touch the back of the head, through the eyes, with attention held behind the eyes, and so speak? That is, to speak with the whole head."

We discussed at length the truly religious mind and the scientific mind as the only two minds that would exist in the years to come—a statement that he was to explore later in his talks at Madras. He spoke of death and ending as the source of creation and the release of an energy that did not dissipate. For him, listening was itself the miracle that transmuted and deeply penetrated, uprooting and destroying the hidden bonds of the mind.

On dark, moonless nights we would go out and watch the stars and the receding darknesses of space. He would point out the various constellations. He spoke of the journey into outer space and the pilgrimage within as the discovery of the endless. But a petty mind could not embark on this pilgrimage of eternity.

Every evening was a benediction.

At night, after an early dinner under the light of the petromax, he would recite poetry from the *Golden Treasury.* Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale" was his favorite. It was cold at night and we burned firewood and dry pine cones in the open fireplace. Occasionally, he would chant in Sanskrit. The sounds of his deep voice filled the room and resounded across the rice fields, reaching beyond the snows. Listening and seeing flowered in his pristine presence.

Krishnaji told me that on one of his walks he had met a group of monks walking, within the presence of the snow-clad peaks. They were passing through brilliant green rice fields, and the soaring, snowy peaks were aflame with the setting sun. In the seeing of the vastness was the essence of divinity. The monks, however, walked with their eyes narrowed and focused on the ground before their feet, totally unaware of the glory around them. However silent their minds became, he said, it would be the silence of the limited, of small spaces, and the vast expanding universe would have no place within it.

Every few days I would go to Srinagar by car and return in the evenings. Krishnaji had great feeling for the handcrafted, and I would bring back textiles and craft objects. He handled them with care and rejoiced in their colors, their textures, and the skill of the craftsman. I would also bring back fresh vegetables and fruit, for they were not available at Achebal.

In 1959 I had no knowledge that Achebal was an ancient site of pilgrimage, and that the waters of the spring were held sacred. The local inhabitants, who were Muslims, had erased all traces of their archaic past and the myths connected with it. Krishnaji, however, felt the pulse of the soil, the reverberations of the many pilgrims' feet that had walked on the path to the spring. He often spoke of the role of the pilgrim. I told him of an early text where the feet of the wanderer are likened to a flower. I also said that the pilgrims' route lay in Pahalgam, about forty miles from Achebal. But to no avail.

I grew aware of how difficult it was to live close to Krishnaji without growing insensitive. It was like living in front of a laser beam; one could so easily take the intensity for granted and so be scorched and shrivel. To live near him was to live in a field of observation and listening. One had to be immensely awake so that the spine straightened, the mind became alert, the body still. He was watchful of every movement, every thought; the way one walked, the agitated movements of the body; the way one spoke, the pitch of the voice, the silences. He listened to every response—was aware when the mind imitated, when it was alive with insight. Without a word said, one felt the listening and the observing. But the being who was near, who watched, who listened, was without judgment. It was like seeing one's face in a finely polished ancient bronze mirror.

A little distance from us lived a man who in his young days had taken *sannyas* and had later given up the robe. He was a constant visitor, bringing Krishnaji a vegetal brew he said was good for the kidneys. Krishnaji, instinctively a naturopath, delighted in herbs and drank the brew, insisting that it was good for his kidneys.

By the end of June I returned to Delhi. Madhavachari was soon to rejoin Krishnaji in Pahalgam, the main base camp for pilgrims journeying to Amarnath, one of the most sacred pilgrimages in India. At the Amarnath cave high in the Himalayas, a natural lingam of snow was formed and melted to the cyclic rhythm of the moon. The main pilgrimage was on the full-moon day of August when the lingam appeared in its perfect ovalid form, but from mid-June *sannyasis* and laymen journeyed to the cave. The journey was hazardous. The path lay across high passes and through precipitous gorges. Along the route was Sheshnag, a lake of limpid blue, against which towered high mountains. The full moon rising behind the highest peak, making luminous the eternal snows, was likened to the crescent moon resting on Shiva's matted locks.

At Pahalgam, Krishnaji stayed at a tourist hut set amongst pines. Through the valley, two rivers made turbulent by the massive boulders that lay along their bed, descended from the high places; the Lidar arising from the Kolahai glacier and the other, the Amarganga, sometimes called Sheshnag, along the banks of which lay the path to Amarnath.

Sannyasis and visitors from Srinagar came to see Krishnaji, and he talked with some of them. He was to refer to these *sannyasis* in his talks at Madras later in the year. He said, "The other day in Kashmir several *sannyasis* said to me, 'We live alone in the snow. We never see anybody. No one ever comes to visit us.' I said to them, 'Are you really alone, or are you merely physically separated from humanity?' 'Ah, yes,' they replied, 'we are alone.' But they were with their *Vedas* and *Upanishads*, with their experiences and their gathered knowledge, with their meditations and *japams*.* They had not renounced the burden of their conditioning. That is not being alone. Putting on a saffron robe does not mean renouncing. You can never renounce the world, because the world is part of you. You renounce a few cows, a house, but to renounce your heredity, your tradition, the burden of your condition, that demands enormous enquiry."

Most of Krishnaji's walks were alone through the thick forests of pine and fir that surrounded Pahalgam. On August 13 Vinoba Bhave and his followers came to see Krishnamurti.

Vinobaji said this was the first time he had seen Krishnaji. The Gandhian pilgrim asked, "How old are you?"

Krishnaji answered, "Sixty-four."

"So you are my younger brother. I have come to pay my respects and seek your blessings. Rao and Achyut Patwardhan, Dada Dharmadhikari, and Vimla have told me about you several times. But I am always on the move and so are you. So we have never met."

After the pleasantries were over Vinobaji asked Krishnaji to speak to him of his wisdom. Krishnaji appeared shy and was silent. A record of the discussions were kept by Nirmala Deshpande, who was present during the meetings and who took down notes as the conversation took place.[1]

Vinobaji said, "How do we start?"

"It depends on what you are interested," answered Krishnaji.

"Life," responded Vinobaji.

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*Repeated sound forms or *mantrams* meant to silence the mind.

"Everyone is interested in life. But discussion depends on words, and words are necessary," said Vinoba.

"Not too many words, otherwise discussion loses significance," K replied. "Discussion implies. . . ."

Before Krishnaji could proceed, Vinobaji said, "Sharing experiences."

"Yes, and also to penetrate deeply. Experience is limited—I distrust basing action on experience."

"Is that because experience conditions man?" asked Vinobaji.

"Yes," replied K, "that is why it is important to have a free mind a mind that is not full of experience, but free to see beyond experience. One has to die to experience every day. One is always translating experience in terms of the old. As a Hindu I translate it in terms of Shiva, Krishna—but they are just words."

"The division taking place as Hindu, Muslim, Christian has to be wiped out," said Krishnaji.

Vinobaji responded, "Yes."

"You say 'yes,' but it is a verbal statement. Do you cease to be a Hindu? In science, one drops past experience, to discover a new insight. From the very beginning one should be taught to be free of conditioning—as a Hindu, Muslim, Christian. None of us let go. We only pretend to do so.

"One has to cease to be Hindu or Muslim; one has to be a human being. But that is very difficult. Thinking about being free leads you nowhere.

"First, one must be free. Freedom first, not through thinking about freedom."

Vinobaji asked his comrades to ask questions, but they were hesitant. Vinobaji said to Krishnaji that most people don't want to question, but come for *darshan*. The discussion moved away from the serious, and Vinobaji asked Krishnaji, "How much time do you spend in India?"

"Six months."

"Do you take exercise?"

"A little, I walk."

One of Vinobaji's followers asked, "What is the meaning of self-realization?"

"What does it mean to you?" was the reply.

"Union with Brahman—with God," said one of Vinobaji's disciples.

"God is a phrase. To realize God, you must have a free mind, a good mind that does not follow anybody. A mind that has no guru, no system. Try it."

"How does one get such a mind?" came the reply.

"There has to be self-knowledge. Not knowledge of the Atman, but how one thinks, why one thinks—how one acts. What is the 'oneself?' I am not speaking only of the conscious self, but of the deep levels of the unconscious. What is needed is a revolutionary mind. You cannot have that by *sadhana*. If you see only through one window, your view is limited."

"Is it not possible for philosophy to be taught?" asked one of Vinobaji's followers.

"There is a right way of thinking. Does it matter who listens?" said Krishnaji.

"Perhaps he feels that you should come out as a preacher," Vinobaji intervened.

"Me, Sir! I am talking—that is my life. Do you want me to do it traditionally?"

"Perhaps you are doing in your way what he wants you to do."

"Sir, there is no my way, your way, his way. There is only one way." Krishnaji was uncompromising.

"I think in one way, you think in another. We mislead a whole generation. One has to be free, man has to be free to speak of God. The Communists say there is no God, you say God is. You are both conditioned. You are both saying the same thing. That is the calamity. There is no your or my way of meditation. There is only meditation."

"When you speak this way in the U.S.A., people must appreciate what you say," said Vinobaji.

"In the West the welfare state looks after minimum needs. People are turning to belief, to Christianity, as people here turn to Hinduism. What is the difference? In India economic reform has become all-important—reform and the welfare state is the function of government. But a reformer has nothing to do with religion. A religion is connected with reform and religion with something very different.

"Religion is the source of life, not reform. I am not against reforms. They are necessary. But religion is different.

"I know some Communists in Europe. They are very interested in me up to a point. So also Catholics, up to a point—so are Hindus, up to a point. That is why I am an outsider, whether I am in Europe, U.S.A., or India. Do you have anything in this country except politics? Why is there nothing deeply creative?

"Why have the majority of thinkers in India given themselves to reform? Reform is a small thing. In the small, the great can never be included. In the great, the small can be included. Wherever I come to India, people ask me why I am not concerned with poverty, corruption? I ask, Why don't we tackle these problems from a different angle? Surely it is the political approach that distorts.

"And why do so-called spiritual minds concern themselves with reform? Reform is not going to lead to deep revolution."

"What do you conclude from this?" asked Vinobaji.

"Not conclude, but observe," answered Krishnaji. "There is a deep contradiction in the Indian mind. We talk about ideals and do the opposite. We are inhibited from becoming something because we feel we should not be ambitious. So frustration leads to superficial reformation and we pursue that with passion. I say, act and observe the result. But tradition and the gurus say the opposite. In this country one sees frustration, contradiction, and the sense of being a very old race. We search for God, but we have not lived life. That may be the reason we turn to the superficial, which we call 'reform.' "

"Are you more appreciated in Europe?"

"I abhor appreciation."

"Do they grasp your thought more?"

"It is the same as in India," replied Krishnaji. "Some minds are serious. People take politics very seriously in India. Politics is most destructive. When people say they are working for peace, for reform, it is always the 'I' that is important. People who touch politics cannot have a fresh mind. The world needs fresh minds, clear minds, not minds that are conditioned by being Hindus or Muslims.

"If you are a Hindu, you can't love. Love requires freedom. The other day a *sannyasi* came to see me. He had been to Amarnath. He spoke of the various sects of *sadhus*. I asked him, 'What do they do?' He said, 'Nothing—but they know Brahman. They live alone. They meditate.' I said, 'With all their beliefs, the load they carry, they can never be alone.'

"But you have to be alone to find the real—totally alone. It is difficult in an old country with its stress on gurus, tradition."

Krishnaji pointed to the people who surrounded Vinobaji. "Are all these your followers? Too bad."

"I don't know why they are my followers," commented Vinobaji.

"In India there is a desire for the authority of a guru. They feel that with guidance, they will not fail to find truth. They are not prepared to make mistakes. It is all childish," said Krishnaji.

"But children, as they are, to be as children becomes them," was Vinobaji's comment.

"Then let Vinobaji deny the follower," swiftly came the reply.

"Every man thinks his search is unique." Vinoba was following his own stream of thinking.

"The search for God isn't linked to success. God may be a being without end. The mind abhors the sense of no ending," said Krishnaji.

"You mean there is no object of search? You cannot search to find God?!" Vinobaji was aroused.

"Yes, otherwise it would be a trivial God. People go to Amarnath to find God. What does it mean? We have banished love, beauty; banished individual thinking, every form of intellectual, emotional curiosity and replaced it with acceptance of authority, systems; denying the mind the space to enquire. What have we done with real creation? We say that to realize God we must don the saffron robe, deny sex, deny the senses, refrain from looking at the clouds, at nature. We say we must meditate. Such meditation is mesmerism."

"What is the place of religion in the progress of a nation?" asked one of Vinobaji's followers.

"What is a nation? What is society?—a relationship social, cultural? If that relationship changes, society changes." Krishnaji paused for a while, then said, "The discovery of reality and its relationship to our daily life is religion. There is no one today who says, 'I am not a Hindu, not a Muslim, but a human being, concerned with the whole problem of man, with the ravaging of the earth, with the atom bomb, with brotherhood.' These are very serious problems and there are not six people who are concerned about them."

"But I have found that the Indian mind has been ready as never before, to grasp new ideas, to shed nationalism and come out of a narrow life." Vinobaji was on the defensive.

"I understand. But, it requires more than that. The mind has become so mechanical. It needs and seeks a goal in life. We follow paths to a goal. We never question. We are too respectable. But one must have a free mind, not a mind burdened with tradition, with the past. Extreme freedom is needed. But the moment you think you are free, you are not free. One has to unearth oneself, unravel oneself, delve into the corners of one's mind—ignite the mind." Krishnaji was pushing further and Vinobaji, perhaps to counter the force of the energy generated, broke into the trivial.

"I am told that you have not given public talks for one year," said Vinobaji.

"Yes, I have not given public talks for one year. I have kept quiet. But that is not because I have taken any vows."

"I am glad I have seen you today. I have been longing for this. Do you know any Indian language?" The discussion was becoming casual.

"I tried to learn Hindi. My native tongue is Telugu, but I left speaking it when I was a boy."

"You are not too old to learn an Indian language," said Vinobaji.

"I am trying to learn Sanskrit—for the fun of it," Krishnaji responded.

"If you speak English, few people in India will understand," said Vinobaji.

"I know. But, if you use traditional words, they have traditional connotations and you cannot proceed."

"Connotations are attached even to English words," Vinobaji said.

"Break them," came the response.

"I find that when you translate Sanskrit words into English, you have to really understand. But if you translate Sanskrit into Hindi or Marathi, you can keep the same word without understanding its depth."

Krishnaji and Vinobaji parted with smiles and *pranams*, and the next day Krishnaji returned Vinobaji's call. Vinobaji spoke of his *Bhoodan Yatra* pilgrimage.* He said, "God, whom I seek, is everywhere—I am not going to Amarnath. People say I am not doing the right thing, I should go. Swami Vivekanand went there." The previous day's discussion had touched some instinctive responses. He said, "Yesterday, we had a very good talk. It was so illuminating. These thoughts have guided me for many years. It was long before I went to Gandhiji. I went to see him when I was twenty. I went to see and hear. He never told me or anybody to accept his thoughts."

"Quite," said Krishnaji.

"You also had an occasion to meet him?"

"Thrice—once in London with Dr. Besant."

"I get very little time to read. Still I read," said Vinobaji.

"I hardly read, except one or two casual books. You leave early in the morning?" The talk was again at the superficial level.

"Half past four. I walk ten miles a day," said Vinobaji. "You write books?" he enquired.

**Bhoodan*: "gift of the land", *Yatra*: "pilgrimage."

"Yes," replied Krishnaji.

"Who publishes these books?" asked Vinobaji.

"The talks and discussions are published in India."

"There are many people in the Bhoodan movement who have read your books," said Vinobaji.

"That is what Rao and Achyut tell me."

Vinobaji pointed to Mahadevi Tai. "She doesn't know English."

"Too bad. I don't know Hindi—so we can't converse," said Krishnaji.

"But you are learning Sanskrit—for the fun of it."

"It is very beautiful, a marvelous language," was Krishnaji's response.

"Every word in Sanskrit is based on some root word. Latin and Sanskrit belong to one family. Your word 'ignite' in Sanskrit is *agni,* as flame. The root meaning of both are the same."

They parted in friendship.

Later, on the evening of August 14, Vinobaji spoke to crowds that had gathered to hear him at Pahalgam. A different direction was present in his talk, and he acknowledged that this was the influence of Krishnaji's meetings with him. He said that men like Krishnaji were the sentinels—their voices and statements were warnings, and must be listened to with gravity. Some months later, a friend was to tell Vinoba Bhave that Krishnaji had remarked, "Vinoba says he agrees with me, but goes on doing his work as before. So his saying that he agrees has no meaning."

Vinoba responded, "Krishnaji is right."

Many years later Nirmala Deshpande told me that Vinobaji had said, "Krishnamurti may deny the role of the World Teacher, negate the church built for him, deny his role as the supreme guru, deny being the divine Krishna; but Dr. Besant could not be denied her role as Yashoda, the foster mother of Krishna, the divine cowherd."

Part 4

THE RIVERS OF INSIGHT
1960–1962

CHAPTER 20

"Through Negation There Is Creation."

By the middle of August Krishnaji began to feel unwell. His urinary tract was inflamed, he had a high fever, and was extremely weak. As medical facilities were rudimentary in Pahalgam, Madhavachari brought him down to New Delhi, where he was examined thoroughly by Shiva Rao's doctors. They found a kidney infection and prescribed antibiotics. Krishnaji's highly sensitive body, unused to strong drugs, reacted violently. Those were anxious days. I was away in the United States during his illness, and only heard about it on my return in the third week of September. Kitty and Shiva Rao nursed him with great devotion. After some days, he was better. He returned to Srinagar, to a lovely cottage on Dal Lake that belonged to Dr. Karan Singh (who would have been Maharaja of Kashmir if princely titles had not been abolished).

By the middle of September the fever was back. The damp climate had brought on an attack of rheumatism, and for ten days Krishnaji was racked by joint pain. Madhavachari nursed him, assisted by Parameswaran.

Krishnaji wrote to Kitty Shiva Rao on September 27, 1959:

My dear Kittyji,

I have never written to thank you and Shiva Rao for the care and trouble you took while I was ill in Delhi. It was not negligence but I haven't been able to write. You know all that has happened so I won't go into all that. It has been dreadful ten days and Mamaji has been very disturbed by it all. But everything is better. I can hold a pen and move about. All this has completely exhausted one and now, one must step out of all this. Sorry to have caused you concern and bother. Everything is under control and so things will be all right.

Madhavachari wrote to me with a report on Krishnaji's health. He said Krishnaji had been so weak in Pahalgam that he had to be carried to the bathroom.

On September 27 I received a letter from Krishnaji in which he wrote of the pain he had suffered. It had been agonizing, he said, and this was the first day he could hold a pen. He went on to ask Nandini and me to come to Srinagar and be with him in this quiet and beautiful place. He went on to say, "This has been a great trial for Mamaji." Krishnaji had been taking homeopathic medicines for his trouble, and in his letter of October 4 he asked me to consult L. K. Jha, who had been treating him. He wondered whether he should continue taking alfalfa tonic and beri beri vulgaris, and for how long. The homeopathic medicines seem to have suited him.

I wrote to Krishnaji, suggesting that he come down to Delhi and from there go to Bombay for a complete medical checkup.

On October 5 Krishnaji wrote that he was much better and that he did not think it would be necessary for him to go to Bombay for a thorough examination by doctors there. He also wrote that he was suffering from rheumatism, but felt that it was due to the almond milk he had been drinking. He expected to be in Srinagar till October 21.

Krishnaji recovered, and in early October he even began holding discussions with small groups of people who gathered to see him. Amongst them was a tall, erect *sannyasi* dressed in Kashmiri robes. He had a silent presence, a dignity and otherness that arose from deep inward enquiry. His name was Laxman Joo, and he was the last of the great living exponents of Kashmir Saivism, a school introduced by Abhinav Gupta in Kashmir in the eleventh century. Laxman Joo told me many years later that he had gone to hear Krishnaji in Karan Singh's cottage, and his words had filled him with a vast ecstasy.

Krishnaji came down to Delhi with Madhavachari in the third week of October. He often went for walks on the central vista in New Delhi. On one walk he spoke to Madhavachari and me of awareness as a state of being awake in the present; a state where seeing and listening operated fully and intensely, as in one stream. Where the mind had no shape, no contour of word and meaning; no limits to contain what was revealed. He spoke of a mind that was not concerned with judging, holding, or leaving, where there was "seeing, listening; listening, seeing." "There is," he said, "an explosive quality in listening." Speaking of the act of seeing, listening, he said that "it activates the senses. Seeing without word creates energy. It is a state of understanding of scientific spirit being religious spirit. Listening which receives small and great, ugly and beautiful. Which does not reduce everything to name, form and word. Such a mind is overflowing." He said that the night before he awoke from some great depth, with the word "Lord of the World" resounding in him. There was tremendous light, stronger than the sun.

Soon the fever recurred, but Krishnaji was well enough to travel with me by air to Bombay on November 4. Though he had been ill and was physically weak, the six months of relative solitude had recharged the mind. A vital stream of energy was flowing through him, the mind was wide awake. On the plane he told me of his meeting with Vinoba Bhave and what they had discussed. He said, "What is necessary is to further the mind, and the mind cannot be furthered if there is an end in view."

"What relevance has that to action?" I asked.

Krishnaji responded, "Don't you think that in furthering the mind you do act, but in a different way altogether? To be a revolutionary, you have to see further than the immediate. If you want to further the mind and have object in view, you are limiting the mind. Vinoba has drawn a circle round himself and he remains at the center of it."

In Bombay he was examined by Dr. Nathubhai Patel, who had treated him when he was ill in 1955. Dr. Patel found that there were still pus cells in the urine, and the urinary tract was again inflamed. He was a little worried about Krishnaji's loss of weight—he had lost twenty-five pounds since the beginning of the year. He had been on a very strict diet, and Dr. Patel asked him to give it up and start eating nourishing food—curds, butter, cereals, and ripe bananas. The doctor felt that the rheumatism was probably due to some viral infection, and prescribed some pills and injections. Krishnaji liked the doctor; in a letter to Kitty Shiva Rao he wrote, "Dr. Patel is very good, no fuss and unnecessary remarks. He says, I must put on weight."

From Bombay Krishnaji went with Madhavachari to Rishi Valley, where he recovered rapidly. By November 22 he wrote from Madras:

My dear Kittyji,

Thank you very much for your letter which was waiting at Bombay. I hope, you and Shiva Rao are well and that the new house is pleasant and quiet.

Mama and I have been talking about plans, the doctors seem to think that it would be wiser not to undertake big public talks. I think it is wiser too, so we can only have small, limited group discussions. Mama will let you know when we are both coming North, Mama and I.

You know these black shoes I sent from England, some months ago, are for Shiva Rao and they are not meant to be kept in the safe. Pupul is bringing another pair, brown, for Shiva Rao. She is coming back to Delhi next week I think.

Plenty of rains here, it must be cool and pleasant in Delhi.

With much love to you both.

Krishna

Over the years Sunanda had suffered three miscarriages. At Rishi Valley, she discussed once again her sorrow at her incapacity to have a child. Krishnaji said, "Motherhood is a primordial movement. It is not like the movement of ambition, of becoming. Motherhood is a natural instinct. Everything blooms in a woman—her body, her emotions. Has your body accepted the fact, or your mind?" he asked. "Has it left a mark on the body? If the body accepts it, then there is no conflict between body and mind." They had talked at some length. Sunanda had wept, and he had wiped her tears.

"How will you find out if any scar remains? Whether there is a yearning still lying dormant in consciousness? You have to bring it to the surface, allow it to speak to you, to communicate its intimations."

On walks, he would point to a baby, or a woman heavy with child, and say to Sunanda, "Observe the woman and the child. Don't feel ashamed of the feelings that arise. Don't be intellectual. Listen to your responses. Be awake to every response. See it through completely. Do it now."

She had listened, and commented that she had accepted the fact of remaining childless. He had refused to let her proceed. "Acceptance, adjustment, rationalization are escapes. They have no place. You are being self-defensive. Look at the fact without emotion or sentiment—otherwise you close the door of perception." After some time, he told her, "Listen to your loneliness, frustrations, comparisons. If you so listen, something happens, the ache of the denial of personal motherhood dies."

On November 22 Krishnaji went to Madras, where he was to hold seven discussions. Professors, students, and professionals, as well as members of the Theosophical Society, attended the discussions, which were held under ancient rain trees. The scent of pine, the thunder of falling mountain springs, the astonishing green of young paddy, and an ancient sense of pilgrimage permeated his words. They had a translucence, a lucidity and purity; insights sparkled, the sensory perceptions were tender with creation.

"What I would like to communicate to you is a total self-abandonment on the instant. For abandonment you need passion. Do not be afraid of the word. For, in seeing this, we may solve the one central problem 'of me and my urges.' "

He spoke of a tree with its trunk, its roots, its branches, its leaves, as a totality, and asked, "By some miracle, by some way of looking at the clouds, some instant of cleaving perception, could one see? Could the mind be extraordinarily sensitive to every movement of thought and feeling?

"The timeless is whispering around every corner, it lies under every leaf. It is open not to the dehydrated human being who has suppressed himself and no longer has any passion. But to the mind, which is in a state of meditation, moment to moment."[1]

In another discussion he said, "I think it would be marvelous if without words one could convey what one really feels about the problem of existence. I wonder whether it is not possible to go beyond the frontiers which the mind has imposed, beyond the narrow limits of one's heart and to live there; to act, feel, think; while carrying on one's own activities?"

When questioned on the need for regular practice, he said, "Practice for ten thousand years, you will still be within the field of time, of knowledge.

"The self, the 'me' is restless. Roaring down like a river, living, moving, being. Self-knowing is extraordinarily swift in its perceptions. Accumulation of knowledge gives birth to the 'me.' "

Questioned on death, he spoke of "death and life walking together." The fear of complete loneliness, isolation, of not being anything, is the root of self-contradiction. Creation is in ending, not in continuity.

"If there is a living coming to an end from moment to moment, there is an extraordinary state of being nothing. Of coming to the abyss of an eternal movement and dropping over the edge, which is death. I want to know all about death, because death may be reality, God, that extraordinary something that lives and moves."

In December 1959 Krishnaji went to Bombay. By then he had completely recovered and it was decided that he give eight talks. Like a fast-moving current, new insights of the teaching were flowing through consciousness, washing away the impurities, the problems and conflicts of everyday living. Krishnaji's language was tender, vast perceptions and depths were evident. Like the waters of the snow-fed springs and rivers of Achebal and Pahalgam, insights were generated that had to travel far, exploring, finding new channels, generating life. At the talks and in the small discussions he was to speak of the urgency that rested behind asking the right question. It was this, he was to say, that brings about right perception. "A perceiving mind is living, moving, full of energy.

"There are no answers to life's questions. The state of mind that questions is more important than the question itself." Speaking of conditioning and freedom from bondage, he said, "If it is a right question, it will have no answer, because the question itself will open the door. But, if it is a wrong question, you will find ways and means to solve the problem and so remain in bondage. For he who asks the question is himself the bondage."

He spoke of "efficiency, essential in technology; but in the within of man, in the world of the psyche, is tyranny." For when "means are used for ends, means strangle you."

At another talk he spoke of an exploration into the within. "To uncover is to discover, but to accumulate what you discover is to cease to discover." He was speaking in the tree-filled compound of the J. J. School of Art. Crows nested in the trees on evenings, and his words were interspersed with their harsh cries.

"Have you ever listened to the noise of a crow? Actually, listened to it without shutting it out as ugly. If you are capable of so listening, there is no division between the noise and what is being said. Attention implies a clarity of altogetherness, in which there is no exclusion." He dwelt on the altogetherness of a mind, a mind that had no past, no future; it was a feeling, a fullness with no center.

"I have nothing to offer," he continued. "If you are listening, you are already in that state." "No guru is going to tell you that you are doing well. That you may go to the next examination. You are listening to yourself and that is an art."

He saw that any change with motive was a seeking of power, and asked, "Can the mind, without motive, let go? That is real renunciation. Keep the mind clean, alert, watchful, observe every thought, see its significance without motive, urge, or compulsion, then there comes an energy that is not your own, which descends upon you. There is a limitless being, and in that energy is reality."[2]

A sense of flux permeated his words. He explored the nature of the verb as an unbroken movement, a total state containing past, future, and an active present. "We are not concerned with being, but with having been and becoming. There is an active present, a state of being, a living, active state."

He spoke of listening as a state of comprehension, of being, in which all time was included.

Then he asked, "With the understanding of the verb, let us examine the nature of the self. The self is me."

On January 10 he spoke of sorrow. To end it, sorrow has to be embraced, lived with, understood; one has to become intimate with sorrow. Running away from sorrow is what one knows; it is an escape from it. Understanding of sorrow is an explosion, a revolt, a tremendous discontent in everything. To understand death and sorrow one must have a burning urge, an intensity, and face the fact. Death is unknown, as sorrow is; but to know the nature, the depth, the beauty, and loneliness of sorrow, is its ending. "Benediction comes when there is a state of nonreaction. It is a benediction to know death because death is the unknown."[3]

Seeing the intense, sorrow-laden, tormented faces in his audience, he spoke on January 17 of learning to play with a problem. Unless you can play, you will never find out. If you don't know how to smile, not only with your lips but with your whole being, with your eyes, your mind, and heart, then you don't know what it is to be simple and take delight in the common things of life." And later, he laughed with joy and said, "Unless you are capable of laughter, real laughter, you don't know what sorrow is. You don't know what it is to be serious."[4]

Speaking of meditation, he said, "For most of us, what is explored is not important; therefore, it does not open up the capacity to enter into 'what is.' Life is an extraordinary thing—we call the past the time before, and the future as the time after; can one go into it through the present? Truth has no future, no past, no continuity. Meditation is the state of living in which the frontiers of the mind break down. There is no self, no center, and, therefore, no circumference."

He explored the nature of negative thinking. Positive thinking, as an assertion, is destructive to enquiry. "Through negation there is creation," he said. "Whatever is born of a mind, that is completely empty, is creation. Out of that arises negative thinking. Such an approach, based as it is on attention, can have no measure. The mind that goes into itself deeply enters on a pilgrimage of enquiry from which there is no return." For this one needs to be completely alone—no companionship, no dependence, no attachment, thought, or memories; a total denial of everything. "To open the door to the eternal, the journey into the self is the only way."

Krishnaji returned to Europe in March 1960. On reaching Rome, he felt very unwell and entered the Bercher Brenner Clinic in Zurich. There, after a detailed medical examination, they put him on a special diet.

Later, he went to Ojai, where he was scheduled to give eight talks. Suddenly, after the third talk, he announced that he would give only four.

CHAPTER 21

"The Mind That Goes into Itself Deeply Enters on a Pilgrimage from Which There Is No Return."

Krishnaji returned from the West in the autumn of 1960, having sensed the volcanic energies being released in the new scientific and technological mind. With the eye of prophesy, Krishnaji looked into the years that lay ahead. He perceived the accelerated pace of change that was to come about with the unlocking of the mysteries of nature, and the invention of tools and systems that would transform society and environment and generate enormous pressures on humankind. He also appeared aware of a rapid trend toward chaos and violence.

Madhavachari had come to meet him in New Delhi and was staying with me. In the evenings we took Krishnaji to the Buddha Jayanti Park, which he loved, and we walked amongst the rocks, trees, and bushes. One evening he began to speak of the nature of creation, of negation being the source of creation.

"Creation can only be when the mind is completely empty; whatever is born of that emptiness is negative thinking. It has no root, no source." He was to enquire into a state in which the frontiers of the mind broke down. So that in such a state there was no self, no center, and no circumference. "Most of us have never wandered into ourselves." He said, "Never look without calculations," and spoke of intelligence as the tool of enquiry: "The probing is with nothing into endless being."

In January 1961 Krishnaji was in Bombay, where he gave ten talks and held small group dialogues. Like the churning of the oceans of mind in the archaic myth of creation, jewels of insight were arising. With immense passion, Krishnaji said, "The world is becoming something totally new. Space is being conquered, machines are taking over, tyranny is spreading." Sensing the limitations of the minds that listened to his words, and their incapacity to comprehend the enormity of the winds of change, the growing inhumanity and callousness, Krishnaji sought to convey the urgency he felt.

"Something new is going on of which we are not aware. . . . You are not aware of the movement, the significance, the flow, the dynamic quality of this change. We think we have time. . . . There is no time, . . . the house is burning."[1]

"Wandering about the land [in India]," he observed an appalling death of human integrity. He spoke with passion of the demand for a new mind, "a good mind which held pity, affection, compassion. The old mind could no longer deal with the challenges that were so intricate, so subtle, so diffused." A new enquiry was needed. "Can one wipe out everything? And start anew?"

"How do you enquire?" asked Krishnaji. For him, there were three ways: "It is possible, it is not possible, it may be possible." The first two responses were an ending of enquiry, for they were limited by their certainties and so were held in time. It was only in a tentative delving into "the may be possible" that true enquiry was revealed. At his talks, in discussions, at the breakfast and lunch table, he spoke again and again of the need for a new mind; a mind that could only arise "out of the void, out of complete negation, in a state of revolution, when the mind is completely alone."

He spoke of exploration as a negative awareness in which there was perception without recording; a state of pure seeing without opinion, judgment, or conclusion. Moving away from the step-by-step observation and enquiry of the 1950s, he explored the new mind with its capacity to comprehend the whole; this was only possible "when the mind is not concerned with the particular; then comprehending the whole, it can play with the particular.

"One has to see inwardly and outwardly. That seeing brings an extraordinary energy. In that seeing, there is an awareness that there is no outer and inner, they are really one continuous movement. It is the tide going out and the tide coming in." Seeing that his listeners were perplexed, he said, "Time prevents perception. A mind that thinks of distance as space from here to there, as becoming, as achievement, such a mind cannot see a thing totally."

He was probing into "mind," discovering insights of the "new" as he observed. "The quality of going beyond itself belongs to the new mind, which is free of time; time as an inner psychological process. The time of the psyche brings about fear and so limits the flow. To understand the enormous pervasive nature of fear, to see the complexities in which mind is entangled, you must understand time. Fear and time go together." Perceiving the shadows on the faces of his listeners, Krishnaji said, "Fear is the destructive energy in man, it withers the mind."

Speaking to small groups, he had gone deep into the nature of the challenges facing humankind. He said that the crisis was of a different dimension to that faced earlier. In these talks in Bombay, Krishnaji was penetrating deeply into the nature of the scientific mind and the religious mind; the only two minds that could survive in the future. He asked himself, "Can the scientific mind with its logic, its investigation into matter, energy, enter into the religious mind?" and answered, "When the scientific mind breaks through the limitations of the known—then perhaps it approaches the religious mind."

He probed further. "The scientific mind with its logic, its precision, its enquiry, investigates the outer world of nature, but this does not lead to an inward comprehension of things; but an inward comprehension brings about an understanding of the outer. We are the result of the influences of the outer. The scientific mind is precise and clear in its investigation. It is not a compassionate mind, for it has not understood itself.

"What is the true religious spirit?" he asked. "Obviously, not the man who believes—who goes to temples and churches. Nor is the reaction to that the religious spirit. It is only when one denies all belief or nonbelief, when there is a seeing of the fact and the falseness of belonging and reaction, that the mind is in a state of negation, which means the mind is alone, it has no authority, no goal; therefore, it is not in a state of fear, which is reaction.

"The religious mind is not ritualistic. It is capable of thinking precisely, not in terms of the negative and positive; therefore, that mind has within it the scientific mind. But the scientific mind does not contain the religious mind, because it is based on time, knowledge; it is rooted in success and achievement.

"How does the religious mind enter the unknown?" He was questioning himself aloud. "It cannot come to the unknown except by 'jumping.' It cannot calculate and enter the unknown.

"The religious mind is the real revolutionary mind. It is not a reaction to what has been. The religious mind is explosive—creative . . . It is in a state of creation.[2]

"The religious mind is the only mind that can respond totally to the present challenge and to all challenges, at all times." He paused for a long time to permit the words to seek deep. "Can this mind be so solitary, solid in its aloneness, like fire?"

Again he questioned himself. "How can radical transformation from the roots of one's being come about? How can one recognize a religious mind? How does one recognize a saint? What does the word 'recognize' mean? To see again? Can one explode the pattern we have of a saint? You must explode the pattern to find the religious mind. Then there is no saint. He may be around the corner, unrecognized."

His questioning continued. "Can one observe without reaction? To observe without the center is the negative process. The mind is a slave to words. Can it be free of them?" Seeing the strained look on the faces of listeners, striving to reach the essence of his questions, he smiled, drawing the audience close to him. "Can you play with this a little?

"To find out whether there is God or no God, or if there is something more than thought, you must shatter the whole background, must you not? Seeing the truth that any conditioning is destructive to perception, can the mind break through without reaction? That breaking through opens the whole field of self-knowing."

In a public meeting he was asked, "How did the first mind come about?" His answer denied all theoretical speculation. "The fact is we are here. To investigate origins, you have to investigate what you are now. Is there a beginning and an ending? Do not ask what is the beginning. We started the discussion with time and the timeless; that brings us to existence, to living, to what we are. Can we be ruthless in our investigation of what we are? Can we understand what is the present? Then we will touch the beginning and ending of all things. To question rightly is to see that there is no beginning, no ending. To understand this extraordinary sense of timelessness, you have to understand the mind in the present. The human mind, as it is now, is the result of environment. The mind has to extricate itself from all influences to find the 'timeless.'

"To understand time, not put it aside, not create a theory about it, you have to investigate your own mind, grow aware of the extraordinary impact of influence. Time is the influence of a thousand yesterdays. There is not only chronological time, time by the watch, but there is time as memory, stretching backwards and forwards. This memory is unconscious, buried, hidden deep in the vast recesses of one's mind. There is time, from place to place, from here to there, and there is time as becoming. I am this and I shall be that. This reaching into the future to become introduces the permanent and the transient.

"There is time when you sow—time when you reap." He probed into inward time as memory, with its extraordinary complexity and subtlety. "Can we investigate into the self like the scientist?" he asked.

On another evening he explored the nature of the observer and the observed. The distance between the observer and the observed creates duality. "It is only when the mind observes itself as being conditioned that there is no observer. Can the mind observe itself as the observer? It is not a rare thing. When you are angry, passionate—in that state there is no observer, nor the observed as thought."

Speaking of the unknown, the void, from which alone the new mind could emerge, he said, "The mind cannot come to it; the mind that measures itself in time must wipe itself away and enter into that, without knowing that. You cannot know it. It has no color, no space, no shape. You cannot make a statement about it. All you can do is to jump out of the old, then you won't even know, for you are part of that extraordinary state."

He was holding the problem of the scientific mind and the religious mind in consciousness; his mind awake, listening to the intimations of the "new mind."

He was to discuss the question again and again. "What is needed is a new mind that functions wholly. The scientific mind is directive; the religious mind explodes without direction. Self-knowing is essential; because it is only a mind in self-knowing, because it is understanding itself, that it withers away, for the new mind to be.

"What is demanded is a fertile mind. Fertile in the sense of rich, in which a seed can grow, be nurtured, carefully watched over; a mind that is deeply enquiring, searching, looking, watching. Only that mind, exquisitely pliant, not tethered to anything, is sensitive. The fertile mind is empty, like the womb before it conceives. Can you take one thing? Take envy—understand it and go through it ruthlessly. Put your teeth into it and strip the mind of envy. Take stock of yourself, day after day, minute after minute, to ruthlessly penetrate this appalling thing—envy."

Like a shaft of fire, penetrating, his words dispelled shadows in the within. "The mind is a vast thing. It is not a spot in the universe. It is the universe. To investigate the universe demands an astonishing energy. It is energy greater than all rockets, because it is self-perpetuating, because it has no center. This is only possible when there is an enquiry into the inner and outer movement of the mind. The inner, the racial unconscious, in which are the urges, compulsions, the hidden dark fears, is the story of man. How do you observe? How do you listen? If the observation, the listening, is direct, then you are observing negatively. Then the mind has no conclusions, no opposites, no directives. In that looking it can see what is near and what is far away. In that there is an ending. Such a mind is the new mind. It has exploded without direction. Such a mind is the religious mind."

Then he opened up the nature of such a mind, a mind for which there has to be hard, arduous work. "But," he said, "you cannot watch from morning till night. You cannot be vigilant, never blinking for the whole day. So play with it. Play with it lightly. To question 'how am I to be aware' is to create conflict. But as you are playing, you learn.

"The mind that explodes without direction is compassionate, and what the world needs is compassion, not schemes.

"The new mind is not within the field of knowledge. It is that state of creation which is exploding. For that, all knowledge has to come to an end.

"The new mind cannot come into being with authority, with masters, with gurus. With a burnt-out mind, you cannot come to the new mind. You need a fresh, eager, live mind." He then held out the key. "What releases energy is direct perception. The greater part of the brain is the residuary animal and the remaining part undefined. We live our life in the very small part. We never investigate. Sensitivity arises when you watch a tree, bird, animal, ant. Watch how you walk, bathe, dress; watch yourself being important. If you so watch, if you so observe thought and every emotion, flowering, then the brain is very sensitive; out of that, the flowering of the mind begins. That is mutation.

"To watch, to observe everything, is to be aware of totality, never to limit any thought, to let everything flower. A mind that is completely quiet, without any reaction, is only an instrument of observation. It is alive, sensitive.

"Mutation is only possible when you have brought this about through awareness, without effort. The challenge of the present time and of every instant, if you are awake, is to respond totally to something that is new.

"Creation is not invention. The universe is not made of invention."

CHAPTER 22

"Be Awake."

Krishnaji left India for Rome in the middle of March 1961. A few days before his departure Nandini had been talking to him in his room at Himmat Nivas in Bombay. Krishnaji was sitting cross-legged on his bed, Nandini on the mat-covered floor close by. Suddenly, in the middle of the conversation, he stopped speaking; his straight back became still, his eyes closed, and like a swift moving tide, she felt it, pouring in through the doors and windows—rivers of silence that bathed her body, entering the pores of her skin, saturating her. She too became totally still and died to the world. She does not know how long it lasted. Suddenly, she heard the voice of Krishnaji and grew aware of her surroundings. She had felt the strength needed to hold this silent roaring wind, and commented on it.

For some time after that Krishnaji was far away. Krishnaji's long periods of rest and the silences of Ranikhet and Kashmir had triggered the awakening of these immense rivers of energy. Insights awakened and converged that were to flower in the "notebooks" Krishnaji was to start writing in the spring of 1961.

From the plane on his way to Rome on March 25, Krishnaji wrote to Nandini:

> Half an hour out of Bombay, at 35,000 ft., the sky was blue, so blue, so intense, so pale, so soft that it brought tears to one's eyes, at one time the blue was almost black; we were so high, the plane so steady and the sea so far below, there was a strange sense of peace and incomprehensible vastness from horizon to horizon, there was this cloudless dome of intense blue; at the horizon, the blue was almost tender green. It was a marvelous sight, something incredibly beautiful. In the cabin it was freshly cool, almost cold, which revived one after the heat. It took some time to come back to oneself and I am sorry if I made a nuisance of myself before leaving. It was bright and warm when we arrived but it has become cold and rainy.

Writing to Nandini from Rome, he said:

> Resting and doing nothing must have pushed the body to the limit and now it is flat. Hope you are well. Don't please do these exercises with any strain, if there's a strain, the exercises are not being done properly. Give complete attention and things will come right. Don't settle down, keep the flame alive It has been altogether strange and don't get lost in trivialities; don't let yourself be drowned; keep awake, be in a state of complete attention.

Signora Vanda Scaravelli, an old friend of Krishnaji's, was a remarkable woman, with the fire, eccentricity, quickness of mind and body of the fine-bred Italian. She met Krishnaji in Rome, and after a few days was to travel with him to Il Leccio, near Florence. Later, in Geneva, he underwent a complete medical checkup at the Bercher Brenner Clinic.

In May, Krishnaji was in London. Miss Doris Pratt, the representative of K. W. I. in England had arranged for his stay in a house near Wimbledon Common. She was there to look after him. He held meetings with and gave talks to a small group of specially invited people. In the evenings he went for long walks alone on Wimbledon Common. On May 12 he wrote to Nandini:

> The wheels* of Ooty are working, unknown to any, and other things are taking place. It is so extraordinary, and words seem so futile. Days are too short and one lives in a day, a thousand years. Keep alive, aware and don't let anything whatsoever smother the flame. Don't let a single thought escape without observing from where it came, its motives, and significance. Keep awake.

Another letter arrived from Wimbledon on May 18:

> As one grows older, as the mind gets more set and more mechanical, it is very important to break down every pattern of thought and feeling—to be aware of every movement of thought, to watch ceaselessly, never to allow moods to gather strength or allow the physical to cloud the clarity of the mind. Don't let the flame die down or let the smoke of everyday events smother it. Strangely the things that happened at Ooty are taking place, though no one knows about it—it is very strong. The wheels of Ooty are working powerfully. I am surprised

These references to Ooty were to occur again on June 1, when he wrote from London:

> Don't be smothered by mediocrity and by everyday events of nothing. Be

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*His use of the word "wheels" refers to the *chakras*.

> intense and don't let the flame die. Everything is well here. The wheels of Ooty are working furiously and painfully.

Miss Pratt had noticed that Krishnaji was undergoing some mysterious experiences. In a letter to Rajagopal she described what was happening. She questioned Krishnaji, and he told her that there was nothing anyone could do except keep quiet, relaxed, and not worry; but he said not to let anyone touch him. She went on to say that she felt she was an onlooker at a most profound and tremendous mystery.[1]

Krishnaji flew to Ojai via New York on June 14. My daughter Radhika, who was working for her Ph.D. at Bryn Mawr, came to see him on June 16. In a letter to Nandini, Krishnaji said:

> Saw Radhika—looks well and we had a long talk. Life is short and there is so much to discover not outwardly but within. There are vast unexplored regions within and don't let a day go by without discovering something Be explosive inwardly and then the outer things will take care of themselves.

On June 17, the day before he left for Ojai, he began to write a record of his pilgrimage into the vast oceans of "otherness." The immense insights and the perceptions without horizons that he was to write about in the *Notebook* were unfolding.

The letters to Nandini started again in July from Ojai. On July 4, he wrote to her:

> You may remember that two days before I left, you were aware of that strange energy in the room. To stand it one has to be tremendously "strong." You used that word. Be of it. For that's here now and the wheels of Ooty are working. Don't get entangled, be aware of deep thoughts and feelings. Be direct simple and clear.

The letters continued. On July 19 he wrote from Gstaad:

> Fear really destroys and perverts all seeing. It breeds illusion; it dulls the mind, it destroys dignity. Search it out—be open to it. Don't find excuses for it. Go into it ruthlessly. Be aware of every form of fear and wash it away. Don't let it remain with you for a single minute. There is no innocency [sic] where there is fear, jealousy, attachment. Be burningly aware of it The wheels of Ooty have been working.

Signora Scaravelli, his hostess in Gstaad, has described Krishnaji's states of consciousness while he was at Chalet Tannegg.* They were similar to and yet different from what took place at Ootacamund. The intense pain was absent. The states of otherness and benediction arose in his walks, in the house, while he was awake, or as he awoke from sleep. Vanda Scaravelli sensed the sacred presence that was around and within him. She spoke of the face-changing and of an awareness, a simultaneous feeling of emptiness and fullness. All the time he was giving talks in Saanen. They were not independent of his states. All separation between these mystic happenings and his daily life appears to have ended.

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*Chalet Tannegg is in Gstaad, Switzerland Krishnaji lived there every year in the months of July and part of August till 1983 as a guest of Signora Vanda Scaravelli During this period he held talks and discussions in Saanen

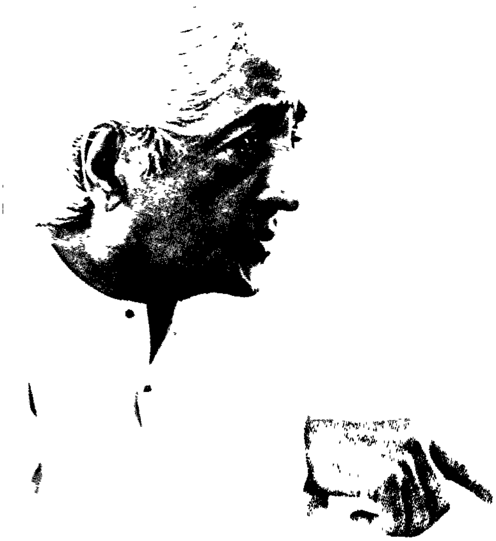
On July 18, while in Gstaad, he wrote in the *Notebooks:* "Our eyes and brain register the outward things, trees, mountains, swift running streams; accumulate knowledge, technique and so on. With that same eyes and brain, trained to observe, to choose, to condemn and justify, we turn inward, look inward, recognize objects, build up ideas, which are organized into reason. This inward look does not go very far, for it's still within the limitation of its own observation and reason. This inward gaze is still the outward look and so there's not much difference between the two. What may appear to be different may be similar.

"But there's an inward observation which is not the outward observation turned inward. The brain and the eye which observe only partially do not comprehend the total seeing. They must be alive completely but still; they must cease to choose and judge but be passively aware. Then the inward seeing is without the border of time-space. In this flash a new perception is born."[2]

As far as we know, this was the last occasion when he was to experience such events. In later years other states of vastness and emptiness were to arise, he was to faint and be out of his body; but these processes appear to be of another nature.

K came back to Rishi Valley in the late autumn of 1961. Dr. Balasundaram was principal. The relationship between the students, the teachers, and the principal was warm and friendly; there was a living quality in the atmosphere. K sensed this and responded with passion and abundance. He had an immense empathy with the land and the surrounding hills. He could see Rishi Konda from his window, and the dialogue with the "sculptured" hill had commenced. To K the state of well being of the valley and its inhabitants was communicated in the intensity of the benediction that flowed from the hill. Local legends spoke of seers and sages who lived on Rishi Konda. At night inexplicable lights appeared and traveled across the slopes.

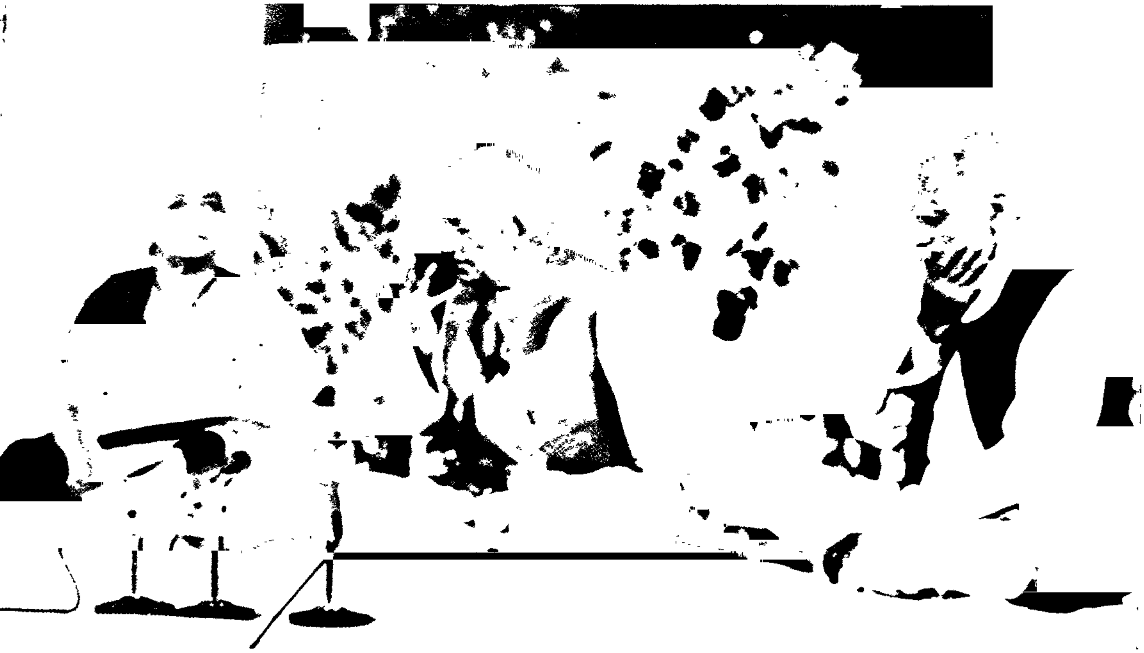
K continued to write his *Notebook.* A great benediction comes



Krishnaji at Rishi Valley School addressing a gathering of students in the early 1970s, in discussion with a student in December 1982, listening to a music concert in December 1980 (Photo M. A. Hamid)

Krishnaji in November 1982, holding the hand of Maya, a Rishi Valley student Pointing to the pole that separates them, he comments "the eternal problem "

Krishnaji in December 1982 with G Narayan, the principal of Rishi Valley School and Radhika Herzberger, the director of studies



Krishnaji in discussion with Pupul Jayakar and Achyut Patwardhan, Rishi Valley, December 1984

Krishnaji in December 1981 writing at his desk in his bedroom at Rishi Valley

Krishnaji in November 1982 with Palghat Mani Aiyar, a Master of percussion in residence at Rishi Valley School

Krishnaji and Asit Chandmal at lunch in a hotel at Gstaad, Switzerland in July 1982

Krishnaji at Rishi Valley School, December 1980, bidding farewell to Rajiv Gandhi and his mother Indira whom he was later to succeed as prime minister of India. (Photo M. A. Hamid)

Krishnaji with Achyut Patwardhan in New Delhi, November 1981.

Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya in Vasant Vihar, 1986.

Mahesh Saxena in Vasant Vihar, Madras, January 1986

Nandini Mehta in Bombay, January 1981

Krishnaji with Indira Gandhi and Pupul Jayakar at Rishi Valley School (Photo M. A. Hamid)

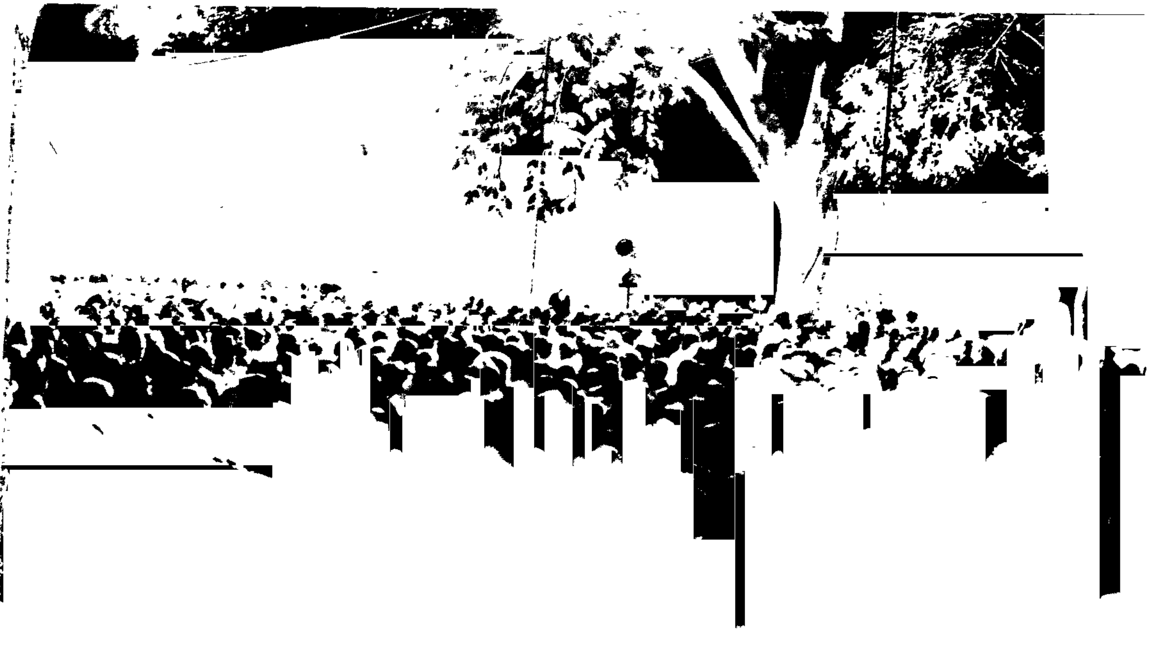
Vasant Vihar, the headquarters in Madras of the Krishnamurti Foundation India

Krishnaji listening to music after a Sunday talk in Bombay, February 1980. (Photo Asit Chandmal)

Krishnaji with the members of the Krishnamurti Foundation India, December 8, 1985. (from left to right, front row) R. R. Upasini, Dr. Parchure, Pt. Jagannath Upadhyaya, Krishnaji, Dr. Krishna, G Narayan, (second row) Padma Santhanam, Prema Srinivasan, Sunanda Patwardhan, Achyut Patwardhan, Radhika Herzberger, Pupul Jayakar, Nandini Mehta, Anantaswamy, (standing) Amarendra Roy, Mahesh Saxena, Pama Patwardhan, Dr Hiralal, Kabir, Asit Chandmal, Rajesh Dalal, Ahalya Chari, Sathe, Murali Rao, Meheralli, and to the extreme right is Parmeshwaran, Krishnaji's cook who served K and the Rishi Valley School since the early 1950s. (Photo Mark Edwards Copyright © The Krishnamurti Foundation)

A child approaches Krishnaji with a flower at the end of his last talk, which ends with silence (Photo Asit Chandmal)

The last talk in Vasant Vihar, Adyar, Madras, January 3, 1986 (Photo Asit Chandmal)



Krishnaji, January 10, 1986, on his last walk on the Adyar Beach—a strong wind sweeps his hair back like a comet's tail. (Photo Asit Chandmal) through his words. Whatever was in him and around him penetrated the soil of the valley and is still felt by many sensitive visitors. "For the otherness was there, and coming up the valley; it was like a curtain of rain but only there was no rain; it was coming as a breeze comes, softly and gently and it was there outside and inside."[3]

Radhika and I were with Krishnaji in Rishi Valley for the period he was there. K went for long walks alone or with Dr. Balasundaram and Radhika. The trees that had been planted in the late 1940s were now full grown; the wells had made possible the planting of paddy; the valley was alive with green, sap-filled shrubs; the paths were fragrant with white flowers shed by avenues of cork trees.

The children who had gathered on the hilltop at Astachal to witness the sun sink below the horizons felt the colors explode within them. They were silently aware of the stranger in their midst and the skies that were ablaze to welcome him. K later wrote in the *Notebook:*

> The earth was the colour of the sky; the hills, the green, ripening rice fields, the trees and the dry, sandy river-bed were the colour of the sky; every rock on the hills, the big boulders, were the clouds and they were the rocks. Heaven was the earth and the earth heaven; the setting sun had transformed everything. The sky was blazing fire, bursting in every streak of cloud, in every stone, in every blade of grass, in every grain of sand. The sky was ablaze with green, purple, violet, indigo, with the fury of flame. Over that hill it was a vast sweep of purple and gold; over the southern hills a burning delicate green and fading blues; to the east there was a counter sunset as splendid in cardinal red and burnt ochre, magenta and fading violet. The counter sunset was exploding in splendour as in the west; a few clouds had gathered themselves around the setting sun and they were pure, smokeless fire which would never die. The vastness of this fire and its intensity penetrated everything and entered the earth. The earth was the heavens and the heavens the earth. And everything was alive and bursting with colour and colour was god, not the god of man. The hills became transparent, every rock and boulder was without weight, floating in colour and the distant hills were blue, the blue of all the seas and the sky of every clime. The ripening rice fields were intense pink and green, a stretch of immediate attention. And the road that crossed the valley was purple and white, so alive that it was one of the rays that raced across the sky. You were of that light, burning, furious, exploding, without shadow, without root and word. And as the sun went further down, every colour became more violent, more intense and you were completely lost, past all recalling. It was an evening that had no memory.[4]

In his talks to the children and teachers K questioned the place of knowledge in the transformation of man. The minds of the children were alive, quickened by direct contact with K's presence, the benediction, an ocean in which he walked and talked. The clarity and depth of the insights revealed in the talks were startling. These talks were later to appear in *Krishnamurti on Education*. In the talks K emphasized the two instruments available to the human mind: knowledge, which enables one to gain mastery over the material environment; and intelligence, which is born of observation. To the child he said, "A new mind is only possible when the religious spirit and the scientific attitude form part of the same movement of consciousness." To K they were not separate movements that had to be fused, but a new movement inherent in intelligence and in the creative mind.

K denied all hierarchical relationships. To him right communion was only possible when the teacher and student functioned at the same level, communicating through question and counterquestion, until in the act of learning the problem was explored fully and understanding illumined the mind of the student and teacher simultaneously.

Speaking to the child of fear, K said, "When you see fear, enquire into it, face it, then it goes away." He explored with the child the complex problem of fear. He unraveled the enormous darknesses of fear and the nature of becoming with delicacy and lucidity. He spoke of time by the watch and inner time, which is created by the psyche, as becoming the "I shall be." Projection into the future is the root of fear.

A child asked him about death. "There are two kinds of death," he said. "Bodily death and death of thought." The body, the physical organism, has to end. "We are not afraid of that. We are afraid that thought as the 'me,' which has lived, acquired money, family, the 'me' that wants to become important, will end." He asked the child, "Do you see the difference between the physical dying and the 'me' dying?" Children listened, the seed of intelligence was planted, on rich earth or barren rocky soil—only the future would reveal.

He introduced the child to self-knowing and meditation. At the end of one talk, he said, "First of all, sit completely quiet, comfortably, sit very quietly, relax. Now, look at the trees, at the shape of the hills, and look at the quality, the color, of the trees. Do not listen to me. Watch and see those trees, the yellowing trees, the tamarind, and then look at the bougainvilleas. Look not with your mind, but with your eyes. After having looked at the colors, the shapes, and the shadows of the trees, of the hills, the rocks, then from the outside move to the inside. Close your eyes, close your eyes completely. You have finished looking at things outside, and now with your eyes closed, look at what is happening inside. Watch what is happening inside you. Do not think, but just watch. Do not move your eyeballs, just keep them very very quiet. There is nothing to see now, you have seen all the things around you, now you are seeing what is happening inside your mind. And to see what is happening inside your mind, you have to be very quiet inside. And when you are quiet, do you know what happens to you? You become very sensitive, you become very alert to things outside and inside. Then you find that the outside is the inside. Then you find out that the observer is the observed."[5]

He spoke with the same directness to the teacher as he did to the child. He spoke of the urgency and necessity to have a long vision, in which the little things are contained. He explored with tactile subtlety the many darknesses of the mind.

K's final talk, "On Flowering," is perhaps one of the most daring and explosive of any talk on education.

"Can frustration flower?" he asked. "How do you question so that frustration unfolds, so that frustration flowers? It is only when thought flowers that it can naturally die. Like the flower in a garden, thought must blossom, it must come to fruition and then it dies. In the same way, thought must be given freedom to die. And the right question is whether there can be freedom for frustration to flower and to die?"

A teacher asked what he meant by "flowering." Krishnamurti answered, "Look at the garden, the flowers in front over there! They come to bloom and after a few days they wither away, because it is their nature. Now, frustration must be given freedom so that it blossoms.

"Your question was: 'Is there a momentum which keeps moving, keeping itself clean, healthy?' That momentum, that flame which burns, can only be when there is freedom for everything to flower—the ugly, the beautiful, the evil, the good, the stupid—so that there is not a thing suppressed, so that there is not a thing which has not been brought out and examined and burnt out. And I cannot do that if through the little things I do not discover frustration, misery, sorrow, conflict, stupidity, dullness. If I only discover frustration through reasoning I do not know what frustration means."

The teachers were unable to understand, and questioned further. "You see," responded K, "to you flowering is an idea. The little mind always deals with symptoms and never with the fact. It does not have the freedom to find out. It is doing the very thing which indicates the little mind, for it says, 'It is a good idea, I will think about it,' and so it is lost for it is then dealing with idea, not with fact. It does not say, 'Let it flower, and see what happens.' Then it would discover. But it says, 'It is a good idea, I must investigate the idea.' "

He told the teachers that most people were prisoners of little things. Then he asked, "Can I see the symptom, go into the cause, and let the cause of flower? But, I want it to flower in a certain direction, which means I have an opinion on how it should flower. Now, can I go after that? Can I see that I prevent the cause flowering because I am afraid I do not know what will happen if I allow frustration to flower? So, can I go into why I am afraid? I see, that so long as fear exists there can be no flowering. So I have to tackle fear, not through the idea of fear, but tackle it as a fact, which means, can I allow fear to blossom?

"All this requires a great deal of inward perception. To allow fear to blossom—do you know what that means? Can I allow everything to blossom? This does not mean I am going to murder, rob somebody, but can I just allow 'what is' to blossom?"

Seeing that they still did not understand, he asked, "Have you grown a plant? How do you do it?"

A teacher replied, "Prepare the ground, put in manure. . . ."

K continued, "Put in the right manure, use the right seed, put it in at the right time, look after it, prevent things from happening to it. You give it freedom. Why do you not do the same with jealousy?"

"The flowering here is not expressed outside like the plant."

Krishnamurti said, "It is much more real than the plant you are planting outside in the field. Do you know what jealousy is? At the moment of jealousy, do you say it is imagination? You are burning with it, are you not? You are angry, furious, why do you not pursue it? Pursue it not as an idea, but actually. Can you take it out, look at it, and see that it flowers? So that each flowering is a destruction of itself and, therefore, there is no 'you' at the end to ask who is observing the destruction? In that is real creation."

The teachers again asked, "When the flower blossoms, it reveals itself. What exactly do you mean, Sir, when you say that when jealousy blossoms it will destroy itself?"

Krishnamurti said, "Take a bud, an actual bud from a bush. If you nip it, it will never flower, it will die quickly. If you let it blossom, then it shows you the color, the delicacy, the pollen. It shows what it actually is, without your being told it is red, it is blue, it is pollen. It is there for you to look at. In the same way, if you allow jealousy to flower, then it shows you everything it actually is—which is envy, attachment. So, in allowing jealousy to blossom, it has shown you all its colors, it has revealed to you what is behind jealousy.

To say that jealousy is the cause of attachment is mere verbalization. But, in actually allowing jealousy to flower, the fact that you are attached to something becomes a fact, an emotional fact, not an intellectual verbal idea. And so each flowering reveals what you have not been able to discover; and as each fact unveils itself, it flowers and you deal with it. You let the fact flower and it opens other doors, till there is no flowering at all of any kind and, therefore, no cause or motive of any kind."[h]

Seeing the look on the faces of the teachers, Krishnaji said, "In the very act of your listening, the flowering is taking place."

Krishnaji's relationship to the schools was undergoing deep change. He saw the school as an oasis where the teaching could be cherished and kept alive, whatever the disorder and violence in the world. A new generation, the new mind, had to come into being; and for that not only had the teacher and the taught to have listening minds and eyes that could see with a long vision, without identification and fragmentation, but the ground had to be ploughed and the seed sown, the land made holy with benediction.

Radhika and I traveled with Krishnaji in the car from Rishi Valley to Madras. Aldous Huxley and his wife were in India, and were to visit Madras as Krishnaji's guests later in the month. I had promised to help make their stay in Vasant Vihar, a spartan household, comfortable. The furniture in the rooms at Vasant Vihar had to be rearranged, and some sophistication brought into the serving of meals. On reaching Madras, however, there was a telegram awaiting me; my husband had fallen ill, and so Radhika and I left immediately for Delhi.

Krishnaji arrived in Delhi later from Madras with Madhavachari. Devastated by personal sorrow, I went to see Krishnaji. He overwhelmed me with his affection, held my face so that my eyes could not escape the intense depth of his eyes, and repeated the facts of my bondage and the illusions and hopes that refused to be allayed. Suddenly, it was over. Some blockage within me was swept away in the rivers of energy that flowed from him. In the following years I was to meet him several times alone, they were meetings regarding the schools or concerning the teaching; it was very seldom that I was to raise a personal problem.

Later in 1962, the decision taken by Radhika, my only child, to marry a young philosopher from the United States had shattered me. I was deeply attached to her, and my response to the proposed separation was inevitable. My body and mind were ravaged. I could not bear to accompany her to America, where she was to marry. I saw her to the airplane and then fled from the rest of the family, seeking to be alone, away from everything familiar.

From Calcutta I went to Birbhum, and on my return read the newspaper headlines. Emergency had been declared in India. China had broken through India's defenses and was at the gateways. The eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation of Kennedy and Kruschev over the Cuban missile crisis had shaken the world. The point of no return had been reached. I looked at the headlines, and the ground collapsed under me. I had to face the fact that I might never see my daughter again.

I sat through the whole night holding the anguish, letting the agony flood consciousness, refusing to turn away with hope. Anxiety, despair, memories arose; the sense of forever; the terror of the word paralyzed me, but I saw it arise and let be. By the morning the love for my daughter was still as deep, but the pain and anguish that arose at the thought of the possible ending of the relationship was quenched. Attachment had lost one peg to which it was rooted. Now there remained only my dependence on the guru, and that also was soon to be challenged.

Radhika met Krishnaji in Gstaad on her way to the United States in November 1962. Krishnaji wrote to me from Chalet Tannegg that he had met Radhika and gone for a long walk with her. "It was good that we met," he said. Knowing what her going would mean to me, he wrote, "It must be a great trial to see Radhika go away."

CHAPTER 23

"Happy Is the Man Who Is Nothing": Letters to a Young Friend

Between 1948 and the early 1960s, Krishnaji was easily accessible and many people came to him. On walks, in personal meetings, through letters, the relationships blossomed. He wrote the following letters[1] to a young friend who came to him wounded in body and mind. The letters, written between June 1948 and March 1960, reveal a rare compassion and clarity: the teaching and healing unfold; separation and distance disappear; the words flow; not a word is superfluous; the healing and the teaching are simultaneous.

Be supple mentally. Strength does not lie in being firm and strong but in being pliable. The pliable tree stands in a gale. Gather the strength of a swift mind.

Life is strange, so many things happen unexpectedly, mere resistance will not solve any problem. One needs infinite pliability and a single heart.

Life is a razor's edge and one has to walk on that path with exquisite care and with pliable wisdom.

Life is so rich, has so many treasures, we go to it with empty hearts; we do not know how to fill our hearts with the abundance of life. We are poor inwardly and when the riches are offered to us, we refuse. Love is a dangerous thing, it brings the only revolution that gives complete happiness. So few of us are capable of love, so few want love. We love on our own terms, making of love a marketable thing. We have the market mentality and love is not marketable, a give-and-take affair. It is a state of being in which all man's problems are resolved.

We go to the well with a thimble and so life becomes a tawdry affair, puny and small.

What a lovely place the earth could be, for there is so much beauty, so much glory, such imperishable loveliness. We are caught in pain and don't care to get out of it, even when someone points a way out.

I don't know, but one's aflame with love. There is an unquenchable flame. One has so much of it that one wants to give it to everyone and one does. It is like a strong flowing river, it nourishes and waters every town and village; it is polluted, the filth of man goes into it but the waters soon purify themselves and swiftly move on. Nothing can spoil love, for all things are dissolved in it—the good and the bad, the ugly and the beautiful. It is the only thing that is its own eternity.

The trees were so stately and strangely impervious to man's tarred roads and traffic. Their roots were deep down, deep in the earth, and their tops stretched to the skies. We have our roots in the earth, which we have and must have, but we cling or crawl on the earth; only a few soar into the skies. They are the only creative and happy people. The rest spoil and destroy each other on this lovely earth, by hurt and likewise gossip.

Be open. Live in the past if you must, but don't struggle against the past; when the past comes, look into it, not pushing it away nor holding to it too much. The experience of all these years, the ache and the joy, the sickening blows and your glimpses of the separation, the far-away sense, all these will add enrichment and beauty. What is important is what you have in your heart; and since that is overflowing, you have everything, you are everything.

Be alert to all your thoughts and feelings, don't let one feeling or thought slip by without being aware of it and absorbing all its content. Absorbing is not the word, but seeing the whole content of the thought-feeling. It is like entering a room and seeing the whole content of the room at once, its atmosphere and its spaces. To see and be aware of one's thoughts makes one intensively sensitive, pliable, and alert. Don't condemn or judge, but be very alert. Out of separation, out of the dross comes pure gold.

To see "what is," is really quite arduous. How does one clearly observe? A river when it meets an obstruction is never still; the river breaks down an obstruction by its weight or goes over it or works its way under it or around it; the river is never still; it cannot but act. It revolts, if we can so put it, intelligently. One must revolt intelligently and accept "what is" intelligently. To perceive "what is" there must be the spirit of intelligent revolt. Not to mistake a stump needs a certain intelligence; but generally one is so eager to get what one wants, that one dashes against the obstacle; either one breaks oneself against it or one exhausts oneself in the struggle against it. To see the rope as the rope needs no courage, but to mistake the rope for a snake and then to observe needs courage. One must doubt, ever search, see the false as the false. One gets power to see clearly through the intensity of attention; you will see it will come. One has to act; the river is never not-acting, it is ever active. One must be in a state of negation, to act; this very negation brings its own positive action. I think the problem is to see clearly, then that very perception brings its own action. When there is elasticity there is no question of right and wrong.

One must be very clear within oneself. Then I assure you everything will come right; be clear and you will see that things will shape themselves right without your doing anything about it. The right is not what one desires.

There must be complete revolution, not only in great things, but in little everyday things. You have had that revolution, don't settle back, keep at it. Keep the pot boiling, inwardly.

I hope you have had a good night, pleasant sunrise out of your window and you were able to see the evening stars peacefully before you went to sleep. How little we know of love, of its extraordinary tenderness and "power," how easily we use the word love; the general uses it; the butcher uses it; the rich man uses it and the young boy and girl use it. But how little they know of it, its vastness, its deathlessness, its unfathomability. To love is to be aware of eternity.

What a thing is relationship, and how easily we fall into that habit of a particular relationship, things are taken for granted, the situation accepted and no variation tolerated; no movement towards uncertainty, even for a second, entertained. Everything is so well regulated, so made secure, so tied down, that there is no chance for any freshness, for a clear reviving breath of the spring. This and more is called relationship. If we closely observe, relationship is much more subtle, more swift than lightning, more vast than the earth, for relationship is life. Life is conflict. We want to make relationship crude, hard, and manageable. So it loses its fragrance, its beauty. All this arises because one does not love, and that of course is the greatest thing of all, for in it there has to be the complete abandonment of oneself.

It is the quality of freshness, of newness, that is essential, or otherwise life becomes a routine, a habit; and love is not a habit, a boring thing. Most people have lost all sense of wonderment. They take everything for granted, this sense of security destroys freedom and the wonderment of uncertainty.

We project a far distant future, away from the present. The attention to understand is always in the present. In attention there is always a sense of imminence. To be clear in one's intentions is quite an arduous task; intention is as a flame, ceaselessly urging one to understand. Be clear in your intentions and you will see, things will work out. To be clear in the present is all that one needs, but it is not quite so easy as it sounds. One has to clear the field for the new seed and once the seed is planted, its own vitality and strength creates the fruit and the seed. Outward beauty can never last, it is marred always if there is no inward delight and joy. We cultivate the outer, paying so little attention to the thing inside the skin; but it is the inner that always overcomes the outer. It is the worm inside the apple that destroys the freshness of the apple.

It needs great intelligence for a man and woman to be forgotten, to live together, not surrender to each other or be dominated by one or the other. Relationship is the most difficult thing in life.

How strangely one is susceptible to an atmosphere, one needs a friendly tension, a sense of warm attention in which one can freely and naturally blossom. So few have this atmosphere; and so most are stunted, physically as well as psychologically. I am very surprised that you have survived without being perverted in that peculiar atmosphere. One can see why you were not utterly destroyed, spotted and twisted; outwardly you adjusted as rapidly as possible, inwardly you put yourself to sleep. It is this inward insensitivity that saved you. If you had allowed yourself to be sensitive, inwardly awake, you couldn't have stood it and so there would have been conflict and you would have broken down, been marked. Now that you are inwardly awake and are clear, you have no conflict with the atmosphere. It is this conflict that makes for perversion. You will always remain unscarred if you are inwardly very alert and awake and warmly adjust to things externally.

Substitutes soon wither away. One may be worldly even though one has a few things. The desire for power in any form; the power of the ascetic, the power of a big financier or the politician or the pope is worldly. The craving for power breeds ruthlessness and reemphasizes the importance of oneself, the self-expansive aggressiveness is in essence worldliness. Humility is simplicity, but the cultivated humility is another form of worldliness.

Very few are aware of their inward changes, setbacks, conflicts and distortions. Even if they are aware they try to push them aside or run away from them. Don't you do it. I don't think you will, but there is a danger of living with your thoughts and feelings too closely. One has to be aware of one's thoughts and feelings, without anxiety, without pressure. The real revolution has taken place in your life, you should be very much aware of your thoughts and feelings—let them come out, don't check them, don't hold them back. Let them pour out, the gentle as well as the violent ones, but be aware of them.

Occupied with what are your desires, if you have any? The world is a good place, we do everything to get away from it through worship, prayer, our loves and fears. We don't know whether we are rich or poor, we have never gone deep down into ourselves and discovered "what is." We exist on the surface, satisfied with so little and made happy and unhappy by such small things. Our petty minds have petty problems and petty answers, and so we spend our days. We don't love, and when we do it is always with fear and frustration, with sorrow and longing.

I was thinking how important it is to be innocent, to have an innocent mind. Experiences are inevitable, perhaps necessary; life is a series of experiences, but the mind need not be burdened with its own accumulative demands. It can wipe off each experience and keep itself innocent—unburdened. This is important, otherwise the mind can never be fresh, alert and pliable. The "how" to keep the mind pliable is not the problem; the "how" is the search for a method, and method can never make the mind innocent; it can make it methodical, but never innocent, creative.

It began to rain yesterday afternoon and how it poured last night. I have never heard anything like it. It was as if the heavens opened. There was extraordinary silence with it, the silence of weight, a great weight pouring itself on the earth.

It is always difficult to keep simple and clear. The world worships success, the bigger the better; the greater the audience the greater the speaker; the colossal super buildings, cars, aeroplanes and people. Simplicity is lost. The successful people are not the ones who are building a new world. To be a real revolutionary requires a complete change of heart and mind, and how few want to free themselves. One cuts the surface roots; but to cut the deep feeding roots of mediocrity, success, needs something more than words, methods, compulsions. There seem to be few, but they are the real builders—the rest labor in vain.

One is everlastingly comparing oneself with another, with what one is, with what one should be, with someone who is more fortunate. This comparison really kills. Comparison is degrading, it perverts one's outlook. And on comparison one is brought up. All our education is based on it and so is our culture. So there is everlasting struggle to be something other than what one is. The understanding of what one is uncovers creativeness, but comparison breeds competitiveness, ruthlessness, ambition, which we think brings about progress. Progress has only led so far to more ruthless wars and misery than the world has ever known. To bring up children without comparison is true education.

It seems strange to be writing, what seems so unnecessary. The thing that matters is here and you are there. The real things are always alike, so unnecessary to write about or talk about; and in the very act of writing or talking something happens to pervert it, spoil it. There are so many things that are said apart from the real thing. This urge to fulfill, which burns so many people, in small ways and big ways. This urge can be satisfied in some way or the other, and with satisfaction the deeper things fade away. That is what happens in most cases, does it not? Fulfillment of desire is such a small affair, however pleasant; but with its fulfillment, as it keeps on satisfying itself, routine, boredom sets in and the real thing fades away. It is the real thing that has to remain and the wonder of it is, it does—if there is no thought of fulfillment but just seeing things as they are.

We are so very seldom alone; always with people, with thoughts that crowd in, hopes that have not been fulfilled, or are going to be—recollections. To be alone is essential for man to be uninfluenced, for something uncontaminated to take place. For this aloneness there seems to be no time, there are too many things to do, too many responsibilities and so on. To learn to be quiet, shutting oneself in one's room, to give the mind a rest, becomes a necessity. Love is part of this aloneness. To be simple, clear, and inwardly quiet, is to have that flame.

Things may not be easy but the more one asks of life, the more fearful and painful it becomes. To live simply, uninfluenced, though everything and everyone is trying to influence, to be without varying moods and demands is not easy, but without a deep quiet life, all things are futile.

How clear the blue sky is, vast, timeless and without space. Distance and space is a thing of the mind; there and here are facts, but they become psychological factors with the urge of desire. The mind is a strange phenomenon. So complex and yet so essentially simple. It is made complex by the many psychological compulsions. It is this that causes conflict and pain, the resistance and the acquisitions. To be aware of them, and let them pass by and not be entangled in them, is arduous. Life is as a vast flowing river. The mind holds in its net the things of this river, discarding and holding. There should be no net. The net is of time and space, it is the net that creates here and there; happiness and unhappiness.

Pride is a strange thing, pride in small things and big things; in our possessions, in our achievements, in our virtues, pride of race, name and family; in capacity, in looks, in knowledge. We make all this feed this pride, or we run to humility. The opposite of pride is not humility—it is still pride, only it is called humility; the consciousness of being humble is a form of pride. The mind has to be something. It struggles to be this or that, it can never be in a state of nothingness. If nothingness is a new experience, it must have that experience, the very attempt to be still is another acquisition. The mind must go beyond all effort only then . . .

Our days are so empty, filled with activities of every kind, business, speculation, meditation, sorrow, and joy. But in spite of all these, our lives are empty. Strip a man of position, power, or of money, what is he? He had all that show, outwardly, but he is empty, shallow, inwardly. One can't have both, the inner and other riches. The inner fullness far outweighs the outer. One can be robbed of the outer, outer events can shatter what has been carefully built up; but the inner riches are incorruptible, nothing can touch them, for they have not been put together by the mind.

The desire to fulfill is very strong in people and they pursue it at any cost. This fulfillment, in every way and in any direction, sustains people; if fulfillment fails in one direction, then they try in another. But is there such a thing as fulfillment? Fulfillment may bring a certain satisfaction, but it soon fades away and again we are on the hunt. In the understanding of desire the whole problem of fulfillment ceases. Desire is effort to be, to become, and with an ending to becoming the struggle to fulfill vanishes.

The mountains must be alone. It must be a lovely thing to have rain among the mountains and the rain drops on the placid lake. How the smell of the earth comes out when it rains and then there are the croakings of many frogs. There's a strange enchantment in the tropics, when it rains. Everything is washed clean; the dust on the leaf is washed away; the rivers come to life and there is the noise of running waters. The trees put out green shoots, there is the new wild grass where there was barren earth; insects by the thousands come out from nowhere and the parched earth is fed and the earth seems satisfied and at peace. The sun seems to have lost its penetrating quality and the earth has become green; a place of beauty and richness. Man goes on making his own misery, but the earth is rich once again and there is enchantment in the air.

It is strange how most people want recognition and praise—to be recognized as a great poet, as a philosopher, something that boosts one's ego. It gives great satisfaction but it has very little meaning. Recognition feeds one's vanity and perhaps one's pocket, and then what? It sets one apart and separation breeds its own problems, ever increasing. Though it may give satisfaction, recognition is not an end in itself. But most people are caught in the craving to be recognized, to fulfill, to achieve. And failure is then inevitable, with its accompanying misery. To be free of both success and failure is the real thing. From the beginning not to look for a result, to do the thing that one loves, and love has no reward or punishment. This is really a simple thing if there is love.

How little attention we pay to things about us, to observe and to consider. We are so self-centered, so occupied with our worries, with our own benefits, we have no time to observe and understand. This occupation makes our mind dull and weary, frustrated and sorrowful, and from sorrow we want to escape. As long as the self is active there must be weary dullness and frustration. People are caught in a mad race, in the grief of self-centered sorrow. This sorrow is deep thoughtlessness. The thoughtful, the watchful are free from sorrow.

How lovely a river is. A country without a rich, wide, flowing river is no country at all. To sit on the bank of a river and let the waters flow by, to watch the gentle ripples and hear the lapping of the ripples on the bank; to see the wind on the water making patterns; to see the swallows touching the water, the water catching insects; and in the distance, across the water, on the other bank, human voices or a boy playing the flute, of a still evening, quietens all the noise about one. Somehow, the waters seem to purify one, cleanse the dust of yesterday's memories and give that quality to the mind of its own pureness, as the water in itself is pure. A river receives everything—the sewer, the corpses, the filth of the cities it passes, and yet it cleanses itself within a few miles. It receives everything and remains itself, neither caring nor knowing the pure from impure. It's only the ponds, the little puddles that are soon contaminated, for they are not living, flowing, as the wide, sweet-smelling flowing rivers. Our minds are small puddles, soon made impure. It's the little pond, called mind, that judges, weighs, analyzes, and yet remains the little pool of responsibility.

Thought has a root or roots, thought itself is the root. There must be reaction or otherwise there's death; but to see that this reaction does not extend its root into the present or into the future is the problem. Thought is bound to arise, but to be aware of it and to end it *immediately* is essential. To think about thought, to examine it, to play around it, is to extend it, to give it root. This is really important to understand. To see how the mind thinks about thought is to react to the fact. The reaction is sadness and so on. To begin feeling sad, to think of the future return, to count the day, etc., is to give root to the thought concerning the fact. So the mind establishes roots, and then how to root them out becomes another problem, another idea. To think of the future is to have roots in the soil of uncertainty.

To be really alone, not with yesterday's memories and problems but to be alone and happy, to be alone without any outward or inward compulsion, is to let the mind be uninterfered. To be alone. To have a quality of love about a tree, protective and yet alone. We are losing the feeling for trees, and so we are losing love for man. When we can't love nature, we can't love man. Our Gods have become so small and petty and so is our love. In mediocrity we have our being, but there are the trees, the open heavens, and the inexhaustible riches of the earth.

You must have a clear mind, a free untethered mind; this is essential, you cannot have a clear, penetrating mind if there is fear of any sort. Fear clogs the mind. If the mind does not face its own self-created problems, it is not a clear, deep mind. To face its own peculiarities, to be aware of its urges, deeply and inwardly, to acknowledge all this without any resistance, is to have a profound and clear mind. Then only can there be a subtle mind, not merely a sharp mind. A subtle mind is a slow, hesitant mind; not a mind that concludes, judges, or formulates. This subtlety is essential. It must know to listen and to wait. To play with the deep. This is not to be got at the end, but this quality of the mind must be there from the very beginning. You may have it, give it a full and deep chance to flower.

To go into the unknown; to take nothing for granted, not to assume anything, to be free to find out, and then only can there be depth and understanding. Otherwise one remains on the surface. What is important is not to prove or disprove a point, but to find out the truth.

All idea of change or the truth of change is seen when there's only "what is." The "what is" is not different from the thinker. The thinker is that "what is," the thinker is not separate from that "which is."

It's not possible to be at peace if there's any kind of want, any hope for some future state. Suffering follows if there's any want, life is generally full of want; even to have one want leads to endless misery. For the mind to free itself from that one want, even to know that one desire needs attention, and that is quite an affair. When found, don't let it become a problem. To prolong the problem is to allow it to take root. Don't let it take root. The one want is the one and only pain. It darkens life; there's frustration and pain. Just be aware of it and be simple with it.

Through this estate runs a stream. It is not quiet water running peacefully to the big river, but a noisy cheerful stream. All this country around here is hilly, the stream has many a fall and at one place there are three falls of different depths. The higher one makes the noise, the loudest, the other two are not valuable but are on a minor key. All these three falls are spaced differently, and so there is a continuous movement of sound. You have to listen to hear the music. It's an orchestra playing among the orchards, in the open skies, but the music is there. You have to search it out, you have to listen, you have to be with the flowing waters to hear its music. You must be the whole to hear it—the skies, the earth, the soaring trees, the green fields and the running waters, then only you hear it. But all this is too much trouble, you buy a ticket and sit in a hall, surrounded by people, and the orchestra plays or someone sings. They do all the work for you; someone composes the song, the music, another plays or sings, and you pay to listen. Everything in life, except for a few things, is second-, third-, or fourth-hand—the Gods, poems, politics, music. So our life is empty. Being empty we try to fill it—with music, with Gods, with love, with forms of escape, and the very filling is the emptying. But beauty is not to be bought. So few want beauty and goodness, and man is satisfied with second-hand things. To throw it all off is the real and only revolution, and then only is there the creativeness of reality.

It's strange how man insists on continuity in all things; in relationships, in tradition, in religion, in art. There's no breaking off and a beginning new again. If man had no book, no leader, no one to copy, no one to follow, to example, if he was completely alone, stripped of all his knowledge, he would have to start from the very beginning. Of course this complete stripping of himself must be wholly and fully spontaneous and voluntary, otherwise he would go mad, force himself into some kind of neurosis. As only a few seem to be capable of this complete aloneness, the world carries on with tradition—in its art, its music, its politics, its Gods—which everlastingly breed misery. This is what is happening in the world at the present time. There is nothing new, there is only opposition and counteropposition—in religion the old formula of fear and dogma continues; in the arts there is the endeavor to find something new. But the mind is not new, it is the same old mind, ridden with tradition, fear, knowledge, and experience, endeavoring to search the new. It is the mind itself that must denude itself, wholly, for the new to be. This is the real revolution.

The wind is blowing from the south, dark clouds and rain, everything in putting forth, reaching out and renewing itself.

The farmer about here had a beautiful rabbit, alive and kicking. His woman carried it to him and one of the women said, "I cannot look," and the man killed it, and a few minutes later that which was alive, with a light in its eyes, was being skinned by the women. Here they are used to killing animals, as elsewhere in the world, religion does not forbid them to kill. In India where for centuries, children are told, at least in the South among the Brahmins, not to kill, how cruel it is to kill, there are many children who when they grow up are forced by circumstances to change their culture overnight. They eat meat, they become army officers to kill and be killed. Overnight their values change. The centuries of a particular pattern of culture is overthrown and a new one taken on. The desire to be secure, in one form or another, is so dominant that the mind will adjust itself to any pattern that can give it security and safety. But there is no security; and when one really understands this, there's something totally different, which creates its own way of life. That life cannot be understood or copied; all that one can do is to understand and be aware of the ways of security, which brings its own freedom.

The earth is beautiful and the more you are aware of it, the more beautiful it is. The color, the varieties of greens, the yellows. It is amazing what one discovers when one is alone with the earth. Not only the insects, the birds, the grass, the varieties of flowers, the rocks, the colors and the trees, but thoughts, if one loves them. We are never alone with anything. With ourselves, or with the earth. It is easy to be alone with a desire, not to resist it by an action of will, not to let it run away into some action, not to allow its fulfillment, not create its opposite by justification or condemnation; but to be alone with it. This brings about a very strange state without any action of will. It is that which creates resistance and conflict. Being alone with a desire brings about a transformation in the desire itself. Play with this and discover what happens; don't force anything, but consider it easily.

Education? What do we mean by it? We learn to read and write, acquire a technique necessary for a livelihood, and then we are let loose on the world. From childhood we are told what to do, what to think, and inwardly we are deeply conditioned by social and environmental influence.

I was thinking, can we educate man on the outside but leave the center free? Can we help man to be free inwardly and be always free? For it is only in freedom that he can be creative and so be happy. Otherwise, life is such a tortuous affair, a battle within and so without. But to be free inside needs astonishing care and wisdom; but few see the importance of this. We are concerned with the outer and not with creativity. But to change all this, there must be at least a few who understand the necessity of this, who themselves are inwardly bringing about this freedom. It is a strange world.

What is important is a radical change in the unconscious. Any conscious action of the will cannot touch the unconscious. As the conscious will cannot touch the unconscious pursuits, wants, urges, the conscious mind must subside, be still, and not try to force the unconscious, according to any particular pattern of action. The unconscious has its own pattern of action, its own frame within which it functions. This frame cannot be broken by any outward action, and will is an outward act. If this is really seen and understood, the outward mind is still; and because there is no resistance, set up by will, one will find that the so-called unconscious begins to free itself from its own limitations. Then only is there a radical transformation in the total being of man.

Dignity is a very rare thing. An office or a position of respect gives dignity. It is like putting on a coat. The coat, the costume, the post gives dignity. A title or a position gives dignity. But strip man of these things, and very few have that quality of dignity that comes with inward freedom of being as nothing. Being something is what man craves for, and that something gives him a position in society which it respects. Put a man into a category of some kind—clever, rich, a saint, a physicist; but if he cannot be put into a category that society recognizes, he is an odd person. Dignity cannot be assumed, be cultivated, and to be conscious of being dignified is to be conscious of oneself, which is to be petty, small. To be nothing is to be free of that very idea. Being, not of or in a particular state, is true dignity. It cannot be taken away, it always is.

To allow the free flow of life, without any residue being left, is real awareness. The human mind is like a sieve which holds some things and lets others go. What it holds is the size of its own desires; and desires, however profound, vast, noble, are small, are petty, for desire is a thing of the mind. Not to retain, but to have the freedom of life to flow without restraint, without choice, is complete awareness. We are always choosing or holding, choosing the things that have significance and everlastingly holding on to them. This we call experience, and the multiplication of experiences we call the richness of life. The richness of life is the freedom from the accumulation of experience. The experience that remains, that is held, prevents that state in which the known is not. The known is not the treasure, but the mind clings to it and thereby destroys or defiles the unknown.

Life is a strange business. Happy is the man who is nothing.

We are, most of us at least, creatures of moods and a variety of moods. Few of us escape from it. With some, it is caused by the bodily condition, with others it is a mental state. We like this up and down state, we think this movement of moods is part of existence. Or one just drifts from one mood to another. But there are few who are not caught in this movement, who are free from the battle of becoming, so that inwardly there is a steadiness, not of the will, a steadiness that is not cultivated, nor the steadiness of concentrated interest, nor the product of any one of these activities. It comes upon one only when the action of will ceases.

Money does spoil people. There is a peculiar arrogance of the rich. With very few exceptions, in every country, the rich have that peculiar atmosphere of being able to twist anything, even the Gods, and they can buy their Gods. Riches is not only of wealth, but the capacity of being able to do things. Capacity gives man an odd sense of freedom. He also feels he is above others, he is different. All this gives him a sense of superiority; he sits back and watches other people squirming, he is oblivious to his own ignorance, the darkness of his own mind. Money and capacity offer a very good escape from this darkness. After all, escape is a form of resistance, which breeds its own problems. Life is a strange business. Happy is the man who is nothing.

Take things easily, but inwardly with fullness and alertness. Don't let a moment slip by without being fully aware what is happening inwardly and about you. Often this is what it is to be sensitive, not to one or two things, but to be sensitive to everything. To be sensitive to beauty and to resist ugliness is to bring about conflict. You know, as you watch you will perceive that the mind is always judging—this is good and that is bad, this is black and that is white—judging people, comparing, weighing, calculating. The mind is everlastingly restless. Can the mind watch, observe, without judging, calculating? Perceive without naming and just see if the mind can do that.

Play with this. Don't force it, let it watch itself. Most people who attempt to be simple begin with the outer, discarding, renouncing, and so on; but inwardly the complexity of their being remains. With inward simplicity, the outer corresponds to the inner. To be simple inwardly is to be free from the urge for the more, which does not mean to be satisfied with "what is." To be free from the urge for the more is not to think in terms of time, progress, getting there. To be simple is for the mind to free itself from all results, is for the mind to empty itself of all conflict. This is real simplicity.

How can the mind battle between the ugly and the beautiful, clinging to the one and pushing away the other. This conflict makes the mind insensitive and exclusive. Any attempt on the part of the mind to find an undefined line between the two is still part of the one or the other. Thought cannot, do what it will, free itself from the opposites; thought itself has created the ugly and the beautiful, and good and the bad. So it cannot free itself from its own activities. All that it can do is to be still, not choose. Choice is conflict and the mind is back again to its own entanglements. The stillness of the mind is the freedom from duality.

There is so much discontent and one thinks an ideology, communism or other, is going to solve everything, even banish away discontent, which of course it can never do. Communism or any other organized religious conditioning can never do away with discontent; but one tries every way to smother it, to shape it, to give it content, but it is always there. To be discontented, one thinks, is wrong—normally not right, and yet one cannot do away with it; it has to be understood. To understand is not to condemn. So really go into it, watch it without any desire to change it, to channelize it. Be aware of it as it operates during the day, perceive its ways and be alone with it.

Freedom comes when the mind is alone. Just for the fun of the thing, keep the mind still, free of all thought. Play with it, don't make it a very serious affair, without any struggle, be aware and let the mind be still.

There is frustration as long as one is seeking fulfillment. The pleasure of fulfillment is a constant desire and we want the continuity of that pleasure. The ending of that pleasure is frustration in which there is pain. Again the mind seeks in different directions fulfillment and again it meets frustration. This frustration is the movement of self-consciousness which is isolation, separation, loneliness. From this the mind wants to escape again into some form of fulfillment. The struggle to fulfill brings the conflict of duality. When the mind sees the futility or truth of fulfillment, in which there is always frustration, then only can the mind be in that state of loneliness from which there is no escape. When the mind is in this state of loneliness, without any escape, then only is there freedom from it. Separation exists because of the desire to fulfill; frustration is separation.

No shocks must ever take place now, even the fleeting ones. These psychological reactions affect the body, with its adverse effects. Be very strong inwardly. Be firm and clear. Be complete; don't try to be complete, be complete. Don't depend on anyone or on anything or on any experience, or memory; the dependence on the past, however pleasant, only prevents the completeness of the present. Be aware and let that awareness be intact and unbroken even if it be for a minute.

Sleep is essential; during sleep one seems to touch unknown depths, depths that the conscious mind can never touch or experience. Though one may not remember the extraordinary experience of a world that is beyond the conscious or the unconscious, it has its effect on the total consciousness of the mind. Probably this is not very clear, but just read it and play around it. I feel there are certain things that can never be made clear. There are no adequate words for them, but nevertheless they are there.

Especially with you this is important, to have a body that will not be subject to any illness. You must easily, voluntarily put aside all the pleasurable memories and images, so that your mind is free, uncontaminated for the real thing. Do, please, pay attention to what is written. Every experience, every thought must end each day, each minute, as it arises; so that the mind does not put out roots into the future. This is really important, for this is true freedom. Thus there is no dependence, for dependence brings pain, affecting the physical and breeding psychological resistance. And as you said, resistance creates problems—to achieve, to become perfect, and so on. In seeking is involved struggle, effort, endeavor; this endeavor, this struggle, invariably ends in frustration—I want something or I want to be something—in the very process of getting there is the craving for the more, and the more is never in sight and so there is always a sense of being thwarted. So there is pain. So once again one turns to another form of fulfillment, with its inevitable consequence. The implication of struggle, of effort, is vast, and why does one seek? Why does the mind everlastingly seek and what makes it seek? Do you know or are you aware that you are seeking? If you are, the object of your search varies from period to period. Do you see the significance of search, with its frustrations and pain? That in the finding of something that is very gratifying there is stagnation, with its joys and fears, with its progress and becoming? If you are aware that you are seeking, is it possible for the mind not to seek? And if the mind does not seek, what's the immediate, actual reaction of a mind that does not seek?

Play with this, find out; don't force anything, don't let the mind coerce itself into any particular experience, for then it will breed for itself illusion.

I saw someone who is dying. How frightened we are of death; what we are frightened of is living; we do not know how to live; we know sorrow and death is only the final sorrow. We divide life, as living and dying. Then there must be the ache of death, with its separation, loneliness, isolation. Life and death are one movement, not isolated states. Living is dying, dying to every thing, to be reborn every day. This is not a theoretical statement but to be lived and to be experienced. It is will, this constant desire to be, that completely destroys the simple "being." This "being" is totally different from the sleep of satisfaction, fulfillment, or the conclusions of reason. This being is unaware of the self. A drug, an interest, an absorption, a complete "identification" can bring about a desired state, which is still self-consciousness. True being is the cessation of the will. Play around with these thoughts and experiment happily.

It is a cloudless morning, very early, the sky is so pure, gentle and blue. All the clouds seem to have gone, but they may come up again during the day. After this cold, this wind and this rain, spring will burst forth again; spring has been gently going on, in spite of the cold winds, but now every leaf and bud will rejoice. What a lovely thing the earth is! How beautiful are the things that come out of it—the rocks, the streams, the trees, the grass, the flowers, the endless things that she produces—only man grieves, he alone destroys his own species, his own kind; he alone exploits his neighbor, he tyrannizes and destroys. He is the most unhappy and most suffering, the most inventive and the conqueror of time and space. But with all their capacities, in spite of his lovely temples and churches, mosques and cathedrals, he lives in his own darkness. His gods are his own fears and his loves are his own hates. What a marvelous world we could make of it, without these wars, without these fears. But what is the use of speculation; it's no use at all.

The real thing is man's discontent, the inevitable discontent. It is a precious thing, a jewel of great worth. But one's afraid of it, one dissipates it, uses it or allows it to be used to bring about certain results. Man is frightened of it, but it is a precious jewel, without value. Live with it, watch it day after day, without interfering with its movements, then it is as a flame burning away all the dross, leaving that which is homeless and measureless. Read all this wisely.

The rich man has more than enough and the poor man goes hungry, looking for food and struggling and working all his life. One who has nothing makes of his life or allows life to make itself rich, creative, and another who has all the things of this world, dissipates and withers away. Give one man a piece of earth, he makes it beautiful, productive, and another neglects it and allows it to die, as he himself dies. We have such infinite capacities, in every direction, to find the nameless or to bring about hell on earth. But somehow, man prefers to breed hatred and enmity. It is so much easier to hate, to be envious, and as society is based on the demand for the more, human beings slip into every form of acquisitiveness. And so there is everlasting struggle, which is justified and made noble.

There is the unlimited richness of a life without struggle, without will, without choice. But that life is impossibly difficult when our whole culture is the outcome of struggle and the action of will. Without the action of will, for almost everyone living, there is death. Without some kind of ambition, for almost everyone, life has no meaning.

There is a life without will, without choice. This life comes into being when the life of will comes to an end. I hope you don't mind reading all this; if you don't mind then read it and listen to it with pleasure.

The sun is attempting to break through the clouds, probably it will manage to break during the day. One day it is spring and the next day it is almost winter. The weather represents man's moods, up and down, darkness and temporary light. You know, it is strange how we want freedom and we do everything to enslave ourselves. We lose all our initiative. We look to others to guide us, to help us, to be generous, to be peaceful; we look to the gurus, masters, saviors, meditators. Someone writes great music, someone plays it, interpreting it in his own way and we listen to it, enjoying it or criticizing it. We are the audience watching the actors, football players, or watching the cinescreen. Others write poems and we read; others paint and we gape at them. We have nothing, so we turn to others to entertain us, to inspire us, to guide or save us. More and more, modern civilization is destroying us, emptying us of all creativeness. We ourselves are empty inwardly and we look to others to be enriched and so our neighbor takes advantage of this to exploit, or we take advantage of him.

When one is aware of the many implications involved in looking to others, that very freedom is the beginning of creativeness. That freedom is true revolution and not the false revolution of social or economic adjustments. Such revolution is another form of enslavement.

Our minds make little castles of security. We want to be sure of everything, sure of our relationships, of our fulfillments, hopes, and of our futures. We build these inward prisons and woe to anyone that disturbs us. It is strange how the mind is ever seeking a zone where there will be no conflict, no disturbance. Our living is the constant breaking up and the rebuilding, in different forms, of these zones of safety. Our mind then becomes a dull and weary thing. Freedom consists in having no security of any kind.

It is really astonishing to have a still and a very calm mind, without a single wave of thought. Of course, the stillness of a dead mind is not the calm mind. The mind is made to be still by the action of will. But can it ever be profoundly, right through its whole being, silent? It is really most amazing what happens when the mind is, thus, silent. In that state all consciousness, as knowing, recognizing ceases. The instinctual pursuit of the mind, memory, has come to an end. And it's very interesting how the mind begins to do its best to capture that worldless state, through thinking, verbalising, perfecting symbols. But for this process to come to an end, naturally and spontaneously, is like dying to everything. One does not want to die, and so there is always an unconscious struggle going on, and this struggle is called life. It is odd how most people want to impress others, by their achievements, by their cleverness, by their books—by any means to assert themselves.

How is everything? Are your days swifter than a weaver's shuttle? Do you live in one day, a thousand years? It is strange, for most people boredom is a very real thing; they must be doing something, be occupied with something, an activity, a book, the kitchen, children, or God. Otherwise they are with themselves, which is very boring. When they are with themselves they get self-centered, crochety, or become ill and ill-humored. An unoccupied mind—not a negative blank mind, but an alert passive mind, a totally empty mind—is a sweet thing, capable of infinite possibilities. Thoughts are wearisome, uncreative, and rather dull. A thought may be clever, but cleverness is as a sharp instrument—it soon wears itself out, and that is why clever people are dull.

Let there be an unoccupied mind without deliberately working for it. Let it happen rather than cultivate it. Read this with awareness and let it take place. Hearing it or reading about the unoccupied mind is important, and how you read and how you listen.

What is important is to have the right kind of exercise, good sleep, and a day that has significance. But one slips so easily into a routine, and then one functions in the easy pattern of self-satisfaction, or in the pattern of self-imposed righteousness. All their patterns invariably lead to death—a slow withering away. But to have a rich day, in which there is no compulsion, no fear, no comparison, no conflict, but to be simply aware, is to be creative.

You see, there are rare moments when we feel this, but most of our life is made up of eroding memories, frustration, and vain efforts, and the real thing goes by. The cloud of dullness covers everything and the real thing fades away. It is really quite arduous to penetrate through this cloud and to be in the simple clarity of light. Just see all this and that is all. Don't try to be simple. This trying only breeds complexity and misery. The trying is becoming and the becoming is always desire, with its frustrations.

How important it is to free oneself from all emotional, psychological shock, which does not mean that one must harden oneself against the movement of life. It is these shocks that gradually build up various psychological resistances that also affect the body, bringing various forms of illness. Life is a series of events (wanted and unwanted), and as long as we pick, choose which we shall keep and which we shall discard, there must inevitably be a conflict (of duality) which is the shock. These series of checks harden the mind, heart; it is a self-enclosing process and so there is suffering. To allow the movement of life, without choice, without any particular movement, desirable or undesirable, to take root needs enormous awareness. It is not a matter of trying to be aware all the time, which is wearisome, but seeing the necessity of the truth of awareness, then you will see that the very necessity operates without your forcing yourself to be aware.

One may travel, be educated in the best of schools, in different parts of the world; have the best of foods, instruction, climate; but does all this make for intelligence? One knows of such people, and are they intelligent? The Communists are trying, as others, like the Catholics, to control and shape the mind. The very shaping of the mind does have certain obvious effects—more efficiency, a certain quickness and alertness of mind—but all these different capacities do not make intelligence. The very learned people, those who have plenty of information, knowledge, and those who are educated scientifically, are they intelligent? Don't you think intelligence is something entirely different? It is really the total freedom from fear. Those whose morality is based on security, security in every form, are not moral, for the desire for security is the outcome of fear. Fear and the constraint of fear, which we call morality, is really not moral at all. Intelligence is the total freedom from fear, and intelligence is not respectability, nor is it the various virtues cultivated through fear. In understanding fear there is something which is wholly different from the formulations of the mind.

It is good to experiment with identification. How do we experiment with anything? From the most simple to the most complex. We say this is mine—my sandals, my house, my family, my work, and my god; with identification comes the struggle to hold. Containing it becomes a habit. Any disturbance which might break that habit is pain, and then we struggle to overcome that pain. But identification, the feeling of the mine, belongs to something that continues. If one really experiments with this, just being aware, without any desire to alter or choose, one discovers so many astonishing things in oneself. The mind is the past, the tradition, the memories which are the foundation of identification. Can the mind, as we know it now, function without this process of identification? Find out, play with it; be aware of the movements of identification with the common daily things, with the most abstract. One finds out odd things, how thought fades, how it plays tricks upon itself.

Let awareness pursue thought through the corridors of the mind, uncovering, never choosing, ever pursuing.

It is especially difficult, as one is placed, not to desire, crave for certain things, happenings; not to compare. But whatever the condition, desires, cravings, comparisons continue. We always crave for more or for less, for continuity of some pleasure and the avoidance of pain. What is really quite interesting is this: Why does the mind create a center, within itself, round which it moves and has its being? Life is a thousand and one influences, innumerable pressures, conscious and unconscious. Among these pressures and influences, we choose some and discard others, and so we gradually build up a center. We don't let all these pressures and influences pass by, unaffected by them. Every influence, every pressure affects us, the effect is called good or bad, we don't seem to be able to watch, to be aware of pressure, and not take part in it one way or the other, resisting it or welcoming it. This resistance or welcome makes for the center from which we act. Can the mind not create this center? The answer can only be found through experimentation, not through any form of assertion or denial. So experiment and find out. With the ending of this center there is true freedom.

One does get agitated, anxious and sometimes frightened. These things do happen. They are the accidents of life. Life is a cloudy day. It was clear and sunny the other day, but now it is raining, cloudy and cold; this change is the inevitable process of living. Anxiety, fear suddenly comes upon one; there are causes for it, hidden or fairly obvious, and one can with a little awareness find those causes. But what is important, is to be aware of these incidents or accidents and not give them time to take root, permanent or temporary. One does give root to these reactions when the mind compares; it justifies, condemns or accepts. You know, one has to be on one's toes all the time, inwardly, without any tension. Tension arises when you want a result, and what arises again creates tension which has to be broken. Let life flow.

It is so fatally easy to get used to anything, to any discomfort, to any frustration, to any continued satisfaction. One can adjust oneself to any circumstances, to lunacy or to asceticism. The mind likes to function in grooves, in habits, and this activity is called living. When one sees this one breaks away from all this and tries to lead a life which has no meaning, no moorings, no interests. Interests, if one's not very alert, bring us back to a pattern of life. In all this you will see the will, the directive, is functioning, the will to be, to achieve, to become and so on. Will is the very center of the chooser and so long as will exists, the mind can only function in habits, either self-created or imposed. Freedom from will is the real problem. One can play various tricks upon oneself, to be free from will, the center of the me, the chooser, but it will go on under a different name, under a different cloak. When one sees the real significance of habit, of getting used to things; choosing, naming, pursuing an interest and so on; when there is an awareness of all this, then the real miracle takes place, the cessation of will. Experiment with this, be aware of all this, from moment to moment, without any wish to arrive anywhere.

Southern skies and northern skies are so extraordinarily different. Here, in London, for a change, there is not a cloud in the tender blue sky and the towering trees are just beginning to show their green. It is spring here, just about beginning. Here it is grimy, the cheer in the people is not there, as in the South.

A quiet mind, but very alert, watchful, is a blessing; it is like the earth, rich with immense possibilities. When there is such a mind, not comparing, not condemning, then only is it possible for the immeasureable richness to be.

Don't let the smoke of pettiness smother you and let the fire go out. You have to keep going, tearing away, destroying, never taking root. Don't let any problem take root, finish with it immediately and wake up every morning fresh, young, and innocent . . .

Be wise and definite about your health; don't let emotion and sentiment interfere with your health nor belittle your action. There are too many influences and pressures that constantly shape the mind and heart, be aware of them, cut through them and don't be a slave to them. To be a slave is to be mediocre. Be awake, aflame.

Face the fear, invite it, don't let it come upon you suddenly, unexpectedly, but face it constantly; pursue it diligently and purposefully. Hope you are well and don't be scared by all that; probably it can be cured and we will go after it. Don't let it frighten you.

Deeply, inwardly, there may be a slow withering away; of this you may be unconscious or, being conscious, negligent. The wave of deterioration is always on the top of us, it does not matter who it is. To be ahead of it and meet it without reaction and be out of it requires great energy. This energy only comes when there is no conflict whatsoever, conscious or unconscious. Be very awake.

Don't let problems take root. Go through them rapidly, cut through them as through butter. Don't let them leave a mark, finish with them as they arise. You can't help having problems, but finish with them immediately.

There has been a distinct change in you—deeper inward vitality, strength and clarity—keep it—let it function—give it an opportunity to flow extensively and deeply. Don't, whatever happens, be smothered by circumstances, by the family—by your own physical condition. Eat properly, exercise, and don't become slack. Having come to a certain state, keep going, don't stay there—either go forward or you retrogress. You can't be static. You have ridden on the inward wave for so many years, withdrawn, inward, but now from that inward movement you must go out—meet more people—expand.

Have done a great deal of meditation and has been good. I hope you are doing it too—begin by being aware of every thought—feeling—all day, the nerves and the brain—then become quiet, still—this is what cannot be done through control—then really begins meditation. Do it with thoroughness.

Whatever happens don't let the body shape the nature of the mind—be aware of the body, eat right, be by yourself during the day for some hours—don't slip back and don't be a slave to circumstances. Be tremendous—be awake.

Part 5

CHANGING HORIZONS
1962–1977

CHAPTER 24

"People Who Are without Creativity Build Dead Institutions."

Krishnaji left India in March 1962. One period of his dialogue with the land of his birth and his friends was over. He would never be the same again. The Krishnaji who had laughed with us, walked with us, been overwhelmed by the beauty of the land; who had looked at the poor and the rich with compassion; listened to the voice of thousands; healed inwardly; taken the hand of a friend and led him through the labyrinth of the mind, pointing out, discussing, taking over the burdens of pain and sorrow—this Krishnaji would vanish. A new Krishnaji would emerge—stern, impatient, questioning. All personal relationships would undergo transformation. He would be compassionate, but he would also be the teacher, demanding answers to fundamental questions. All great laughter and play had ended.

From Bombay he flew to Rome. He was met by Signora Vanda Scaravelli. On his arrival Krishnaji fell seriously ill, first with fever and then with an attack of mumps and kidney trouble.

The discontent and the distance between Krishnaji and Rajagopal and his friends in Ojai was increasing. A new group of people vitally interested in Krishnaji and the teaching had come together in Europe. The first Saanen gathering in Switzerland, which Rajagopal reluctantly permitted to be organized in 1961, had drawn people from all parts of the world. Krishnaji sensed a new movement in the West, and his response to the situation was total.

He was not to return to India in the autumn of 1962. In his talks with Vimla Thakkar at Gstaad and later in Rome, he had spoken of his deep apprehensions about India. That the Chinese attack had distressed Krishnaji deeply was apparent from his letters. He was worried about India. After the talks in Saanen, Krishnaji was ill again. He wrote to me of being worn out, traveling, speaking, meeting people. His system, the muscles and the membranes, needed toning up. So he decided not to return to India in the winter of 1962, but to stay on through the year in Italy, resting, regaining his vitality, and conserving his energy. In the traditional language of India, he went into retreat, generating *tapas.**

Krishnaji returned to Delhi on October 21, 1963, after eighteen months in Europe. In the car on the way from the airport, he spoke of not being in contact with people. While abroad, India had rarely been in his consciousness. On his arrival in India, one sensed that the spontaneous flow of feeling that India evoked through the years was missing. He seemed distant.

Madhavachari was in Delhi, and every evening we walked with Krishnaji in the Buddha Jayanti Park. I asked Krishnaji why various people could follow his teaching up to a point and not further. He said, "That is so," and appeared very grave as he walked ahead of us; on his return we carried on from where we had left the conversation. He felt that man lacked an energy that knew no conflict; energy that knew the discipline of attention and of total denial. He said it was necessary to deny at the very depths of the self.

During later walks he began questioning the fact of Krishnamurti. How did it happen? Why was the vacant, stupid boy not conditioned by the Theosophical Society and its rituals; or by life in the West? I asked him whether he knew when illumination took place. He said, "No. But how did it happen? Is it what the Theosophists say, that the body of Krishnamurti is the vehicle of Lord Maitreya? Is it reincarnation? Why did Krishnamurti's mind work innocently, directly? Why did he question everything?"

In the early 1960s Buckminster Fuller met Krishnaji in India. "Bucky," as his friends called him, was a designer who had revolutionized structures and designed for a future culture and way of life; he was at once a philosopher, a scientist with vision, creative vitality, and a holistic view of people and their needs. I knew Bucky well, and he telephoned me when he heard Krishnaji was in Delhi to suggest a meeting with "that marvelous, beautiful, wise person." I arranged a dinner at which both men were present. Bucky entered the room bouncing a yo-yo. Krishnaji was shy and a little withdrawn, his response in those days when he met a formidable intellect. Bucky started to talk. He talked before dinner, he talked at dinner, he talked after dinner. Krishnaji listened, hardly saying a word. Still Bucky talked. After Krishnaji left to return to Kitty Shiva Rao's house, where he was staying, Bucky turned to me and thanked me for the meeting and commented, "What a marvelous, wonderful, wise person Krishnaji is."

**Tapas* severe austerities; also, the generation of an energy that does not dissipate.

From Delhi Krishnaji went to Rajghat, Varanasi. Achyut, who had worked at Rajghat for several years, spoke to Krishnaji while he was there of Vinoba Bhave and his work of Bhoodan, the distribution to the landless of gifts of land, in the villages of India. Achyut felt immense sympathy for the direction and ethos of Vinoba's work; to him work for the poor and oppressed was integral to a religious life and could not be separated. Krishnaji's response, however, shook Achyut deeply.

Krishnaji said, "After all these years, how can you be such an ass? Why are you fooling around? Look, my boy, if you were not to have met me, you would be in '*sarvodaya*,'* cleaning the bottoms of village children. It may be right to do that. But you are not in Rajghat to do that. You are self-righteously trying to change society. But deep change must start with man."

Achyut said he could not understand what Krishnaji was saying. Annie Besant had told Achyut, "If you don't understand Krishnaji put what he says on a shelf, but never reject him." Achyut had learned from the seer never to say yes to anything unless he actually perceived the truth of it. So he took six months off from his work in Rajghat and went to the Himalayas, to Lohaghat, Pithoragarh, and asked himself, "Am I too attached to Krishnamurti and Rajghat?" He also explored his motives for work amongst the poor. He began writing down his thoughts every morning, and soon found a direct perception of mind and the movement of thought. Perception brought freedom.

Achyut returned to Rajghat in 1964. That winter he met Krishnaji again and discussed his insoluble conflicts. Krishnaji said, "Nothing is happening to you in Rajghat, so you should go. Rajghat is not helping you to flower." Achyut left Rajghat in 1965 without bitterness. He went into retreat, observing total anonymity. He lived in an isolated house

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***Sarvodaya* *Sarva* means "all"; *udaya* arising. Therefore *sarvodaya* is the awakening or arising of humankind It was a movement initiated by Gandhiji to eradicate poverty in village India and so lead to a regeneration of the people of India on the outskirts of Bangalore, wandered from place to place, trying to cut away at roots.

His brother, Rao Sahib, was very upset. He felt Achyut had been let down. Thirteen years of Achyut's life had been dedicated to Rajghat and to Krishnaji's work, and Rao Sahib felt Achyut had come away empty-handed. Rao Sahib was slowly moving away from Krishnaji. Deeply devoted to him personally, with a passionate, emotional response and a need to be near Krishnaji, he stubbornly denied himself. He was aware that something had awakened within him, but refused to acknowledge any insight into the teaching. Caught in conflict, he withdrew, tended his roses, and refused to acknowledge his confusion. But one could sense the deep hurt and pain. The tensions were to affect his health, and he developed high blood pressure, and heart disease.

By 1963 Krishnaji was expressing a general dissatisfaction with India. He had started asking questions which were to persist for many years. Krishnaji felt the need for action and was ruthlessly questioning himself and those around him. He said that he had been speaking in India for thirty years and nothing had happened. "There is not one person who is living the teaching." He appeared impatient with the old and felt the need for young people around him. Krishnaji was critical of Madhavachari, who was stubborn and refused to change his ways of functioning. The circle of people around Krishnaji was limited. Madhavachari ran the foundation like a sergeant major. Madhavachari, Achyut, and Rao Sahib were increasingly in conflict.

In December 1964 I was in Madras, staying at Vasant Vihar. Krishnaji very often had supper with us. Achyut Patwardhan, Madhavachari, Nandini, and Balasundaram were present. Rao had not come from Poona. A discussion began after supper. I asked, "What is the one action necessary for there to be a breakthrough in the mind? The exploration that had to be done, has been done. There is self-knowing awareness, the eyes are open, the ears listen, the mind is awake. Yet there is no totality of perception and compassion. One total action appears needed to break through." Krishnaji said it must be so. He felt it was a good question and we should go into it, discuss it.

Again, the next night, we tried to discover what is that one action. Krishnaji said, "Perception—can perception and the movement of the heart be one?"

"Perception that is rich with essence—how does it arise?" I asked.

Krishnaji said, "It must be an act of tremendous simplicity." He was quiet. The very discussion created an atmosphere of energy in the room. Like a flame, it seared through the corridors of consciousness. There was deep, limitless silence. It was too much for the body. We had been sitting straight-backed, cross-legged around Krishnaji. My body could not bear the intensity in the room and sought the support of the wall. Krishnaji sat erect, his back straight, his head unmoving. We sat, and time ceased.

In 1963, amongst the many people who had gathered at the Rajghat camp, was a tall, rather solidly built but good-looking young man named Alain Naude, a South African musician. He had attended Krishnaji's talks in Saanen in the summer of 1963 and had met Krishnaji several times. Soon afterward he severed his connection with South Africa.

Naude had followed Krishnaji to India in the winter of 1964 and 1965, and soon Krishnaji spoke to some of us of the possibility of Naude taking over as his secretary, traveling with him round the world, dealing with his correspondence, encouraging young people to listen to Krishnaji, and so forth.

By the autumn of 1965 Naude joined Krishnaji as his secretary while Krishnaji was in Europe; and when Krishnaji came to India in October 1965 he was accompanied by Mary Zimbalist, Naude, and George Vithoulkas, a homoeopath from Greece, who in later years was to become very well known. Krishnaji was to give talks in Delhi and from there travel to Varanasi.

The Rajghat visit proved disastrous. Krishnaji had written to Madhavachari, and in his innocence had suggested that Madhavachari arrange for the stay of Mary Zimbalist, Naude, and George Vithoulkas on the campus of Rajghat, as they were his personal guests. Madhavachari's concept of comfort was antedeluvian, and so were his aesthetics.

In India the toilet has always been regarded as a focus of pollution. Orthodox Hindus were expected to bathe each time they used the bathroom. Achyut Patwardhan told us that he could remember a time in Varanasi when Brahmins used to carry an extra *dhoti* with them when they left the house, and a bath would follow in case they needed to visit a friend's facilities. Through the years I had remonstrated with Madhavachari about the need for minimum amenities in the toilet, but to no avail. To him a flush or a washbasin were unnecessary luxuries;

a bucket and a metal water pot had sustained Indian needs for centuries, and he saw no reason to change.

In the 1960s at Rajghat minimum facilities were available only in the house where Krishnaji lived. Mary Zimbalist, a product of New York society, reared in the most rarified of atmospheres and used to luxurious living in the homes of her father and her husband, was put into a room where the toilet had no flush, the bathroom had no basin, and the freshly whitewashed room had paint splashed on the window panes. Krishnaji had come personally to see the rooms arranged for his guests, and there was an explosion. He was horrified. Mary Zimbalist moved to a room in Krishnaji's house, but Madhavachari was unruffled.

The relationship between Krishnaji and Madhavachari grew increasingly difficult.

Since the 1960s Krishnaji's attitude to the schools, people, and work had undergone a major change. He was demanding a continuous revolution. He saw a rapid decline in India; the schools had to awaken from their lethargy. The stagnation he sensed had to end. No strong current of creative change was visible. "Move," he kept saying to the members of the Foundation and to the teachers of the schools. "If you stay where you are, you will decline, grow crystalized." There had to be continuous movement within oneself and so in one's work. In one of his letters to us he wrote, "Having come to a certain state, keep going, don't stay there. Either go forward or retrogress. You can't be static." An explosion was necessary in Krishnaji's institutions, changes had to take place. In India the mountains move when the energy of a single person is awake.

I visited Krishnaji in Gstaad in the summer of 1965. Krishnaji had been given a Mercedes for his use. He took me for a drive; in spite of lack of practice, he drove round the hairpin turns with a masterly control and stability. It was marvelous to observe him handling the machine.

I was again in Gstaad in the summer of 1966 on my way back to India from the United States. Krishnaji spoke to me of the young people who were being drawn to the talks in the United States. Naude had arranged for Krishnaji to speak at some of the great universities. The young were in revolt against the existing American culture and wanted "instant Nirvana." Electrified by Krishnaji's presence, they flocked to hear him. Then, unwilling to accept the austerity and rigor of self-knowing, and denied psychedelic experiences of consciousness, they drifted away to more amenable gurus who promised them bliss. In Saanen, a large number of young people initially came to the talks; but it was a casual crowd, few of them seriously delved into themselves or joined Krishnaji's work. But the Saanen gatherings were soon to become a meeting place for serious people from Eastern and Western Europe; people concerned with the enormous challenges to humankind and who sought a new way of life.

Naude continued to accompany Krishnaji on his visits to India, and was with him in the winter of 1966. Each visit saw a deterioration in the relationship between Krishnaji and Madhavachari, and a widening of the gulf between Krishnaji and the Indian foundation. Krishnaji had been told in Europe that the Indian foundation was supporting Rajagopal in his stand against Krishnaji. That the Indian Foundation was parochial, narrow, arrogant, self-satisfied in its outlook.

In India, he continued to question sternly. He had been speaking for thirty years and what had happened? He refused to compare it to other countries or situations. A new question had emerged. "What will happen when I die? Who is there to hold these places?" There were no answers. An enormous pressure was building up amongst all of us.

The situation was very strange. This great teacher, who on the platform spoke with passion about a mind that knew no conflict, who himself was free of pressure, was posing questions that generated enormous pressures amongst his close associates. It was to be some years before we were to understand the nature of Krishnaji's question, and the energy generated by deep listening and holding the question in consciousness.

In January 1967 a major clash took place at Rishi Valley between Alain Naude and Madhavachari. Krishnaji was very disturbed. He spoke to me at length of his deep concern.Vasant Vihar in Madras seemed a dead place. There was little activity, and few people came to read or discuss. "People who are without creativity build dead institutions," he said.

That winter, Naude did not accompany Krishnaji to India. Since 1963 Krishnaji had been having discussions with Madhavachari, pointing out to him the major changes that were necessary in the functioning of the Foundation. On reaching Madras in the winter of 1967, he asked Madhavachari to share the work of the Foundation with Galloway, a Scotsman, who had recently retired from the chairmanship of Binnys, one of the more important British companies operating in India. He also suggested that Madhavachari take the assistance of Smt. Jayalaxmi in maintaining the garden and the house at Vasant Vihar. Madhavachari's response was noncommittal.

Smt.* Jayalaxmi, a South Indian Iyengar Brahmin with a remarkable business acumen, especially in real estate, and an equally remarkable knowledge of South Indian classical music, had begun visiting Vasant Vihar in the early 1960s. She was steeped in the Iyengar Brahmin tradition, a red *tilak* on her forehead, she wore her deep emerald or *arakh* red *saree* in the Iyengar style, draped across the body. She was soft-spoken, but tough in her responses and actions. She would drive Krishnaji to the beach every evening when he was in Vasant Vihar, and wait in the car while Krishnaji went for his walk on the Adyar beach.

For us in India, 1967 was a year of gloom. Krishnaji appeared agitated and critical. There was a sense of flux in his words; a feeling was evident that major changes were in the offing. Addressing the Foundation for New Education in Bombay on February 9, 1967, Krishnaji had spoken with passion of his apprehensions regarding the Foundation in India. We who listened felt choked and could hardly speak.

Krishnaji said, "I want to say certain things, and what I am going to say is in no spirit of criticism or condemnation. I really do not have, in my heart or mind, any sense of judgment. So, that must be clearly understood from the beginning.

"I have been talking now for over forty-five years. Rishi Valley and Rajghat came into being with one intention. These two places were to have been the center of the teachings and, if I may use the word without being misunderstood, holy places. I think it about time we took stock of what is actually happening; whether these two places are the centers of these teachings. And whether there is that sense of 'otherness' in these two places.

"I have used an expression which may have given rise to misunderstanding. I have said that the schools 'must be saved' as an oasis in this country; saved from the chaos that is going on all around. Because I really feel most profoundly and I get rather stirred up about it, so forgive me if I speak hesitatingly, I feel that the flowering, after all these years, is still not taking place.

"And, I may never come back, I may die. If I do come back, as I was telling Mama [Madhavachari], it will be for a short time, not for these five months at a time. Physically I cannot do it any more, because I am not sleeping very well and I am getting too tired.

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*Smt. is the shortened form of *srimati* or "auspicious one." It is used as a prefix to a married woman's name.

"So, you will have to consider that I am gone. Anything can happen. I can die. The decision may be taken, not by anybody else but by me, alone, never to return, or to return for very short periods. I do not know what is going to happen in the future, and I really mean this.

"So, can these two places be saved? You understand? Not saved from Balasundaram, or someone else, or from corruption or things like that, but saved as an oasis?

"As I was telling Kittyji this morning, and also Pupul at lunchtime, we have to do something very very drastic. I do not know what you are going to do. My days are limited, probably ten years more or less, and I want to concentrate everything I have and not waste my energy. I am speaking sanely, unemotionally, not sentimentally.

"So, what are we going to do to 'save' these places? Please understand what we mean by that word 'save.' To save in the sense of making them [an] oasis in this mad world. And, if I do not come back, if I die, what is going to happen?

"After forty years, what have we produced? You all have given a great part of your life to this—and what has happened? If you say, 'we are doing our best' or 'we are doing everything we can,' then somehow that is not good enough any more. I am not saying what you are doing is right or wrong. I do not feel that way, but what are we going to do?" There was a long pause.

"The same thing has happened at Ojai. You may know that there is a disturbance between the K. W. I. as it is now, and myself—and there is trouble. We all started out together to build something deep, something lasting, something worthwhile *there* as well as *here*. But there it is not flowering either.

"So, what can we do here? What can we do to save these places so that they become an oasis for these teachings? How can we make it into something really worthwhile? I have talked to Mama many times about this, for several years, and I say to myself now, 'What are we going to do?' "

Madhavachari was interrupting Krishnaji with explanations and excuses, but Krishnaji was not prepared to listen to him.

"I understand all that you are saying," he continued. "We have discussed this together several times at Rajghat, at Rishi Valley. For seven years now, we have discussed this. I am asking what are we going to do now? Forget the past, forget that I said this and you said that, forget that 'we are doing our best.' The *only* question is, 'What are we going to do?'

"Take it, Mama, I may die tomorrow, I don't intend to, but if I die, what will happen? Will you carry on just as before? Put it to yourself, Mama."

Madhavachari said, "I think when a great crisis like that comes . . ."

"It is *here*, Mama." Krishnaji said.

On Krishnaji's return to Europe in early 1968, we heard that a new group had formed around him. Krishnaji sent a telegram to Madhavachari, asking him to hand over Vasant Vihar to Galloway. Madhavachari replied that although he held a power of attorney from Rajagopal, he had no legal rights to hand over Vasant Vihar to Galloway. He said Krishnaji might have the moral authority, but the legal rights rested with Rajagopal. Krishnaji was very distressed with Madhavachari's response.

Balasundaram was in Paris, and soon was to go to Saanen to meet Krishnaji. Kitty Shiva Rao had written to Krishnaji that if Krishnaji so wished, she would get all the members of the Indian Foundation to resign. Krishnaji had not responded.

By the time Krishnaji met Balasundaram, a formal announcement had been made at the Saanen gathering in which Krishnaji stated that he was severing all connections with K. W. I. in Ojai, and that a new Foundation was to be formed in Europe, to carry on his work.

By now Brockwood Park in England had been purchased and the Krishnamurti Foundation was soon to be registered in England. Balasundaram found Krishnaji critical of the Indian Foundation; Naude was present at Krishnaji's meeting with Balasundaram, taking notes. After some discussion, it was finally decided that Balasundaram would be secretary, and that I should be asked to take over as president of the Indian Foundation.

Balasundaram returned to India soon afterwards. By late August 1968 he and I went to Vasant Vihar and asked Madhavachari to hand over Vasant Vihar either to the Foundation for New Education or to Smt. Jayalaxmi. Madhavachari refused. He left Vasant Vihar, sent back his power of attorney to Rajagopal, and handed over Vasant Vihar to Rajagopal's attorneys.

In October 1968 we received a bewildering letter from Krishnaji which shook the Foundation to its roots.

Members of the Foundation,

When Dr. Balasundaram came to Gstaad this summer, we spoke at great length about the necessary changes that have to take place in the Foundation for New Education, before it can be associated with the Krishnamurti Foundation in England, and thereby linked to the work which we are doing throughout the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Moorhead also came to Gstaad and we went over the same points with them, and we were all very clear as to what was needed. It would seem that there is now some misunderstanding in the Foundation about these points, and so we thought it would be useful to put them down again.

The Krishnamurti Foundation was formed in London on the 28th of August, this year, to direct and coordinate the diffusion of the teachings throughout the world. We worked for many months on the statutes of the Krishnamurti Foundation to make quite sure that it would respond exactly to our needs, that no one person or group could seize control of it now or later, and that it was entirely responsible to me and subject to my wishes.

I would like to make it clear that the Krishnamurti Foundation is simply an office, simply an efficient instrument to do material things. It is not in any way an "organisation" in the sense in which I use that word so often when I speak against organisations. It is not a psychological organisation. Belief and following are not involved, nor hierarchy. It is simply a committee responsible to me which will see that the teachings, publishing, etc. are diffused according to my wishes. It is an international committee, and the members on it all feel that they represent every country and not simply their own country.

If the work in India and in particular, the work of the Foundation for New Education is to be associated with the work throughout the world, certain conditions must absolutely be fulfilled. This is perhaps not the right occasion to go into a lengthy list of mistakes made in the past, but as I have said often, the Foundation for New Education has not functioned as I wished, nor has it really done what I wanted it to do. Therefore, we drew up a list of requirements with Dr. Balasundaram and I have seen this list and prepared it with him and others, and it is accurate and authentic. He will show it to you if he has not already done so.

The main thing on it is the absolute necessity that the Foundation for New Education be comprised exclusively of these people who do, actively and intensively, give their work, their energy, and their time to the schools, people who actually work at the schools and do the job. No personalities are involved in this, nor is any criticism intended against anybody in particular.

We feel sure that all those to whom the teachings mean something will implement this. If this means that they resign, this too will be an act of intelligent cooperation.

With much affection,
J. Krishnamurti"

An urgent meeting of the Foundation was called by us in Rishi Valley. Rao Sahib Patwardhan, Achyut Patwardhan, and Sunanda Patwardhan had already resigned; their letters were placed before the meeting. Madhavachari tendered his resignation, and Balasundaram was appointed secretary along with his role as principal of the Rishi Valley School. Kitty Shiva Rao, unable to bear the pressure being generated, also resigned, and I was elected president. Although Kitty Shiva Rao and all the remaining members signed the reply to Krishnaji, it was left for me to draft it. It was a difficult letter to write. He was the teacher, loved and evoking great devotion amongst all of us. But the challenge his letter posed left us with no alternative. It was necessary in the light of our intelligence to communicate our love and yet refuse to be placed in the impossible situation the letter demanded. We wrote:

My dear Krishnaji,

The F. N. E. in its meeting considered with deep gravity the points sent by you through Dr. Balasundaram and Mr. Moorhead and also your letter to the Foundation. In keeping with the spirit of these points and as an expression of our own deep concern that the F. N. E. should reflect your teachings and provide a fitting situation where your teachings can take root and flower in the minds of the young; a reorganisation of the structure and operation of the F. N. E. has been evolved and accepted. It will be implemented.

For many years, the F. N. E. has been associated with you and your work. Its members have sat with you, and with joy and devotion and attention have listened to what you have had to say. That they have failed to put through the teaching in the field of education is a measure of their inadequacy but not of their lack of interest and devotion to you and the teaching. The two places, Rishi Valley and Rajghat, were set up for the purpose of implementing your teaching in the field of education—the F. N. E. has not at any time deviated and will not deviate, from this intention.

There are however some points arising out of your recent communications which have caused deep hurt to the members of the Foundation. The implication seems to be that the present F. N. E. is inadequate to be associated with the Foundation set up for your work, and that the reorganised F. N. E. will have to achieve some grade before it can be associated with the Krishnamurti Foundation and your work. Who will apply this test?

We extend to the Krishnamurti Foundation our cooperation in the work of the dissemination of your teachings; a cooperation based on complete equality, with F. N. E. functioned as a free and independent body. In saying this, we would like to express to you once again our deep and unwavering intention to do whatever possible to see that these two institutions fulfill the purpose for which they were intended.

With affectionate regards,
Yours

We had assured Krishnaji of our deep ties with him, but refused to accept the judgment of any organization on our right to be associated with Krishnamurti's work.

The links with the guru were under strain, and a new relationship had to emerge. There was no reply to our letter, but we were to soon learn that a Krishnamurti Foundation had been registered in England with Krishnamurti as the president, and a Krishnamurti Center set up in Madras with Smt. Jayalaxmi as the Indian representative of Krishnaji in India, responsible for Krishnaji's work throughout the country.

For me, it was a period of deep inward search. In June of that year I went to the United States and had written and later telegraphed to Krishnaji at Brockwood that I would like to see him. I received no reply. I passed through London enroute to the United States, and while in New York heard from friends that Krishnaji had been in London for a day while I was there. Deeply hurt, I faced the fact that the guru had disappeared. My dependence on him was revealed in the intensity of the pain the incident evoked. I faced the fact that the guru had indeed disappeared. Abandoned, in darkness the seed of the teaching sustained me. I received no answers, but as I observed relentlessly, I felt the muscle and tone of my brain gain resilience and strength; still capable of holding impossible questions.

As president of the Krishnamurti Foundation India I wrote to Krishnaji in late December 1968, inviting him to speak in India. He wrote back on January 16, 1969, from California thanking me for officially inviting him to India. He asked Kitty Shiva Rao and me to be responsible for the talks and for the bulletin which he wanted to be brought out in India. He said he would be in India from December 1969 through February 1970.

Not a trace of the letter of 1968 and its content was to appear in Krishnaji's subsequent letters. The letter from Ojai was the first I had received since September 7, 1966. On June 2, 1969, Krishnaji wrote again of the need for India to raise funds for two return tickets—Naude's and his from Europe to India; Ojai could not provide the tickets because funds were low.

The news that Krishnaji had severed all connections with Naude reached us in India in late August 1969. It was a major surprise. It was unbelievable that a few months earlier, Naude could have had such influence, and yet had disappeard from the scene with such immediacy.

I had last seen Rao Sahib in late spring 1969 in Poona, where he was living. He was mortally ill, but waited for me at the door of his house—wearing, in his inimitable way, his white starched cap at a slant. Seeing me he smiled, picked a parijataka flower, and gave it to me.

Suddenly, towards the end of August, Rao Sahib Patwardhan suffered a severe cerebral hemorrhage. Achyut had warned me of the seriousness of his illness, and I was prepared for the news of his imminent death. But I found myself unable to see him in a coma, with tubes stuck into him. I knew his immense pride; he would have been devastated to have been so exposed. He lingered for two days, dying on August 29. I went to Poona, reaching the day after his death and cremation. His death left me desolate. He had been a beloved friend, warm, affectionate; it was the end of a precious relationship, and I mourned for him. One chapter of my life was over.

CHAPTER 25

"It Is Necessary to Ask Questions to Which There Are No Answers."

While I was in Poona I had asked Achyut and Sunanda again to rejoin the Foundation. Sunanda agreed. Achyut, though he did not formally join, agreed to help in every way.

Achyut, Sunanda, Nandini, and I met Krishnaji at the airport in the winter of 1969 when he arrived in Delhi. Rao's absence made the occasion particularly poignant. Krishnaji looked at us and said gravely, "So you have not all deserted me."

We held discussions with K on the future of the Foundation for New Education and its relationship with the Krishnamurti Center in Madras. Jayalaxmi was with us in New Delhi, and here too Krishnaji hesitated. It was finally decided that the Foundation for New Education would be renamed the Krishnamurti Foundation of India. This was necessary to reflect the nature of change in the work. The Foundation was no longer to be a body concerned only with schools and other educational institutions, and with holding and protecting the land, but would take over the work of the spread of the teaching. The change of direction would determine change of membership and function. In England Krishnaji had agreed to be president of the Krishnamurti Foundation; we strongly opposed this in India. To be head of a foundation was to accept total responsibility for its functioning, legally and morally. We felt Krishnaji was the great teacher and should not be so burdened. Our discussions were incomplete and were to continue later.

Krishnaji went to Bombay enroute to Madras. While in Bombay he stayed at Himmat Nivas. One night at supper, at which Nandini, Asit

Chandmal, and I were present, Krishnaji started talking about the Theosophical Society and Annie Besant. This was the first time in twenty-one years that he had spoken to us at length of the Theosophical Society.

Krishnaji was exploring the mystery that surrounded the discovery of the boy, Krishnamurti. He was probing delicately, tuning the ear to intimations and insights that might arise in discussion. His statements on the Theosophical Society were clear and precise. He made no comment as to whether they were true or illusion. Sensing the "otherness" in Krishnaji, we listened, asking few questions and letting him speak.

Krishnaji said that the Masters had told C. W. Leadbeater to find a boy who was a Brahmin, who came from a good family, and who had a "face as described." It was the duty of the Theosophical Society to protect the body of the child, and to provide an atmosphere of complete security for two years. If the body was prepared and ready, Lord Maitreya would give the boy the mind. When Leadbeater saw Krishnamurti on Adyar beach, he perceived that there was no selfishness in the boy's aura.

Krishnaji asked himself how it was that the boy remained unaffected in spite of being given everything he wanted—from orange juice to a Rolls Royce—and in spite of being treated by the people around him in a special way. Nobody was allowed to sit on his seat, or touch his tennis racket; tremendous care was taken to see that the body remained sensitive. He was not allowed to drink alcohol or eat meat or meet people who were coarse or unrefined. Krishnaji then advanced several theories to explain how the boy remained untouched. Was it that, through birth and rebirth, the child had evolved to perfection? Or had the Lord Maitreya protected the body till it was mature? Had the boy been born without a formal character or personality, allowing him to remain vague, untouched by his earlier years with his father, the school, the doctrines of the Theosophical Society, the luxury of the life he lived in England?

He then spoke of the Theosophical Society hierarchy—the highest was the "Lord of the World," then the Mahachohana, then the Buddha. The Bodhisattva Maitreya was considered equal to the Buddha. Below them were the Masters; each with a different name—one a Tibetan Lama, another an Indian aristocrat, another a Polish count.

The boy, who was totally innocent and unaffected, still had to be protected so that evil could not touch him, could not enter him.

Suddenly, in the middle of the conversation, Krishnaji stopped speaking. He said, "We are speaking of dangerous things. It can bring it into the house." The voice of Krishnaji was strange, his body gathered itself together. "Can you feel it in the room?" The room was pulsating. Strong forces were alive and in movement. Krishnaji was silent for a long time. When he started speaking again, the atmosphere in the room was transformed; there was silence, an active quality of goodness.

Krishnaji continued. Mrs. Besant had insisted that two initiates accompany Krishnaji all the time. She said, "Since you are always alone within, you must never be physically alone." There was a reservoir of the good in the boy that should not be contaminated. He said he needed protection even in 1969, for his character was still unformed. "The other night, while meditating, I could see that the boy still existed exactly as he was, nothing had happened to him in life. The boy is still as he was. The body still needs to be protected from evil." He paused again, and said, "I still feel protected."

He then spoke of the early years, when the boy Krishnamurti's body had to be completely protected and given security for two years; but the mind was not to be touched, for "the Lord would give him the rest." There were long silences between his sentences. K said the body had to go through a lot of pain (as in Ojai and Ootacamund) because there were still imperfections in the brain.

We then asked Krishnaji about the many undesirable people who through the years had come around him. Asit Chandmal asked, "How does the good allow evil in the form of a human being to come near?"

"I can't push away anybody or anything," K said. "I can't say 'go away'; it has to leave me. Isn't it strange that it does?" He then asked, "What is the force which completely protects something so that it is innocent and unaffected. You must be extremely careful if you open the door; evil or good can enter. Evil finds it easy to enter, the good much more difficult. Evil is not the opposite of the good," he repeated. "There is no relationship between the two."

Krishnaji then went on to speak of the initiations he had gone through in the Theosophical Society. According to the secret doctrines of the Society, there were three initiations. After two, things could still go wrong. But, after the third, the being could not be affected by anger, sex, money. They were all too trivial.

It was nearly midnight before Krishnaji went to bed.

From Bombay Krishnaji went to Madras. In his public talks and discussions there he raised a fundamental question: Is there such a thing as an individual, or is man merely a movement of the collective?

Insights into the nature of the collective revealed that it was made up of tradition, beliefs, knowledge, and the experience of the book. Krishnaji said that to be an individual, there had to be a revolution in the collective as revealed in knowledge and tradition. And so man had to discover his own incorruptibility.

"It is necessary to ask questions," Krishnaji said. "Questions to which there are no answers. So that the question throws man back on himself and the way the structure of thought operates. The hand that seeks to throw away or reject is the same hand that itself holds."

Later, during a walk in Bombay, he said that "the act of seeing and listening activates the sense. Seeing, without the word as thought intervening, creates energy."

He also spoke about the urgency "to know the self as it is, not as one wishes it to be, which is illusion, an ideal and fictitious. It is only that 'which is' that can be transformed, not that which you wish to be. The understanding of what you are—ugly, beautiful, wicked, evil—understanding without distortion is the beginning of virtue. Virtue alone gives freedom."

Krishnaji's interest in exploring the traditional Indian approach to liberation was evident from the autumn of 1970. He was in Delhi, and on our walks and in discussions he spoke of the tenacity of the Hindu mind, which despite conquest and repression had kept alive the ancient teachings.

We talked over the ancient role of the Brahmin; there was arrogance, evident in his refusal to accept money for giving knowledge. His gift of teaching had to be a free gift. As a Brahmin, he would not accept *dakshina*, charity. He felt he had a right to be supported by the state. Poverty was his birthright; so was learning. In time this pride had led to great Brahminic arrogance and corruption and with it degeneration.

Indian myth delighted Krishnaji. He often made me repeat the legend of Narada, the semicelestial musical mendicant and busybody who traveled ceaselessly, carrying the gossip of the world of the gods from one god to another.

Narada, anxious to learn the secret of Vishnu's *maya*, came on Vishnu as he rested in a grove of trees. After the salutations were over, Narada asked the god of the blue waters the secret of his *maya*—the web of illusion that covered the world of man and his actions. Vishnu agreed to teach it, but told Narada that as he was thirsty, would he first fetch him some water. Narada wandered into the forest seeking a homestead. After some time he came to a house and knocked at the door. It was opened by a ravishingly beautiful young woman who smiled at him with her large lotus eyes as she turned to fetch the water. Narada was infatuated, and lingered for days in her company.

Time passed. Narada married his love and, as year followed year, children were born. Narada lived in bliss with his wife and children. A year came when it rained incessantly, the waters of the rivers overflowed their banks and a gigantic flood swept away Narada's house and the surrounding trees. Holding his wife by one hand, clutching a child with the other and with yet another child perched on his shoulder, Narada waded through the waters to reach higher ground. But soon the waters reached his chest, and then his chin. One by one the children who clung to him were swept away, until only his wife remained. It was night and the darkness added to the terror that engulfed him; the waters continued to rise and his wife, unable to hold on to his arm, was separated from him and the waters claimed her. Then Narada, alone, lifted his arms and cried out to the gods. Suddenly, a voice was heard. "Ten minutes have passed. Where is my glass of water?"

We were meeting in the home of B. Shiva Rao in Lodi Estate. Every morning we discussed Indian traditional thought; Tantra, the awakening of *kundalini,* yoga and energy, beauty, perception, and the "backward-flowing movement." One of the discussions was on death. Shiva Rao was critically ill on the day of the discussion, and the doctors were with him. Krishnaji had sat with him for some time, holding his hand. Shiva Rao's heart was failing, and he was not expected to survive.

That morning in the discussion Krishnaji was very serious. When we started speaking of death, he said that Shiva Rao would not die, but would recover. Without attaching much significance to his remark, he went on to say that no one had ever died under the same roof while he was living in the house. As he was then seventy-five years old, the statement was staggering.

The discussion on death started with a query. "There must be a way of learning how to die?"

Krishnaji said, "We put death beyond the walls, beyond the movement of life. It is something to avoid, to evade. The question is, What is living and what is dying? The two must be together, not separate. Why have we separated the two? Can one learn about living and so learn about death? Learning is always in the active present. Unless the brain perceives directly, it can never understand. But there is nothing to learn. There is no death when the mind is free of the known.

"Death says, you cannot touch me, you cannot play tricks with me—the mind is used to tricks—carving something out of experience. Death says, you cannot experience me—death is an original experience—a state I do not know—I am starkly frightened."

The discussions continued, and when K went to Madras another group gathered to meet with him. One of the participants was George Sudarshan, a young physicist teaching at Austin University in Texas. They discussed, in Sudarshan's words, "the Second Law of Thermodynamics." Krishnaji spoke of time, and of how the observer and the observed were one.

"The observer separates himself through images, conclusion, and so creates space and time. That is one of the major fragmentations. Can the observer look at 'what is,' without the observer, who is the maker of time, space, distance? The observer is time." George Sudarshan found that he could not immediately connect with Krishnaji and the special meaning he gave to words. George Sudarshan still had to grow familiar with Krishnaji's language, but he had been deeply moved by Krishnaji and had felt an overflowing sacredness in his presence.

I had a car accident near Madras and suffered a cracked vertebra, so I could not go to Rishi Valley, where Krishnaji was to continue his discussions. I was carried by air on a stretcher to Bombay, where I was in bed for three weeks. But I insisted on participating in the Bombay dialogues. When Krishnaji met me in Bombay his response to my accident was totally unexpected. He caught me by the shoulders and shook me, saying I had no business to be irresponsible with my body. I took a deep gulp and girded myself for our discussion, which would cover topics of immense diversity and depth. The way of dialogue and the energy generated by serious enquiry was being revealed. After two hours of discussion, I would go to my bedroom and collapse with pain. Krishnaji must have noticed it, but made no comment.

Krishnaji was happy with the quality of our dialogues; he had sensed in them a new approach to the teaching. He took a copy of them back with him when he left India, as he felt that they should form the basis of his new book. The dialogues were corrected in India and published under the title *Tradition and Revolution*. It was the first major book of Krishnaji's dialogues. There was a recognition in the book of the importance of dialogue in awakening the questioning mind, and an awareness that there were no answers to life's fundamental problems. There was only awakening of intelligence and the constant asking of fundamental questions.

By the spring of 1971 tensions between India and Pakistan had built up. Like a tidal wave, lean, dark-skinned, liquid-eyed, men, women, and children refugees poured over the border from East Pakistan into West Bengal. The sheer weight of their numbers had led to a collapse of all civic amenities, and by October, ten million refugees were flooding the Eastern countryside. It was a disaster for India.

In June 1971 I had gone abroad. Before leaving, I had met my old friend Indira Gandhi. She said, "If people in the U.S.A. ask you of the situation, tell them that Indira Gandhi says, with all solemnity, that in one year there will not be a single refugee remaining on Indian soil." The threat of war was a reality, the situation grim.

Krishnaji was to have come to India from Rome towards the end of October. But on October 19 he wrote from Paris that the local newspapers were full of the possibility of war between India and Pakistan, and he had been told that with the hysteria of war flooding the country he would not have the freedom to speak in India. He asked us to consider seriously whether he should come. Letters from Rome soon followed. In a letter dated October 28 Krishnaji wrote that the newspapers reported that in India the smell of war was in the air. He reminded me that, "You have, as you said, taken the responsibility of protecting this body and I also have a responsibility towards its protection. All this may jeopardize the work in India. So Pupul, consider all this and a wise decision must be reached by us all."

I wrote him a letter, assuring him that even if there were a war he would have no problem leaving India. On November 3, he wrote from Rome:

> . . . war or no war, the situation is this and I haven't written to you before about it as I was hoping there would be a change for the better. Eve[r] since this summer after Gstaad, my body is getting more and more tired. It has reached a point of exhaustion. Since I have been here I have been vomiting every day, little sleep and spend most of the day in bed and had to cancel two talks here that they were planning. Add to this, the body has become hypersensitive. It needs total and complete rest. If I come to India in this state, I am sure it will fall ill which would be no good to anyone. My teeth have been troubling too. I was hoping very much that things would improve during these three weeks in Rome but unfortunately it has not, if anything more worn out. So it is wiser that I don't come to India this winter. I am very sorry not to, but there it is, this body must be kept going as long as possible. It is, I feel, our responsibility.
>
> From here I shall go back to Brockwood and then on to California. Mrs Zimbalist is with her family in America. I have to write to find out if she can have me at Malibu. I want to go somewhere where the body can be at rest

> and quietly "disappear." I hope you understand I will keep in touch with you, dear Pupul.

Nandini and I were deeply concerned about his health, and on November 8 we spoke to him on the telephone. Soon rumors started in India that K was very ill and in hospital. We telephoned to Malibu, where K was resting in Mary Zimbalist's house, and got a reassuring reply.

In the autumn of 1971 I had an attack of cardiac insufficiency while I was in Bombay. It was accompanied by high blood pressure, and I was in bed for several weeks. Meanwhile my husband, who was in Delhi, again fell seriously ill. His lungs were very weak and he suffered from severe emphysema. We took him to Bombay for treatment, but his condition continued to deteriorate. I was traveling constantly between New Delhi and Bombay.

On July 23, 1972, his condition suddenly grew critical. That night I rested in the corridor outside his room. At a little after midnight I was called in. Jayakar was semiconscious; he was speaking, but one had to bend near to catch his words: "Help me, hold my hand, help me." I do not know whether he recognized me. I had taken his hand. Nandini had come into the room and she took the other hand.

The body had grown still and the voice silent, but the pressure of his hand was still there. The room was totally still, so was the mind. In the enormous silence one felt a presence take over, carrying him gently across the threshold. Suddenly, the hand grew slack. The worn face lost its look of intense suffering; he looked young, beautiful, untouched by his disease. Who was I to mourn? My daughter Radhika had come into the room. She saw him "sleeping," and it was a moment before she realized that death was our companion. The silence that had awakened that night stayed with me in the days that followed. Later I came away to Delhi, and the quietness rested in me.

One night in October I awoke, fear exploding within me. My window was open and in the darkness I felt a presence waiting outside. I was choked with fear. I put on the light and stayed up all night, afraid to close my eyes—for with darkness, the presence was there. For ten days this continued. I would fall off to sleep and awake to a torrent of fear, the presence waiting outside in the darkness. No observing within was possible. The intensity of fear was annihilating me; I was a wreck and I could not sleep for over a fortnight.

Krishnaji came to Delhi in the autumn of 1972, and I went to see him. He asked me in great detail of the manner of Jayakar's death, the moment of death and the state of my mind. We talked of it, we sat quiet with it, but after that day he never mentioned the fact of Jayakar's death again. One aspect of my life was over, I had to be free of the past and move on. Later I spoke to him of the fear that had awakened in me and was destroying me. He listened with gravity, held my hand, and made me sit silently with him. We sat for a long while.

The discussions had started, and one of the discussions was on fear. Krishnaji said fear existed when there was a feeling of complete isolation, of utter helplessness. I responded that one could deal with conscious fears, even allow them to flower and end. But one appeared helpless with unconscious fears, with the primeval darkness that lay at the root of existence.

"Does the unconscious hold these fears?" asked Krishnaji. "Does the unconscious invite these fears or does it gather them from the environment? Are they in the inherited genes?" he asked. "Why do we consider the unconscious as the storehouse of fear?"

"Fear is always there, it is in a crisis that you become aware of it," I said.

As discussion flowed, it reflected the dark, nameless fears that lurked as shadows in the brain. Sensing this, Krishnaji asked, "Is it that the whole structure of the cell is frightened of not being? Is fear part of human existence? Is it part of the tiniest living thing, the minutest cell? If so, why should I have to create a crisis to deal with fear?" There was silence.

"A gesture, a thought, a word, a look, a whisper brings about fear. Fear is here, in the without and the within." As he spoke, it was there around us and within us. "Why don't we contact fear before the challenge?" he asked. "Is the conscious mind frightened to face fear?" Then, sensing the atmosphere and seeing the enormity of the problem, he said, "Let us go slowly, we are tracing a rocket.

"What is required," he said, "is real simplicity, not analysis. Fear of not being is a part of our blood cells. It is our inheritance. I say it is there under the carpet, lift it and look. It is there. When the conscious mind is awake in itself, it is not frightened. Why should I be frightened if fear is part of my being?"

There was little we could say to contribute to the discussion. Suddenly, he spoke. "Can the mind be completely motionless? Then let fear come, let it arise. When the mind is awake, what then is the central root of fear?" As he spoke, there had been deep ending of the rising spiral of fear. The brain was still, so was the body.

"Has this state ever arisen to you, Sir?" I asked. Again he was silent.

"Several times, many times, when the mind is completely stable, without any recoil, neither accepting nor denying, nor rationalizing nor escaping, when there is no movement of any kind. We have got to the root of it, have we not?"

I had listened. I came away seeing that freedom from fear was not in any action from within or without, but could only be when the brain was totally still. The quietness generated by dialogue remained with me, and I slept that night without fear. Cataclysmic, primeval fears have not arisen within me since that dialogue. The few fears that have arisen have been at the surface level of consciousness and so possible to deal with.

In the days that followed K was to speak to me of the nature of loneliness. It was an extraordinary state of being, completely isolated. It was the essence of the self—the "me" with its web of words in which the mind is caught. He asked me to face complete inward loneliness; only in that was there freedom from fear.

"To be free of fear is to be free of time" he said. I received those words and held them close.

CHAPTER 26

"Love Does Not Suffer."

The war with Pakistan in 1971 and the formation of Bangladesh had been a traumatic experience for the subcontinent. Krishnaji, on seeing us in 1972, had spoken with passionate concern about the war. He asked us why we did not protest strongly against war, which was the ultimate act of violence; whatever the circumstances, war could not be countenanced. We tried to explain the presence of 10 million refugees on Indian soil, the pressure generated, and the problems inherent in the situation. But Krishnaji would not waver from his position.

At his talks and small discussions we noticed that his language and use of words had changed. He was going into the root meaning of words, drawing clear distinctions between brain, mind, and consciousness. In one of his talks in Delhi he said that the brain cells had been conditioned for thousands of years, and that unless there was a breakthrough in that conditioning disaster was inevitable. "The world is afire. Can the brain, the whole human structure, undergo a tremendous revolution, a great mutation? Can there be a holistic living rather than the fragmentary?"

There was a great sadness in Krishnaji. On November 19 in New Delhi, he said, "It is one of the greatest sorrows in the world that one wants to convey something tremendous with one's heart and mind and you don't receive it. That is sorrow not only to the speaker, but to you who listen." Sensing the increasing violence that lay in the future, Krishnaji spoke of man as being caught in the corridor of opposites—hate and love, violence and nonviolence. But the truth was in "what is," which is violence. He investigated thought and its structure; thought was the past as memory, thought was time.

"Now can the mind, the brain cells themselves which are the product of time as evolution—can the brain cells themselves and the total mind, that is the body the movement of desire, the movement you know as thought, the whole thing—be completely still? And it can only be still when you have understood the value of thought where it is important and where it is unimportant. Without understanding the structure and nature of thought you will not come upon this silence naturally.

"And silence is necessary. When you look at a cloud and the beauty of the light in that cloud, if your mind is chattering, wandering, speculating, verbalizing, it cannot see the beauty of the cloud. The mind must be quiet and it will be quiet when you have denied or put aside control, authority; all the things which man has put together in order to find truth or enlightenment, things which are the fabrications of man, therefore caught in time. And to find that which is not of time, which has no measure, which is not nameable, the mind must be completely still. That means can that brain—please follow this—the brain which has demanded absolute security, otherwise it cannot function freely, effectively—can that brain be completely secure, so that it can operate without friction?

"When you see that, then there is clarity in observation and learning, which is the act of intelligence. In observing that which is false the brain cells become quiet, and with that the mind naturally, easily, sweetly—without any effort—is extraordinarily quiet. And in that stillness of mind there is no time. It is not a question of, 'Can the mind sustain or maintain or continue in that silence?' That question is a desire of thought, which wants to pursue that silence as pleasure.

"In that silence there is no observer, no experience, but only that quality of complete and total silence. In that silence the door is open. What lies beyond the door is indescribable, it cannot be put into words."

In the summer of 1971 I was in the United States. After my official work was over, I spent a holiday with my daughter in California. She was to tell me of a very unusual lecture she had heard in Toronto. The speaker was Ivan Illich. He had been ordained into the Jesuit order and had spent several years in South America. Differences had arisen between him and the church in Rome and he had, after great travail, left the Jesuit priesthood and started living in Mexico at Cuernavaca. There, as he was to explain later in India, he established a center, an empty space where people could meet.

His Toronto lecture had been on "Deschooling Society," and Radhika gave me a copy of the book. Its originality and intensity intrigued me, and on my return to India I gave the book to Indira Gandhi. She read the book, thought it relevant to the Indian situation, and arranged for Illich to be invited to India. He was to tell me later that he hesitated before responding to a government invitation, but ultimately agreed. We had a common friend, Dorothy Norman, and he brought me a letter of introduction from her.

Illich came to dinner at my house in Delhi in the late autumn of 1972. He had a remarkable presence and I responded eagerly to the challenge of his words. Soon we established a rapport and became friends. Indira Gandhi had asked me to help plan his programs and I had suggested that he visit Rajghat and meet Krishnaji.

On November 27, Ivan Illich was in Rajghat. He was staying in the room over the guest house; the river Ganga in all its majesty lay before it. He was having his meals with Krishnaji and the first meeting between the two took place in the afternoon. It was a seminal meeting of two minds; Krishnaji with an observing mind, alive, perceptive, and Ivan Illich, erudite, rational, rooted in the finest traditions of Western thought, yet prepared to listen. The river Ganga listened to the dialogue as it had listened through the centuries to the sound of voices questioning, listening, and counterquestioning.

Although the minds of Krishnaji and Illich flowed as two distinct streams, they came together in their shared passion for transformations and the need to free man from illusion.

I introduced Illich to Krishnaji, and spoke of his criticism of modern society and his concern with restructuring society and its tools. Krishnaji and Illich discussed the chaos and corruption of contemporary education in the world. Illich spoke of his concern with liberating the individual from the illusions about what he owed society. Krishnaji had been listening, trying to contact the man behind the words. Sensing that the minds were not meeting, Krishnaji pointed to the river. "There lies the Ganga. It is flowing and all human beings are being driven by the flow of the stream—surely the individual is one who steps out of the stream. The word 'individual' means one who is not divisible, who is whole—not fragmented."

The river was soon to become the shifting metaphor, around which the dialogue moved; voices coming together and moving apart.

Illich too was trying to establish contact and to feel his way into the new relationship. He said he had spent some hours on the riverbank, watching people bathing, praying, living in the same river, below the burning *ghats*. He had witnessed people come out of the river to sit quietly on its banks and had felt the resignation that arose within them, an acceptance that the river would carry them away again, one day. He mused on modern technological society to which India was becoming slowly a slave and so losing its touch with life, and the pervading feeling in the world that technology could rechannel the river.

"But the river could not be rechanneled," said Krishnaji. "Will it not be the same water? There is only one action for the human being to step out of the stream, to never go back or form another stream." Illich's response was to quote a poem from Mexico written in the Navajo style, the first line being repeated and meditated upon:

> Only for a short time have you loaned us to each other.
> Because it is in your drawing us that we take shape.
> It is in your painting us that we get form.
> It is in your singing to us that we get voice.
> But only for a short while, have you loaned us to each other.
> Because even as lines drawn in crystaline obsidian disappear
> and as the green color of the Quetzalcoatal feathers fade
> and as the waterfall subsides during the summer—so we
> too disappear.
> Only for a short while have you loaned us to each other.

On the banks of the Ganga, Illich had witnessed an affirmation of life which he felt could not be recreated in modern terms. He had sensed the weight and depth and rootedness of a civilization of which the river was a symbol.

There was a great anguish in Illich for the loss of ancient traditions. Modern man, industrial man, whose values had been institutionalized, felt that he could take people from the old stream and insert them into a new stream. But the stream into which he hoped to place people was a lifeless one. It was illusory and abstract. That was the great corruption. He spoke about modern education which tried to create a new consciousness, the illusion that you can step out of the river of tradition, to create a new kind of current; a current that would create a new humanity.

For Krishnaji, the river symbolized all traditions, modern as well as ancient. To him traditions, however noble, however ancient, conditioned man. "If I had a son, for I feel they are my sons whether in England, France, or here, I would feel responsible to help them to get out of these two streams or those seemingly running parallel to each other." Was it not necessary, he asked, for young people to be free of all streams?

Krishnaji and Illich shared a sense that compassion was essential and that it did not demand of people that they change into "this or that." Illich had sensed the rootedness of Indian women and remarked on it, and the danger of their losing this contact with tradition and life. He felt grateful for his own roots in certain traditions. He did not want to let go of the great help and discipline that traditions sometimes give.

To Krishnaji, however, all discipline, control was violence. It is only when man felt responsible that he was free, compassionate. Freedom and compassion were one thing. "We have tried for the last fifty years to see if a few could get out of the stream, get out without motive." He spoke of learning as the essential factor for freeing of mind, a learning that creates its own momentum.

Along the riverbank, a dog had started to bark and the sounds of the outer world of Varanasi entered the room.

Krishnaji developed the theme of compassion. He asked Illich whether he saw that freedom and compassion and the sense of not belonging went together. Illich said yes, for to belong gave people the feeling of power; not to belong meant powerlessness. Krishnaji felt that to belong gave people the sense of changing, producing, acting. "Can one say, Let me not belong, and see what happens? Most people are Catholics, Buddhists, Hindus, and the tradition of that is destroying them." Illich discussed the possibility of setting up enclaves, communities outside the stream; but they agreed that historically such communities have not worked. Krishnaji spoke of the terrible things happening in the world. He asked, "What can we do?" Illich felt that possibly it was because the world's elite lived on belief in the "better"—better education, better health. To him the concept of the "better" was a falsification of consciousness.

"You see, Sir, we are second-hand human beings—all knowledge is second-hand. To be free of the second-hand is not to belong to a thing—not to accumulate knowledge," said Krishnaji.

Illich asked whether not accumulating knowledge meant immediate experience. Krishnaji set experience aside. To him experience was dangerous. "When the mind is totally awake, why do you need experience? The whole world is concerned to experience, to acquire knowledge, to be attached within the stream and so to belong."

But Illich felt committed to the little streams, those rich traditions that have given form to human life, forms that if permitted to "become gods or hierarchies" could be as destructive as other destructive streams. In that sense of belonging he was prepared to be second-hand. He felt a responsibility to help people become critical and felt ashamed of affirming a rootedness in those little traditions, even if it meant being partially second-hand.

"Wait, wait," said Krishnaji. "Let us go slowly. One belongs to something because, in oneself, one is lonely, afraid. The whole psychological phenomenon is going on inside the skin, it makes one belong to something, the big stream or the little stream or the latest *ashram*—the latest guru. Do you follow? One goes back to the church or to Buddhism or whatever. It is only when you see this inwardly, with clarity, that you don't belong to anything and therefore you have rejected all the things that man has put together—ideation—formulas—concepts—beliefs—because they are all part of the stream."

Krishnaji turned to what for him was the central issue. "There has to be right perception. I would like to say to people, 'Look, just look, don't argue, don't translate, don't say this is right, that is wrong. Don't ask how shall I live, if I don't belong. Just look—have an eye that has no corruption in it.' "

Illich's concern was to show people what they could not do. To Krishnaji to know what not to do, was to do the right thing.

Illich perceived this instantly. A new movement had started. He felt responsible for translating in extremely lucid terms what they were talking about into concrete knowledge. To Krishnaji, that came later. It was first necessary not to belong to any society, any nation. The mind had to extricate itself. It had to be free to look and that freedom was action. The very seeing was action.

Krishnaji said that nationalism divides man. But Illich's response to this was equally intense. He again emphasized the need for roots, which meant much more than being held in nationalism. Krishnaji said he too had roots because he was born in India into the Brahminical fold. That root—it might be thousands of years old—was his conditioning, but so long as the mind was so conditioned it was not free. It was the past as thought that essentially divided man. Thought was knowledge. "If I want to live with you in peace, thought must come to an end. That in which I have my roots prevents my relationship with you."

To Krishnaji, observation without the introduction of thought was necessary; that alone was total action. Illich said he had begun to understand. The problem was one of language. But to him the danger was that the younger generation had lost the capacity to distinguish and to deny the false.

Drawing the strands of the discussion together and responding to Illich's concern with roots, Krishnaji said, "When I step out of that stream, I am not fragmented—not contradictory—I am whole—the whole has no root."

Illich felt the intense need for roots, he was not prepared to let go.

Krishnaji felt that without a solution of this central problem, there could be no flowering of man. The flowering had to take place. Illich felt there was little hope of solving the central problem. He was prepared to accept and live and die with something short of perfection. Krishnaji and Illich had come to a parting of ways.

For Krishnaji, Illich's response was not good enough. Suddenly he started to speak of the central issue as an ending to suffering. He could not visualize life as meant for perpetual suffering.

To Illich, suffering had to be accepted. "Why?" asked Krishnaji, "Should human beings suffer psychologically?"

"Because God accepted it," said Illich.

Krishnaji was merciless in his enquiry. "Why should man suffer?" For man to accept suffering psychologically was the essence of his ignorance. Why should human beings suffer? Because they were ignorant? Because they were in conflict? Because they were contradictory in themselves?

Illich was equally passionate. He said that he believed suffering was the human condition.

"Ah, that's it," said Krishnaji.

Illich felt the need to recognize his conditioning fully, lucidly, and sensitively, and be shaped by this conditioning. But Krishnaji refused to accept that sorrow was essential to the human condition.

The two minds were face to face. Illich asked, "What does compassion then mean?"

Like a rush of water came the reply. "Compassion means passion for all; love, Sir, does not suffer."

They parted. As we walked silently to his room, Illich plucked a jasmine flower and gave it to me. It was an eloquent gesture. The next day he was to meet Krishnaji again, but I was not present.

CHAPTER 27

"The Observer Is the Observed."

In June 1973 the first international meeting of the Krishnamurti Foundation was held at Brockwood Park. Achyut, Sunanda, Balasundaram, and I represented India. While introducing us to the members from the American and the English Foundations, Krishnaji said of Achyut, "How shall I introduce Achyut? He was one of the people responsible for driving the British out of India."

We discussed the question of copyright and publications. There was a major difference of opinion where the copyright should vest. Ultimately, it was decided that while the copyright continued with the English Foundation, the Indian Foundation would have the right to publish from Krishnaji's talks and discussions in India, as well as bring out an international publication once in three years.

Krishnaji had no possessions save his clothes and his watch. However, he had indicated in his will that his body after his death should be cremated wherever he died, and no monument built over his ashes. At this point, seeing the sadness on our faces, Krishnaji joked, "If I die in England, you can cremate me in 'Golders Green and scatter my ashes there.' "

I felt I was choking. I told him not to be flippant, that his body was sacred and no feet should tread where the ashes of his body had fallen. "We shall take the ashes and scatter them in the rivers of India." He immediately became very grave, turned to the others and affirmed, "This body is sacred." It was so decided, that his ashes be sent to India and would ultimately flow in the rivers to the ocean.

On November 17, 1974, Krishnaji arrived in New Delhi on his way to Varanasi. I had arranged for a pass to meet him in the lounge within the customs enclosure. I saw the Maharshi Mahesh Yogi standing nearby; he was garlanded and surrounded by his disciples. Sitting in the lounge awaiting Krishnaji's luggage I asked, "Was the Maharshi with you on the plane?" Krishnaji smiled. He had boarded the plane at Rome, and as he walked to his seat he had passed a bearded figure sitting cross-legged on a tiger skin. K vaguely recognized the man, but he could not quite place him. Some time later the hostess had come to him holding a rose and asked whether he was J. Krishnamurti. When Krishnaji said he was, she had handed him the rose saying that the Maharshi, who was in the plane, had sent his greetings and the rose. Krishnaji conveyed his thanks. A few hours later he had gone to the toilet and, returning, had passed the Maharshi's seat. The Maharshi sprang to his feet. After they had folded their palms in *namaskaras* to each other (the traditional form of greeting in India between friends, strangers, young, or old people), the Maharshi pointed to a seat next to him and suggested that they talk for a while. So Krishnaji sat down. After a few pleasantries, the Maharshi said that he was going to Nepal to announce a world revolution in consciousness and suggested Krishnaji accompany him and join him in his work, as together he felt they could change humanity. Krishnaji had politely declined, saying that he had a number of engagements and so begged to be forgiven. Maharshi had continued to urge him, as he felt that what he was doing was more important. The conversation had continued for an hour, after which they parted and Krishnaji returned to his seat.

In November 1974 Krishnaji was again in Varanasi. At a small discussion held on November 19 in his sitting room overlooking the Ganga, I asked, "Could we identify the main elements in the teachings?" We had heard him for twenty-five years. Many of us could give substance to the whole field of self-knowledge, but the question remained: "What is the teaching?"

Krishnaji was taken by surprise; he was quiet, letting the question unfold. Finally, he said, "I don't know. I can't put it in a few words, can I? I think the idea of the teaching and the taught is basically wrong, at least for me. I think it is a matter of sharing rather than being taught, partaking rather than giving or receiving. And so, can we share something which is not in the field of time, thought, and direction? Can we share, or are we all so conditioned that we don't know what it means to share?"

We then discussed at length the question of participating, sharing, and receiving. Krishnaji said, "There is no teacher and the taught. Is it a matter of compassion?"

Then, as the energy generated by dialogue intensified, Krishnaji suddenly commented, "You were asking, 'what is the teaching?' Right? I say, the teaching says, 'Where *you* are the *other* is not.' "

We listened, the mind silent with the purity of K's insight. Then the ripples of thought started again. We discussed the quality of listening and the maturing of the mind.

"Would you say," K asked, "that the mind must be free from any movement as accumulation, as knowledge, as direction, as will? Movement implies time. Time is movement. I am asking—is time necessary to see? Or, is it not necessary? Then how does a mind, the whole structure of the mind, which is evolved through time, see that which is not of time? You see the paradox?" he queried. "So can you die to all the things you have acquired—pleasure, pain, hurt?"

"Do you go through that exercise?" I asked.

"Of course not. Those exercises, practices are trivial. The mind, the brain, is evolved through time. It is recorded in time. Can that mind see that which is not time? Obviously not. Then, what is it that perceives something which is not of time? Find out."

Some days later we held the first of the discussions with the Buddhists. Amongst the group that had gathered was Rimpoche Sandup. A *bhikshuk* (monk) from Tibet, clad in red ochre, with a grave demeanor and an ageless face, he was the director of the Institute of Tibetology at Sarnath. Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya of the Sanskrit University, a Socialist and a scholar of Nagarjuna, other pandits from the Sanskrit University, and Krishnaji's companions participated.

Describing it later, Rimpoche Sandup said that when he had asked Krishnaji a question, Krishnaji had negated the question and in turn challenged the Rimpoche. He was bewildered, he could not comprehend Krishnaji's approach. At the end of the discussion, and later, as he heard Krishnaji over the years, the lama came to realize that fundamental questions had no answers, but still had to be asked. "Krishnaji," he said, "never provides an answer, never puts anything into a person. But his challenge touches a germinating point within, which enables the listener to awaken and for 'what is' to unfold."

Rimpoche Sandup said, "If you feel the compassion that flows from Krishnaji, you will see there is no limit to him. Most teachers have a limited approach, but Krishnaji's approach is without limit." He was deeply touched by Krishnaji, his presence and his words. "The more one has insight and tries to touch Krishnaji, the further he recedes; the greater Krishnaji's insights. You can never hold him, never get near him. For there is no end, no limit to him."

Rajesh Dalal, a young technocrat who had just graduated from the Indian Institute of Technology, Kanpur, came to Rajghat to hear Krishnaji speak. Attracted by the depth and relevance of Krishnaji's teaching, he was the first of the young academics and professionals to turn away from a career and join as a teacher in Krishnaji's schools.

Krishnaji's visit to Rajghat in November 1976 led to Rajesh's first meeting with him. He went to Krishnaji's room, rather excited, a little nervous at the idea of meeting the "great one." Krishnaji met him at the door, took him by the hand, and led him to the veranda overlooking the Ganga and the garden. They sat on a divan, and Krishnaji said, "Sir, please don't feel shy." He started to ask about Rajesh's life, where he was born, the house he lived in, his parents, his school. His presence was so reassuring that Rajesh rambled on, talking about himself; in his words, "forgetting who I was talking to. It was like talking to someone who was an intimate close friend. When I told him that in school and college I had always played with objects, people, ideas, numbers, words, and so on, he seemed to be happy and said, 'That is good.' "

Krishnaji suddenly became very quiet and serious. Rajesh grew acutely conscious of the silence and was deeply affected by it. He became aware of the sun setting and "the radiance of the pink gold of the ripples in the water." He perceived the movement of the peepul leaves as the breezes played through them and listened to the sound of the peacock's call. They sat about four minutes without a word. Rajesh looked at Krishnaji once or twice, expecting him to break the silence, which he was finding too much to bear. He was beginning to realize the immensity of the person sitting beside him, and the intimacy which they had shared gave way to a feeling within him of immense awe. He saw Krishnaji as part of the river, of the peepul tree and the birds flying over it. "It was the awe which you feel when you are face to face with something unknown—something very profound."

Suddenly, he heard Krishnaji's voice. "Look Rajesh, the world is in darkness. It is mad. The violence you see all around you is crazy. And these places—Rajghat, Rishi Valley, Brockwood Park, and Ojai—have to become centers of light. The older people have messed everything up. They have not done it. And the new people, young people have to do it. You understand? I hope you have not come here to experiment for a year or two but are committed to this." When Rajesh assured

Krishnaji that this was the only thing that truly and deeply mattered in his life, there was a gentle yet enigmatic smile on Krishnaji's face.

By then it was time for Krishnaji to go for his walk. Krishnaji stood up swiftly and went into his room to get his shoes. Rajesh watched the way he stood, sat, wore his shoes, climbed down the stairs, and walked. He saw a very alert man, eighty-one years of age; by contrast, Rajesh could not help observing how sloppy and careless he was—and he was only twenty-three. Rajesh suddenly grew aware of all that he had to learn from this man. And as if he had sensed Rajesh's thoughts, Krishnaji said, "We will meet more often. I will see that you are with us in Madras and Rishi Valley."

To Rajesh it was a downpour of affection and blessing. He experienced a quiet alertness and went back to his room very aware of everything around him—the roses, boats on the river, and squirrels playing with each other. The mind was more alive than it had ever been.

In 1979 Krishnaji was to hold discussion with the teachers of Rishi Valley. Rajesh Dalal participated. Krishnaji spoke of the need to create trust in the student. Rajesh, sitting to K's right, was particularly attentive that day. The whole question of the student having deep trust and confidence in the educator was, Krishnaji said, "central to the process of education." He kept challenging his audience, throwing problems back to them, forcing them to enquire and respond from depth.

Rajesh told me, "I was alert, watching and listening. When suddenly Krishnaji turned to me and asked, 'Rajesh, what do you say?' I kept quiet, not feeling the need to respond. Again, after five or ten minutes, he said to the teachers, 'Sirs, will you come down from your platforms and tell your students that you are just like them—that you have fears, jealousies, hurts, and so on and that you don't know what to do. They will then see that you are honest and trust you. Will you do this?' Perhaps I had been waiting to hear something more profound than this. Also I felt I already had such a relationship with my students. So, I spoke out and my voice was charged with emotion. 'Sir, I have done that. But, that is not good enough. You can't keep saying I am confused and have fear. You have to be free of fear, if the student is to trust you.' "

Rajesh continued. "He turned to me, held my hand, and said, 'Rajesh, do it now.' His gaze and his words were like a noose choking me. It was a strange experience. The intensity of it stunned me and I could not speak. He immediately realized it and, turning his gaze away from me, began to discuss with other teachers. But he kept on gently and affectionately stroking my hand, as if to say, 'My boy, I understand what you have been through.' "

Seeing that Rajesh was living a life of total abstinence and chastity, and sensing the tensions that were arising, K spoke to him of sex. Krishnaji said, "Sex is like a tender flower, an intense flame, delicate and rare. It has to be nurtured and cherished. You have to be specially watchful when it is not operating as nature intended. To let sex function freely is to dissipate energy; to suppress it brutally is to destroy something delicate and intensely beautiful. So watch it with warmth, nurture it, let it discover itself and unfold—neither denying it nor succumbing to it."

Krishnaji kept telling us, "Challenge me. Take. Your challenge is not great enough."

We were in Madras and he had started discussing the rapidity of change that was taking place in the world. In the West, from the middle of the 1960s, a reaction against growing materialism and consumerism had led to an immense ferment amongst the young. An appalling emptiness was permeating all aspects of life. The pressure being generated by the ravaging of the environment and the unlocking of the mysteries of nature and their reckless use as toys of technology could not be sustained by the existing resources of young minds and bodies. The abnormal was becoming the norm.

Like a wave, confusion and chaos were overtaking adolescent boys and girls, who were in revolt. Vast numbers of these "flower children" had taken to the road; like the fakir or the mendicant, they were the new barefoot wanderers of the earth. They homed for India, meeting from all over the world in Nepal, Varanasi, Goa. They were sowing the seeds of a new culture, however abnormal, seeking to reestablish their communion with nature and man. They sought it in drugs, in music, in yoga, in sex. Antiwar, anticompetition, antihypocrisy, anti the "more" of acquisitive society, they were concerned with loving and being. Striding continents, even in their failures they had brought to the human situation a gentle, anguished interval. But they were a lost generation.

We discussed the cultural revolution in China. The experiment of millions of young people invading the environment had been awesome. It was an action bereft of all compassion, and the element of ruthlessness inherent in it was terrifying. It too had failed and left behind disaster and destruction.

Krishnaji asked us what was happening to the young in India. We told him of the Naxalite movement. It had started in rural West Bengal, but had rapidly penetrated universities, drawing into its ambience the young student, the unemployed intellectual, as well as boys and girls from affluent families in revolt against the status quo. Young, ruthless, violent, their concerns were with the destruction of existing values and economic structures. Ironically, young academics and professionals from the same milieu, dazzled by the explosions in science and technology and the unlimited opportunities that appeared on the Western horizon, were turning West, seeking to share in a seemingly limitless pot of gold.

In rural India one felt the immense winds of change. Power was passing into the hands of new caste groups, the so-called backward were coming to realize the power of the vote. In cities a growing corruption was taking over.

A general destructive violence, a fragmentation at all levels, and a growing lack of sensitivity was permeating the landscape of India. Krishnaji said he had seen this coming. As he traveled round the country he noticed the general decline in values and the tendency to shirk responsibility. "One observes this not only in the newspapers, but from what is happening around us socially; what is happening at the periphery of life, but also from what is happening inwardly. One sees disintegration, overpopulation, callousness, a growing indifference to man and environment." His passionate demand for a revolution in the ground of the mind was unallayed.

While in Madras Krishnaji, in his public talks and discussions, raised a fundamental question: Is there such a thing as an individual, or is man merely a movement of the collective? Insights into the nature of the collective reveal that it is made up of tradition, belief, knowledge, and the experience of the book. Krishnaji said that to be an individual, there has to be a revolution in the collective as revealed in knowledge and tradition; and so man has to discover his own incorruptibility.

It is necessary to ask questions: "Questions to which there are no answers. So that the question throws man on himself and the way the structure of thought operates."

From Madras Krishnaji went to Bombay. Perceiving that for millennia man has searched for freedom in the outer and inner, Krishnaji probed into the whole problem of living, learning, and observing. He said, "To learn is to observe and to act." Like the scientist observing through the microscope, he asked the audience "to observe, to watch things as they are, not twist them to suit inclinations or prejudices." He spoke of man's quest to be free of sorrow and violence.

Man had pondered over this question of violence for millions of years—violence as opposed to peace, aggression as opposed to compassion, goodness as opposed to evil. Human beings had lived with this question. "Why?" he asked. "We must answer this question, not verbally, but in our own hearts, not explain it away or justify it, but see that we are not violent, in our speech, in our gestures, in our activity.

"If you observe," Krishnaji said, "man lacks a sense of beauty—beauty as sensitivity not only physically, but also of the heart and mind. To be sensitive is to be intelligent. Can one be aware of the extraordinary beauty of the earth, the richness of a rice field, the beauty of a face, of a smile, and the sadness of tears? Without such understanding not only the beauty that the eye sees, but the beauty of clear unspotted perception, man can never be free of violence. To understand violence, one has to be free of the word. And one cannot be free if there is no sensitivity to the beauty of everything about you. There must be freedom to find out what love is. You know, the word freedom is a dangerous word. Freedom for most people means to do what they would like to do, a freedom from social restrictions, social morality.

"Freedom from something is one thing, and freedom for itself another. Only in negation is there freedom. By learning about disorder, there is order. To learn about fear and violence needs a very subtle mind. With the dying is the living. You must die to yesterday, to live today, and then there is love. You have been given a piece of earth and what are you to do with that earth? To grow plants on it, you must have energy, passion, drive, intensity. If you live this way, then the treasure you have discovered becomes clear, vibrant, alive.

"To live in the present is to see in the microscope, not according to your wish or my wish, to see in the microscope how the past flows through the present and explodes into the future. But as long as the mind is caught in the image of the past, how can the heart live in the present? And love is the present, not the tomorrow."

As he spoke, the mind, listening with great intensity, was one with his words.

"What have you done with your life?" he asked. "Don't say, 'I am going to fulfill next life.' There is only the present, the beauty of the present, the richness of the present. You have had this life, this extraordinary thing called life in which there is sorrow, pleasure, fear, guilt and all the tortures and the loneliness and despair of life and the beauty of life. And what have you done with it? A life was given to you, the most precious thing in the world, and what have you done? You have distorted it, tortured it, torn it to pieces, divided it, brought about violence, destruction, hatred, lived a life without love, without compassion, without passion.

"The question is asked and the answer lies only in the present, not in tomorrow or in the past, which raises the question, what are you doing 'now' with your life? And if you can answer this, you will find out what love is." The passion, the intensity of his concern was as a breeze that enveloped us as we listened, quickening the brain cells, making innocent the mind.

Krishnaji was also holding his small group discussions. He asked us, "Has religion failed in India? In India *sannyas, ashrams,* have become a form of religious revolt. Go to the moon, live under the sea, transplant the human heart; without compassion the problems of human existence continue. Could we observe with eyes that have never been spotted, made narrow with callous indifference? For this, to see the whole, a different quality of mind was needed."

In the discussions we were exploring the nature of the observer and his relationship to the observed, a central point of K's teaching. Krishnaji said, "In the very act of observing object there is the process of naming which clogs perception. In this very act, nature of what is observed, is undergoing change."

He spoke of insight as born of the observing mind. It is when the mind, heart, body are made one in attention that the division between religious perception and scientific truth disappears. "Freedom from the known exists within the brain cells. When grooves cease to exist, the brain is alive. In this state there is a physical transformation."

In his discussions Krishnaji denied his role as teacher and his listeners as disciples. He spoke of "learning," a state where the relationship of the teacher and the disciple undergoes a total change. Learning needs energy and intense curiosity and a freedom to explore. This comes with observation, a state in which all authority and all hierarchy in terms of the psyche ends. He spoke of himself as a mirror in which the listener sees himself, with a vision that is not distorted or conditioned.

"The act of learning is the act of living. Learning is a quality of mind, an attitude that is more important than what is learnt."

In his talks he elaborated on the discussions. Speaking of the brain and its need for security, he said, "The brain demands security and order, it also demands harmony. Without harmony, there is no security. Harmony means order, and the brain lives and it has lived for thousands of years in disorder, which means contradiction. Therefore [it is] in conflict not only within, but outwardly; and in this conflict, both inward and outward, it has found some kind of security. It accepts conflict as a way of life, and in that it has found security. Though it brings great disorder, though it brings destructiveness to itself, it has accepted this chaos, this confusion, because it doesn't know what to do. That brain which has been conditioned for millions of years to accept values that really bring disaster to itself, is conditioned that way, and it accepts that conditioning and lives in that conditioning as security.

"Look," Krishnaji continued, "you have accepted nationality, haven't you? But if you observe, that security brings war. When you accept nationalism, and you accept it because you have found security in it, that security is completely destroyed because nationalism invariably divides; and where there is a division there must be conflict. So your nationalism, in which the brain has found security, is bringing about its own destruction.

"Our brain, the brain cells, have themselves been conditioned for thousands and millions of years. And if there is no breakthrough in this conditioning, there will always be disaster, there will always be sorrow, there will always be confusion, there will be no harmony.

"And the world is afire. The house is burning and you have to respond to it with a fresh mind. Not according to your own conditioning. Therefore the question is, can the brain, can this whole human structure, undergo a tremendous revolution, great mutation, so that it is a fresh mind?" He paused.

"Watch this very carefully. You have taken the ideal of nonviolence. It is one of those extraordinary tricks you have played on yourself and all the teachers and the mahatmas have taught endlessly about it. Now watch it, go into it, learn about it, put your heart and mind into it. You want security; that is the very basis of the brain. So you seek security in an idea or in an ideal of nonviolence. So there is a division between violence and the ideal, and therefore contradiction, therefore hypocrisy, therefore disorder and pretension. When the real thing is violence, you are pretending there is nonviolence. So the brain cells seek out of this incapacity to deal with violence, an ideal, and therefore division follows and there is contradiction and conflict.

"So, you see there is security only in the truth that life has no security, but is a constant movement. That is the truth, and in that truth there is security.

"Have you learnt?" he asked. "In that learning about truth, the whole structure, the whole response of the brain cells undergoes a tremendous change. It lives in a total dimension of movement, a whole movement, not a fragmentary movement. Order, which is harmony, has no blueprint. Order, which is harmony, comes only when there is freedom from disorder. Order comes only when there is understanding, learning about the disorder. And out of the learning about disorder—not the learning how to bring order into disorder, which you can never do—out of that learning comes order, naturally."

Krishnaji explored the words "watch," "observe," "learn." "Is the observer, the one that learns, is he different from the thing he is observing or learning from? The fact that there is always the observer and the observed, in essence is division, disorder. As long as there is the observer, the experiencer, the thinker, the one who says 'I am learning' and divides himself from the observed, the experiencer and the thing from which he is learning, as long as there is this division, it will invariably bring about conflict, as all divisions do, and therefore confusion and therefore disorder."

Then he asked his listeners whether they observe disorder as an outsider looking in, or do they see that there is no observer at all? "Do you see that you are disorder?" He was speaking with pauses in between. "If you are the observer, watching the disorder in yourself and round about you, you are separate from the disorder; and therefore you who are watching, to bring about order, and therefore you are bringing about disorder because there is separation.

"So how you look at disorder matters enormously. If you look at it from the outside as though you are independent of it, as though you have nothing to do with it or as though you are going to bring about order, the 'you' is a fragment of other fragments. Is the 'you' who are looking at disorder different from disorder? You are part of that disorder; otherwise you wouldn't know it; otherwise you wouldn't recognize disorder. You are part of that disorder, you the observer are the creator of that disorder.

"If you see the truth of it, you are free. Because it is only the truth, which has nothing to do with pleasure or pain, the learning and seeing the truth, [which] frees the brain cells from their conditioning, therefore the brain is then a new brain.

"Do you see the beauty of this? You know, just as to see the beauty of a palm leaf in the clear sky, to see it, not as an observer with all his peculiar knowledge and impotence, but to look at it without the observer, to see the extraordinary movement of that palm leaf—so in the same way, to look is to learn. And in the learning is the total movement of life in which there is no fragmentation, and therefore it is a life of great harmony, and harmony means love."

CHAPTER 28

"The Pebble in the Pond"

In 1977, with the defeat of Indira Gandhi, I had resigned from the chairmanships of several government boards and societies and returned from Delhi to Bombay, where I was to live in an old, rented flat on Malabar Hill. I had been actively working in many organizations since long before independence, and this was the first time in thirty-five years that I found myself with nothing to do. I was still president of the Krishnamurti Foundation, but I sensed a breath of discontent amongst several of my colleagues.

From early 1978 I grew aware of an ebb of energy within me. The acuteness and altogetherness of my senses were blurred and losing vitality. I had started writing, but words came with difficulty.

I wrote to Krishnaji in California at Malibu, where he was staying. His reply was immediate.

My dearest Pupul,

Since you have written about yourself, may I point out certain things and I hope you won't mind.

I don't think it's old age that deteriorates the mind but you have had many psychological shocks. You have been deeply hurt and if I may point out, you haven't healed them, seen beyond that. Consider what I am writing seriously.

Now, you have to become deeply aware, not intellectually. Aware of your body; you have let it go; aware of what you eat and how much you eat; exercise, etc. Train that body, you have neglected it; then its own intelligence will take over.

You have, if I may point out, cultivated the intellect, with its arrogance and neglected the other side of it which is love, compassion. Naturally, one cannot and may not cultivate love but one must be wholly aware of this. If one may point out, give your complete and therefore choiceless attention to all this.

Of course, there's old age, with all its troubles but they are normal and natural. But these should in no way interfere with the mind and its beauty, though they are interrelated, the mind is infinite.

Sorry to write like this! I wanted to put it in as few words as possible. You will understand all this and with what love one's writing this. Be well, Pupul and see you fairly soon.

With love,
J. K.

Krishnaji arrived from England in the late autumn of 1978. He traveled directly from Delhi to Varanasi, accompanied by Mary Zimbalist. I followed him to Rajghat, Varanasi, where I was to stay in a small cottage on the edge of a cliff, overlooking the Ganga. The river was low, revealing banks planted with brilliant yellow mustard. Sunsets and sunrises intoxicated the waters; birds nested in the overhanging trees and sounds of Tulsidas's "Ramayan" floated down the river. But the passion that the river had awakened in me in earlier years was absent. When I talked with my colleagues I again felt a discordant chord.

Krishnaji had been warm and affectionate when he met me, but with him too I felt a distance. After a few days I went to see him. I was hesitant at first, but after some time I told him that I felt I was ageing, the brain was losing its edge and its capacity to penetrate and delve. There were few fresh insights. He was sitting at some distance from me. For some time after I spoke, we sat silently. Then he said, "I have noticed over the last two years that you have not been to see me."

I was close to tears. I looked up and found his eyes mirroring me. "When the brain cells deteriorate, they can never be renewed," he said. "When a relationship is broken, it can never be restored." He stopped speaking, perhaps listening to my unspoken response. Then he continued. "But a new cell in the brain has to be born, a new relationship come into being. In that is the renewal." I listened. There was no reaction, no protest. Not a thought arose nor the need to question him further. I sat quietly, then went to my room.

I spoke little during those days at Varanasi. Soon, in early December, I left Varanasi to go to Rishi Valley.

My brain had rested. There had been no immediate clarity or energy, but the chaos within the brain, the feeling of an ebbing tide, had ended. I could look again at trees; observe the shape of boulder against boulder changing color in the sun, listen to the distant sounds of children, look at the butterflies that swarmed over wild flowers in the valley; but the distance between my colleagues and me continued.

One morning I awoke from a deep sleep. Krishnaji had been ill and was resting in his room. I went to him and found him lying in bed. I said, "Krishnaji, I have been pondering over what you said to me in Varanasi. I have also been going into my being president of the Krishnamurti Foundation, and I feel deeply from the bottom of my heart that you should be the president. I opposed your being president since the early 1970s, as I felt that you would have to bear the responsibilities, legal and otherwise, if you were president. This burden I felt should not be placed on you. But I feel now that it would be right for you to be the head of K. F. I."

He closed his eyes, placed the palms of his hands on his breast, and lay silent for sometime. "You feel it from the depths of yourself?"

"Yes."

"Then leave it alone, the answer will come," he said, his eyes still closed.

Later, he gathered the members of the Foundation present in Rishi Valley and said, "Yesterday Pupul came to me and said from the bottom of her heart that she felt K should be the president of the K. F. I. I have not answered but left it, for in my own peculiar way, an answer will come." But, he said, he would like to make his position clear.

"In 1928 K dissolved the Order of the Star and said all organizations condition man; spiritual, political, or connected with social reform; organizations do not bring freedom. Man has become more and more an organized man.

"What shall I do?" he asked. "I am not an organization man. I do not conform to a pattern. So what is our relationship? Must the K Foundation exist at all? The schools have taken over the Foundation. The Foundation has not taken over the schools. What is the function of the Foundation—are we clear—why should the Foundation exist? Its purpose was to hold the lands and to see the schools keep in the right direction.

"Pupulji pointed out that for years she had opposed my being the president—I understood. She says that I should now accept and I ask what is my function and my relationship to the whole setup in India—and what do you all think is my responsibility? Bear in mind, K dissolved all organizations with which he was connected. He says no organizations will help the world. Rajesh said the Krishnamurti Foundation in India was not an organization, but it was also not a directing force in the right sense.

"So if K becomes president, what will happen? Bearing in mind that I will be in this country only for three months. I can't say carry on and come back and say, 'It's not moving in the right direction.'

"What is your relationship with me? Do we trust each other, that we will do the right thing in all circumstances?"

I said that each one of us had a relationship with Krishnaji, and because of that we had a certain relationship to each other. We were responsible to Krishnaji. But when Krishnaji was away, we did not feel responsible to each other.

Achyutji said, "We are responsible to the teaching, which is the source."

"I feel his being president might resolve the impasse that exists in the Foundation," I said. "There are barriers. The impasse has to be broken."

Krishnaji said, "Break it. Where does K come in?"

We then discussed the nature of cooperation—to work together in cooperation, not for an ideal, not about something, but simply to work together, to cooperate. The discussions were to continue for the next two days.

After the meetings I went to his room; my eyes were alight, free of burdens. I said to him, "Do you realize, with my ceasing to be president of the Krishnamurti Foundation India, I am completely stripped of everything?"

He said, "Yes, I know," and was silent.

Without a word said, a new relationship of trust and a limitless friendship with Krishnaji was born. Speaking to me of the nature of trust, he said, "It is only possible when the brain sheds its burdens, is free." Soon I was to start writing a book on Krishnaji. I spoke to him of my intention, and he had responded with warmth.

In connection with the book I was writing, one morning at Rishi Valley in December 1978 I asked Krishnaji whether I could explore his mind and unravel the way it operated. He readily agreed. I asked him questions, he listened with intensity to the question, and out of that intensity the response arose. One could feel the strength and density of the mind and the depth from which he spoke.

I said, "I have heard you for over thirty years. You say there is no way to truth, no method involved. But as I observe you, a certain process has revealed itself. I would like to explore your mind because I feel that the probing of your mind, and the way it operates, may reveal the nature of right observation and enquiry. And that is where we are getting bogged down. Now, how do you receive a question which is put to you? Could we go into the state of the mind that receives a question?"

"Right. How does K receive a question? How does K, when a question is put to him, proceed with the answer? I think he would say, first there has to be innocence. That is to say a listening without any conclusion, without any barrier and because there is no hindrance, the mind is . . . could I use the word empty? The mind is empty, in the sense that in it there are no preconceived answers, no remembrance of previous answers, and therefore no further recording of those answers."

I pressed on. "Now in that state, what is the function of attention? There is a function of attention, which is that of searching. If attention does not search, what happens to the question? The mind may receive the question in emptiness, but what actually happens to the question? Because you do respond." I was challenging him.

K answered, "When a question is put, there is a hearing of it, not only with the ear, but also the hearing of it without the usual process of hearing. It is like a seed put into the earth and the earth then acts upon the seed and the seed acts upon the earth and gradually out of that comes forth a plant, a flower, and so on. So, when a question is put, it is heard with the ear and there is also a state in which the hearing is not with the ear and out of that there is the answer."

"When one observes you, one feels that your eyes are participating in the listening process," I said. "You have a listening eye, if I can so put it. Now, you have said there is a listening with the ear and there is a listening without the ear. Is it that a new instrument has come into being? An instrument, not in the sense of a physical growth in the brain cells, but a new capacity?" I had started probing.

"I think so, Pupulji. I would like to answer this by bringing in another word, 'insight.' Insight is a state of mind in which there is no remembrance, there is no conclusion, there is no sense of anticipation, there is no quality of reaction, and a great deal more is involved in that word. Now when you ask a question, there is a hearing with the ear and there is also a hearing with the non-ear, which means the mind is in a state when there is no remembrance, no conclusion, no previous record of that question and therefore there is no reply to that question according to previous memory. That not being there, there is insight into the question." Krishnaji was exploring his mind.

"Does the hearing with the non-ear come into being with the very ending of the process of the mind? Or is it something else?"

"When there is insight of that kind, the brain cells themselves undergo a change. When there is insight, that insight transforms the brain cells." He was perceiving his mind as he spoke.

"You have said there is hearing with the ear and there is a hearing with the non-ear, and that insight brings about a change in the brain cells. Does insight arise because of the hearing with the non-ear? Can you open up this non-ear hearing?"

"Let us see. First there is the hearing with the ear, which we all know; and the hearing with the non-ear, which is a state like that of a tranquil pond, a lake that is completely quiet and when you drop a stone into it, it makes little waves that disappear. I think that is the hearing with the non-ear, a state where there is absolute quietness of the mind; and when the question is put into the mind, the response is the wave, the little wave. I don't know if I am making it clear."

"Is the pond the matrix of the mind?" I asked.

"What do you mean by matrix?"

"Is it 'mind' only?"

"I don't quite see that," said Krishnaji. "I will have to go into it. When you say is it 'mind' only, what do you mean?"

"Is it the totality of what has been? You have said earlier that consciousness is its content."

"Yes." Krishnaji was listening intensely.

"The receiving into . . . "

"Now wait a minute. Look at it. Consciousness is fragmented; and when you put a question to that fragmentary consciousness, the answer will be fragmentary."

"When the question is put, and is received as in a pool, is it the totality which receives?" By now my mind had caught the stillness, and the questions I asked were arising out of Krishnaji's responses.

"I think that is really quite interesting, and we should go into it. Can the mind be so extraordinarily receptive that it has no barriers and the past does not enter into it?"

"The past being the fragment?" I sought clarification.

"Yes, the past is the fragment. And can the past not come into it at all?"

"You say there is a listening with an ear and there is a listening with the non-ear. Has that listening the same quality as the listening we know? Or is it of a different nature?"

"Of a different nature, obviously."

"What is the difference?" I was pushing.

"Listening with the ear or hearing with the ear, and the response from that listening to a question will necessarily be fragmented. Right? That is obvious. But when there is a listening with the non-ear, that state of listening is not fragmented. Listening with the ear implies a recording and a remembrance from past knowledge. It is experience answering the question. In the other, there is no past involved at all. Therefore it is not a fragmentary answer. I think that is right."

"Is that non-ear listening different from that which receives?"

"I don't quite follow," said K.

"A question is put, it is received with the ear, but there is also a non-ear listening. Now is that non-ear listening, the same as the state which receives?" All anchors within me had ceased.

"Yes, must be, of course. A pond is absolutely quiet, a question is dropped into the pond, the pond is pure water without all the pollution that man has put into it, which is the past. The pond is clear, clean water, and into that water a question is put as a pebble and the reply is the wave. I think that is how it functions."

"As there is a non-ear listening, is there also a non-eye seeing?"

"Yes," said Krishnaji. "You are using the word 'eye' in the sense of the visual, the optical? Yes."

"Can we go into the nature of that?"

"Let us see. The hearing with the non-ear and the seeing—the visual seeing without the past interfering with the seeing—are the same. The hearing without the ear and the seeing, the visual seeing, the optical seeing, are both the same." Krishnaji was clarifying as he responded. "What is important is the non-remembrance without the past interfering."

"Sir, tradition maintains that the outward movement of the eye is the movement of naming. The optical movement which turns back, breaks through the naming process, breaks the naming process, dissolves the naming process. Is that so?" I was back to memory, to a process familiar in yoga.

"Let us see if I have understood the question rightly. Are you saying there is the optical vision going out and then the coming back from the outward movement to the inner movement?"

"No," I said. "There is the movement, outer, which we all know, which is the movement of seeing, registering, focusing, etc. Then there is for the *sadhaka*, that is for the man who is seeing, a movement in which the very optical seeing is thrown within, breaking the naming process, the divisive process. It is a backward-flowing movement."

"The forward movement and the backward movement?"

"It is not the forward movement turning backwards, but the optical sense which moves out, and another movement in which it does not move out."

"I understand. It is not like a tide which is going out and coming in. There is only a going out."

"And another movement altogether, which is optically drawing in."

"So that is what tradition says. What do you say?" asked Krishnaji.

"The looking-out focuses."

"By looking out, you mean the looking at the tree?"

"The looking within ends focusing, ends the very instrument which focuses." I was trying to reveal a state of perception.

"I must understand this very clearly," said K. "You say this looking within is not with the movement of the eye which looks, observes the external world, but a looking within, which is not the ebb of the tide. There is the seeing, going out and the coming in. But is this an entirely different way of looking inwards?"

"The looking inward is not the tide," I responded.

"Is not the tide?"

"But the looking inward can be a tide."

"Of course. That is the danger of it. The tide goes out and the tide comes in."

"You can look with the same . . . "

K broke in, "I know it can be the same water. Whereas this going out optically and the looking within are two different, entirely different processes. Is that so? You see, I question this whole thing. I wonder if there is a looking within. Can we explore that?" He paused. "Does looking within imply a movement of thought?"

"No, Sir."

"Then if there is no movement of thought, then what do you mean by looking within?" The instruments of enquiry were very subtle.

"Looking within is the seeing of 'that which exists' at a particular instant. There is no within and without in that state."

"That is the whole point. Now let us be very clear. What you are saying is that the outward-looking and the inward-looking are not the tide going out and the tide coming in. The inner-looking is not the reaction to outer-looking. The inward-looking is entirely different from the outer-looking. You are saying that inward-looking dispels the whole structure of thought. That is what you are saying." He paused. "I question that." He paused again. "I question whether there is an inward-looking at all. Let us go easy. Wait, I am just exploring, Pupul. I am not saying it is so or not so. What is it to look inward? One can look inwardly from what you have said, into the whole movement of thought. Right? Is that inward-looking?"

"I would say it is inward-looking, because in it there is a physical looking."

"Yes, in the outward seeing."

"And a nonphysical looking. That is, the looking is physical, but what is seen is nonphysical. Thought is not a thing which can be seen."

"All thought is a material process," Krishnaji said with precision.

"But it cannot be seen."

"Yes. But it is a material process—the remembrance, the recording of knowledge; all that is a material process."

"Yes, that may be so, but there is a difference between the state of seeing the microphone and seeing the flashing movement of the mind."

"But the flashing movement of thought is still a material process." Krishnaji was adamant.

"Yes, all right. It is a material process. Is its existence in a dimension which we call the within?"

"Within? I question the whole thing." A new element had entered, revealing the illusion of outer and inner.

"It is somewhere, Sir."

"Yes, but why should it be within or without?"

"Because it is not without, it is not something visible 'without.' "

"It is not visible as one's face is visible in the mirror. Thought cannot be perceived with the eye as you perceive your face in the mirror. So, is that which is not perceivable in the mirror what you call the inner?"

"Yet it exists," I said.

"Yes, but I would question whether it is the inner at all."

"You can take away the word inner and substitute another word." I was forcing the challenge.

"No, no."

"Where is it?"

"I am going to tell you something. I believe the Eskimoes, when they use the word thought, they mean something outside."

"Yes."

" . . . Look at it carefully, look at it. Think about it."

"I understand, Sir. I see what is something outside. It is a physical seeing. The nature of thought itself I can never see with the same optical . . . "

"That is very simple. I can see my face in the mirror. I cannot see thought in a mirror. That is simple."

"Where do I see thought? What is this 'seeing,' then?" I asked.

"That is it. I don't think there is 'seeing' at all."

"But you have kept on saying there has to be 'seeing.' "

"Seeing? Seeing the flower," said Krishnaji.

"Seeing also anger."

"No, I only said 'seeing.' "

"You said something just now. You said, 'I don't think there is a seeing at all.' Can that be investigated?"

"I must be very clear on this point," said Krishnaji. "First there is a hearing by the ear and there is a hearing without the ear, which is a state like a mill pond that is absolutely still without a single movement. There is no air that ruffles it. And when the question is put in it, it is like a piece of stone thrown in a still pond. The waves are the answers."

"Which the question itself throws up?"

"Yes, that is what we said from the beginning. When you approach the question afresh, the very throwing of the question into the mill pond produces the answer. There is no entity that answers. That is very important. Now bearing in mind that the seeing of the face in the mirror is clear, but the seeing of thought is not possible, what is 'the seeing of thought?' "

"What is it that actually takes place?" I asked.

"That is what we are going to find out," answered K. "First let us be clear. There is no 'seeing' of thought. For that implies that there is a seer and thought as separate. The seeing of the face in the mirror is clear. The mirror cannot reflect thought. 'The seeing' of thought implies that there is a seer and thought. But the seer is thought. So there is only thought, which cannot be seen in the mirror. So for me there is no inward looking."

"Then what do you mean when you talk of 'seeing of' what is?"

" 'Seeing of what is' is not only to observe with the visual, optical eye, optical nerve, but also to hear 'what is' without the ear; 'what is' implies all that, 'seeing,' 'hearing.' "

"But you say thought cannot be seen." I pressed him.

"No. Thought cannot be seen with the inward look."

"By what then is thought seen?"

"Thought cannot see. . . ."

"It is not seen by the inward look, it is not seen as you see in the mirror and yet you say there is a 'seeing.' "

"No, I wouldn't use the word 'seeing,' " said K.

"Then what word would you use?"

"I would say, 'thought being aware of itself.' "

"Thought being aware of itself?" I asked.

"Of its own activities."

"But you have been talking, all these years, of 'seeing what is.' "

"I spoke of seeing what is happening, actually, inwardly, not the observation of 'what is' happening with an optical eye or with another thought. When you say 'seeing,' it implies that."

"What is that state?" I queried.

"That is what we are enquiring into. If you say 'seeing' inwardly, I say that you are bringing a dual state into that which is seen. Right?" Krishnaji's mind was piercingly subtle.

"Can there be 'seeing' without a dual state?" I asked.

"Yes, this 'seeing' implies a state where there is no opposite."

"Because such seeing has the same quality as the lake."

"Yes, that is why when you speak of inward looking, there is something artificial in that approach. Thought itself has to be quiet. I think it works like the lake. And when you put a question from that, the question is answered from the lake."

"But, Sir, anger arises, or jealousy arises. It is a material thing?"

"Absolutely."

"I grow aware and it is already over. Because I cannot 'see' that which is over."

"Look, you say jealousy arises and there is the watching of it."

"Can there be a watching of the actual state of jealousy arising? If so, it would not arise."

"No," answered K. "The fact is, jealousy arises. Jealousy is a reaction which we name. Before you name it as jealousy, can that reaction be watched? Not as a watcher watching. You understand what I am saying? But the watching in which there is no opposite? Can I just see the reaction? By the 'seeing' of the reaction I mean the 'seeing,' 'observing' without the eye or the ear. The observation of the arising of that reaction is the non-hearing, is the hearing without the ear, the seeing without the eye. Does it sound crazy?

"Now, let us be clear," he continued. "We are saying, a question is asked and that question is like a stone dropped into a mill pond and the mill pond is absolutely quiet. The very answer is the dropping of the stone into it, otherwise the pond is quiet.

"Now what we are talking about is not the tide going out, the tide coming in. But of an observation of 'what is' without a previous remembrance associated with 'what is.' That's all."

"Then it is neither optical nor auditory."

"Absolutely."

"But yet you have used the word observing . . . "

"Observing in the sense that in such observation there is no remembrance of the thing which is being observed. I am right in this, let me go slowly. In the process of observation, there is no center from which it is being observed, the center being memory, various conclusions, hurts. There is no point from which 'it' is being observed. Right? And in this observation there is no conclusion, there is no association with past events, which means the 'seeing' is as quiet as the mill pond. The 'what is' is the challenge, and can the mill pond which is quiet respond as the challenge drops into it?" The ripple of the mill pond was responding.

"The ripple is the response?" I asked.

"The ripple is the response. That is a marvelous thing."

I asked, "Now, I have observed you listening to your own response, with the same awareness as you listen to a question. Do you listen to your responses?"

"I listen to it to see if what is said is accurate."

"You listen to your own responses; and to you, your responses and the responses of another person are at the same level."

K said, "But if you are talking seriously and you are listening to the questioner and responding, there is an act of listening—in both directions—not the listening to your or my response, there is only listening."

"You listen," I responded, "and if what is said is not so, you move away. There is a total flexibility, if I may so put it. There is no taking of answer and holding to it."

"You see if the pebble is very light, the ripple is a tiny wave," explained K. "But if it is a small rock which is thrown, there are a great many waves. So, the act of listening is not only to the person challenging but also a listening to the answering. It is a total state of listening to the questioner and the person who replies. When the person's reply is not quite as it should be, because there is listening, there is a withdrawal from that. And then you change and you move. So I have discovered something. There is no inward looking or listening. There is only looking and listening."

"I have to go into this at depth. I am just taking it in." I paused. "What is the mill pond?"

"First of all," K asked, "whose mill pond? The mill pond of your mind, K's mind, or the mill pond of a person who is agitated?"

"We are talking of Krishnaji's mill pond," I said, "because what is being attempted is to see how far one can go into investigating your mind."

"I understand. You are asking what is the state of the mill pond that apparently K has. I don't think K is aware of this mill pond."

"What are you aware of?"

"It is important to understand that if K is aware of it, it is not a mill pond. Wait, wait. Yes, that is right."

"Now, if I may ask, what is the inner nature of yourself?" I was challenging K's mind to see how far he would reveal its nature. There was a pause. Then, from a great depth, Krishnaji spoke. "I have never asked myself what is the mind, the inner nature of K. If I reply 'nothing,' which means 'not a thing,' would that be acceptable? There is nothing. Would you comprehend the state of K's inner being, which is nothing, which is absolutely nothing? It is like measuring the immeasurable. I am not saying my mind is immeasurable—but it is like measuring the immeasurable."

My eldest sister had died of a heart attack in 1976. My mother could not contain the shock. Her body and mind broke down, and she suffered a minor stroke. She was devoted to Krishnaji and had acted as his hostess on many occasions. He wrote her a note enclosed in a letter to Nandini in which he asked after her well being, sent his love, and expressed his gratitude for the hospitality and affection she had given him over the many years. We read the letter to her, and she managed to smile. She recovered but remained very weak.

In January of the following year, when Krishnaji was in Bombay, he came to see her. She was in bed, life was gradually ebbing away; but she had bathed before Krishnaji came and her white muslin *sari* covered her head. Seeing him, her face and eyes filled with life. He held her hand for over an hour and spoke to her with unbounded attention. She said to him, "My daughter is dead."

"I know, Amma," he replied. "We all have to die." Her mind had become quiet, and although she never recovered, her inward suffering ended. She died gently, without disturbing any of her children who were sitting in the next room. She was alone when she slipped away.

The Krishnamurti Foundation in the United States had arranged a seminar for scientists and philosophers in the spring of 1976 at Arya Vihara in Ojai. Sunanda, her husband, Pama, and Krishnaji's nephew Narayan were there. Balasundaram, who was also to go, developed jaundice and had to cancel his travel arrangements.

Krishnaji spent time in Ojai with Sunanda; they went for walks together, he talked to her at length, discussing the work at Vasant Vihar; giving of himself in full measure. She came back to India aglow with his benediction.

On June 3, 1976, I had written to Krishnaji about my mother's health and my meeting with Sunanda:

> I have been in Bombay for the last two weeks because of my mother's illness. It has been a very difficult period. She had a urinary infection with complications in the lungs and for the last week has been unable to speak or take any nourishment or water by mouth. The doctor feels it may be a partial paralysis of the throat. She is receiving nasal feeding and for the last 24 hours appears to be better. She has started forming words which though indistinct yet are recognizable. She has forgotten the immediate past and keeps asking for Moon. There is a certain desperation in her questions.
>
> I met Sunanda and Pama when they were passing through Bombay and we had a long talk. I am deeply happy that they are going to Vasant Vihar and I hope that everything will be well there with them and that the work in Vasant Vihar will flower. I am going to Madras on the 6th for a meeting of the Krishnamurti Trust. On an earlier visit Radha and I had gone over the repairs to be done as suggested by you, and I think work on that must already have started.
>
> I feel one with you that the Secretary of the Krishnamurti Foundation India should not be the same as the Principal of Rishi Valley School. This had been decided when you were here over a year ago. After Balasundaram met you abroad last year you had written to me that Balasundaram had explained to you that the Secretaryship was just a technical thing and that in your view all activities of the Foundation should be shifted to Rishi Valley, which should become the centre of the work. I do not have the letter with me here, but when I return to Delhi I will send you a copy of your letter. I had sought clarification from you whether in the light of what you felt the Secretary and Principal should be one and you had clarified the position and said that they should not be one. At the meeting of the Foundation last year when the matter of appointing the Secretary came up, it was found that Balasundaram would have to continue for a year as Secretary till the case was over as he was the principal plaintiff in the case and the Powers of Attorney were in his name To make a change in midstream would cause many complications. All the Foundation members had agreed to this. Legally the Secretary of the Foundation is appointed every year at the annual meeting which is held in Oct Nov. I had discussed the matter with Balasundaram and he had himself suggested that he should not continue as Secretary. I have always felt that Pama is the right person to take over the Secretaryship, and it is with this in mind that I had persuaded him to join the Foundation.

By December Pama Patwardhan had taken over as Secretary from

Balasundaram, and Sunanda and Pama went to live at Vasant Vihar. The house was in shambles, there was no money, and they faced a herculean task to build the place anew. Sunanda was to take the responsibility for the work of publications and soon a bulletin was to appear. In the years that followed, Vasant Vihar, the headquarters of the Krishnamurti Foundation in India, became a center for K. F. I. publications, the archives, and the teachings. *Tradition and Revolution, Krishnamurti on Education,* various talks, and Indian editions of Krishnaji's works were published.

CHAPTER 29

"Riding the Back of a Tiger."

I first met Indira Gandhi in 1931 at Anand Bhawan, her family home at Allahabad. I was sixteen, she fourteen. I was in love, igniting fires in that ancient town; but I remember Indira as fragile, withdrawn, an austere young girl living in enclosed spaces of fantasy. I continued to meet her over the years at the home of her aunt Krishna Hutheesing. It was there in Bombay that her son Rajiv was born on August 20, 1944. In 1955, after I came to live in Delhi, Indira and I became friends. She was the official hostess of her father, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, and they lived at Teen Murti House, the residence of the Commander-in-Chief prior to independence.

Indira continued to hide behind an aloof exterior; a sensitive, eager human being, she tuned to the unusual, to people and to events in the outer world. Krishnaji and his teachings were part of my waking existence, and I often spoke to her of self-knowing and perception. She would listen intently, but was guarded in her responses. It was only when barriers were lifted that she began to ask me of the nature of self-knowing and of an observation that was free of the observer. She shyly spoke of her own finely honed perceptions. While young, she found herself watching herself speak; saw things behind her; was aware of events she could not possibly have seen; had often experienced exalted sensory perception. "You know Huxley's doorways of perception?" she said. "I saw the world with the same fierce intensity, but hid my perceptions, as people laughed at me and did not understand."

From childhood she felt she could "drown in color." For years a certain color would overwhelm her. Strong reds, oranges of all tones, and dusty pinks evoked deep responses. Yellow and green awakened energy, blue was alien.

When she became prime minister in 1966 her vulnerability lessened.

Indira's first meeting with Krishnaji was at dinner at my house in the late 1950s. Indira appeared shy and hesitant to speak. Krishnaji was also shy, but soon started relating anecdotes. One Zen tale in particular delighted her. Two Buddhist monks came to the bank of a river and found it flooded and difficult to cross. A woman was waiting on the banks and she begged them to help her across, as her children were alone and hungry. One monk refused, the other picked her up and crossed the stream, holding her on his back. When they had crossed and were on their way again, the first monk protested vehemently. He was horrified that a monk should touch a woman, let alone carry her on his back. The second monk turned to him and said, "You mean you still carry the woman in your mind? I left her behind on the riverbank long ago."

In the winter of 1970 Krishnaji came to dinner at my flat. Indira Gandhi, Karan Singh of Kashmir, my sister Nandini, G. Parthasarthi,* and Jim George, the high commissioner for Canada, were present. The talk at the table turned to the youth of the world. The young in the West were in revolt, had refused to accept the mores of their fathers, had denied all security, and become wanderers—traveling to distant countries, sharing, smoking hashish, breaking all taboos, seeing and tasting the world. Someone at the table asked, "Why are the youth in India so concerned with security?" K spoke of a growing materialism in India; we discussed the fact that the young in India seemed to be losing their roots, turning to the affluent West for their outer and inner needs. Krishnaji asked, "Why is there deterioration in India at all levels of society?"

Indira listened, but seldom spoke. Karan Singh was in a mischievous mood, and asked Krishnaji, "Is it true that no politician can perceive truth?" Indira was listening, and later wrote to me:

> Thank you for the interesting evening.
>
> As usual the food was delicious. I broke my rule of having only salad at night and ate far too much!
>
> I was very glad of the opportunity of meeting Krishnaji again. His views are always stimulating. After a while it seemed as if we were all questioning at him. But can the situation of the young rebels in the United States or France be equated with the situation here? In these countries, many of these young people belong to the richer families and can well afford the time to sit on the beach and meditate. In India, the compulsions are many—earning one's living, supporting one's family. Because of my family and the special circumstances

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*G. Parthasarthi was then a friend of Indira Gandhi. A senior diplomat, he has held very important assignments in Russia and the United States In 1986 he was advisor to Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi.

in which I grew up, my personal experience is also entirely different to that of others. But if I say so, it might seem as if I am setting myself apart. This is just loud thinking.

Indira had apparently made no special impact on Krishnaji. He did not comment on their meeting.

I left India for Europe and the United States in early June 1975. While I was in Paris I learned of the decision of the Allahabad High Court that Indira Gandhi's election had been declared null and void on what appeared to be a technical point, and that she had been debarred from seeking election for six years. The *Times* in London, commenting on it, had compared it to a "parking offence." The unbelievable had happened and no one could foretell what lay ahead.

While in England I went to stay at Brockwood Park with Krishnaji. He was very concerned for the future of India. We had long talks. Indira Gandhi had appealed the judgment and had been granted stay of the order; she could continue to hold the office of prime minister but could not vote in the Lok Sabha,* as she was no longer a member. The British press was seething with speculation as to whether she would resign before the appeal was heard.

The day after I reached New York, a state of emergency was declared in India and the news of the arrests reached us. Far away, with little access to accurate information, we heard rumors that civil war had begun. I went to the Indian Permanent Mission and tried to phone through and speak to Indira Gandhi. To my amazement it was possible to reach her, and she came on the line. I told her of the rumors and the total absence of accurate information. She tried to reassure me; a state of emergency had been declared, she said, and many people, including Jai Prakash Narain and Morarji Desai had been detained. She told me that there was a threat of widespread violence, and stressed that the emergency was for a short period of time.

I did not go to Gstaad to see Krishnaji on my return journey, nor did I phone him from London. I was very confused and knew that Krishnaji would be greatly distressed by events in India.

In New Delhi many people spoke to me about the emergency—a few in support, a large number in anger and with passion. Fear and tension were growing. I met Indira at Parliament House, where I spoke of the prevailing atmosphere and my sorrow that this should happen in a government of which she was the head. She listened intently and

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***Lok sabha* is the Hindi word for parliament replied that I could not know the extent of the violence inherent in the situation nor of the dangers, internal and external, that faced the country. She spoke of the railway strike the previous year, which had triggered violence and instability.

She also referred to Jai Prakash Narain's Total Revolution movement, around which a large number of young people rallied. At first nonviolent in its approach, by 1975 it had been infiltrated by many undesirable elements. Jai Prakash, she said, was an idealist and appeared totally unaware of the danger. But if these forces were allowed to strengthen their position, the country would face disaster.

I expected emergency to be lifted on August 15—Independence Day—and went to the Red Fort* to hear her speak. But just before she appeared on the ramparts she received news of the assassination in Dacca of the prime minister of Bangla Desh Mujib-ur-Rehman and his family, including his very young son. All her dormant fears and anxieties were awakened. She was certain that the murders were part of a major plot to destabilize the subcontinent and that she, her sons and her grandchildren were the next target. The emergency continued with traumatic results for both ruler and ruled.

Soon after, I received a letter from Krishnaji:

> I am writing to you about a very serious matter, not only to you personally but also as the President of K. F. India. From the various reports in the American, English and French papers it appears that India has become a "totalitarian state," thousands are being put in prison, freedom of speech and freedom of the press is almost gagged. I do not know what your position is? The Foundation is not political and is in no way connected with any kind of political group, left or right. I want to ask you what is K's position if and when he comes to India, knowing that he will talk about freedom at all levels, which K has been doing in all the talks here, freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of expression. And if he addresses public meetings they are bound to ask him certain questions and he will have to answer them. He feels he cannot modify what he says for any reason whatsoever, to suit any government or any group of people. He has not done so in the past, he cannot limit himself to the dictates of any group, political or otherwise. He cannot allow himself to be put in prison or be prevented from leaving the country once he comes. I would also like to point out that K will not accept special favours or have an exemption made in his case . . . [He ended his letter with the words:] Please Pupulji, this is a sacred matter and your responsibility must be equally sacred.

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*The Red Fort is a monument built in the seventeenth century by Shah Jahan From its ramparts the prime ministers of India address the nation on Independence day, August 15.

In my reply, I gave him an accurate account of the situation in India, but assured him that he could never be jailed in India. The culture of this country made the voice of the truly religious teacher a light that could not be extinguished. By August 20, I received a second letter. His extreme concern was evident, and introduced a new question: "What is the purpose, the value, and the benefit of my coming to India?"

> Apart from personal feelings and affection which has [sic] its own significance, as the physical organism is now over 80 I have been considering how best the next 10 or 15 years should be spent. As I have repeated and can repeat it again without boredom, I have spent more time and given more talks in India than anywhere else. I am not concerned with the results, what effect the Teachings have in India, how deep the roots have penetrated, but I think one has the right to ask and should ask, as I am asking, why there is not in India after all these years one person totally and completely involved in these Teachings, living them and dedicated entirely to them. I am not in any way blaming any of you, but if I may, I would urge you to give your most serious attention to this.

He went on to ask me if I would indeed retire from my other work by March 1976, as I had told him. He ended the letter with these words:

> As it may become more and more difficult to speak freely in India, you have to consider how best K can spend the rest of his life most usefully for the Teachings. I am also pointing this out to the group in America and in England. All this should in no way be construed as a personal matter but as what is right and good for the Teachings as a whole. The whole thing, I am afraid, in India is being worked out at personal convenience and it is too bad this is happening after 40 years.

I was overwhelmed by the letter. To me, at the time, it seemed evident that Krishnaji had rejected India and the people who had been his companions for many years. In Bombay I spoke to Nandini, and she felt as I did that Krishnaji's dialogue with India was over.

I wrote back to Krishnaji expressing my deep distress. I said I was stunned by his letter. Balasundaram, who was with Krishnaji in Brockwood when my letter reached him, wrote to me that Krishnaji was puzzled and kept on asking, "What has stunned Pupul?" Krishnaji had been holding detailed discussions with Balasundaram on what was needed to be done in the Indian Foundation. Soon it became clear that Krishnaji had finally decided not to return to India in the winter of 1975. He had also canceled his annual visit to Rome, but was to return to Malibu in California.

I received a long letter from Krishnaji dated November 10 from Malibu, where he was staying at the home of Mary Zimbalist. Like a child he asked, "You wrote from Delhi that you were stunned by a long letter which I had written you in which, among other things, I said that it was all run in India on personal convenience. In all your letters you do not say what stunned you. I would like to find out why you felt that way." I replied that the first impact of his letter was that he had abandoned India and did not intend coming back. There were many questions which needed to be answered, but there appeared to be no point in going into details and seeking clarification. It was the first impact of the letter that was crucial.

The emergency had been on for over a year and though I was aware of the strain and anguish it had caused Indira, I also knew she had been tough, turning a blind eye to many happenings reported to her. As the emergency gathered momentum, for the first time in her life she lost her intuitive contact with the people of India. She was isolated and suspicious and would not countenance any criticism, even when her close friends brought her concrete evidence that officials had overstepped their authority. It was only by the autumn of 1976 that the anger and fear felt by people started to reach her.

It was about this time that I spoke to Indira about the possibility of Krishnaji speaking in India in the winter of 1976. She said, "He is most welcome to come to India and he can speak freely." She knew of Krishnaji's passionate concern for freedom; he was a religious revolutionary, and for him life without freedom was death. Krishnaji arrived in India in October 1976 and stayed with me at 1 King George's Avenue.

On October 27 Indira arrived at my home for dinner at 7:30, wearing a sari printed in soft pinks. The other guests included Achyut; Nandini, her daughter Devi, and her granddaughter Aditi, a young and exquisite dancer; Sunanda and Pama Patwardhan; and L. K. Jha. Indira told us it was her birthday according to the Indian calendar. She expressed a desire to speak with Krishnaji, and was with him in his sitting room until nine.

At dinner she was very silent, hardly aware of what was happening around her. Achyut, who had been passionately critical of the emergency, was silent, even grim. L. K. Jha and Krishnaji did most of the talking. Krishnaji did not look at Indira or talk to her throughout dinner. He sensed that she was vulnerable, and did not wish to intrude.

During dinner Krishnaji, to lessen the tension, started relating his many anecdotes of Saint Peter and heaven. I remember one in particular. A very rich man who had given to many charities died. When he approached the gates of heaven, he met Peter guarding the doorways. The man gave his credentials, and Peter said he could enter the gates; but before he did so, would not he like to see what it was like down below? The rich man said, "Sure, is it easy to get there?" Peter replied, "Just press the button and the elevator will take you down." On going down, the gates to the underworld opened and the rich man saw a flower-filled garden with running water and beautiful women waiting to receive him with choice wines and rare foods. After spending some time in the most wonderful surroundings, he returned to Peter to tell him that the underworld was a better place, more fun, and he had decided to go there. Peter said, "Sure, I thought you would feel that way." So the rich man pressed the button and went back to the underworld. When the door opened, the garden had vanished and two hefty bullies were waiting for him and started beating him up. The man tried to stop them; in between the blows, he gasped, "What has happened? I came here only a few minutes ago and I was met with open arms!" "Ah," said the ruffian, administering another blow. "Then you were a tourist."

Everyone laughed, and even Indira could not help smiling—though she seemed preoccupied and far away. Then Indira joined the conversation and told a story of the astronauts who, on their return from outer space, went to visit Kruschev, and were asked by him in secret, "When you were up in the heavens, did you see mysterious lights, strange beings? Did you see a great, mysterious white-bearded figure surrounded by light?" The astronauts said, "Yes, comrade, we did," and Kruschev said, "I was afraid so." Then he warned them, "This is between ourselves, don't tell a soul." Later, the astronauts went round the world and visited the pope. After their devout formalities were over, the pope took them aside and said, "My sons, when you were up there, did you see lights or come upon a vast figure with a white beard?" They replied, "No father, we saw no lights nor did we see a bearded figure." And the pope said, "Ah, my sons, I thought so. But on your soul don't tell this to anyone." Everyone at the table laughed, but L. K. Jha looked embarrassed—for Krishnaji had told him the story, he in turn had repeated it to the prime minister, and now it had come back to Krishnaji.

After dinner, when everyone had left, Krishnaji took me to his room and told me that Indira was going through a very difficult period. For a long time after they met, they had sat silently. He could feel that she was very disturbed. She told him that the situation in India was explosive. Krishnaji had sensed something very fine within her, which politics was destroying. He also hinted at a current of violence that surrounded her.

The next morning the prime minister wrote to me to say that Krishnaji had promised to meet her again, and she wanted me to arrange a suitable time. I had telephoned Seshan, her special assistant, when suddenly at eleven o'clock a car arrived at the door with Indira in it. There was no security, and it was only some time later that her escort car with its anxious security personnel arrived.

Indira spent over an hour with Krishnaji. She came out of the room visibly moved, and tears were streaming down her face. When Indira saw that my grandniece Aditi was in the sitting room, she quickly took control of herself, asked Aditi what she was reading, and spoke to her for a few moments. I saw Indira quietly to her car.

During the months Krishnaji was in India, he held Indira in his consciousness. He asked me many questions about her and her early life. He had been deeply touched by her ability to listen and her refusal to react or defend herself. He told me that she was possibly the only person in her position who was prepared to listen. Most people were either arrogant in their positions and so could not listen, or broke under adversity and cracked up. She appeared different. He was to write to her before he left Delhi.

Years later, after her son Sanjay's death, I asked Indira whether she cried easily. She thought for a while then said, "No, sorrow does not bring tears. But when I am deeply moved, especially by great beauty, I weep." She said she had cried when she met Kamakoti Sankaracharya of Kancheepuram* and that she had wept copiously when she came to see Krishnaji at 1 King George's Avenue in November 1976. "I sobbed and could not stop my tears. I have not cried like that for years." She also told me something of what happened during the conversation. Krishnaji and she had spoken of the events in India over the last few months, and Indira had said, "I am riding the back of a tiger, but I do not know how to get off its back." Krishnaji replied, "If you are more intelligent than the tiger, you will know how to deal with the tiger." She had asked him what she should do. He refused to tell her, but said that she should look at the conflicts, the actions, the wrongs as one problem, and then act without motive. He said he did not know the facts, but that she should act rightly, without fear of consequence.

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*The Kamakoti Sankaracharya of Kancheepuram is in the direct line of successive teachers or preceptors going back to Adi Sankara, the first Sankaracharya, who taught in about the eighth century A.D. Kamakoti is the name of the village in Kancheepuram district of Tamil Nadu, South India, where his religious center is located.

In later years she told me that it was on October 28, 1976, the day she met Krishnaji for the second time, a frail movement had awakened in her, suggesting an end to emergency, whatever the consequences. She had mulled over this feeling, talked to a few people close to her, and finally took the decision to call for elections.

Krishnaji was in Bombay, about to leave for Europe, when the announcement was made that Indira had ordered the release of people held under the Maintenance of Internal Security Act, and had also announced elections. Krishnaji was very happy and spoke to me at length. He told me that he would have liked to have seen her before he left India. He was even prepared to go to Delhi, but I dissuaded him, knowing that she would be greatly preoccupied with the coming struggle. The day before he was to leave, he asked me to keep him informed about Indira. Then suddenly he asked, "What happens if she loses?"

CHAPTER 30

"She Is Very Vulnerable."

Krishnaji heard of Indira's defeat while in Ojai, California. In his letter to me dated March 22, he wrote, "She is out of the political world now and I wonder what she is going to do. When you see her, please give my love to her, will you?" On March 31 he wrote again. "I have received your letter after the election. I am glad you were with her when the news came. I feel somewhat responsible in this event. As I told you in Bombay, she may be defeated. Anyhow, please give her my love." In the letters that followed, he continued to enquire about her.

I stayed on in Delhi until late May, though I resigned from all the positions I held with government. Indira had shifted from the prime minister's residence to 12 Willingdon Crescent. The pressures and tensions were mounting. I would find her sitting alone in the darkness on the veranda on a hot summer evening, looking out into the summer night of an Indian garden. I would sit with her, but few words were said. Sometimes I would share her frugal meal and go home.

One evening I found her looking unduly exhausted. I knew she had been to call on one of the leaders of the new government. I asked her whether she had felt great hostility when they met. "Yes," she said. "I got a terrible allergy, while he was talking—the insides of me got swollen. I hadn't enough handkerchiefs, my nose was running."

On some days she would suddenly arrive at my house "to sit quietly." She appeared totally unafraid for herself, but was extremely anxious for her son, Sanjay. She had been told by the few people who remained with her that he would be arrested and tortured in jail. I did not know how to comfort her.

I left for Bombay in early June, as I had nowhere to live in New Delhi. Soon after I left, Indira was arrested. She spent a night in the police lock-up, but was released by the magistrate the next morning.

Krishnaji heard the news of Indira's arrest in London on BBC, and he immediately wrote to me to enquire of her well-being. With the pressures mounting against her and Sanjay, Indira wrote to Krishnaji; but with no staff to assist her, the letter was understamped and went by surface mail. When I met her in August, she said she had not received a reply to her letter. Knowing that Krishnaji would have replied, I wrote to him enquiring whether the letter had reached him. His response was immediate; her letter had not reached him. It only reached him much later, when he returned to India; the letter had been redirected to him from Brockwood. Her letter to him of June 21, 1977, read as follows:

> Respected Krishnaji,
>
> Pupul has sent me your address.
>
> I want to write but I don't know what.
>
> I thought I had acquired a measure of quiet within myself but it is obviously not sufficient for the sort of pressures that I am now experiencing. I have smiled through the longstanding campaign of calumny against me and my family. This continues. In addition we are constantly watched, followed and harassed.

She went on to speak of Sanjay and the threats of criminal charges being made against him. The letter ends, "Sanjay himself, though subject to such hardships and humiliations—raids on his premises, CBI questioning and the actual case, is behaving with dignity and equanimity."

People who had been close to her when she was prime minister began to abandon her, and she was deeply hurt. She did not know what the future held for her. She was aware the Janata government sought revenge and would go all out to humiliate and persecute her. She was apprehensive for Sanjay.

Krishnaji arrived in India in early November. From Bombay he was to go to Varanasi, but an acute water shortage there made him cancel his visit.

My ground-floor flat in Dongersey Road, Malabar Hill, where Krishnaji was to stay in Bombay, was in a horrendous state of disrepair. The day before his arrival part of the plaster from the roof had fallen near my bed, barely missing my sleeping body. It was impossible to get it repaired before he came. To add to my despair, on the morning of his arrival workmen started digging up the road in front of my gate, and no telephone calls to the Municipal Corporation could stop them. No one could even advise me as to who was responsible, and I was helpless. So Krishnaji came to a house in which the plaster was falling, and a ditch was being dug in front of the gate. A plank had been placed over the ditch, and wooden poles supported the portico and the back veranda to save them from collapsing.

Soon after he arrived, K started asking questions about Indira. He told me that before he left India in February 1977, he had a sudden perception in which he foresaw Indira's defeat. He went on to say that she would face travail, tribulation, and violence in the years ahead.

A few days after his arrival I had a telephone call from Delhi that Indira was to come from Bangalore to Bombay with the sole purpose of meeting Krishnaji. It was to be a private visit. She came to the house and walked out of the car, amused at having to "walk the plank" to enter the house where I lived. She spent over two hours with Krishnaji, while the director general of police, who was there for reasons of security, waited in the corridor. When she came out she took me aside and told me that Krishnaji had asked her to stay another day, and she had agreed. Could she stay? She hoped it was not too much trouble.

I immediately agreed, though with inward trepidation, and began to plan the details. When the director general of police heard this, he was horrified. He told me it was impossible to provide adequate security to protect this flat. It was on the ground floor, with a number of windows opening on to the road. He begged me to persuade her to go back to Delhi. He was very nervous and genuinely afraid. By then several Congress leaders started coming to see her. They were all crowded into the third bedroom, while Indira met them individually in the sitting room.

It was finally arranged that she go back to Delhi. By then people had come to know that Indira was in the flat, and crowds had gathered outside. Before she left late in the evening, Indira enthusiastically ate cucumber sandwiches and *patodi*, a succulent Gujarat savory made with graham flour. I drove with her to the airport—the plane was several hours late.

In the spring of 1978 I traveled around Karnataka with Indira, seeing temples and visiting *maths* or monasteries. We had stopped for lunch at Mulabidri, an ancient Jain religious center. A vast collection of Jain *tirthankara* images carved out of emerald, ruby, sapphire, crystal, obsidian, jade, agate, and other semiprecious stones had been brought out from the strong rooms to be shown to the ex-prime minister. From the tenth century, merchants trading in the Far East brought back with them treasures carved in the form of the standing Jain images to offer at this ancient shrine.

We ended our journey at Mercara in a rest-house nestled amongst gardens and huge trees. Here Indira was to write her book *Eternal India*. She would discuss the book with us and spend the morning writing; at times she would relax and talk. Writing the book had awakened many memories, and had also helped her to investigate herself. She told me, "When I go for a trip, I observe everything that takes place, everything that passes my car. The car often has no springs and is uncomfortable on *kuccha* or mud track roads. I watch the villages, the way people dress, their faces, their expressions. I have always watched. As a child, I was full of curiosity, I was interested in everything: birds, insects, animals." She loved to walk barefoot, especially when she was in the mountains. She said, "Gandhiji used to say, 'Walk barefoot because the poor have no shoes,' but to me walking barefoot is to feel the earth, the touch of it."

Krishnaji returned to India in early November 1978. He did not stop in Delhi on his way to Varanasi. From there he went south to Rishi Valley via Calcutta. While in Rishi Valley I got a phone call from 12 Willingdon Crescent in New Delhi that Indira was proposing to visit Rishi Valley and hoped to meet Krishnaji. She had never been to the valley, and thought a few days there would be restful. She had just won the fiercely fought election at Chikmagelur, and tensions were mounting as the date for the opening of Parliament drew near.

The day before she was to arrive, I received another phone call to say that the privilege motion to expel her from Parliament and jail her was gathering momentum, and the next few days would be critical; naturally, she had to abandon the trip. I came down from Rishi Valley and flew to New Delhi and was present in the Lok Sabha when the battle was fought. She was arraigned by Parliament, expelled, and sent to prison until Parliament adjourned. She was in Tihar Jail for a week. From there she wrote me this note, scribbled on a crumpled and stained piece of paper:

Pupul dear

You looked positively ill the other day and I have been worried about you. You are anxious about me—but why? Physically and mentally I am well. My cough and cold are much better. I am e[n]sconced (it sounds a good word but the spelling escapes me for the moment) in a large barracks all by myself with two matrons taking turns to look after me. It is fairly clean but indescribably ugly, the fittings unfunctional and badly made. They have made a bathroom for me and I had hot water in the morning. It is quiet and peaceful. I am reading and if the mood comes, may be able to write. I have brought an odd selection of books—all birthday gifts.

Love
Indu.

Have finished hastily as my food has come.

Soon after she was released, she decided to visit Krishnaji in Vasant Vihar, Madras. Elaborate arrangements had been made for her security. She was to have lunch with Krishnaji, stay the night at the State Rest House, and return to Delhi next morning.

The airport was a seething mass of people who had come to receive her. She came out of the plane looking a little tired. She was coming from Karnataka where the opposition parties had organized some violent stone-throwing.

Krishnaji was at the porch and took her to his room on the first floor of Vasant Vihar. I waited in a nearby sitting room. Some time before she left, he called me in. Indira had distressed eyes, but smiled when she saw me. After a while she said, "Krishnaji has been asking me to leave politics. I have told him I do not know how. There are twenty-eight criminal cases against me." She turned to Krishnaji and said they had brought a criminal charge against her for having stolen two chickens, and a summons was being issued against her, demanding that she appear to answer the charge. She paused, searching for the right words. "I have told Krishnaji that I have only two alternatives, to fight or to let them destroy me like a sitting duck."

I took her to my cottage, where she had a wash and relaxed before lunch and told me of her life in jail. She would wake up at five in the morning, exercise, drink cold milk that had been brought to her by her daughter-in-law Sonia the evening before, and go back to bed until seven. She then bathed, and after that read. Ironically, she had been given the same ward that had been used by George Fernandes.* There were two matrons with her all the time. The ward was ugly. Sonia brought her meals cooked at home. The jail authorities only allowed her a limited number of books, a situation she found irritating. She had no self-pity of any sort.

Towards the end of the conversation she said, "When I saw Krishnaji in Delhi in 1976, he asked me if I realized that, if I acted rightly, I would have to face the consequences? They would try to destroy me."

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*George Fernandes, a socialist, was one of the most aggressive opponents of Indira Gandhi. He was a member of Parliament for several years and was a minister in the government of Morarji Desai, after Indira Gandhi and the Congress were defeated in 1977.

By one o'clock we had gone back to the house for lunch. Besides Indira and Krishnaji, there was Mary Zimbalist. Krishnaji played the host. It was heart-warming to see the exquisite courtesies with which he filled this role; he was attentive to what she said, watched the way the food was served, discussed international affairs, spoke of the problems facing humanity.

During lunch Mary Zimbalist asked Indira, "What was it like in prison?"

"Not comfortable," came the prompt reply. Indira went on to say that they had provided a wooden bed, but no mattress. She had used the blankets to keep out the light from the barred windows. She had received two telegrams while in jail, from unknown people. The first said, "Live frugally"; the other advised her to count the bars in the window. She had actually counted them.

M. S. Subbulakshmi, one of the best-known singers of the carnatic music of South India, a woman whose melodious voice is in harmony with her dignity, was to give a concert for Krishnaji at Vasant Vihar that evening, and he invited Indira. She replied that she had several meetings in the evening, but would try and come if she could get away.

A large number of people had come to hear the music. Krishnaji was sitting on the floor slightly behind the first few rows, and there were chairs against the wall. Subbulakshmi was singing when Indira came, and sat down on an empty chair near the door. Seeing her, I got up and sat in the chair beside her. I could see that everyone in the room was aware that she was there and were watching her closely. Krishnaji had noticed her presence, but sat without movement. After about an hour, she got up and quietly slipped out by the side door. I followed her and found him waiting. He had seen her leave and had swiftly moved to the porch, to bid her goodbye. He was very affectionate, took her hand, and said, "Au revoir, Madame. Be well. We shall meet again."

The repression and harassment against Indira and her family in 1979 were to become counterproductive. After emergency, the people of India had rebelled against her, but they were not prepared to see Indira humiliated. To them she was Jawaharlal's daughter, courageous beyond measure. One evening after her defeat, she had told me that she was a survivor. Life had been so tough in her childhood that traits necessary for survival had developed within her. She could bear hardships, deprivation, and live a life of austerity. This instinct for survival made her shed what was unnecessary and develop the faculties needed to meet danger; it enabled her to sense the change of mood amongst people in India. With the Janata Government* breaking up, shrewd and insightful politician that she was, she was quick to act. She toured the country vigorously, speaking at small and large gatherings. The three years of severe persecution, of isolation, of seeing people betray her out of fear or for gain, of being hunted and having to use all her senses to protect herself and her son, had left her wary and watchful. By the time Krishnaji returned to India at the end of 1979 elections had been announced. She wrote a letter to him, expressing her inability to meet him, as she was traveling continually.

I was on the plane to Delhi when the election news came in: She had won with an overwhelming majority. I went to her next morning. Barricades had been put up around 12 Willingdon Crescent and huge crowds were milling around. She embraced me and tears brimmed over. Although she had known the tide was in her favor, the shock of victory took some time to register.

I went to Bombay, and Krishnaji arrived there the next day. We spoke of Indira and her future. One morning he called me to his room; he was grave and silent. We sat quietly. He then told me that Indira would face great sorrow in the year to come and I should be in Delhi as much as possible. He said, "It is a strange coincidence that you should be so close to an outsider like me and also be a friend of the prime minister. By very watchful of yourself. Such situations just don't happen. Be deeply aware of every thought and action." His words penetrated deeply, though I could give him no reply. I was aware that he sensed some darkness overshadowing Indira, but he did not speak of it.

I started going to Delhi regularly beginning in February, though I did not take up any work in the government until late September. I was in Kashmir in June, staying with Governor L. K. Jha, when the news came by phone that Sanjay had been critically injured in an airplane accident. I took a plane to Delhi immediately. On the plane I

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*After the emergency ended, the opposition leaders came together to form a single party under the name of the Janata Party. *Janata* means "people." The Janata Party was inspired by the most respected Gandhian leader, Jai Prakash Narain; the new party fought the elections in 1977 against Indira Gandhi and the Congress Party. The Janata Party was victorious and a new government was formed under Morarji Desai, the veteran leader of Gujarat. Most of the members of the Janata Party had earlier been members of the Congress, many of them had fought in the freedom struggle against the British, but broke away from the party.

met Dr. Karan Singh, who told me that he had confirmation from Delhi that Sanjay was dead. Krishnaji sent a telegram, which I later gave to Indira.

I had written to Krishnaji giving him news of Indira and the catastrophe. He wrote back immediately from Gstaad: "It must have been a terrible shock for her and I hope she is recovering." I had suggested that he write to her on how to face death. He replied, "I have just answered that question in the public meeting. I feel it would not be right to send her a message on meeting death. I could talk to her, which would be totally different from a written message. I hope you understand this."

As days passed Indira's body, which had stood the shock of Sanjay's death with a straight back and dry eyes, started to express its anguish. Her lips, which in the early years had contradicted the warmth of her eyes, lost all toughness. Her hair became unruly, brushed back from her forehead; her step was heavy.

She began to receive all manner of telegrams and letters containing astrological forecasts of disaster and danger to Rajiv. Some astrologers claimed to have actually forecast the day of Sanjay's death, several months earlier. It was obvious that the fresh astrological forecasts were sent to break her spirit. I suggested that she throw the letters out of the window. She hesitated. Then with anguish she said, "If I had died, it would have been right. I am over sixty and have lived a full life. But Sanjay was so young." We were at dinner; Rajiv was grim, Sonia in tears, Sanjay's young widow Maneka absent. Indira got up, saying she had four more hours of work that night. As she walked to the door, her shoulders were bent, her body drooped, she looked aged and bone weary.

Krishnaji arrived from Brockwood in early November 1980. From Madras he went to Colombo, Sri Lanka, where he was to give four talks. By the fourth week of November, Krishnaji was in Rishi Valley. The members of the American and British Foundations had come to the valley for the joint meeting that was to take place later in Madras. In December I got a message that Indira Gandhi was coming to visit Krishnaji at Rishi Valley with Rajiv and Sonia and their children Rahul and Priyanka. Krishnaji was puzzled that a prime minister would come such a long distance to visit him and see the valley. He spoke to me of the special quality of the feelings he had for her. It had been nearly two years since he had first met her. During that time she had known great triumph and the devastating sorrow of the sudden loss of her son.

The prime minister had issued instructions that it was a private visit and that she did not want the ministers and other representatives of the state legislature to crowd the campus. She had also told the security staff to keep off the campus, as she realized that Krishnaji would be sensitive to guns and uniforms. The collector of the district and the police officials were in a state of despair. Police had to be there, but they had to be located so that they became invisible. It became a game of finding a suitable bush behind which to hide—one stout inspector of police even tried to hide behind a slender eucalyptus tree. Nearly five hundred security personnel were hidden on the campus.

Indira's plane landed at an airstrip some miles from the campus. I climbed into her car and we drove to the gates of Rishi Valley, where the villagers, children of the school, and teachers had gathered, with garlands. She stopped the car, got out, and mingled with them.

I took her to see Krishnaji, who was waiting on the doorstep of the old Guest House. They spent a few minutes together; then, while Krishnaji returned to his room, we drove her round the campus. We showed her the school buildings, the farm, the rice fields, the village school. She was very watchful, observing the trees, the lush crops, and workers' homes. We stopped at a small children's hostel and she went in and spoke to the children. She did not comment, but I could see that she was impressed. At the end of the drive we reached the assembly building, where she and Rajiv planted ficus bengamina trees.

After the tree planting, we entered the assembly hall. Krishnaji came in silently and sat next to Indira. There was absolute silence. Then, with perfect intonation, the children chanted Sanskrit *slokas*. As they ended, Krishnaji turned to Indira and asked her to speak. She said she could not do so before Krishnaji. So he went and sat cross-legged on the low platform and spoke a few words to the children. When he finished, she took off her shoes and went on to the platform, sat down, and gave a short, simple talk.

She then walked with Krishnaji to the old Guest House. I followed with her family. Tea, *dosas*, and *jalebis* were served in the large open space near Krishnaji's room. Rishi Konda was hidden by the tall trees, the branches of which framed and even entered into the open room. Parameswaran, the master chef of Rishi Valley, was famous for his *dosas*, and Indira and the family ate them with enthusiasm. Krishnaji noticed that she needed to wash her fingers and asked Parameswaran for a finger bowl. No such vessel was available, so a soup plate with water was brought in which Indira washed her hands. Krishnaji looked at me; Indira noticed the look and smiled.

She then asked whether she could speak to Krishnaji, and he took her to his room. Rajiv and Sonia went to see the school, while Rajesh Dalal took the children hiking. Indira was with Krishnaji for some time. Later, they went for a cross-country walk. The security police were hidden behind bushes on the route they were to follow. They walked through mango groves, towards Rishi Konda; the sun was setting behind the hill, and the sky was molten. Indira kept pace with ease and Krishnaji was walking fast.

In the evening there was a concert under the banyan tree and later a moonlight dinner. Indira was relaxed, told anecdotes, and joined freely in the conversation. I had arranged her room with some care—a window opened onto Rishi Konda, which was visible through plants and wild flowering grass. She noticed the plants and the hill and the atmosphere created in the room, and commented on the peace and infinite quiet in the valley. Next morning, she had breakfast with Krishnaji.

In the eighteen hours she had been in Rishi Valley, an unwavering compassion had flowed from Krishnaji, enveloping her. I do not know if she was aware of the timeless energies that emanated from him, healing body and mind. A *Rig Veda* text speaks of the place "Where Oshadies or herbs and plants are found, there the wise man is the healer, of evil and disease."

I accompanied her back to Delhi. She slept deeply on the plane without waking. It seemed to be the sleep of healing.

Indira had brought away within her the silences and the compassion of the valley. It soon became evident that her senses were quickening. A young, vulnerable look was replacing the ravaged face. Her step had grown light and her shoulders straight.

CHAPTER 31

"Don't Hold Memories of Her in Your Mind, that Holds Her to the Earth. Let Her Go."

Krishnaji returned to Delhi by Lufthansa on October 26, 1981; he had been ill and was very weak. Asit accompanied him. The president of India, Shri Sanjeeva Reddy, a former student of the Rishi Valley School, had sent a message through one of his aides that he would like Krishnaji to stay with him when he was in Delhi. The problem of his doing so had been explained to the president and it had been decided that he would host a lunch for Krishnaji when he was in Delhi.

The day after his arrival, Krishnaji began to talk to me about Indira. He wanted to know what kind of mind she had. Was there in her the sense of the global? Was she aware of the crisis facing humanity? I had answered that I felt she had a sense of the global and could see problems in a totality. Krishnaji then asked if she could cease to be national. I said, no, she could not do that and remain prime minister. He then started talking of the arms race. He was greatly disturbed at the dangers facing humanity. He also had forebodings about Indira. There was increasing corruption and violence in India, and the violence would accelerate. "Could she act and control it?" he asked. "She is very vulnerable."

I then asked him, why, for the past several years, he had been so concerned about Indira. What did he find in her? He pondered, questioned himself, and said it was a new question; he appeared intrigued by it. He had held her in his consciousness for some time. He felt he could silently commune with her. We were interrupted, and the discussion remained unfinished.

Indira had invited Krishnaji to tea, and was waiting for him on the porch. They were together for two hours, at the end of which she came into the dining room, where I was waiting with Sonia and Maneka, and asked for the time. When she heard it was seven thirty, she laughed and said she had lost all track of time and had missed a meeting. She took the children into the room and they were introduced to Krishnaji. A little later, Indira came to the door to see us off. Krishnaji was very silent on his return. Later, he was to tell me that he had felt great tension in the house; strong, suppressed emotions and some latent hatred. He had asked Indira whether there were problems in the family, and she had replied, "The usual quarrels, as in all families." But Krishnaji was not satisfied. He felt that there was violence and something very wrong in the atmosphere.

On November 2 we went to lunch at Rashtrapati Bhavan, the president's residence. Achyut, Narayan, Nandini, and I accompanied Krishnaji, who wore a red-bordered *dhoti* and a *kurta* made of a rough, bark-toned handspun *tussar.** An *angavastram* rested on his shoulder. Tall, straight-backed, silent, with grave demeanor and liquid, compassionate eyes, it was a luminous sage who entered this symbol of imperial splendor. The president, Sanjeeva Reddy, received Krishnaji with great respect, as is the tradition of this country. S. Venkataraman, who had known Krishnaji for several years, started a conversation. Indira came in a few moments later. Like a nimble girl, her eyes sparkling, she ran to greet Krishnaji.

At lunch, she insisted on speaking to Krishnaji in French. Krishnaji's French was perfect, and there was a sophistication in him that delighted Indira. She was aware that the president was intrigued and very curious. He kept bending over to listen and appeared frustrated, as he could not understand what was being said. After lunch Krishnaji was seen off at the door of Rashtrapati Bhavan by the president. It had been a memorable, though amusing, interlude.

Krishnaji returned to Delhi from Varanasi in early December 1981. Indira came to dine at the house. It was the day of the Qutub Minar tragedy; a stampede in the dark spiral staircase of the Qutub (a tower of victory built by the twelfth-century ruler Qutbudin Aibak) had

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*A non-mulberry silk; the cocoons of *tussar* are reared on trees and gathered by tribal men and women to be sold in tribal markets trapped a school party, and forty-five children had been killed. She had come straight from the scene of the accident, from the horror of mutilated bodies and hysterical, grieving parents. Her face was taut and grim, her eyes shadowed. Krishnaji had heard of the disaster and met her at the door. She was with him for over an hour. When they came out for dinner, her face had softened, though the eyes still held the agony of what she had seen.

The conversation at dinner turned to the extrasensory, magical happenings in India. Krishnaji told a story of the early 1920s, when he and his brother Nitya were in Varanasi. A very poor man had walked into the compound where they were staying. After talking to them for a while, he had asked for a newspaper and placed it at some distance. He had then asked Krishnaji to keep watching the paper. K watched as it grew smaller and finally disappeared. The magician refused any money for this feat, and walked away.

L. K. Jha said that in Darbhanga, where he was brought up, there was a tantric who was the family guru. After a theft the guru had called L. K., who was a young boy, and put the eyewash *kajal* (collyrium) on his thumb. He asked him to look intently at the *kajal*. As L. K. looked, the black vanished and he saw a man walking toward a haystack to hide something. The man turned, and the boy saw the face clearly. Later, he had described the face to the guru, the thief was apprehended, and the object discovered in the haystack.

Indira told the story of what happened at 12 Willingdon Crescent. Narain Dutt Tiwari (who is at present chief minister of Uttar Pradesh) had brought a man dressed in a simple *dhoti* and *kurta* to see Indira. He was known as "Balti Baba" or the "Bucket Sage." He asked for a bucket of water and suggested that Indira write a question on paper. As she was hesitant, Narain Dutt Tiwari wrote out the question in Hindi, folded it, and placed it below the bucket. Balti Baba then asked for another clean sheet of paper and some milk. The paper was placed in the water within the bucket and milk was poured over the water and paper. They waited for about two minutes. The paper was then taken out of the water. Writing in Hindi had appeared on both sides of the paper. Though smudged, it was easy to read and had given a relevant answer to the question. Balti Baba said this capacity or *siddhi* had come to him without his having performed any meditative practices. It was the will of the goddess and could disappear as easily as it was given to him. He was humble about his powers and reiterated that he was in no way responsible for what had happened.

Soon it was my turn. I recounted the strange happenings in Himmat

Nivas, Dongersey Road, when Krishnaji was staying there as my guest. One morning two men dressed in saffron robes knocked at the door. One was old and walked with the aid of a stick; the other was young. The young man said that they had come from Rishikesh and were going on a pilgrimage to Rameswaram. As they were walking along Ridge Road in Bombay, the older *sannyasi*, who was renowned for his insights, had felt the presence of a profoundly great Being in the neighborhood. He had come to this house, the presence of the Being illuminating his way. He told me he wanted to meet the Mahatma who dwelt within. Knowing Krishnaji's attraction for the saffron robe, I asked them to come in and spoke to Krishnaji, who immediately came out of his room and sat with them on a mat.

Krishnaji held the hand of the old *sannyasi*. For a while they sat silently, then the old man turned to me and said, "Daughter, get me some water." I brought a bottle of water and some glasses. He then asked me to get a *thali*, a metal container, and to pour the water over his hands so that it collected in the vessel. He then asked us to sip the water. To my amazement, Krishnaji sipped it; the *thali* was passed round and everyone had a sip. It was plain water. Then the *sadhu* asked me to throw away the water and repeated again the pouring of the water over his hands into the vessel. He again asked us to sip; and when I tasted the water, I found it had the fragrance and taste of rosewater. No one commented.

The old *sannyasi* then turned to me and said, "*Dakshina do*, Give me alms." I felt annoyed; but as Krishnaji, who was observing closely, was present, I felt I could not refuse. So I gave him 50 rupees. He said, "No, give me a hundred." By now, I was quite angry and felt I was being duped; I saw that Krishnaji was watching me. So I gave the old man 100 rupees. As I handed it over, the *sannyasi* handed back the money, saying, "Take it back, daughter. I was testing you." Immediately, my Indian background responded. I told him that once *dakshina* had been given, it could never be taken back.

The old *sadhu* said, "I am pleased with you, ask for whatever you wish." The offer was terrifying. I said, "There is nothing I want." The old man blessed me, then turned to Sunanda. "You have no children—ask for a child." It was true she had longed for a child, but she too replied, "Swamiji, I do not wish for anything." He then turned to Balasundaram and said, "You too don't have a child. Ask." Balasundaram was dazed and shook his head. Krishnaji had been watching with great intensity.

And now the old *sannysasi* turned to Krishnaji, bent low, asked for his blessing, made his *pranams*, and said he would resume his journey. After the two saffron-robed swamis left, Krishnaji turned to me and said, "Did you taste the rosewater?" All of us said we had felt its fragrance and its taste. Krishnaji said, "How did the old boy do it? I was watching him closely. He could not have introduced anything into the water."

Indira lingered after dinner, loath to leave. But it was late, and soon she said goodbye to Krishnaji and went home. He was smiling and happy for her.

Indira wrote to Krishnaji in June 1982. The letter went astray, and she wrote again in July.

Dear Respected Krishnaji,

Pupul has sent me your letter of the 21st June. I am sorry that my previous one did not reach you. Apparently, the British do not live up to the image of their efficiency which they have propagated in India.

There was nothing much in the letter. Just my deep appreciation of your concern and I am deeply in need of it just now. This is a depressing time. Has the world come to a dead end? More and more people are realising what is wrong and what can be done. Yet, we drift in the opposite direction. A handful of people have the power to affect the lives of all other millions who inhabit this earth. The few are too wrapped up in themselves and what they consider their immediate interests in terms of place and time, and the many are willing to be pushed along in the illusion that they are free and guiding their own lives. The world needs your spirit of compassion and direction to look within themselves and the courage to act accordingly.

With warm regards,

Yours sincerely,
Indira

Indira was to visit the United States. Before she left she had gone on a short holiday with the family to Kashmir. The wave of despair had been dissipated. She wrote to me, "I took the family up to Kashmir for a couple of days. Actually, there was only one full day of what can be called rest and relaxation but it was wonderful change. We stayed out at Dachigam—a sanctuary, did a lot of walking and stalked wild bear in the forest. Besides, the beauty of the valley is in itself a tonic. I had two brief meetings with Pandit Lakshmanjoo. The first time, he offered me his usual Paratha and several Bulbuls came to sit on my shoulder and knee to share it."

By early November 1982 Krishnaji was back in New Delhi. He was to meet Indira again at dinner at 11 Safdarjung Road. Rajiv had accompanied his mother. Earlier she had told me that, for the last few weeks, she had not been able to sleep and was waking between two and three every morning, with a feeling of great uneasiness. There were rumors in Delhi that her opponents had been indulging in all manner of plots and black magical rites to destroy her. For three nights she had dreamed of an old, hideous hag who wished to harm her but could not succeed, for a luminous being with a beard was protecting her.

Indira wanted to see Krishnaji once again before he left Delhi three days later. The meeting was difficult to arrange, as Krishnaji was giving his public talks on the next two days. It was finally decided that he would go to her residence to meet her after his last talk on Sunday. We were very surprised, as he never went anywhere after a talk.

Indira was waiting for him that Sunday evening. During their conversation, she said that the uneasiness that woke her at night had disappeared and so had the dreams. She was sleeping soundly. The atmosphere in the house had grown quiet. Krishnaji was to comment on it to me later. During the meeting, Krishnaji asked her whether she was securely guarded. She replied there were vast numbers of guards, but she was certain that very few of them would risk their lives to protect her.

Krishnaji soon left Delhi for Madras. Indira wrote to him, questioning him on the nature of truth and reality. He had responded immediately. I do not know whether the correspondence went any further, but it was clear the inner enquiry that had been dormant in Indira for years was reawakening.

For Indira, 1983 was a year of destiny. She was to play a vital role on the world stage; but within India, storms were gathering. The countries bordering on India were in ferment. As Indira's horizons extended, the burdens and responsibilities increased; and with it came extraordinary demands on her time and energy. To meet this challenge, from June 1983 she had imposed a rigorous discipline on her body, eating frugally to strip herself of every extra ounce. Her energy was legendary—her work day stretched to over eighteen hours. Exquisitely groomed, two silver streaks of hair swept back from her forehead, giving the slim, taut body dignity and elegance.

Her speech reflected her ever-extending concerns. Aware of the unprecedented crisis that threatened to annihilate the world, there was a passionate urgency in her call for total disarmament. From insights gleaned in solitude, she voiced her concern for those essential links needed to bind the world and its resources into one unfragmented whole.

Humanity, heritage, ecology were words that had acquired for her a new and poignant meaning. The protective walls that she had built around her in her childhood had been broken; she was vulnerable and awake.

By the winter of 1983 it was apparent that the country was to face grave dangers. The problem of Punjab was becoming increasingly serious. Krishnaji had met Indira in early November, and they had talked at length. At Rishi Valley he gave me a letter to give to her, along with a parcel of custard apples. She replied on December 26, 1983:

Respected Krishnaji,

Pupul brought your greetings and the custard apples. Sustenance for the soul and the body! Thank you for the thought.

I don't know what to write because I am so full of anguish. I have the feeling that I have strayed onto an unknown planet. Advice and the desire to dominate have been with us since the world began, or rather since the human race began, but never on this scale and at such peril. Yet, how many care for anything but the immediate and they do not even try to understand that. So many people come to your lectures but what do they do afterwards? At home or at work? It is indeed difficult to keep hope or faith.

I had meant only to let you know that I had received your message and how much your thoughts mean to me. I'm sorry, I've rambled on, at the same time there are few people to whom one can talk and with you one does not need to talk.

I treasure our brief meetings.

With warm regards and good wishes,

Indira

With the inevitability of epic tragedy, her life was moving towards its destiny. Deeply aware of the direction and flow of events, Krishnaji reached out to her to convey the depth of his feeling and concern. He offered to come to see her at any time, if it would help.

My dear Indiraji,

I was so glad to get your letter which Pupulji brought a few days ago.

I am very sorry indeed that you are disturbed and distressed. The world is upside down, terrible things are happening; threat of nuclear war, murder, torture, and all the unspeakable things that are taking place. It is all becoming more and more insane, and I am most concerned that you are involved in all this.

As you will not be able to read my handwriting, I hope you will not mind my resorting to a typewriter.

If it is in any way, "in any way," helpful to you, I'll come to Delhi. Pupulji and I have talked the matter over. I am leaving India on the 15th of February. Pupulji can always give you my programme.

I hope you are well.

Please accept my love.

J. K

I took the letter to her. She put it aside to read later and we talked for a while. Her energy was at an ebb and she spoke of the dangers that lay ahead. She had premonitions of disaster and spoke of forces seeking to destabilize the country.

Outwardly, she was calm, and I commented on it. She replied, "At times the sea has no ripple, but deep within it are stormy movements."

She had not seen her grandson Varun for nearly a year, and I was aware of the sorrow the separation had evoked in her. After Sanjay's death, for the twenty months Varun had spent in the house, he had slept in his grandmother's room; I had sat with her when she played catch with the child, acted the grandmother, cuddled him, and spoke baby talk with him. She refused to admit it, but the decision of Maneka to deny the child all visits to her after March 1983 had wounded her deeply.

She wrote to Krishnaji on January 29, and I took the letter with me to Bombay.

Respected Krishnaji,

Thank you so much for your letter.

It is most considerate of you to offer to come to Delhi. I am truly overwhelmed. Meeting you is a special experience, but I would feel guilty asking you to interrupt your programme in Madras to come here when we are in the midst of a cold wave. I should certainly have found time for you but these two months are particularly rushed ones for me with many formal functions and visitors.

No day goes by without some news which adds to one's concern for the future. The American scientist, Prof. Morrison has been explaining to me in greater detail the implications of the "nuclear winter."

I shall be in Bombay for a Naval function on Sunday, the 12th and Monday, the 13th February. If it is convenient to you, I could drop in on the 12th after 8.00 p.m. or on the 13th after 6.00 p.m.

I hope you are keeping well.

With warm regards,

Indira

Krishnaji was staying at Sterling Apartments, Peddar Road, Bombay, where Indira came to see him on the evening of February 13. She spent a little over an hour with him. He came down in the lift to see her to her car, and held her two hands as they parted. This was the last time they were to meet.

The situation in Punjab, already murky, soon exploded. Threats to the life of Indira Gandhi and her son Rajiv had started pouring in. By February, with the murder of Atwal, a senior police officer, as he was leaving the Golden Temple after offering prayers, the situation became critical. By early April I was in Washington, D.C.; Krishnaji had arrived in New York, where he was to give talks. I told him over the phone of developments in India.

He asked me whether he should speak to Indira Gandhi on the telephone. My nephew Asit Chandmal was in New York with him, and finally, after much difficulty, he got through to her. Krishnaji had never learned to speak on the telephone, and the conversation did not proceed very far; but he sent Indira his love and she responded with deep emotion. I spoke to her shortly afterward; she thanked me over and over and over again.

I was to head a delegation to Delphi, Greece, to attend a seminar on culture to be held there in early June. The night before my departure, I heard Indira speak on television. From the supreme gravity of her speech and the tone of her voice, I sensed that the country was to go through fire in the near future. I asked my secretary to cancel my departure to Athens, as I felt I should not leave Delhi. The next day I had a phone call from Dhawan, Indira's personal assistant. He said the prime minister wanted to know why I had not gone to Athens. I said I would explain when I saw her that evening.

When I met her, she was insistent that I go. "Everything is all right, Pupul," she said. "Go." She had a letter which she had written to the president of Greece, and asked me to deliver it to him with her personal greetings. I met her again the evening before my departure. She was detached and quiet. I had a feeling that the critical decision had been taken; having taken it, she had stepped back, for the future was no longer within her control. I sat in her room and we spoke of Greece—its art, its transforming light, and the beauty of its landscapes. Later, I had dinner with the family. When I reached Rome the next day, it was to hear that troops had entered the Golden Temple.

October is a tender month in Delhi. The damp heat wanes and morning dew ushers in the winter. Warm shawls emerge from clove-scented wrappers, and festivals celebrate the harvests of the fields of the vast countryside.

I saw Indira several times during October 1984, the last month of her life. We sat together in her study, she was at peace with herself, had laid aside her burdens and barriers. During the last few weeks she had once again been meeting physicists, philosophers, and poets and, on November 3 she was to lunch at my house with Krishnaji and the Dalai Lama. For her, this month was an interval, an in-between month, a period for renewal; for, by November, preparations for the election would commence. That evening we discussed symbols, and I told her of the Bhadrakali Shrine in North Canara (the local name for the west coast of Karnataka and North Kerala), where there was no image or icon. The great Mother as energy was symbolized within the shrine as a highly polished bronze mirror in which the worshiper saw his or her own face reflected, igniting a journey into the pathways of self-knowing. A journey of austerity and aloneness; for there was no other, neither god nor guru.

The symbolism aroused her. She was quick to respond, refreshed from exposure to a new movement; a fresh spring. Awake to intimations, a memory arose and she started speaking of a day in her life when she felt an overwhelming surge of joy. It had no cause, but the explosion was of such intensity that she felt the earth would open and swallow her up. The ecstasy had transformed her face, and people commented that she looked radiant. When she felt that she would disappear into the earth, it was not a death wish. She said she had never been afraid of dying at any age. "I have felt it as a natural process, a part of life. One lives a certain number of years, and then you die"—she was not afraid. She spoke of a need to return to roots; of Indian thought that maintained "light is within you," and the need to find a way to discover it.

I saw her for the last time on the evening of October 26. She was to visit Srinagar the next morning. She had never been there in autumn, and she was eagerly looking forward to seeing the chinar leaves change color. She wanted to lie in the sun and see the green of the leaf turn rust, vermilion, and gold; the brown of a falling leaf. Perhaps it was the end of life in the leaf that made her pursue the question of death. For as she mused she said, "My father loved rivers, but I am a daughter of the Himalayas and I have told my sons"—for a moment she appeared to have forgotten that Sanjay was dead—"that my remains should be scattered on the snow-tipped Himalayas." As I was leaving, she called out to me, "Remember what I said, Pupul, remember."

Krishnaji, with Mary Zimbalist, arrived late that night. He was scheduled to give one public talk on November 4, on the same platform as the Dalai Lama. News of this talk had traveled to many Buddhist centers in India and abroad, and a large number of Buddhist monks were expected to attend. On the evening of October 30, Krishnaji, after an early supper, insisted that the book I was writing about him be read aloud. Mary Zimbalist read part of the book, which dealt with the early years of his birth and childhood. Later, I took over.

Krishnaji had been totally still during the reading. He only interrupted once when he heard me read the passage on Alcyone, in which I had said that the word Alcyone meant "kingfisher," the calmer of storms. He interrupted to correct me. "No," he said, "it means 'the brightest star in the Pleiades.' " As the reading continued, the room awoke as if there was a presence there, listening. As I continued, the feeling of presence was overpowering, and soon my voice stopped. Krishnaji turned to me, "Do you feel It? I could prostrate to It?" His body was trembling as he spoke of the presence that listened. "Yes, I can prostrate to this, that is here." Suddenly he turned and left us walking alone to his room.

Indira Gandhi was shot by two of her security guards October 31 at 9:20 A.M., as she was walking from her residence to her office. Riddled by bullets, she fell mortally wounded to the earth, surrounded by growing things. She fell close to the grove of kadamba saplings she had planted that rainy season, after the June tragedy in Punjab.

On hearing the news I rushed to her house only to find barriers going up. Indira's grandchildren Rahul and Priyanka were alone with a friend. They did not quite know what had happened, but I was told that Sonia had rushed Indira to the hospital. The atmosphere in the house was turgid with an undercurrent of violence and fear. Sharada Prasad, her Principal Information Adviser, was in the office, and he told me what had happened. Before going to the hospital, I sent a message back to Krishnaji that Indira had been shot. I returned home late at night and found Krishnaji waiting up for me. Seeing me, he took me to his room and asked for the details of what had happened. My family said that on hearing the news, Krishnaji sat through the day in my sitting room overlooking the garden; he had watched the trees and birds, hardly speaking and eating little. At four in the afternoon he had felt Indira's presence and had commented on the need for silence within the mind to enable her to be at peace. I could see that he was deeply moved. Late the next night he was to say, "Don't hold memories of Indira in your mind, that holds her to the earth. Let her go." His hand made a gesture towards space and eternity.

Part 6

THE SUMMATION OF THE TEACHING 1978–1985

CHAPTER 32

"Can You from Today Look at the Thirty Years as the Past? Not from the Thirty Years Look at Today?"

In the early summer of 1978, I was in England at Brockwood Park. While there, I held two dialogues with Krishnaji. From around 1970 I had felt a change in Krishnaji's teaching. His contact with the scientific community, in discussions and seminars, had introduced into his vocabulary a greater precision. He was examining the root meaning of words; carefully defining his use of the words brain, mind, consciousness. He was no longer exploring step by step into thought or into problems like fear, jealousy, anger. The expressions he had used in the late 1940s and 1950s—"the thinker and thought are one"; or "the need to observe thought, see it arise, see it disappear, to pursue it till it ends"; or "to listen and perceive the crucial instant of the arising of thought"—were not evident in the talks after the mid 1970s. By 1978 he was speaking of a totality of seeing, a holistic seeing.

I told him that I had listened to him for thirty years, and I felt that there had been a change in the teachings. "Could the holistic arise without step-by-step observation of consciousness?" I asked. "Have you moved away? Has there been an unfolding or a change?"

Krishnaji pondered my question, then said, "Unfolding would be correct; the teaching is in the same direction, it is holistic rather than an examination of detail. It is direct, simple, and comprehensive."

I asked whether the total immobility of the mind he now spoke about was possible without the earlier observation, questioning, examining? Krishnaji was listening carefully, as he always did in dialogue. He said, "Total ending of thought is immobility, is silence; thought as time has to stop."

I asked him, "If time is the movement of becoming, without the observation of that movement of becoming in consciousness, could becoming end? Without the thirty years of listening, observing the outer and the inner, could there be an end to becoming? Is there not a fundamental change in the teaching?"

Krishnaji's response was startling. He said, "Can you from today look at the thirty years as the past? Not from the thirty years look at today?"

For a moment, I was puzzled by the distinction—"Without the yesterday, can one look back at yesterday?"

"When you look from today to yesterday, you look with a different mind, with eyes in which you don't hold yesterday," he said.

"I had a yesterday," I said. "Therefore, from today, I can look back at the yesterday."

"How do you look at the past from today?" Krishnaji asked. "Inbuilt is holistic seeing. That seeing and listening from today to yesterday is immobility. The present holds the totality of the past. Is that so?" Krishnaji questioned. "And what do we mean by the present? Is it possible to apprehend, have an insight into the whole immediately?" Krishnaji was questioning himself as his responses arose.

"Without the step-by-step, self-knowing, exploration, examination into consciousness, how is it possible?" I refused to move away from my position. Then, suddenly, I saw it. To see from today to the thirty years was to end the linear, the sequential. It was to see with depth into depth. To see back, or to see from the thirty years to today, was to see step-by-step, to see with time as the measure.

"Now, how shall we explore?" asked Krishnaji.

"Thirty years ago you took us by the hand and explored into consciousness; today, you have taken away your hand," I said.

"We are more mature," Krishnaji said.

"What has brought about that maturity? The thirty years?" I asked.

"No—no—no."

I said I saw three distinct periods in the teaching. The early days, when Krishnaji spoke of self-knowing, of the thinker and thought as one, of freedom from judgment and condemnation. In the 1960s he had moved to a denial of the individual as separate from the stream of humanity; from the step-by-step approach Krishnaji had moved to the urgency for a revolution in the human stream. He had stopped speaking of any specific problem like greed or hatred. In the past he had used words such as brain, mind, thought, consciousness interchangeably, as the past, as memory. In the 1970s his terminology had become more precise. He was probing into the nature of observation and the illusion that underlay the division between the observer and the observed. By 1978 he appeared to be concerned with universals, and with a holistic perception.

"When Krishnaji says that holistic perception is possible 'now,' what triggers it? What gives maturity to the eye and the ear to listen, without the past of thirty years?" I asked.

"How can a blind man see light?" asked Krishnaji. "Without preparation, can there be a holistic view? Without detailed exploration, can one see the totality of all existence? Can one see the wholeness of consciousness? I say, yes, it is possible."

"Was the position of thirty years ago, then, not true?" I asked.

"No, I won't say that," said Krishnaji. "The position then was true."

"Was the perception of the thinker and thought as one a total perception, as true as this today?" I questioned.

"But I question whether K went through all that. What he said then was out of totality as what he says now. That detailed examination was born from a totality of perception," Krishnaji said.

I was not satisfied, and pursued the enquiry. "Can the person who comes to the teaching for the first time understand becoming, without seeing becoming as a movement in consciousness?"

"You are asking whether you have to go through school, college, before your final examination?" Krishnaji responded.

"I know you will say process is time. But I say it was total then as it is now. If you say that one can journey straight into holistic seeing as you showed us then, can you show us now?" I challenged Krishnaji.

Krishnaji asked, "Can one observe without the past? Can one have insight without the weight of yesterday? Insight is instantaneous. Perception of totality is an instant perception. If that is so, what is the need for preparation?" One could feel the tautness of the still mind. "Insight is possible only in the instant. The instant is not contained in time. X cannot see that. He says, 'Tell me what to do?' K says, 'Observe the thinker and the thought as one.' Is X listening, or is a process of abstraction taking place, which puts X away from instant perception?"

"You may deny the thirty years, but it is there. The mind that has listened for thirty years is capable of receiving what you say today."

Krishnaji asked, "What is listening? Why haven't people seen when this person says, 'Insant perception is totality?' "

"It is like asking you to 'give me insight,' " I responded.

"Nobody can give another insight. You ask, can you give it to me? What is your reaction to the statement, 'No time, no evolution can give it to you?' "

"Yes, that is so," I said.

"To that K says, 'Listen, nobody can give it to you.' If you listen, it must have a tremendous effect. Your whole attention is gathered in listening. In listening, there is no time."

"Do you think it is possible without delving, without enquiry, to so listen?" I asked.

Krishnaji was speaking with great urgency and passion. "Delving won't bring listening. What has happened to your mind when you listen? It means I have to abandon everything. The whole dependency I have cultivated for millennia."

"Do you say there has been no change in the teaching?" I asked.

"None at all," said Krishnaji.

There was silence in the room. "Has there been an inner change in you during these years?" I spoke with great hesitation. There was a long pause. Krishnaji appeared to be looking within, going deep into himself.

"Let me observe. I have never been asked this question. From the beginning or from thirty years has there been an inner change? No," Krishnaji said, "I think there has been no fundamental change. That is immobility."

For some time again there was silence. Then Krishnaji turned to his personal physician, Dr. Parchure, and G. Narayan and asked them, "What do you say to this statement that perception of the total is immediate? That time is not necessary. Preparation is not necessary. Do you ask, 'What am I to do? What is the next instruction?' To which the reply would be 'listen.' Have you listened accurately to that statement? Time, preparation, the whole process of evolution is unnecessary. If you so listen, you have the whole perception."

He turned to me. "So, Pupulji, the fact is, our whole attitude is based on evolution—becoming, growing, achieving, ultimately reaching. I think that basic assumption is radically false."

"I see the truth of that. I can listen to that without a ripple in consciousness," I said.

"If you so listen, what takes place?" Quietness flowed. Out of great depth, Krishnaji spoke. "What takes place if the Buddha says to me, 'Ending of sorrow is the bliss of compassion'? I am one of his audience. I don't examine this statement. I don't translate the statement into my way of thinking. I am only in a state of acute total attention of listening. There is nothing else. Because that statement has enormous truth, tremendous truth. That is enough. Then, I would ask the Buddha, 'I am not capable of that intense capacity of listening, so please help me,' and the response is, 'First listen to what I am saying. There is no outside agency that the mind or thought have invented.' But I am frightened, for I see it means giving up everything that I cling to. So, I ask, 'How am I to be detached?' The moment I say 'how,' I am lost. He says, 'Be detached,' but I am not listening. I have great reverence for him, but I am not listening. Because attachment has a tremendous place in my life. So, he says, 'Throw it out, throw it out, in one instant.' " He paused for a long time. "The moment you have perception into the fact you are free of the fact."

"Is it a question of seeing the totality of that statement of the Buddha, 'Be detached,' without the words?" I asked.

"Of course, the word is not the thing. The statement, the flowering is not the thing. There must be freedom from the word. Intensity of listening is the crux of it," Krishnaji said.

"What is it that gives one that intensity?" I probed.

"Nothing." The statement was absolute. "Our whole way of thinking is based on becoming, evolving. It has nothing whatsoever to do with enlightenment.

"The mind is heavily conditioned. It does not listen. K says something totally true. Something immovable, irrevocable, and it has tremendous weight, like a river with volumes of water behind it. But X does not listen to that extraordinary statement. You asked a question: 'Has there been a fundamental change in K from the 1930s, 1940s?'

"I say, no. There has been considerable change in expression. Now, if you are listening with intensity, then what takes place when a statement is made—that time, process, evolution, including knowledge—has to be abandoned. Will you listen to that? If you do, you are actually abandoning them. After all, listening, seeing totally, is like thunder or lightening that destroys everything. To go through the whole process is not to deny this instant thing."

"That's it—you have now said it."

"What?" asked Krishnaji.

"It means going through the whole thing, without denying the instancy," I said. "That doesn't mean time is involved."

"But man translates it as time," said Krishnaji.

The next day at Brockwood we discussed the possibility of defining his terms so that confusion did not arise amongst his listeners. Through the years many of his words had changed meaning. We began with the words consciousness, thought, brain, and mind. We discussed consciousness, and he asked, "How do you define it?" I said that consciousness was the sense of existing, of being. The sense that one "is." We then explored the relationship of thought to consciousness. "Thought is not concerned with the totality of consciousness, but with parts of it," Krishnaji said.

"But is it through thought that consciousness reveals itself? The part is revealed in the 'now' as the fragment," I responded.

"Does thought reveal the part? Thought is a fragment. Can thought, which is a fragment, see the whole of consciousness? 'I am hurt'—that feeling is a part of consciousness. Thought is a broken piece in movement. That fragment, that thought, cannot see the whole. Thought does not see it is hurt; it says, 'I am hurt.' " Krishnaji was elaborating.

"But that is a thought formation," I said.

"The name—the form—the environment are the structure of the 'I.' Thought does not say it is hurt."

"Who says it?" I queried.

"Look at it factually," said Krishnaji. "I am hurt—in explaining that hurt, thought thinks it is different from the structure it has built, which is hurt. Thought can never be aware of the total content of consciousness. It can only be aware of the fragment. What is the total content of consciousness? You say consciousness implies existence—what will give holistic meaning to consciousness?" Krishnaji asked.

"Has it a holistic meaning?"

"Consciousness is the totality of life. Not only my life, your life, but the life of the animal, the tree; the totality of all life," said Krishnaji.

"You are using the word consciousness very differently to what you said in the early 1950s."

"Yes, I am moving away from what I had said earlier," Krishnaji said.

"Is consciousness the totality of life?" I enquired again.

"I am feeling around. I am asking, is consciousness the totality of life? I think consciousness can be global, but it is still limited." Krishnaji was probing.

"What you say is very new. Can we pursue it? Consciousness is the totality of life. Is it different from my experience of life?"

"Your experience of life is the experience of every human being. It may have different colors, but it has the same direction. Your life is the life of man, of humanity, basically you are not different from mankind. Your consciousness is the consciousness of mankind. Mankind goes through travail—Doesn't everything go through travail—the animal, all nature?"

"Do you mean consciousness is the whole phenomenon of life—of existence?"

"What do you mean by phenomenon?" Krishnaji was still looking into the question.

"That which can be perceived by the senses."

"That is only part of it," said Krishnaji.

"What is the other part?" I asked.

"All accumulated knowledge, experience, the psychological agonies of man which you cannot touch or taste. Psychological turmoil, anxiety can affect the organism of man and plant. That is the process of mankind. It is global. It is the common fate of man."

"How can thought be aware of the totality of consciousness?"

Krishnaji paused to let the question sink in. "If thought cannot be aware, then what perceives the totality? There must come into operation a factor that sees the totality. If it is not thought—Is it the mind? Is it the brain cells?"

"As they exist today, the brain cells carry memory. The brain as it is, cannot perceive the totality of consciousness," I answered.

"As thought cannot see it. The movement of the brain cannot comprehend totality. Can the mind perceive totality? Then what is the mind? Pupulji, let us be more tactile. Find out whether there is a movement beyond consciousness. Do we understand the movement of thought as an activity of the brain? Is it that a part of the thinking within the brain fabricates a perception that is beyond this consciousness? I don't think it can see that as it is 'now.' " He paused. "What is the mind? Is the mind intellect? Part of it is, of course, the intellect. Can the intellect perceive?"

"Is intellect separate from thought?" I asked.

"It is not. Intellect is the most extraordinary thing we have. We worship the intellect, but can it perceive the totality of consciousness? The intellect is the product of thought. Can the mind perceive the totality?" Krishnaji was still probing.

"You are using mind as if it were an instrument. You say it can perceive. Is the mind an instrument or a field?"

"Is the mind the field? Is it the whole field—or part of the field?"

"Does the mind include intellect, and what part do the senses play?" I asked.

"I don't think emotions—sensation—can possibly bring about a perception of the whole."

"Would you rule out the place of the senses as such?"

"No, I don't rule them out."

"Are they being wrongly used?" I asked.

"When thought identifies itself with sensation, then it becomes the 'me,' " said Krishnaji. "You say the mind is the field, the matrix. A field circumscribes. The mind includes the brain, thought, emotion, intellect. Is time part of the field—part of the mind?" Krishnaji was extending the area of investigation. "If time is not part of my mind, is sensation part of mind?"

"Are we discussing senses identified with desire building up the structure of the self, or have the senses any other role?" I asked.

"Yes. I see the germ of what it is. To observe with all your senses—in that there is no identification. The question is, can you look with all your senses awakened?"

"Can you look and listen in one instant of time?" I asked. "Is it possible to observe with all your senses, and in that state is there any movement of thought at all?"

Krishnaji continued to probe as he questioned. "When there is movement of thought, then it is one particular sense operating. Can I find out if there is a totally different dimension? A state where consciousness as we know it ceases?"

"You have examined and negated all the known instruments we have. The only instrument you do not negate is the movement of the sensory."

"How can I negate the senses?" Krishnaji spoke.

"It is the senses that may have the capacity to free from illusion."

"This is only possible when the sensory as identification with thought is understood. Then the senses do not produce the psychological structure, as the 'me.' The movement of thought, emotions, as fear, hate, attachment, are going on in the brain endlessly. We want to bring about order in it. What instrument or quality is necessary to move out of this enchaining circle of consciousness?" Krishnaji asked.

"The last question is very valid."

"I am trying to convey that there must be total order for the cosmic to be. I see that there is total disorder in everyday life. Order is necessary. What will bring order?"

"There is only one instrument which has a possibility of being free of taint."

"The senses?" asked Krishnaji.

"Otherwise you have blocked every instrument the brain has."

"Have we not also blocked the senses?" asked Krishnaji.

My daughter Radhika had been abroad since 1957—first as a student and, after her marriage, as a resident in the United States and later in Toronto, Canada. Her roots were deep in India and in Krishnaji's teaching, whom she had listened to from the age of ten. The essence of what he had said had been held within her through the years with a simplicity and a childlike quality. She had occasional meetings with Krishnaji in India and the United States, but in a gesture of self-protection she had kept away from him, to conserve the way of life to which she was committed. Married to a professor, she had lived in a world of scholarship and books. But, deep within her, she was aware of the mediocrity of her life and values; an immense nostalgia for the luminosity which she was letting go by was deep within her.

In December 1978 she came with her two daughters to Rishi Valley to be with Krishnaji, and returned in the winter of 1979. She met Krishnaji several times; he overwhelmed her by his attention and she was profoundly moved by his presence.

In 1980 and 1981 her husband, Hans Herzberger, accompanied her to India, and she lived and taught in Rishi Valley. It was during this period that she discussed with Krishnaji the possibility of her return to India and to Rishi Valley. I kept out of the talks, as I did not wish my attachment to her to cloud her decision. Her husband, comprehending the goodness in Radhika and sensitive to the atmosphere that emanated from Rishi Valley, agreed to work on the modalities of her coming to India. Krishnaji did not influence her, but spoke to her at length of her life and the teaching. Radhika and her family went from Rishi Valley to Oxford, where her husband was a visiting Fellow at All Saints College. She visited Brockwood Park several times, meeting Krishnaji. Her decision to return to India was firm. By the spring of 1982 she had completed her Ph.D. in Sanskrit and Buddhist Studies, and by the autumn of 1982 she was in Rishi Valley. Her husband had come to an arrangement with his university to teach for one term and to spend the second term doing research in his own field, which was philosophy.

In the last four years a number of young, highly qualified people have joined the schools—Rishi Valley; the Valley School in Bangalore; Rajghat Varanasi; The School in Madras; and Bal Anand, the school for underprivileged children in Bombay, which Nandini has run for the last thirty years. A new awakening is evident.

CHAPTER 33

"Energy Is Cosmos, It Is Also Chaos. That Is the Source of Creation."

Krishnaji returned alone to India in early November 1979. We were at the threshold of a pivotal decade. In the 1980s the world was to change traumatically. A revolution was taking place in the environment and in the minds of humankind. The search for artificial intelligence was soon to become a central concern of technological research; microchips would become cheap to produce, leading to a revolution in communications; genetic engineering and cloning were to make rapid advances, clouding the future of man, yet promising great benefits to mankind. The tools for untold good or evil were available.

I joined Krishnaji in Madras. Asit Chandmal was there, so were the Patwardhans, Radha Burnier, and Ahalya Chari, a well-known educator who left her government post in the 1970s to join the Krishnamurti Foundation. The instant we saw Krishnaji we felt the power of his presence and the endless energy flowing from him. His mind appeared to have weight and density and an immense immobility. I had seen the emphasis of his teaching change over the years. The urgency had shifted from individual transformation, to the questioning of the fact of individuality, and a positing of a stream of human consciousness in which deep revolution had to take place. To him the individual was one who stepped out of the stream.

Now perception had swept aside all limitations, to include the universe and its boundless energy.

Even though he had flown nonstop from London via Delhi to Madras, he did not appear fatigued, but was eager to begin discussions with us. That afternoon at lunch, we started to talk.

The question posed was, "What is the one thing I would demand, seeing the degeneration in India? Is it possible to help? What is the central thing?" The conversation then moved around the table to an identification of the problem. Krishnaji said, "India has lived all these centuries on ideas. She has to move from a life based on ideas, which are non-facts, to seeing of fact only." He then asked, "How did this boy get it?" We saw that there was no point in giving explanations. The weight and density of the question was meant to be held in the mind without the mind searching for solution.

Krishnaji was questioning the problem of India; but the atmosphere became so charged that one saw that India was oneself, and that he was addressing the question to each one who listened. For "you" were India.

By November 28, 1979, we were in Rishi Valley. Radha Burnier had come from Madras to spend a few days with us. We moved to the living room. Krishnaji at breakfast one morning asked Radha Burnier whether she was standing for president of the Theosophical Society. She said she did not know. He said, "What do you mean by you do not know?"

Suddenly, the atmosphere grew charged with a new energy. Krishnaji said, "Mrs. Besant intended the land at Adyar to be meant for the teaching. The Theosophical Society has failed, the original purpose is destroyed." He spoke of the true religious spirit that probed, questioned, and negated. He said America had not got it. Europe had not got it. In India it has been wiped out and destroyed. Yet it was there in India, waiting in the soil. "Can we do something about it?" he asked.

For the first time the emphasis was not on the individual, but on land, the earth—the physical land of India and the sacredness of it and the capacity for it to hold the source of creation. It was as if Krishnaji had found something precious; there was great joyousness in him, as if the long-awaited time had come. We hardly spoke. He turned to us, searching for confirmation. "Pupulji," he questioned "what do you feel?" When I said that this was a new mystique, he did not deny it. Later he again spoke of the Theosophical Society and of Radha Burnier becoming president. I asked him, "At one point you say that Radha is deeply in the Krishnamurti Foundation, at another point you say that she should stand for presidentship of the Theosophical Society. How do you reconcile these two statements?"

He said, "I can say it, others can't." He repeated, "I can say anything." It reminded me of the verse from *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* which, speaking of the illumined one, says, "Therefore let a Brahmana after he has done with learning, desire to live as a child. When he has done with the state of childhood and with learning then he becomes the silent meditator. Having done with the meditative and nonmeditative states then he becomes a Brahmana. However he behaves he is such indeed."

Krishnaji went on to speak of India as the ground on which the sacred could flower, though it has been destroyed by the ugliness of politics, corruption, and destruction of values. India was the ground where the seed had been sown. In spite of all that had happened, the ground was still there. He said he felt something was waiting. I asked if the ground he spoke of was physical ground, or did he mean something else? He said he meant the earth and the sacredness of it. He felt that this ground had been prepared.

The atmosphere was pulsating, strong, alive. At one point he said, "They found me two angels—I have gathered many more through the years." He was laughing; there was great laughter, and in between he kept on saying, "I am very serious." He had not laughed like this in years. "Now I find that I can do without some of them." He turned to Radha and said, "Can I give you two?" He was laughing, joyous, but deeply serious, suggesting something.

He said many people had told him not to come to India. He had always felt the sacredness of the land and had loved to come. Something had been destroyed in India, but a presence waited in the land. "The benediction of the timeless is waiting, the ground is ready. Can we create something that is of this benediction?"

What came through was a depth and immensity. It was a prophecy that a sacred energy was alive again in the Indian soil.

Every morning at the breakfast table, questions were asked and insight flowed. We probed, paused, questioned. Krishnaji's mind was immense and charged with mystery. One morning, speaking with great intensity, Krishnaji conveyed a way of perception, of challenge and response from a state that lay beyond the mind, beyond brain, memory, all responses of consciousness. "A state that comes into being in listening at great depth; where consciousness and its movement do not obstruct. A state where seeing is whole, inclusive, nonfragmented, a state of no movement from or towards; beyond matrix and all racial memories of man." Krishnaji also spoke of mind which comes into being when there is complete trust. This was only possible when the mind had shed all burdens, was free. "This state is not a state of the ending of thought," said Krishnaji. "It is not the gap between thoughts, but a listening that has the whole weight and depth of the million years of man, and goes beyond. A state that can be touched at any instant. It is like tapping the energy of the universe."

We spoke of the place of the guru and whether the role of the guru had validity. I said to Krishnaji that, looking back from today to the many yesterdays, I saw clearly that for me Krishnaji was the guru. Krishnaji intervened and asked, "What do you mean by guru?" Radha Burnier said, "He who points the way." There were other comments. I said, "He who awakens. Krishnaji awakened me. There was an eye into eye looking. Such looking is rare." I asked, "What was your role in 1948—did you not awaken?" Krishnaji said, "The approach of the awakener and the awakened is wrong. When there is light and I am in darkness and move into the light there is no separation. There is just light. Where is the awakener? Some stay in the light, some wander away, that is all." A little later he said, "I am not saying I am the light."

Another morning at breakfast we discussed the brain and the possibility of transformation of the human brain. Krishnaji said he had been discussing the brain with scientists. He had understood them to say that "every cell in the human brain holds memory of the million years of man." Then Krishnaji asked, "Can there be a total transformation in that?"

As discussions continued, Krishnaji's concern with the brain and its operation was evident. His perception had shifted to an enquiry into whether the movement of memory within the brain cells could end. It was only then that a whole new way of perception could emerge.

Someone asked whether Krishnaji's touch and contact could release energy held in an object, and in turn could that object communicate wholeness, sacredness? Could it heal, protect? Krishnaji said from boyhood he could read other people's thoughts, heal people. He had been given objects to magnetize, to make potent with energy. But the boy Krishnamurti was not interested in these powers.

He spoke of an immense reservoir of energy which must exist. "Can man reach it and let it operate?" he asked. Asit said, "Surely a boy who had no evil in him, no self, was a very rare being; he could touch it, but could that energy be contacted by ordinary beings?"

"I think it is possible, Sir," Krishnaji said with heistancy.

Krishnaji was in a very strange state. He spoke of an approach to the sacred with a mind that could receive, but did not want power, position. What was necessary was an absolute purity of mind.

I asked whether anything else was necessary, and asked him the nature of this purity of mind. Krishnaji said, "The purity of my mind is not the purity of 'the mind.' The purity of *the mind* is the mind of the universe. That is sacred." I then asked whether the human being who had purity of mind, was a vessel that could receive. "As it is possible to give energy to an object, can a human being communicate wholeness, can you give the other?"

Krishnaji said, "No. However pure, the brain is still matter, it is still mind. The other is the universe. It is immense."

Krishnaji refused to be caught in discussion. He asked himself, "Is there an ultimate beyond which there is nothing? A ground from which everything is, behind and beyond which there is nothing, no cause?"

We then discussed the sacredness of Rishi Valley. I said in India there was such a thing as a *Punya Sthal*—a sacred site. Gods could come and go, but the sacredness of a site continued.

Krishnaji said, "I feel the soil of Rishi Valley has this special quality. It is," he said gravely, " 'the *Sthal* of all *Sthals*.' "

I said the whole valley was a sacred site. It had been impregnated with Krishnaji's presence and his words. Rajghat also had that sense of the sacredness. "One has to see," said Krishnaji, "that this feeling is not destroyed."

Krishnaji said he was greatly tempted to stay on in Rishi Valley. He felt strongly about it. Asit asked Krishnaji why he could not live in Rishi Valley and let people come to see him there from all over the world.

Krishnaji was quiet, then said, "My life has been one of physical movement. It is important for me to stay here, but I cannot. For God's sake, tread lightly on this soil."

Later, Krishnaji was to say, "Energy is cosmos, it is also chaos. That is the source of creation. Anger is energy, sorrow is energy—but there is supreme order. Can it be established in Rishi Valley?"

CHAPTER 34

Negation and the Ancient Mind

In January 1980 Krishnaji held a discussion at Vasant Vihar with friends who had been closely associated with him for several years. We spoke of the Rishi Valley School and its students and what needed to be done there. Suddenly, the quality of the discussion was transformed, an urgency and passion arose in Krishnaji's questions. Speaking with the purity of fire, Krishnaji's words burned away the accretions that clouded the mind. He spoke of a total negation of all that man had thought, said, or done.

It started with a simple query: "How is Narayan actually going to help the students—not just talk to them, but to awaken intelligence, to communicate what it is to penetrate at great depth?"

Narayan replied, "I am going to meet them every day in smaller groups, both teachers and students." He knew this would not satisfy Krishnaji, but there was nothing else he could say.

"How will you do it? Merely talking to them or having discussions is not going to bring this about. How will you make them sensitive, alert?"

"There has to be a basic order and sensitivity." Narayan continued to hedge.

Krishnaji kept on probing. "There has to be a different element in it all. There has to be a brain that is extraordinarily good. But that is not enough. What is necessary is to bring about a genius. The demand is that there has to be good brain, capable of sustained argument; a human being who has great affection, love. Apart from all this, there must be in him something totally unworldly. How did K happen to get it? Do you understand my question?"

"You have asked this question several times. But I have never understood the relevance of it. It is not known how Krishnaji came upon it, but how can it happen to some of us?" I intervened.

"Is K a biological freak?" Krishnaji continued his questioning.

"I can't answer that," I said. "It may be so. I find that you are questioning and pushing much deeper. Is it that you have reached a new milestone in your teachings? You used to say, 'If you are traveling south, can you change direction and travel north?' Now you ask, 'Can the mind of Narayan, the mind of Sunanda, be basically in the same state as Krishnaji's mind?' " I countered.

Krishnaji continued his enquiry. "Can we give a boy or a girl a sense of freedom, the feeling that they are 'protected'? That they have a special role in life, that they are special human beings? I am trying to find out, Pupul, what is the catalyst, what is the thing that changes the whole mind, the whole brain?

"I am asking, can there be a quality of otherness? Can there be the other dimension so that the mind is quick, the brain is quick, the senses are alert? So that there is never a point at which the brain rests, but is moving, moving, moving? I would like the student to have such a movement. I would discuss with him. I would walk with him, sit silently with him. I would do physically anything to kindle this thing in him. But will he move? Or is the material, the brain material itself, so slow that it cannot follow quickly, run quickly? Is it possible for Narayan, who is a student at Rishi Valley, to be an extraordinary being so that he is aware of the trees, the feeling of the earth, and also have a brain that is extraordinarily quick? Can he listen to something that is true? Can there be a breakthrough so that there is a sense of vitality, energy, drive? I would like him to have it, and I say to myself, what shall I do and can I do something for him to have this?"

Again he was quiet, and then asked, "Is it in my hands at all? Or is it that a door needs to be opened by both of us? A door which is not his door or my door, but the door has to be opened. I have a feeling that there is something waiting to enter, a Holy Ghost is waiting; the thing is waiting for you to open the door, and it will come. I don't know if I am conveying anything?

"So I say, Narayan, do all those things. Sit quietly, see how you behave, how you look at a tree, at a woman, go through all that. But that is not enough. There is a sense of benediction waiting, and we are not moving towards it. We are all fussing around, sitting around. What you are doing is necessary, but it is not enough."

Rajesh interrupted. "What is the state of the mind which realizes that what it does is not enough?"

"It is obvious, Sir. Millions have meditated. The Catholic monks, the *sannyasis* have meditated, but they have not brought benediction.

"Now, what can I do in my relationship to Narayan? He is my student. He is willing to do all the things I speak about—to observe, be silent, talk, read, look around, feel the beauty of the earth. But there is another quality which is demanding something, and that demand is not to be found in his talking, discussing, seeing. And the benediction does not enter."

The intensity in each one of us had deepened. Narayan asked, "When you say the door has to be opened, can you say what it is?"

"I am deeply concerned that this should happen to Narayan," said Krishnaji, "and I ask what am I to do to precipitate this thing?"

"Perhaps there is something from our side which is blocking us. There is an inexpressible quality, a boundless quality in you, and I feel that we are not putting out our hands," Achyut said.

"You do put out your hands, but it is not taking place. It may be we are condemned, and so it is only for the very, very few. With the Buddha there were only two after fifty years—Sariputta and Mogallanna—that may be the lot of man," Krishnaji mused.

"Is there any quality of renunciation necessary?" asked Achyut.

"I don't think it has anything to do with renunciation. Man has starved; sat alone in the mountains; he has done everything to have that something; but apparently it does not happen that way. So I say perhaps he should go quickly through with this watching, observing silence, and end it. And I ask, what is the most important thing? Is it energy? The missionary has immense energy when he goes around preaching, and yet this thing is not there." Krishnaji was questioning himself deeply.

"Is it my passion that can transform Narayan? If Narayan stayed with me, listened to all the discussions, pushing, challenging all the time within himself, would that do something? You understand?" Again he paused and was silent. Then, from a vast depth, he said, "Or has there to be the negating of everything, the role of the *sannyasi*, the monk who keeps silence right through his life, who sits by himself; has all that to be dropped? Can you deny all that?

"For centuries man has struggled, and yet the other thing has not happened. And can Narayan say, 'I see all that and I won't touch it. It is finished'?" Suddenly, there was an immense quickening. "I am the saint; I am the monk; I am the man who says, I will fast, I will torture myself physically, I will deny all sex; I am that man. I say I have finished with all that, but I am all that because my mind is the human mind which has experimented with all that and yet has not come upon this benediction. Therefore I won't touch all that. It is out.

"Are you following? Can you do this? Do you understand what I am saying, Rajesh?"

"I am just listening."

"That is not good enough. I don't have to sit quietly the rest of my life. The Trappist monks have done that, why should I do it? I see the saints, the people who starve, who torture themselves, who study great books, who meditate; I see that I am all that. Because they have done it, my brain is part of that doing. Therefore I have done it, I don't have to go through it all." The awakened insight was probing.

"Is it possible to negate it with the same urgency as the man who studies, takes vows? Is it with the same urgency you see this and negate it? But after negating it, does urgency rest?"

"It may be, Sir, when we negate, we are also negating the urgency.

"What remains at the end of negation?" I asked.

"I see your point. I see everything. Man has seen and done everything from the beginning of time. He has done everything to get this blessedness, the unnameable. I see it in front of me and I cannot go near it. I can't do anything about it." Krishnaji was immovable.

"You have also through these years spoken of self-knowledge, of the flowering of 'what is.' You have said watch, examine, investigate. You now seem to be getting to a point of negating all that."

With intense passion and urgency Krishnaji said, "I have negated. I see that all that does not lead anywhere. You understand what I have done? I have negated everything man has done, toward reaching that. Do you follow what I am saying? And I say to myself, can Narayan do this? He is my student in Rishi Valley and I ask, can he do it?

"Does that negation indicate a maturity, a tremendous maturity? Is it real maturity to say that all the things man has done have not brought about benediction and so I am not going to go through it all?

"Is that what is missing? Is it the sense of great maturity without going through all that?

"I see the gurus and the immaturity which goes with them. I see that I should not follow. But seeing that, do I settle down and begin to go downhill? Do I become sluggish or lazy?

"The man who says, 'I have tried all this and negated,' he is moving. If you do not move or move in a narrow circle and spend your time comparing what K says with what the Buddha says, at the end of that, what is left?

"We have to deny knowledge, deny everything.

"Narayan, my student at Rishi Valley, can I show you this act of total denial?"

"Does that mean I deny you? Look at what you are saying." I could not help interrupting.

"Yes, you have to deny me," was Krishnaji's response. "What I say is, you cannot deny truth, but you have to deny everything else. I deny everything that man has sought, to get this. I deny the saint who has tortured himself, the Trappist monks who have kept absolute silence. They have done everything in the exercise of that and I deny what they have done. Can you so deny? Is it the lack of a total denial the reason why the door is not open?"

"In my younger days, when you broke away from the order and you said truth is pathless, I really felt very confused. I am getting the same feeling now because I feel that no path will lead to it," lamented Achyut.

"We started by asking whether the teachers of Rishi Valley, Rajghat, could communicate with students and help them to be awake. Narayan said he would discuss with them, talk with them in small numbers. If necessary, he would sit silent with them, watch birds, be sensitive. But I see it does not bring that perfume. See what the monks and other human beings have done to get this extraordinary intelligence, and they have not got it. So why should we go through it? So I deny all the things that man has tried to do, to get it. So my mind, my brain, is free from experiment." Krishnaji was opening the windows of his mind. "I think that is the clue. These people have experimented for years in forests, but they have not got it. Why should I go through all that?"

"What you are saying is, the mind has to be in a state of no direction in which to turn, no enquiry which thought has pursued," I said.

"In that state, see what the brain is. It is no longer in a state of experimentation or investigation." He was speaking, but there was no movement away from the depth and passion of the perception. "People have investigated and they have all failed. They have tried getting drunk, tried sex, tried drugs. I see all that. Why should I go through all that? So I see and I deny. It is not blind denial. The denial has tremendous reason, logic behind it. Right? And so my mind, the brain, is totally mature. Do you follow what I am saying? Are you in that state? Please answer me. This is a challenge. You have to answer. Are you still experimenting?" He paused.

"In this denial I include the Theosophists with their hierarchy, with their Masters. I am through with all that.

"Is it that total denial that is necessary to help the boy, the student to see and jump out of it? Then the brain is absolutely steadfast, because it is not looking in any direction. It has turned its back completely on all direction. What do you say, Narayan? You are my student in Rishi Valley."

"The lack of strength of the body and the mind creeps in," said Narayan.

Krishnaji said, "I am eighty-five and I say, you have to deny. For centuries man has said he must control his body, see that it does not interfere. Can you deny all that? If you cannot so deny, I say to you, why can't you deny?"

"Do you come back to knowledge, discussion, etc.?" Narayan was dodging, unable to face the absolute negation. Krishnaji said, "That is a triviality. My concern is to see that the student does not go through with all this struggle. That the mind is mature, alive. Can I do this with ten boys or girls? You are then bringing about a group of boys and girls who are totally different."

"How does one meet all the problems of adolescence?" Again Narayan was trying to move away.

Krishnaji said, "A boy who is with us from the age of five suddenly changes when he is thirteen or so. I want to prevent that. I am going to find out what happens. I want to prevent the coarsening."

"No educator has done this," was Narayan's comment.

Krishnaji said, "I am going to deny all educators. I want to find out. Is it puberty, sex? Is it a sense of manhood that makes him coarse? You can see the transformation at that period of his life. I want to prevent it. I think you can prevent it. You can see to it that physically he matures very very slowly."

"What does that mean?" asked Rajesh.

"Don't you know what it means? Why is it that a boy or a girl, up to a certain age, has a sense of lightness and then becomes coarse? Is it the physical organism which is concerned with procreation? Is it that which causes the change? If it is so, can that take place much later in life? Narayan, I am sorry to bully you. But can you deny all that you know?"

"I would still study."

Krishnaji said, "Study. But you know at the end of forty years, you are where you are, right? Study, practice abstinence, celibacy, take vows; do all that, but it does not lead you anywhere. Why should I go through all that? I am part of the human being who has done all that."

"I feel, Sir, that all these things have limited effects. They will not lead me to that. I take exercise, etcetera, but they don't lead to that," Achyut commented. He continued, "You look after your body with vigilance. There is a balance. By denial I understand that there is negation, but all that has a place. There is great diligence."

Achyut was attempting to diffuse the gathered energy. But Krishnaji was immovable. "That diligence does not come through any of this. My brain is the brain of humanity. I am absolutely certain of that. So, being the brain of humanity, my brain has done all this. I don't have to go through it all. Do you know what that means?"

The *Vedas* speak of the great teacher taking his disciple within himself, as an embryo. For three nights holding him in the darkness of the within, the gods gather to witness the birth. Krishnaji was in a sense doing that with us, drawing close the people sitting around him, enabling their minds to directly touch his mind, all division was ending. Krishnaji said, "I think we are opening the door slightly. Do you see what we are doing? Move. This chapter has not been studied so far. Krishnaji has not gone through all these disciplines. Why should he?"

"Where do you get your perceptions?" asked Narayan.

Krishnaji said, "By not doing any of this."

"By not doing will I get it?" asked Narayan.

Krishnaji's voice came from depth, it was held in eons. "No. The brain itself says that it is so old, and that brain says it won't remain with knowledge. Do you see what has happened to this brain? It is like an immovable rock. It is steadfast, which does not mean that it is stagnant. It is not going to sleep. Do you see what happens to a brain that says, 'I am humanity, and what humanity has done, I have done'? And I see that it does not produce benediction and therefore all that has been done, has no meaning." There was a long pause. Krishnaji said, "Is there a clue in all this? See what has happened to the brain. It has moved out of its circle. Do it now. Move out of that circle which man has woven around himself.

"Now, can you do this to the student? Will you create something, a school that has never existed before?"

A few days later Krishnaji took me to his room and said to me, "I have been wanting to tell you something. At Rishi Valley a strange thing happened. One night I awoke feeling the whole universe converge into me. An entering of everything and the traveling deeper and deeper into a depth without end." His face was immensely serious as he spoke, luminous with light.

CHAPTER 35

"One Touched the Source of the Energy of All Things."

From the moment Krishnaji came to Bombay, he was afire and communicated his intensity. Relentless in his questioning, at breakfast one morning he asked, "Is it possible for the brain, which is memory, completely to be free of memory? Is there in the brain a faculty capable of totally transforming itself? What happens when you hear a question of this nature?" He kept silent for some time, and our minds too grew silent.

"Is the mind of man deteriorating because it is a millennia of tradition and memory?" There was an intense silence and a receding of Krishnaji's consciousness to vast depths, and it is from this depth that he spoke. "Is there a faculty in the brain which can change the nature and structure of the brain so that it frees itself of the past, so that it is alive and new?

"Since Rishi Valley—and I am not saying this is any personal sense and not exaggerating—every night the brain has been 'breaking' and entering into something immense. I have been watching this, as if I were watching an operation on someone else."

Aware of the immensity that rested in Krishnaji, I asked him if he would meditate aloud. He agreed. This took place at Sterling Apartments, Bombay, toward the end of January 1980.

"The last four months or so, there has been a peculiar activity going on, as though the brain was being washed out—a purgation taking place—and I wondered what it was about. Recently, when I was in Rishi Valley, a peculiar thing happened. For several nights, one actually touched the source of the energy of all things. It was an extraordinary feeling; not from the mind or brain, but from the source itself. And that has been going on, in Madras and here. It is as though one was totally isolated—if one can so use that word without a sense of withdrawal. There was a sense of nothing existing except 'that.' That source or feeling was a state in which the mind, the brain, was no longer in operation—only that source was in operation. This may sound odd and crazy, but it is not. I said to myself that I must watch carefully whether I am deceiving myself or am caught in illusion, a desire for that which began and the desire wanting to multiply it, change it. I have been watching very carefully to see that desire does not enter into it at all. Because the moment desire enters, it becomes a remembrance and the energy is gone, the original thing is gone. So I am extremely careful to see that that thing remains pure. The word pure means clear, unspotted, not corrupted. It is like pure water, distilled water, a mountain stream which has never been touched by human mind or hand.

"I have been very careful about this. I have found recently that the brain is losing—I must be very careful how I put this—losing its own volition, its own activity. Just listen for a minute. I do not know whether it is common to the lot of man, that for as many years as I recollect, I go for a walk for three or four hours and there is not a single thought in that time. This is not an invention, this is not a wish product. And 'that' has been going on, when I go for a walk it is always there.

"The mind, the brain, is so accustomed to remembrance, to experience, knowledge, memory. It has to find its own tranquility . . . so that the origin, the beginning is not interfered with. The words in the Bible and other religious books of the East are that the beginning was chaos and out of that chaos came order. I think it is the other way. I may be wrong, but the beginning was order. Man made chaos. Because creation cannot be chaos. *Chaos* means disorder, and Genesis says there was chaos, darkness; out of that chaos God created order. I am sure that is not so. There must have been total order; the earthquakes, the upheavals, the volcanoes, were all order. I think we have lost that sense of total, complete, original, blessed order. We have lost it, and the darkness of chaos has been created by man.

"It is not that the beginning was chaos. That is impossible. Even if there is God—I am using God in the ordinary sense of the word—and he created original chaos and out of that created order, the origin must have been order. It could not be disorder and out of that to create order. The beginning must be order. And man called it chaos and out of that man brought about tremendous disorder.

"Now he seeks to go back to that origin, that order. That state must be something of immense benediction, an immense, timeless, incorruptible state, otherwise it is not order.

"So can man get back to that?

"It can never be experienced. Because experience implies recognition, remembrance. It is not a thing that you go through as 'I remember.' 'This' is outside the realm of all experience, outside all knowledge, totally beyond all man's endeavor.

"But man is left with his senses, and his desires and the vast accumulation of knowledge gathered in the brain.

"So, the question is, can one wipe out the tremendous accumulation of a million years?

"I think it is possible when all the senses are totally awake and excellent. Then there is no center from which an experience can take place. As long as there is a center there must be experience and knowledge. When there is no center, there is a state of nonexperience, a state of observation, when all the senses are highly awakened and functioning, superbly sensitive, then in that state, there is no center as the 'me' involved. It is this center as the 'me' that creates desire. This state, this center, cannot reach that state—the beginning.

"Man cannot aspire or sacrifice or discipline to reach anywhere near it. So what is he to do? It is very important to understand desire. If that is not completely understood, the subtlety of desire is immense and therefore it has extraordinary, immense possibilities of illusion.

"Desire, will, time, must come to a complete end. That is, the mind, the brain, must be absolutely pure—not pure as no sex, no ugly thoughts—but the brain must be completely empty of knowledge. A state where thought can never arise—unless necessary. So that thought has its own responsibility, so that it can only act in certain directions.

"A brain that is free from all experience, and therefore knowledge, is not in the field of time, therefore has come to the beginning of all things. You cannot explain all this to people. But they should listen to it—you follow?"

"You have said the senses are not evil—but the senses create knowledge?" asked Achyut.

Sunanda wondered, "What is the relationship between the state of the mind and that?"

"This cannot go to that, that which is non-time. The mind which is free from all experience, a mind that has never experienced—is like a vessel, it can receive that. But this cannot go to that."

"What is the relationship between the vessel and 'that'?" asked Sunanda.

"None. What are you talking about?" Krishnaji was in a state of exaltation. "Desire of the senses—desire that comes from the center has to be completely emptied. There is no movement towards 'that' which means an end to time. Any movement in any direction is time. Man has made great struggle to reach that. It is not possible. Desire which is so subtle and therefore the creator of illusion, must end. The brain has to be free of desire. There can be no pattern, no direction, no volition, no desire."

We had touched something, and I spoke. "That is creation. There is no 'has been' in that. There is only beginning. There is only the state of beginning."

"Ah, wait—watch it carefully. There is always a state of beginning, watch it, watch it Pupulji, remain there. When you say this, what does it mean to the people who listen to you?" Krishnaji's mind was feeling around.

"What are the implications of this? The ending is always the beginning? Right? What does it mean?" asked Asit.

"It means the ending of attachment. That is the beginning. Look, Sir, with the ending of a problem, the mind is empty. To have no problem, at all, is to have no experience. But I am an ordinary man. I have all kinds of fears, desires, I carry them all my life and I never say—can I end one thing? Attachment, jealousy."

"The mind is still full of thought," said Asit.

"The mind is full of thought because the senses are not fully flowering. The senses create thought. Senses create experience, which is knowledge, memory—thought. When the senses are fully flowering, what happens? There is no center as desire," said Krishnaji.

"What are the implications of that in my daily life?" Asit queried.

Krishnaji replied, "In your daily life, your main concern is whether your senses can flower. All your senses, not just sex, not just eyesight, not just hearing with the ear. Can you look at a woman, with all your senses? Then you lose the center; experience does not exist. Right?"

"What interferes in the flowering of the senses?" again Asit asked.

"There is nothing that interferes. We have never allowed the senses to flower. We have operated with thought as the medium of action. But we have not enquired into the origin of thought deeply. If I had no senses I would be a piece of rock, with vibrations, or a mass of flesh. But the moment the senses begin comes appetite, sex—I start moving in a narrow groove. You have to go into that deeply so that all the senses are operating. Tradition denies the senses—therefore there is always . . . "

Asit interrupted. "If I may ask what is the relationship between a piece of rock that has no senses, to all my senses operating? Rocks have no senses."

"I am not so sure that rocks have no senses—matter is merely the wheel of energy," said Krishnaji.

"Is it a question of the entering of this limitless energy? A question of the amount that can enter into rock, or the senses that are half awakened or fully awakened? Is the limitless energy always there to enter? Is it the amount that can be received that makes the difference?" asked Asit.

"My concern is to find if my senses can flower because from that everything arises," said Krishnaji.

Asit pushed further. "Do the senses become dull because of lack of attention?"

"You are not aware of the senses. You are the senses. All the associations that have become strengthened become tremendous. Is love a movement of the senses?" asked Krishnaji.

"Does attention awaken the senses?" asked Asit.

"Attention means care, responsibility, affection, no motive," Krishnaji pointed.

"So daily life," said Asit.

"When problems arise—totality of senses not operating. When the senses are awakened and there is no center, there is a beginning and an ending.

"Psychological problems do not exist in the state of no center. Don't say 'I must be aware'; then you are lost. Yesterday, when we were walking, you were telling me of the computer. The brain was listening, it didn't record. There was a sense of a pouring out, something pouring down to the brain. When something is actually taking place there is no feeling; when there is actually fear, there is no feeling. Fear arises a second after. The moment you are not apprehending there is fear," said Krishnaji.

"There must be something in that state," Asit persisted.

"This cannot be answered," said Krishnaji.

"Is there a complete renewal?" asked Asit.

"A renewal of the brain? Yes, the brain cells are cleansed. They don't carry ancient memory," said Krishnaji.

"Your brain does not carry any ancient memory? The million years are wiped away?" I asked.

"Otherwise there is only darkness," said Krishnaji.

Days later, when we were at the breakfast table, I asked whether Krishnaji was pointing to a new use of the senses. When the senses are fully flowering, in a state of simultaneity, the center ceases. I asked him whether in this state the thrust of the "I" consciousness, which gives direction to the mind, dissolves? This wholeness of sensory intelligence negated the dividing line of outer and inner, the yesterday and tomorrow.

"See it, Pupulji, see it," Krishnaji said. "There is only being and beginning."

In the days that followed Krishnaji spoke again and again of that which lies beyond creation itself. He said, "Order is the beginning, the source of an energy that can never diminish. To investigate it there must be an investigation of the senses and desire. That blessedness of order is when the mind does not have a single desire and the senses are operating fully, totally." I asked Krishnaji whether he was saying essentially the same as he had said in previous years, but using new words; or were these insights entirely different? He said, "This is entirely different."

I observed from Rishi Valley and Madras that, when he spoke of the seed, the millennia-old brain of man, the beginning, creation, his face changed.

CHAPTER 36

"Doubt as the Essence of Religious Enquiry"

On the way from London to Colombo on November 1, 1980, Krishnaji came to Madras accompanied by Mary Zimbalist. Their luggage had been misrouted, and Mary Zimbalist was left with only the overnight bag she carried with her. Krishnaji was distressed for Mary, concerned about her, and his frail body appeared agitated. That evening he did not go to the beach, but walked on the circular path that goes around Vasant Vihar.

The next morning a significant discussion took place over the breakfast table, which revealed insights into his relentless questioning. Krishnaji's question that day was whether the Indian mind was degenerating. Achyut spoke of a meeting Krishnaji had with Jawaharlal Nehru and Acharya Kripalani in 1931, at which he had been present. Achyut said, "Nehru and Kripalani* felt that it was essential for India to be politically free before a regeneration in the Indian mind could take place." Krishnaji had said that if they ignored inner regeneration in the struggle for Independence, India would lose its way. Nehru was young; his alert and attentive mind understood the importance of regeneration, but felt that political freedom had to be, for the Indian mind to flower; to have the space in which it could enquire. At the time Achyut had agreed with Nehru.

But Krishnaji's response to Nehru was that India had stood for the religious spirit throughout history. "Buddhism spread from India to China, Japan, the whole of the East and Far East. What is the relationship of that religious core of India to the world today?" he had asked Jawaharlal Nehru.

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*A prominent member of the Congress Party and President of the Indian National Congress for several years, Kripalani was a senior leader in the freedom struggle against British rule

Achyut had been speaking with deep emotion. Krishnaji had listened quietly to what Achyut said, then turned to us and asked, "Is the core alive? The Western world, the Christian world, had a religious core that rested on faith. In India at the heart of religion was the denial of everything but 'that.' Now is that religious core, the seed, disappearing? If it still exists, what is its response to the West and its values?"

Krishnaji said to Achyut, "You spoke of this country having a different soil. The ancients used the word *Tat* or *Brahman* to express it. In ancient times religion was not based on caste or ritual. This concern with the core had lead to a different way of life. Now, is it possible for the seed that has laid dormant in the soil for centuries to awaken?"

"It is the seed awakening that is life, and that responds—the flowering of the seed is the response," I said, then went on to speak of my recent visit to Varanasi some weeks earlier. I had discussed Krishnaji and the teaching with Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya. A Mahayana scholar in the Nagarjuna tradition, he had participated in discussions with Krishnaji. He had said, "We have to understand the dialectics of Krishnamurti, but the core of Krishnaji is beauty, a total overflowing of Being." Then he said many of his comrades, anguished with the present trends in Hinduism, had turned to Buddhism for sustenance; they had held dialogues to ask themselves what the Buddha would say if he were amongst them today. They came to see that what Krishnaji was saying was what the Buddha would have said.

Krishnaji heard me patiently, but was not prepared to accept what I was saying. "You are not answering my question," he said. "You are all Indians, conscious of Indian culture. You have to answer this question. You are aware of what is going on in India, the various gurus, the cults, and also you must have a feeling of the core from which great things took place. What relationship has that core, if it still exists, to the West and to Western religion and culture which is based on faith, belief?" Then Krishnaji asked, "If there is no relationship, then is that the point from which a new regeneration can emerge?"

"If that core, that center, has disappeared in India, is it in that, that the East and the West are coming together?"

"Apparently," he said. "From the beginning of time, the people of India had something which was genuine, true. They were deeply religious in the true sense of the word. There were the Buddhas and the pre-Buddhas who had left their imprint on the soil of India. The present world of astrologers, gurus—does that indicate that the depth of the real thing is going?

"In the Christian world doubt had never been part of religion. Here doubt, as part of religious enquiry, has always existed. Is that capacity to doubt being dissipated? Is that disappearing and gradually become faith?

"Do you see that doubt in religious enquiry is one of the most extraordinary things that existed in India? Christianity was based on faith; doubt, skepticism, questioning were denied. They were regarded as heresy. In India and in the Asiatic world doubt was one of the principles of religious investigation. Is that doubt disappearing, and therefore is India joining the Western stream? Or if doubt still exists, is it being smothered and are we losing the vitality of it? Doubt as an extraordinary purgation."

"Doubt is becoming a formal questioning," said Radha Burnier.

"I am speaking of real doubt, with the immense energy that lies behind it. What do you say, Pupulji? You are a mixture of both the East and West."*

"When you use that word 'doubt,' it is an immense thing. But I cannot answer your query whether it still exists or not," I said.

"The Theosophical Society and Amma had that quality at the beginning. Dr. Besant left Christianity, she left her husband; there was doubt, and then she got trapped in organizations and lost vitality. But the Indian mind, the original mind, emphasized doubt. Doubt with its clarity, doubt with its immense vitality purges the mind of illusions. Is India losing that? You follow? Because it is only through doubt that you come to the Brahman, not through acceptance of authority," said Krishnaji.

"That is what the Buddha also said," said Radha.

"Are we losing that? Not the few of us. But the Indian mind. Is it losing that quality, that quest for clarity?" Krishnaji was pushing the question.

Radha responded, "I still think that in India doubt exists, but this doubt has become a tradition. We question in a formal sense. In the West this takes the form of scientific search. Doubt is that which has not been corroborated by experiment. The Indian mind has turned in the direction of scientific search."

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*Born in a Brahmin family, free of all ritual and belief yet rooted in Indian heritage, educated in England, I symbolize to K a mind that could span the bridge between East and West.

"The Western tradition of conformity has also entered the Indian stream," added Achyut.

"Krishnaji has brought into his teaching a new factor: doubt that does not move toward an answer. When you use the word 'doubt' within the Indian context, immediately out of doubt springs search," I said.

" 'What am I, who am I?' This is the Indian question. This is not a question with a direction," commented Achyut.

"Of course. If you have doubt with direction, then it has an entirely different meaning," said Krishnaji.

"Doubt without being followed by search has not existed in the Indian stream. In Krishnaji's doubt is an immediate immobility of the mind," I said.

"I am asking a really very serious question. I want to find out if in India the mind is being caught and carried away by the materialistic wave. That wave is threatening the Western world, expressing itself through technology, materialism, nationalism. The Western mind is moving in the direction of the outer, and it dominates the world. So is India losing something which was there? From what one can see, it appears to be losing it."

Mary Zimbalist queried, "Are you asking whether the other spirit which underlays India is failing? How does one tell that?"

"Can you answer that question? Can you feel, probe into it? Can Pupul or Achyut have a feeling of what is happening in this country? Can you take the outer as a measure and move to the inner?" Krishnaji asked. "The other was always there. I am saying something very simple. India moved from a center and that center spread all over the Asiatic world through inner search, dance, music, and cultural expression. The Western world was centered in belief, which is so superficial. That superficiality, that materialism, is that conquering this? It is very significant to see this. Can one see the outer manifestation of this in India, through its bureaucracy, technology, science, nuclear energy; following the ways of the West; and so is the pristine, original core of this country gradually withering away? India was centered on one thing. And therefore she had a fire which spread throughout the world. Now what is happening to the Indian core?" Krishnaji's passionate question and the fire of his attention was igniting our minds.

"Would you not say that in India the spirit has turned to the other? It has become adulterated. It is no longer a force. So what is the difference between India and the West?" Mary spoke.

"I would not say that this field has been corroded in the last fifteen years. I would not say that," I said.

"I hope not. But I won't accept your statement. I am questioning it. I want India to be that. So I say I hope she is not going to lose it. If it is lost, it is lost. I don't want her to lose it, because then it is the end of everything."

"Either you bring what you are saying into the comparative field of time and question whether earlier there were more people concerned with the core, or you can only put the question. Are there people today who take their stand in this?" I asked.

"Outside of those people who have been exposed to Krishnaji in India, are there people who take their source, their energy from doubt?" asked Achyut.

"There have been times in the history of this country when energy has exploded in great manifestations. When you say India is deteriorating, a hundred years or more ago was there religious doubt then and what was its nature? So don't put the question in terms of linear time. Can one ask the question are there people today who have the capacity to ask this question?" I said.

"There have been various factors also that have contributed to the wearing away of this spirit. The Bhakti movement with its emphasis on belief and faith, which existed for a number of centuries, could be compared to Christianity. Then the modern, scientific approach has reduced all nature to experiment. All this has cut the source at the roots," said Radha.

"In the past there were only a few who were the aristocrats of the spirit who took their stand on the formless," I said.

"But the elitist dominated the culture that exploded," said Achyut.

"Buddha arose and talked. It was three hundred years before the teaching was established," I said.

"Don't say you cannot answer my question." Krishnaji wouldn't let go. "I have been questioning this for years. This time as I flew into Bombay I was again asking that question, is the West conquering the East? The West has the capacity to organize, bring people together, it has technology, communication, etcetera. It has been capable of building systems to a marvelous extent. Here it was not based on organization or system. There were people who stood alone."

"There is a field of good and the field of evil. The challenge really is what is possible to make that field of good potent," I said.

"No, the good cannot be potent. Good is good," responded Krishnaji.

"Take it that the center is corroded. What is the response?"

"Then we can say it is finished, let us do something about it. But if you say it exists then we just carry on," said Krishnaji.

"If I admit it is finished?" I asked.

"Then that which has an ending has a new beginning. If it has ended, then something tremendous is taking place," Krishnaji said.

"That is the major difference between you and others. I was brought up in a tradition which believed in this source and everyone thought about revivalism, saying that it existed. You are the only person who is asking whether the seed is alive or not," said Achyut.

I added, "As long as Krishnaji is there, how do I say the seed is corroded?"

"I also fail to see how doubt has completely ended and a new thing has started," said Radha.

"When something has ended a new thing is taking place," said Krishnaji.

"You can ask, is there doubt in me? I can answer that directly; but when you ask me has that seed been corrupted, I can never answer that."

"I am afraid if doubt has ended in India, then it is a terrible thing," said Krishnaji.

"If I deny the seed I have denied everything," I said.

"I am not talking of denying. I am asking you a question. The West is enormously powerful with science, technology, organization, communication, war, all that. That enormity has smothered that which is not enormous. Right? Is the core of India so enormous within, that it can counter that and see that it is not touched by all that? Do you see what I am saying? It is not a geographical question. I am talking about the Indian mind that has produced the *Upanishads*, the Buddha. India has been the storehouse of something very very great. The West, with its emphasis on faith and its materialism, is destroying that greatness."

"I cannot answer your question," I said.

"You have got to answer. It is a challenge you have got to meet. It is a challenge that every Indian must meet," said Krishnaji. "Pupul, it is very interesting, the human mind is asking itself this question: 'Is there a mind that is incorruptible?' Is that mind being destroyed by the West?

"Religion in the West is based on faith and belief with all its implications. To be caught in faith or belief is the ending of doubt. Religious enquiry in India was not based on faith, so it could move in any direction. Free of direction, there was a different movement taking place; this is the essence of the Buddhas, the pre-Buddhas. Is that essence gradually being corroded by the West? Or is that essence expressing itself now? Not as the Buddha or Maitreya—these are but names: but is that essence expressing itself?"

I responded, "That essence is incorruptible. Therefore it cannot be corroded. The Indian mind today is conditioned. The only thing which one can say is that that mind, because it has been tuned to the 'other' for centuries, may have a proclivity to the 'other.' "

"And so the possibility of mutation. I think this mind has a greater possibility of mutation. This is not denying the West. We are not talking of the East and the West as opposites; we are talking of a quality of mind that has no direction."

"Would you say the conditioned mind can have nothing to do with 'that'?" asked Radha.

"The conditioned mind can have nothing to do with 'that,' but 'that' can have something to do with 'this.' So I am asking, is the mind of India—not my mind or your mind, but the mind that has evolved through five thousand years, the mind of the Buddha—can that mind ever be conditioned? The Indian mind groping for that, doubts, questions. You say, Pupul, that is the mainstream of the Indian mind. Are we in those waters of enquiry? Or are we floating in words, symbols, myths, ideas, theories?"

On the evening of November 4 at supper in Vasant Vihar, Krishnaji began discussing perception and wholeness. I said I had been attempting to understand the holographic model, in which a fragment contains the whole.

Krishnaji said in total perception there was the wholeness of mankind. He spoke of a perception of sorrow, in which there was total freedom from sorrow; in such a perception human consciousness was renewed. Then he asked himself, "Is that so? In one perception of sorrow, is there the whole content of human sorrow?"

We started questioning him and he said, "If you see the whole movement of pleasure—sexual, sensual—you have understood the whole content of consciousness."

"Could we be so aware of the body, the mind?" Achyut asked.

"Could there be an exploration of attention?" Krishnaji questioned. "We have said, 'attend.' But we have never probed into attention! What is it to attend?" Some of us responded, but Krishnaji continued to question.

"What takes place as attention probes into iself? If you are so attending, all your senses are completely awake. It is not one sense attending, but the totality of all the senses. Otherwise you cannot attend. When there is one sense that is highly cultivated and the others are not, one cannot attend. Complete sensory activity is a state of attention. Partial sensory activity leads to concentration. Attention has no center. Attention is a flowing from itself, it is moving, never still; it flows, moves, goes on. Attention gets more and more—not more in a comparative sense, but as a river that has behind it a vast volume of water; a tremendous volume of energy, of attention, wave upon wave upon wave, each wave a different movement. We have never enquired what takes place beyond attention. Is there a total summation of energy?" Scientists had told him that energy and matter were one. The wave still was energy, it could never be still.

"In penetrating into a wave of perception as energy, extraordinary things go on. There is a sense of soaring ecstasy; a feeling of limitless space; a vast movement of color." He paused. "Color is God;" he said, "not the gods we worship, but the color of the earth, the sky, the extraordinary color of a flower."

Asit asked hesitatingly, "Would you include aroma?"

"Of course, color is aroma," Krishnaji said.

He was probing as he spoke. "Can one see completely with all the senses? See not with the eyes alone, but with the ears; to listen, to taste, to touch? There has to be harmony. This is only possible when there is no center, no movement."

"Watch yourself one day," he said to us. "Look at the sunlight and see whether you can see with all your senses, completely awake and completely free. Which leads to an interesting fact: Where there is disharmony, there is the self."

"Attention is complete harmony. There must be a great volume of energy gathered through harmony. It is like the river Ganga. Attention is a movement to eternity."

That evening was historic: Krishnaji walked again on the grounds of the Theosophical Society at Adyar. We accompanied him. Radha Burnier was with him in the car. They were met at the gate by the vice president of the Theosophical Society. Krishnaji was garlanded with pink roses. Radha and Krishnaji walked by the road to the seashore, past the headquarters building. Krishnaji walked past his old room; on his return he took the path along the river. It was lovely land. The trees were beautiful; the people who lived there were seeking refuge from the travails of the world. Krishnaji's return held a great poignancy.

Every day while he was in Madras, Krishnaji drove through the Theosophical Society compound to Radha's house, and from there he walked on the beach. One evening on returning from his walk Krishnaji spoke of two young fishermen—slender, tall, and dark-skinned boys.

With ease and immense skill they prepared their catamarans for launching; turning the rudder towards the sea, jumping in and pushing the boat swiftly into the dark, unknown sea. Krishnaji was deeply moved.

Later in the year Krishnaji was to go to the Theosophical Society to have lunch with Radha Burnier. Before lunch she took Krishnaji to the main Theosophical Society building where Dr. Besant had had her room and where she had lived. He first visited his own room, which overlooked the river and the sea. He stood before the window, gazing across to where the river meets the sea. Later he was to say that he did not remember it. Then he went to the room of Dr. Besant. Carefully he stood before her *chowki* with its little desk, and walked around the room, quiet, listening. Suddenly, he stopped before a large photograph of Leadbeater which hung on a wall. "This was not there in my time," he said. Radha Burnier said it had been placed there many years later. For minutes Krishnaji stood before the portrait, gazing at it; then suddenly he raised his hand and said, "Pax, pax." Then he turned to Radha Burnier and walked out of the room.

CHAPTER 37

"I Suddenly Saw the Face."

The government of Sri Lanka had invited Krishnaji to be a state guest when he gave his talks in Colombo. A number of his friends accompanied him to this emerald island. Mary Zimbalist, Nandini, and I stayed with Krishnaji there at Auckland House, the official guest house of the Sinhalese government. Every effort had been made by the Sinhalese government to welcome Krishnaji. He was invited by the president to tea, met the prime minister, and was interviewed several times by the press. The talks were attended by a vast number of people—monks and laymen, Sinhalese and Tamilians, ministers and clerks gathered to hear the man of wisdom.

Asit Chandmal was also in Colombo. He had been in California and had met scientists and technologists working on the frontiers of the new sciences. He spoke to Krishnaji of the electronic age into which man was being catapulted; of the amazing capacities and skills of the new computers and the search for the ultimate intelligence machine.

Computer scientists were pursuing the possibility of creating artificial intelligence. They were studying the human brain, to see how it worked and whether it could be reproduced. Japanese scientists were deeply involved. IBM had already started the search. Krishnaji listened eagerly; his mind instantly perceived the dimensions and directions of this new intelligence, the magnificence of man's inventive drive, and with it the enormous dangers to the survival of humankind. Realizing that man was soon to be challenged at unprecedented levels, he questioned Asit relentlessly.

Later, we held discussions on the computer and the human brain. K said, "The brain has an infinite capacity. That immense capacity is being used for material purposes." He saw with great clarity that with the inventive capacity, certain faculties of the brain would in a short time be taken over by the machine.

"Ceasing to function, would these faculties wither or shrink?" he asked. "Would the brain slowly atrophy? Man has to either explore within, so that he can use these new tools rightly, or perception, compassion and the essence of humanity as we know it, will cease to be. There are only two options open: Either we commit ourselves to the whole range of entertainment outwardly, or we turn within."

Krishnaji was afire with the question. He discussed it in Colombo with us and later in Rishi Valley and Madras. For over two years, this problem of the human brain and the challenge of the machine taking over the processes and faculties of the brain was Krishnaji's main concern.

One morning I asked Krishnaji for a meeting, as I needed some answers to questions that puzzled me. He was in a strange state; he seemed outside himself. I questioned him about his position that there were no footholds to truth. I said, "Most other systems of meditation state require the need for support at the early stages. You have repeatedly said that there are no steps, no levels. The first step is the last step. But going into your historical past, as well as in casual conversations, I have observed that you have gone through all the *kriyas*, the actions known to religious tradition. You have tested yourself, you have denied your senses; tied a bandage for days on your eyes to see what it is to be blind. You have fasted for days, you observed silence, '*maun*', for over a year in 1951. What was your reason for this silence?"

"Probably it was to find out if I could keep quiet," said Krishnaji.

"Did it help at all?"

"Not a bit," was the reply.

"Why did you do it?"

"I have done crazy things—eaten so that I did not mix protein with starch, eaten only vegetables; then only protein."

"Do you put silence in the same category?" Nandini asked.

"You mean I did not talk to anybody—are you sure? It was never anything serious. There was no spiritual intention behind the silence."

"In the experience that took place in Ooty, you still saw visions. Do you ever see visions now?" I asked.

"No." He appeared unsure. "Wait a minute. Sometimes I do. What do you mean by visions—pictures, images? You see, it must have been a very strange thing when they picked me up. As far as I remember, Master K. H. and the Buddha were always there somewhere in my mind. Their images used to follow me for a considerable time."

"You have talked about a face being with you, which merged into your face."

"That is right."

"I am asking you today, is that face still with you?"

"Yes, occasionally. I must go into this. Why are you asking all these questions?"

"I want to write an accurate account, not only of events; events are very inconsequential from my point of view."

"Right from the beginning, C. W. L. and Amma had said the face has been created for many, many lives. I was too young to know what they were saying, but apparently the face impressed them tremendously. They said it was the face of the Maitreya Bodhisattva. They used to keep repeating this, but it meant nothing to me, absolutely nothing. Many, many years later, after the death of my brother, and many, many years after that—I can't tell you when, but one morning I suddenly saw the face, a most extraordinarily beautiful face, that used to be with me for many years. Then gradually that face disappeared. It all began after the death of the brother."

"Let us pursue the question of the visions," I said.

"For many, many years I was not really all there. Sometimes, even now, I am not all there. Ojai was totally independent from C. W. L. At Ootacamund it was totally independent of Rajagopal and Rosalind. After I moved away from Ojai—after 1947 to 1948, things started happening, like seeing this extraordinary face. I used to see it every day—in sleep, while walking. It was not a vision. It was like that picture, an actual fact."

"You saw it even when you were awake?" asked Nandini.

"Of course, on my walks it was there."

"We saw it in Ooty. A tremendous change taking place in your face," I said.

"That is true."

"And you said the Buddha was there. You say that occasionally you still see visions."

"The other night in Madras I woke up with this face."

"So it is still there."

"Of course."

"I would like to get a feel of it," I said.

"Yes. Which is, it is not a vision. It is not something imagined. I have tested it out. It is not something that I wanted. I do not say, 'What a beautiful face'—there is no wish to have it."

"What happens to you when you get these visions?"

"I look at the face."

"Does anything happen to you?"

"I don't know. It is like cleaning the body and the face and the air. I have seen the face in the dark, in the light, while walking. You may say that this is all cuckoo. But it is so. I have never done anything for any spiritual reason."

"Before the mystical process that happened in Ojai, in your letters to Lady Emily, you said you were meditating every day?" asked Mary Zimbalist.

"All the meditation was on Theosophical Society lines. I did it because I was told to do it. It was part of the Theosophical Society belief, but it meant nothing to me. I did all that automatically."

"When you 'grew up, came to,' was it in a flash or was it something which matured without your knowing?" I asked.

"In a flash, naturally. I used to have a horror of vows, fasts, vows of celibacy, vows not to get angry. I never took any vows. If I did not like a thing, that was the end of it. If I liked it, I went on with it."

"When one reads the *Notebook* and then reads the talks of 1948, one finds there has been a major leap in the teachings. Is there a leap taking place all the time?"

"Yes, it is happening all the time, in my brain, inside me. After traveling this time from London to Bombay and then to Madras, that first night in Madras, I felt the brain exploding; there was an extraordinary quality, light, beauty. This is happening all the time, but not every day. That would be a lie. What is necessary is quietness . . . "

"I realize that things happen when you are alone. It happened when you were supposed to be very 'ill' in 1959, in Srinagar and later in Bombay. I have never been certain whether you have an illness or something else. At the end of any serious illness, you give extraordinary talks."

"Illness may be a purgation," said Krishnaji.

"I know you have been ill on two occasions in Bombay. I have been present. There is a strange atmosphere when you are ill."

"I remember your being ill in Bombay," Nandini spoke. "You had bronchitis. We had to cancel the talks. You had 103-degree to 104-degree temperature. Suddenly you wanted to throw up. So I ran to get a basin. I held your hand. I saw you were about to faint. I called out and you said, 'No, no.' Your voice had changed. Your face had changed. The person who sat up was different from the person who had fainted. You were cured.

"You told me not to leave the body alone; just to be there. You said, 'Never be anxious near me; never get worried, don't allow too many people to come near me. In India they never leave an ill person alone.' You asked me to sit down quietly and then you said, 'I must tell you something. Do you know how to help a person die? If you know that someone is about to die, help him to be quiet, help him to forget his accumulations, to be free of his worries, of his problems, to give up his attachments, all his possessions.' You were silent and then you said, 'It is just stepping over.' And your face lit up. 'If you can't do that, you are where you are, you remain where you are.'

CHAPTER 38

"Is It Possible to Keep the Brain Very Young?"

On January 14, 1981, Krishnaji gave a public talk in Vasant Vihar, Madras. Speaking of the brain, he asked, "Is it possible to keep the brain very young? Is it possible for the brain to rejuvenate itself? This brain which is so old, with its infinite capacities; a brain that has evolved in time through social, economic pressures; the brain which is an extraordinary instrument, which controls all thinking, all activities, all our sensory operation; can that brain become totally innocent? I use the word 'innocent' in the sense that it cannot be hurt." He asked each person in the audience not to agree, but to observe their own mind, the brain, which is very very subtle. "Can we," he asked, "challenge the brain itself to find out whether it has the capacity, the energy, the drive, the intensity to break down this continuity of the past so that in the very ending, the brain cells themselves undergo a change, a transformation?" He was probing deeply.

"Thought is a material process; thought is the outcome of memory, experience, knowledge, stored up in the brain cells, in the thinking process itself. And it has functioned in a particular direction, continuously evolving. Thought, memory is a part of the brain. The brain is material; this brain contains memory, experiences knowledge, from which comes thought. So thought has its continuity, based on knowledge, which is the past; and that past is operating all the time, modifying itself in the present and continuing. In this continuity it has found immense security through beliefs, illusion, knowledge. In this faith there is a sense of being protected, of being 'in the womb of God.' This is an illusion. Any disturbance in that continuity is the challenge;

and when it cannot respond properly, it finds its security is disturbed." He paused and was silent, listening to himself.

"Watch this in yourself, watch carefully. We are asking whether the brain—which is the brain of all human beings, evolved immemorial times, conditioned by cultures, religions, by economic, social pressures—whether that brain, which has had a timeless continuity till now, can discover an ending of continuity as time?" He asked the listeners not to be stimulated by the speaker, for then the listener was dependent on him. "Then the speaker becomes your authority, your guru. The demand is that you be a light to yourself, not accept the light of another."

He discussed death as a total ending and destruction of the brain, an ending to a continuity of life. "To understand this," he said, "can we examine 'what is'? The 'what is' of your life, your everyday life? Throughout the ages we have clung to a continuity of life. We have never asked what is the meaning of death. We have put death in opposition to life. But continuity implies time. The movement of thought. Time means movement. From here to there—to psychologically reach from that which is not beautiful to that which is beautiful.

"To find out what death is, can that continuity end? Can the sense of duration end?" He paused.

"Death says to you, 'end it,' end your attachments completely, because that is what is going to happen when you stop breathing. You are going to leave everything behind.

"So death implies the ending of attachment. It is only in the ending that there is a beginning.

"It is only then that the brain can discover for itself a quality of movement that is totally free of the past."

Krishnaji asked his listeners a question. "If there is no ending, what happens to the mind, to the whole movement of consciousness, yours or mine, to the consciousness of man? What happens to our daily life? Life is like a vast river in which there is pain, sorrow, anxiety. When the part dies, the stream goes on. Manifestation of the stream is you, with your name, and so on. But you are still part of this stream. And we are saying, can you end that stream? Do you follow? Because the 'me' is the continuity. The 'I' is the beginning not only genetically, but of that which is handed down generation after generation from millennia. It is a continuity, and that which is continuous is mechanical. You observe a person who has insulted you or praised you. The brain registers. So you never actually see. This registration is what gives continuity.

"We are laying the foundations to discover what is meditation. The understanding of ourselves is part of this meditation. In the understanding of sorrow, pain, fear, anxiety, you see that consciousness is its content, as tradition, anxiety, name, position. Can this consciousness in which is the brain, which is part of the mind, part of consciousness—can this consciousness realize its content, realize its sense of duration, and taking one part of that consciousness as attachment, end it voluntarily? That means, can you break continuity? Which means, is it possible to register only what is necessary and nothing else?

"Knowledge is always limited. So the brain, having found security in the movement of knowledge, clings to it and translates every incident, according to the past. In the movement of ending of continuity is complete order. This insight is the revolution in the structure of the brain."

Krishnaji's words flowed. "It is the brain that puts everything in its right place. Then, in total insight into the whole movement of consciousness, the activity and structures of the brain undergo a change. When you see something for the first time, a new function begins to operate. Your arm, this arm was developed because of function. So when the brain discovers something new, a new function is born, a new organism comes into being.

"It is necessary for a mind, for a brain to become very young, fresh, innocent, alive, youthful. This is only possible when there is no psychological registration," said Krishnaji.

Then he spoke of love and meditation. "Has love a continuity? Is love desire? Can love come into being like fresh morning dew? It cannot. If love has a continuity, please go into it. Love does not exist in your heart, that is why the world is in such a mess.

"To come upon love, the whole stream of consciousness must come to an end. Consciousness being your jealousy, your antagonism, your ambition, your desire for becoming bigger, your desire for seeking power. Where there is any sense of egotism, the other is not. And the essence of egotism is the process of registration. The ending of sorrow is the beginning of compassion.

"Now, can we talk of meditation? There are several things implied in meditation. There must be space; not physical space only, but space within the mind. All our minds are occupied. This occupation is like a housewife with her cooking, with her children, like a devotee with his god, a man with his occupation, with his sex, with his job. In that the mind is wholly occupied, therefore there is no space in it. If there is no order in your relationship with your wife, with your children, forget about meditation. But absolute order can look to cosmic order. That order has relationship with cosmic order. Cosmic order means the setting of the sun and the moon, the marvelous sky of the evening with all its beauty. But merely examining the cosmos, the universe, through a telescope is not order. Order is here, in our life. Then that order has an extraordinary relationship with the universe."

One evening a barefoot, bearded *sadhu* wearing an earth-colored robe and a cloth tied round his head, spoke to Achyut, and later in the week he met Krishnaji. He belonged to the ancient Siddha sect and lived with a guru in Anantpur District. His guru was old and had told his disciple that he had felt the mystic presence of a great being who was teaching in the world. "I am dying," the guru said, "so he will be your guru, find him." The disciple had wandered, searching for the true teacher. He had visited all the *ashrams*, but was not satisfied. Then in Madras he had heard of Krishnaji and had come to the talks. Feeling that he had found what he sought, he returned to his guru and described what he had seen. The guru had confirmed his insight and had asked him to return to Madras and Krishnaji. Later, in Madras, the *sadhu* heard that his guru had died.

This *sannyasi* had secret knowledge of plant alchemy and the use of herbs in medicinal recipes. He knew the time of the day or night when the plants were to be collected, how stored, and the *mantras* that were to accompany the making of the potion. A great element of magic was present in what he said: that plants had intelligence and awareness. They revealed themselves only to those who approached them rightly. He told Achyut, "A plant wrongly approached, with greed or desire, vanishes and cannot be found. Plants and herbs have to be talked to. Their permission must be taken before touching them, they have to be addressed with humility—'Do you permit me to touch you, would you like me to wait?' They give light and fragrance to those who commune with them." His words were reminiscent of the mysterious sacredness and wonder for plants as life-givers, protectors, holders of energy that is found in the hymns of the *Atharva Veda*. Krishnaji was very interested in the man and his sensitivity and relationship to plants.

Achyut sent him out to carry Krishnaji's teachings amongst Siddhas and wandering sects of *sadhus*.

CHAPTER 39

"The Nature of God"

In early 1981 I was asked by Indira Gandhi to be chairman of the advisory committee set up to organize the Festival of India celebrations in England.* In this connection, I visited England in May. After my official work was over, I went to Brockwood Park to meet Krishnaji. I asked him whether we could continue our dialogues, and he agreed. The first afternoon we discussed "the nature of God." A few members of the Brockwood Park School were present.

I asked Krishnaji whether it was possible to inquire into "the nature of, call it God—call it creation—the ground of Being?"

"I think it is possible" Krishnaji responded, "if one can free the mind of all belief—of all traditional acceptance of the word 'God' and the implications and the consequences of that word. Can the brain and mind be totally free to investigate that which the Israelis call the 'nameless,' the Hindus 'the Brahman,' the 'Highest Principle?' The whole world believes in the word 'God.' Could we put away all beliefs? Only then is it possible to investigate."

"But 'God' is a word; in it there is a storehouse of content. Therefore when the mind says it is free of belief, what does it exactly mean?"

"Human beings say they believe in God," answered Krishnaji. "God is omnipotent and omnipresent, he exists in all things. There is a traditional acceptance of that word with all its content. Can one be free of the million years of this tradition—consciously as well as unconsciously to be free of that word?"

"At one level," I said, "it is possible to say that one is free. If you were to ask me do I believe in God, do I believe in Krishna, Rama, or Shiva, I would say no. But that is not the final thing."

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*The Festival of India celebrations, organized by the government of India, were a major cultural manifestation which included dance, music, theater, exhibitions of the classical and rural arts and life, science and technology, street performers, seminars, films, and so forth

"No," said Krishnaji.

I continued. "There is a feeling that God goes far beyond all words, that it is integral to the fact of life itself. Before I go into the origins of that word I have to enquire into the state of my mind which says the outer beliefs are out for there is a sense that without 'it' nothing could exist. That it is the ground."

"Shall we discuss the ground from which everything originates?" asked K. "How does one find out? One can only find out when one is absolutely free, otherwise one cannot. Our consciousness is so loaded, crowded."

I asked, "Is there a possibility of being in which any movement of the mind as belief is out; belief in any particular God is negated?"

"Does one negate it verbally or deeply at the very root of one's being? Can one say I know nothing and stop there?" Krishnaji responded.

"I can't say I know nothing," I answered. "But I can say that the movement of belief in a particular God, does not arise in the mind. Therefore there is nothing outer to negate as belief. But I still do not know the state of 'I know nothing,' which is a very different state from the outer movement as belief."

"How does one proceed?" K asked. "Could we negate completely the whole movement of knowledge? Negate everything except the knowledge of driving a car and all technological knowledge? Could one negate the feeling that one knows? The whole accumulated experience of man, which says there is God or there have been prophets and seers who have said there is no such thing as God. Can one negate the knowledge of all that one knows?"

"One has comprehended the way of negating the rising movement."

"Do you mean the rising movement of thought as belief?" asked Krishnaji.

"Yes, but the depths, the dormant, the million years that form the matrix of one's being, how does one touch that?"

"Could we begin not by enquiring into whether there is God, but ask why the human mind has worked, struggled with becoming? Becoming not only outwardly, but inwardly. *A* becoming that is based on knowledge, on constant movement, an uprising movement—the being somebody." Krishnaji was entering into the question.

"Now, are the two related? We started with an investigation into the nature of God and we spoke of the matrix and becoming. Are they related?"

"Aren't they related?" Krishnaji asked. "I think they are. Let us look at it. I may be wrong. My being is essentially based on what I have understood, not verbally, but the feeling in me that there is something enormous, something incredibly immense. I am looking about that part of my being, that knowledge, tradition that is the matrix, the ground on which one stands. So long as that is there, one is not actually free. Can one investigate into that?"

"Sir," said Mary Zimbalist, "there is a heritage of that in every human life. Is that different from human instinct to which heritage attaches? Is it only heritage handed down, or is it a deep movement that is innately in the human mind apart from all influence?"

"Are you saying, is this inherent in man?" Krishnaji asked her.

"Is there an inherent movement in every human being towards some unknown being which is sought? Something that is beyond what one is taught, beyond what one picks up through one's heritage?" she enquired.

"Is it genetic?" asked someone else.

"Genetic involves time and the movement of growth, evolution. Now, can one totally empty all that, the accumulation of a million years? I am speaking of the most deep-rooted, something that is unconscious; deep things are always so. I think if we want to investigate, that must go too," said Krishnaji.

"Can one go to the end of the unconscious mind?" I asked. "Is it possible, without the unconscious being exposed, for it to end? How does one experience that which one cannot formulate? That which lies beyond the total particulars of any one person's knowledge?"

"Don't you have the feeling, the insight into this question, that there must be the total negating of all things, or the beginning of all things?" asked Krishnaji.

"I comprehend the negation of all that rises in the brain. But the layers of the unconscious, the ground on which one stands, can one negate that? Perhaps one is asking the wrong question. Perhaps there can never be a negation of that. How can one negate that?" I was trying to understand.

"Just a minute. Man has tried in several ways to find this. He has fasted, he has tortured himself, but he is always anchored to something."

"Yes."

"One can be free of anchors from most things. Can one be free from the question?" Mary asked.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes," said Krishnaji.

"Then how can Pupul ask that question?" Mary wondered.

"No," said Krishnaji. "That is the whole point. Can one do such a thing first of all? Is it possible to be so totally 'non-movement'? Otherwise movement is time, thought, and all that. Complicated things are involved in this. First of all, why do we want to find the meaning of God? The meaning behind all this?"

I answered, "There is a part of us which is still seeking."

"Yes, that is it. We never say 'I don't know.' That's a state of mind that is absolutely motionless. To say 'I don't know.' " He paused. "I think that is one of our difficulties. We all want to know—which means, to put God into the bay of knowledge."

"Look Sir, isn't there in the ear listening, in the eye seeing—in the word said—the whole content of what God is? Is it not necessary to wipe out this matrix?" I enquired.

"Can you wipe out the matrix?" Krishnaji asked.

"I don't know."

"When you use the word 'matrix,' what do you mean by that?" asked Krishnaji.

"I only know that beyond the horizons of my mind, of the obvious beliefs, there are depths and depths in me. You use a very significant phrase somewhere, 'to play around with the deep.' So you also point to depths which lie beyond the surface arising. Is this depth within the matrix?" I enquired.

"No, no—can't be," said Krishnaji. "That is why I am asking, why do I want to find out whether there is something beyond all this?"

"Because, Krishnaji, I can do nothing about this matrix," I said.

"I wonder what you call matrix?" asked Krishnaji.

"This depth which I cannot bring to the surface, into the daylight of consciousness, of perception, of attention. This depth which does not come within the purview of my eyes and ears, but still is there. I know it is there. It is 'me.' Not being able to see it, touch it, I have a feeling that perhaps if there is a right listening to the truth . . ." I was trying to communicate.

"Let us go into it. Is that depth—if I may use that word for the moment—is that depth measurable?" asked Krishnaji.

"No," I replied.

"Then why do you use the word 'depth'? Depth means measurable."

"I am using the word depth to connote something that is beyond my knowledge—you see, if it is within the contours of my horizon, available to my senses, then it is measurable. But if it is not available I can do nothing about it. I do not have the instruments to reach it."

"How do you know that there is this depth? Is it not imagination? Do you know it as experience?" Krishnaji asked.

"Yes."

"Ah! be careful, be careful."

"The problem is—if I say yes, it is a trap. If I say no, it is a trap."

"I want to be quite clear, Pupulji, forgive me, that we both understand the meaning of our words."

"Surely, Sir. A word can be said from the surface mind and it can be said with a great weight behind it. I am saying that this ground contains the whole history of man. It has great weight and depth. Can I not go into it without your asking me whether it is imagination? Can't you feel that depth?"

"I understand, Pupulji, but you see . . ." He paused. "And that depth—is it the depth of silence? Which means the mind, the brain is utterly still—not something that comes and goes."

"How can I answer that?" I asked.

"I think one can—if there is no sense of attachment to it. No sense of memory involved in it. Pupulji, let us begin again. The whole world believes in God. In Ceylon they were very upset when I said the word God is put together by thought. Do you remember? The whole world believes in God. Unfortunately, I don't know what God is. Probably I can never find out." He paused. "And I am not interested in finding out. But what I am concerned with is whether the mind, the brain, can be totally, completely free from all accumulated knowledge, experience? Because if it is not, it will function always within its field, expanding—contracting—vertically, horizontally—but always within that area. It does not matter how much one accumulates, it will still be within that area. And if the mind moves from that area and says, 'I must find out,' then it is still carrying the movement, the mind, with it. I don't know whether I am making myself clear?" There were great pauses between Krishnaji's words.

He continued. "So my concern is whether the brain, the mind, can be completely free from all taint of knowledge. To me that is tremendously significant, because if it is not, it will never be out of that area, never."

"You speak of any movement of the mind—any movement."

"Yes. Any movement out of that area is to find that the brain is still anchored in knowledge and seeks further knowledge about God. So I say my concern is whether the mind, the brain is capable of being completey immovable? When you put a question of that kind either you say, 'It is not possible' or 'It is possible.' But if you deny the possibility and the impossibility of it, then what is left? Do you follow? Can I have insight, the depth of insight into the movement of knowledge so that the insight stops the movement? Not I who stop the movement nor the brain that stops the movement. In that is the ending of knowledge and the beginning of something else. So I am concerned only with the ending of knowledge, consciously, deeply. There is this enormous feeling that comes of oneness, a harmonious unity, and if it is simulated there is no point, then you perpetuate yourself—Right?" Again he paused and listened.

"The 'me' is the essence of knowledge," he continued. "I doubt everything man has put together, including myself. That is a very cleansing attitude. So we start with the extraordinary feeling of not knowing anything. If we could say, 'I know nothing,' in the deepest sense of the word—it is there—you don't have to do anything."

Krishnaji challenged me. "Look Pupulji, suppose this person were not here. How would you deal with this problem? How would you deal with this problem of God, belief? How would you actually deal with it without any reference to anybody?"

"Yes, even to dc that is possible," I responded.

"Let us move from there. Each one of us is totally responsible. We are not referring to past authorities or saints. Each one is totally responsible to answer this question. You have to answer it."

"Why should I have to answer it?" I asked.

"I will tell you why. You are part of humanity and humanity is asking this question. Every saint, every philosopher, every human being, somewhere in his depths, is asking this question."

"Sir, is this question not somewhere, in a sense, wrong?" asked Mary.

"I said so. But you have to answer it without any reference to what has been said or not said. I come to you with these questions. I ask you as a human being. To me, these questions are tremendously important."

"May I ask you something? How does one take a question like this and leave it in consciousness?" I asked.

"Pupulji, either you have never thought about it, or you have thought about it and gathered tremendous information from books—maybe this is the first time you are facing this question. Go slow, go slow."

"You have a way of taking a question, asking it, and then, without any movement of the mind, remaining with it." I refused to be turned away.

"Yes, that would be right."

"That is what I want to know. One asks the question and there is movement of the mind towards it. With you, when such a question is put, there is no movement of the mind towards the question."

"You are right. Now are you asking how to get it?" asked Krishnaji.

"I know I can't get it," I said.

"No. You are right to ask that question." He addressed everyone. "Do you understand what Pupulji said? Do it, do it. I am asking you as a human being, and human beings have asked these questions for a million years. I come to you and put this question—are you ready to answer or do you hold the question quietly? Hold it, do you understand? And out of that very holding without any reaction, any response, comes the answer. Right?"

"Could you say something about the nature of that holding?" asked Scott Forbes, a member of the faculty at Brockwood Park School.

"A cup holds water. A pond is a receptacle that holds water, a holding without any wave, without any motive or movement, without any sense of trying to find an answer."

"Sir," said Mary, "with most of us we may not try to find an answer, we may first remain quietly with an unanswered question, but sooner or later comes an answer that may not be something from the deep wells of the unconscious and wells up to fill that space."

"I know. Now just a minute. I ask you a question. 'Do you believe in God?' I am asking that question. Can you say you don't know or you don't believe or do you say, may be? Without saying anything about it, can you look at the question? Can you? If you ask a devout Christian, immediately he would say, 'Of course I believe in God.' If you went to India and asked, immediately there would be a reaction. It is like pressing a button. For me, I really don't know whether there is God or not."

"In holding, isn't there an enquiry?" Scott spoke again.

"You see—unless you understand this, it can lead to a great deal of misunderstanding. Sir, computers can be programmed by ten different professors, with a great deal of knowledge. They can hold tremendous information. Our brains are trained that way, they have been programmed for thousands of years, and that brain replies immediately to a question. If the brain is not programmed, it is watching, looking. Now can our brains be not programmed?"

"But this activity of looking around is not the holding? Can you say something about the holding?" Scott continued.

"You say it." Krishnaji was pushing.

"I have nothing to say."

"Push, push." Krishnaji said.

"As the cup holds water or the earth holds the pond, is there something that holds like the cup and the earth?"

"No. Pupulji asked me a question which was depth. You received that question. What was your response?"

"Which question, Sir?" asked Scott.

"From the depth—layer after layer, from the depth, the ground. Now, what was your reaction to that?"

"You see, Sir," I intervened, "when a question is normally put, it is like grains of sugar being dropped on the ground—the ants from all over come towards it. It is the same with the mind; when a question is put, movements, responses are awakened that gravitate toward the question. Now the question is can the question be put without these movements?"

"Without the ants, yes. I am told that when the brain is not operating—is quiet—it has a movement of its own. We are talking of the brain that is in constant movement, the energy of which is thought. Is thought the problem? How will you deal with this question? Can you question thought completely? Don't complicate it. I ask you a question. Don't answer immediately. Look at it, hold it. This is not an examination. Can one have a mind that is capable of not reacting immediately to a question? Can there be a delaying reaction, perhaps holding the question indefinitely?

"Let us go back, Pupulji. Is there a state of mind that is out of time? Is that a state of profound meditation? A meditation in which there is no state of achievement, there is nothing. That may be the ground, the origin of all things, a state in which the meditator is not."

"May I ask, is the meditator not the ground?"

"Obviously not."

"Without the meditator, can the ground be?"

"If the meditator is there the ground is not."

"But without the meditator, can there be meditation?" I asked.

"I speak of a meditation without the meditator."

"Meditation is a human process," I said.

"No," said Krishnaji.

"Let us investigate this if we may. Meditation cannot be free of individual being. There can be no meditation without the meditator. You may say the meditator is not the ground."

"No, just a minute. So long as I am trying to meditate, meditation is not," Krishnaji said.

"Yes," I agreed.

"Therefore there is only a brain, mind, that is in a state of meditation."

"Yes."

"Now that is the ground. The universe is in a state of meditation and that is the ground, that is the origin of everything. That is only possible when the meditator is not."

"And that is only possible when there are no anchors."

"Absolutely. In that there is absolutely freedom from sorrow. That state of meditation has come with the complete ending of the self. Beginning may be the eternal process, the beginning, an eternal beginning. How is this possible? Is it at all possible for a brain, for a human being to be so completely, utterly free of the meditator? Then there is no question whether there is God or no God. Then that meditation is the meditation of the universe." He paused.

"Is it possible to be so utterly free? I am asking that question. Don't reply, hold it. Do you see what I mean? Let it operate. In the holding of it, energy is being accumulated and that energy will act, not you acting. Do you understand?" After a long pause, Krishnaji asked, "So, have we understood the nature of God?"

CHAPTER 40

"The Meaning of Death"

The next morning we discussed death. I began the dialogue by asking the question that lies at the very depth of the human mind, the "coming to be and the ceasing to be," life and death.

"It is around these two, the wonder of birth and the fear of death, that man's life rests. At one level we understand birth and death. But it is only the superficial mind that understands. It is imperative to understand at depth the meaning of existence, that which is held between birth and death and the fears, the darkness that lie in the ending of anything."

Krishnaji listened as he always does, with his whole body and mind. He asked, "Why do you use the word 'problem'?"

"In themselves, birth and death are not a problem; but the mind can never leave them alone. The mind clings to one and rejects the other. The problem is because of the shadows that surround the word 'death.' There is joy and splendor in the word 'birth,' the coming to be and there is the urge to hold to it at any cost and the urge to evade 'death.' " I was trying to open up the problem.

"I understand that."

"Out of this arises sorrow, out of it arises fear, out of it all demands," I continued.

"So what is the question?" asked Krishnaji.

"How do we explore the word 'death'? How can we be free of the darknesses that surround the word? How can the mind look at death with simplicity and observe it for what it is?"

"Are you including in your question the whole process of living, with its confusion, complexities, and the ending of that? Are you concerned to find out what it means—death and this long period of struggle, misery, etc., to which we cling? Are you asking a question regarding the whole movement of life and death?" Krishnaji was widening the question to include a nonfragmented wholeness.

"There is a whole movement of existence which includes life and death," I said. "But if you make the field too wide, we cannot get to the depth of sorrow, of ending. There is such anguish in something that 'is' and something that 'ceases to be.' Something that is marvelous, fills one's life, and the sorrow that lurks behind—for that which is, must end."

"Now, what is ending?" Krishnaji asked.

"Something that exists and ceases to be—ceases to be eternally," I answered.

"Why do you use the word 'eternally'?" questioned Krishnaji.

"Sir, something 'is,' and in the very nature of its 'isness' lurks the ending of that, the ceasing of that for eternity. There is no tomorrow in ending." I was listening very intently.

"Now, just a minute. Ending what?" The probing had started.

"Ending that which sustains. The sorrow is the ending of that which sustains."

"The ending of sorrow, but the ending is not eternity?" asked Krishnaji.

"No, the sorrow which arises when something that was so marvelous ends."

"Wait a minute. Is it so marvelous?" asked Krishnaji.

"Let me be more direct. You are, and that you should not be—that is great anguish," I said.

"You are and—" Krishnaji was still hesitant, trying to get me to see the problem with an absolute clarity.

"Not you are—*You*, Krishnamurti, are, and in that statement there is the tremendous anguish of Krishnaji ceasing to be," I said.

"Are you speaking of the anguish of Krishnaji ending, or Krishnaji himself ending? You follow?"

I did not follow, and asked, "Why do you make the distinction?"

"Death is inevitable to this person," said Krishnaji. "To him it does not matter. There is no fear, no anguish. But you look at that person and say, 'My God, one day he is going to die.' So the fear, the anguish, is *your* anguish," said Krishnaji.

"Yes, it is my anguish."

"Now, why?" questioned Krishnaji.

"It is. Why do you ask *why*?"

"I want to know why, when a human being dies, beautiful, ugly—the whole of human existence is contained in that—he dies and it is inevitable. I look at that person, I love that person, he dies, and I am in anguish. Why? Why am I desperate, lonely, in sorrow? We are not talking intellectually, but actually. I have lost that person, he has been dear to me, my companion, and he comes to an end. I think it is really important to understand ending, because there is something totally new when there is an ending to everything," said Krishnaji.

"Isn't it inevitable—he was the perfume of my existence," I said.

"Yes, I loved him. With him I felt full, rich. That person comes to an end."

"Isn't that sorrow?" I asked.

"It is. My son, my brother dies, it is tremendous sorrow. It is as though the whole of existence had been uprooted, a marvelous tree torn down in an instant. I shed tears, there are anxieties, and my mind then seeks comfort and says I will meet him in my next life. Now I am asking myself, why does man carry this sorrow with him? You see, I am in sorrow because I have never understood deeply what is ending. I have lived forty, fifty, eighty years; during that period I have never realized the meaning of ending. The putting an end to something I hold dear. The total ending of it—not the ending of it, to continue it in another direction—"

"What makes the mind capable of ending? What comes in the way?" I asked.

"It is fear, of course. Can one end something without any motive or direction, without attachment, with all its complexities, with all its links to memory, to experience, knowledge? Death comes . . . after all, it is an ending of knowledge, that is what one is clinging to—the knowledge that a person dies, and I have looked after him, cherished him—in that all conflict is involved. Can one end totally, absolutely to the memory of that?" He paused. "That is death." Krishnaji was speaking very slowly, feeling his way into the immense question.

"Is there, as you have said, 'living to enter the house of death'?"

"Yes," he answered.

"What does it exactly mean?"

"To invite death while living. This does not mean to commit suicide or take a pill and exit. I am talking of ending—not only the depth of it, but the actual ending of something I have cherished. I cling to that memory and I live in that memory. I cherish it, and therefore I never find out what it means to end. There is a great deal in that. To end every day, everything that you have psychologically gathered," said Krishnaji.

"Attachment has to end?" I asked.

"That is death," said Krishnaji.

"That is not death," I countered.

"What would you call death? The organism coming to an end? Or the ending of the image I have built about the person who dies?"

"If you reduce it to an image, then I will say the image I have built about you. But it is much more than that," I said.

"There is much more than that. But I am enquiring. I have cherished you, and the image of you is deeply rooted in me. You die and that image gathers strength, naturally. I put flowers before it, write poetic words to it, and I am in sorrow. I am talking about the ending of that image. This mind cannot enter into a totally new dimension if there is a shadow of memory lurking. If the mind has to enter the timeless, the eternal, it must not have an element of time in it. I think this is logical. What is it you object to?" asked Krishnaji.

"Life is not logical, rational," I explained.

"Of course it is not. But it is in the ending of everything that you have gathered, which is time, that you understand that which is everlasting, without time. The mind must be free of time, and therefore there must be ending." The words were perfectly tuned.

"Therefore there is no exploration into ending?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, there is," said Krishnaji.

"What is exploration into ending?" I asked again.

"What is ending? Ending to continuity? The continuity of a particular thought, a particular desire? Or is it that which gives life a continuity? In birth and in dying, in that great interval there is deep continuity. It is like a river, the volume of water makes the river like the Ganga, the Rhine, the Amazon. But we live on the surface of this vast river of life and we cannot see the beauty of the depths, if we are always on the surface. The ending of the continuity is the ending of the surface."

There was a long pause. For me, there had been a sinking to vast depths. From there I asked, "What dies?"

"All that I have accumulated, both outwardly and inwardly. I have built a good business, I have a nice house, nice wife and children and my life gives continuity to that. Can one end that?" said Krishnaji.

"But you mean to tell me that with the death of the body of Krishnamurti, the consciousness of Krishnamurti will end? Please, Sir, there is great weight in this question," I said.

"You have said two things, the consciousness of Krishnamurti and the body. The body will end, that is inevitable—disease, accident, and so on. So what is the consciousness of that person?" asked Krishnaji.

"Unending, abounding compassion. Suppose I say that," I said.

"I wouldn't call that consciousness."

"I am using the word 'consciousness' because that field is associated with the body of Krishnamurti. I can't think of another word—can I say, the mind of Krishnamurti?"

"Keep to the word 'consciousness' and let us look at it. Consciousness of a human being is its content. The content is the whole movement of thought, the learning of language, beliefs, rituals, dogmas, loneliness, a desperate movement of fear, all that is consciousness. If the movement of thought ends, consciousness as one knows it is not."

"But thought as a movement in consciousness as we know it does not exist in the mind of Krishnaji," I said. "Yet there is a state of being that manifests itself when I am in contact with him. Therefore—"

"Consciousness as we know is a movement of thought. It is a movement of time," Krishnaji intervened. "See that very clearly. When thought comes to an end, not in the material world, but in the psychological, consciousness as we know it is not."

"You can use any other word, but there is a state of being that manifests itself as Krishnamurti. What word shall I use?"

"I am not asking you to change the word. But say, for example, in real meditation you come to a point that is absolute. I see it, I feel it, to me that is a most extraordinary state. I contact it. Through you I feel this immensity. And my whole urge, striving is to capture that. You have it, not 'you' have it—It is there—It is not Pupulji having it. It is not yours or mine. It is there," said Krishnaji.

"It is there because of you?" I asked.

"No, it is not there because of me. It is there." Again there was a long pause. The mind was touching something.

"Where?" I asked. Krishnaji listened, and let all time held in the question end.

"It has no place," he said. "First of all, it is not yours or mine."

"I only know that it is manifested in the person of Krishnamurti. Therefore when you say it has no place I cannot accept it," I said.

"Because you have identified Krishnamurti with that?" asked Krishnaji.

"But Krishnamurti *is* that?" I responded.

"Maybe. But K says that it has nothing to do with Krishnamurti or anybody. It is there. Beauty is not yours or mine. It is there, in the tree, in the flower."

"But, Sir, the healing and the compassion which is in Krishnamurti is not out there. I am talking of that," I said.

"But this is not Krishnamurti." He pointed to his body.

"It is manifested in Krishnamurti and it will cease to be manifested. That is what I am talking about," I said.

Krishnaji's response was swift. "I question that. It may manifest through X. That which is manifested or is manifesting does not belong to X."

"It may not belong to X," I began.

"It has nothing to do with X."

"It may not belong to Krishnamurti. But Krishnamurti and that are inseparable," I said.

"Yes. But you see, when you identify that with the person, we are entering into something very delicate." The tentacle was probing.

"I want to go into it slowly. You see—take the Buddha—whatever the Buddha consciousness was, it was manifested through him and it has ceased to be," I said.

"I question that the consciousness of Buddha ceased when he passed away. It was manifested through him, and you say when he died that disappeared."

"I have no knowledge to say it disappeared, but it could no longer be contacted."

"Naturally not," Krishnaji said.

"What do you mean by 'naturally not'?" I asked.

"Because he was illumined. Therefore it comes to him. It was. There was no division. And when he died his disciples said, 'He is dead and with his death that whole thing is over.' I say it is not. That which is good can never be over. As evil—if I can use that word without too much darkness in the word—evil continues in the world. Right? That evil is totally different from the good. The good manifests, the good will always exist, as the evil—which is not the opposite of the good—continues."

"You say that great illumined compassion does not disappear, but now I can contact it?" I persisted.

"Yes. But you can contact it when that person is not. That is the whole point. Krishnamurti has nothing to do with it," said Krishnaji.

"When you say, 'be a light to yourself,' is it involved with contacting 'that' without a person?"

"Not contacting, but receiving, living it. It is there for you to reach out and receive. But thought, as consciousness as we know it, has to come to an end. Thought is really the enemy of that. Thought is the enemy of compassion. And to have this flame, it demands not sacrifice, not this, not that, but an awakened intelligence which sees the movement of thought and the very awareness ends it. That is what real meditation is."

"What significance then has death?" I asked.

"None. It has no significance, because you are living with death all the time. Because you are ending everything all the time. I don't think we see the beauty and importance of ending. We see continuity with its waves of beauty, its superficiality."

"I drive away tomorrow, do I cut myself completely from you?" I asked.

"No, you cut yourself away from that eternity, with all its compassion, if you make me a memory." He paused. "I meet the Buddha. I have listened to him very deeply. In me the whole truth of what he says is abiding, and he goes away. He has told me very carefully, 'Be a light to yourself.' The seed is flowering. I may miss him. He was a friend, somebody whom I really loved. But what is really important is that seed of truth which he has planted—by my alertness, awareness, intense listening, that seed will flower. Otherwise, what is the point of somebody having it? If X has this extraordinary illumination, a sense of immensity, compassion, and all that, if only he has it and he dies, what is the point of it all? What?"

"May I ask one question? What is the reason, then, for his being?" I asked.

"What is the reason for his being, for his existence? To manifest that?" There was a pause, then Krishnaji said, "To be the embodiment of that, why should there be any reason? A flower has no reason, love has no reason, it exists. I try to find a reason and the flower is not. I am not trying to mystify all this. It is there for any one to reach out and to hold. So, Pupulji, death and birth—which must be an extraordinary event to a mother, and perhaps to a father—birth and death are far apart and all the travail of continuity is the misery of man. It is when continuity ends each day that we are living with death. That is a total renewal. That is something which has no continuity. That is why it is important to understand the meaning of ending totally. Can there be an ending to experience, or that which has been experienced and remains in the mind as memory?" He paused. "Could we go into the question whether a human being can live without time and knowledge apart from physical knowledge?"

I challenged him. "Isn't the living with ending the core of this question? That is, when the mind is capable of living with ending, it is capable of living with the ending of time and knowledge. Is it that you can do nothing about it? Is it that you have to listen and observe and do nothing else? Now I am getting to something rather difficult. There is the stream of knowledge. When I ask, 'Can I be free of the stream?' is it not one element of the stream of knowledge asking that question?"

"Of course, of course," Krishnaji responded.

"Then in that there is no meaning. The stream of knowledge, because it is challenged, responds. The only possible answer is the listening to the response."

"A throwing up, a listening, a flowering, and a subsiding," said Krishnaji from great depth.

"Is there anything else for man to do but to be awake to this arising?"

"And falling? Are you asking to really understand—we will call it goodness for the moment. Can you do anything? Is that what you are saying? I am not entirely sure of that."

"That is what I wanted to know—tell me."

"Isn't that rather an ultimate statement? I can do nothing about it," said Krishnaji.

"No, Sir, either I can do or . . . "

"Let us find out," said Krishnaji. You could feel the tentative probing mind.

"Either I can do, then the next question is, 'What can I do?' "

"What makes you say you cannot do?" asked Krishnaji. "Let us investigate together. What makes you say you can do nothing about it? About what?"

"About this arising from the stream. That is what we are talking about. There is a stream of knowledge. Either I am separate from that stream—"

"Which you are not," said Krishnaji.

"In investigating, I see, I am not."

"I understand that. If you make the statement 'I am the stream of knowledge and I can do nothing about it,' then you are playing with words."

"Then what is possible? What is the state of mind?"

"That is better," Krishnaji interrupted.

"That is sensitive to the arising and the falling," I said.

"If it is sensitive, there is neither arising nor ending," said Krishnaji

"We don't know that state—the fact is, there is arising," I said.

"Can't you do something about the arising? Can't you do something without trying to change it, modify it, or escape from it? Can one see the arising of anger and be aware of that? Can one let it flower and end? Can one see anger arise and not get violent about it? Can one watch the movement of it, let it flower, and as it flowers it dies?"

"The mind that is capable of observing, how does anger arise at all?"

"It may be that the mind has not understood the whole movement of violence," said Krishnaji.

"Now, how does one observe something without the observer? Or does one observe with the observer?"

"The human mind has separated itself as the observer and the observed," said Krishnaji.

"I can observe anger arising, watch its manifestations—not interfere with its manifestations—and watch it subside," I said.

"That you can do something about it."

"The mind we call awake, that is what it does."

"Only the mind that sees that it can do nothing is motionless.

"So, have we, in this dialogue, seen the meaning of death?"

CHAPTER 41

"Learn to Die to Yourself Completely."

On October 22, 1981, Krishnaji arrived in Delhi with Asit Chandmal. Krishnaji had been ill in Brockwood a few days earlier and had also pulled a muscle in his back. He was looking very frail and had lost a great deal of weight. He had aged and his shoulders were bowed. He wanted to talk seriously to us in the afternoon. At about 4:30 P.M. he started talking to Nandini and me. He said that a fortnight back he was in Brockwood; he had been quite ill and in bed for a month. One night he awoke with a feeling of being completely well. Every organ in his body was healthy and awake. In that state he had a sense that the door of death was open. He was stepping through, completely awake and completely still. At one instant of death, however, the door closed. He did not close the door, the door closed.

He then turned to me very seriously and said, "Death can come at any moment." He asked me how I was physically. I said I had not been too well. He said, "You have to be well. You have to outlive me." And then he said strange words, which he repeated, "Learn to die to yourself completely." The frail body was shaking, yet there was a roar of thunder in his words.

From Delhi Krishnaji came to Varanasi. His first talk was exalted. He spoke about "the teaching as the mirror in which you see 'what is' reflected. The teaching is perception within you, of the actual."

Krishnaji said, "See, ask, what is religion, what is thought? See thought arising, watch it—without that all else is illusion and becoming. The truly religious mind is concerned with discovery and the understanding of what Truth is.

"Look," he said, "find out the origin, the beginning of thought, operating in time. For millennia, man is caught in pattern, in knowledge. There is no freedom in pattern, in knowledge." He spoke of the future of man—of computers taking over the inventive capacity of the brain. Scientists were pondering the ultimate intelligence machine—mother computers that could possibly create future computers. Computers in the future would invent gods, create philosophy. "Then, what is man?" Krishnaji asked. "The only thing man can do which the computer cannot is look at the evening star.

"There are only two alternatives for man: Either he commits himself to entertainment outwardly, as sport, religion, ritual, or he turns inward. The brain has an infinite capacity, now used technologically. The brain is occupied by the material—when this function is taken over by the machine, the brain will wither. Only religion can bring about a new culture. A religion that is totally independent of superstition and ritual. For that one has to uncover that which is beyond time, beyond thought."

At lunch Jagannath Upadhyaya was present. He had just been given a Nehru Fellowship and was going on his first trip abroad, visiting Buddhist centers in several countries. Krishnaji asked how he would communicate with academics, for Panditji knew no English, though he could understand the spoken word. Panditji replied that he would converse with his counterparts in Sanskrit. Soon Krishnaji began advising the Pandit on what clothes he should wear in Europe. Jagannath Upadhyaya was bewildered and overwhelmed when Krishnaji asked Achyut to make a list of clothes for him to take, including woolen longjohns. Krishnaji was very concerned that Upadhyaya would suffer because he would not be able to stand the winter abroad.

We then discussed the morning talk. Upadhyayaji said he had discussed the talk with his friends and they felt that, for the first time, they had actually contacted what Krishnaji said. In the beginning of the 1950s, when pandits of Varanasi had first heard Krishnaji, the Buddhists held that Krishnaji was speaking Buddhism, the Vedantins that he was in the stream of Vedanta. Later, Upadhyayaji felt that Krishnaji was more in the stream of Nagarjuna. Again, at a later period, he felt that Krishnaji's word was what Nagarjuna would have said had he been alive today. It was relevant to the contemporary moment. Since Madras last year, Panditji had been thinking anew. He could no longer make any statement on Krishnaji, he was still probing. Krishnaji said he had talked a great deal; there were a number of books. People referred to them as "Krishnamurti's teachings." "The teachings were not the book," he said. "The only teachings were, 'Look at yourself. Enquire into yourself—go beyond.' There is no understanding of the teaching, only understanding of yourself. The words of K were a pointing of the way. The understanding of yourself the only teaching."

Questioned, Jagannath Upadhyaya explained to Krishnaji the nature of Nagarjuna's negation. It was the negating of all doctrine, belief, including the doctrine of the Buddha. Krishnaji was very interested. Later, he asked Upadhyayaji, "How do you approach a problem?" Upadhyayaji could not understand. Krishnaji kept on probing. He said, "In the approach is the answer, not away from it." Jagannath Upadhyaya said he understood verbally.

On November 24, 1981, Achyut, Rimpoche Sandup, and I had lunch with Krishnaji. The Rimpoche's face was very grave. We spoke of Tibet and the possible return of the Dalai Lama. Krishnaji asked questions on the various schools of Buddhism in Tibet. Suddenly, the Rimpoche said, "For the last few days I have known great sorrow. I have meditated—looked, listened, but it is there." He had tears in his eyes and deep sorrow on his face. We talked of the ending of sorrow and the holding of sorrow in the mind and what it involved. Krishnaji suddenly put his two hands over his heart and said, "It is here." I asked him to elucidate that gesture. He said, "First of all, one must observe, see with great care the mind and its functioning, listen to what is within and without; out of this arises sensitivity and in sensitivity there arises insight. That insight alone will wipe away sorrow."

A day earlier we had, at a small discussion, spoken of time and knowledge. "Can the brain be free of time as becoming—can it change its dependence on psychological time?" I said that when one looked at the teaching, it had first concerned itself with individual transformation. He spoke of the mind of man, the million years of man's history, contained in the brain cells and the transformation in the brain cells. The birth of the global mind demanded an urgency, a revolution in the human condition. In the last few years Krishnaji had denied any place to the individual. He had gone beyond "man" and the human condition. He had been speaking of the universe, and a sense of the cosmic had entered his teachings. Krishnaji was asking, "What is man's relationship to the universe?" I again asked Krishnaji, "Has there been a change in your teachings?" He pondered for a few moments, then said pointing to the river Ganga, "at the source, that river is one drop—it is the Ganga."

He spoke of the meditation of the universe as the ground of creation. Meditation being a state without horizons, space without limit, and an ending of time. The words "timeless eternity" were part of his vocabulary. He brought into his teachings the logic of Buddhism, and with the ending of logic and thought he probed into space, using intelligence as the instrument. "The probing is with nothing, into wordless endless being."

"Can one hold that in consciousness?" he asked. "Then, what is consciousness?"

On a walk, he said, "The enquiry within is infinite. You must be alone, stripped, then you can take a journey into the unknown." He was still probing, feeling out, he continued to question.

Another afternoon at lunch he was pondering the immensity of time and its implications. He asked, "Is inner time a fact? Is there the arrow of time within?" He spoke of creation as total destruction. "In life there is both creation and destruction—the very act of listening is the miracle, it is light in darkness. In it is mutation and deep uprooting. Could one in the act of listening, explore into oneself?" he asked.

While in Rajghat, Krishnaji probed into the nature of attention. He asked us, "What is it to attend?" He said that the "total attention of one thought unfolds the whole nature of thought."

I said that for such a total attention, the mind had to have weight. Every attention gave depth to the ground of the mind. Krishnaji refused to accept that the many acts of attention gave depth to the mind. "No preparation is necessary," he said.

I asked him, "What gave the mind the swiftness, the insight to perceive that in one thought, all thought is revealed?" Krishnaji spoke of the necessity for the brain cells to be totally still. I said there was an inherent tendency in the brain to move. In asking the brain to be totally still, Krishnaji was going against the nature of the brain.

"Mutation is immediate," Krishnaji said. "The question is, what makes it take place?"

"Biologically, mutation is possible when there is a tremendous necessity for such mutation; or, with the ending of a particular function of the brain, the cells wither away and a new cell is born," I commented.

"The absolute necessity to change creates the biological need to find the new. As knowledge cannot transform man, I ask, is there an action that is not based on knowledge?"

Krishnaji's attention was cleaving into mind, establishing a direct contact, touching the minds around him.

I said, "I have to observe the mind, to see its traps. That is insight."

Krishnaji interrupted me. "No, you are a traditionalist. You are speaking of years of preparation to see this. I say, insight is the perception of this pattern. Insight breaks the pattern."

I said, "The word 'insight' is an interesting word. It implies sight into the within. Insight is to turn your face away from the known."

Krishnaji said, "Yes. The brain is conditioned to a pattern. The very biological necessity makes it to break the pattern. The insight needed to see this does not need training, nor time."

I said, "I am not speaking of continuity as time, but insight as a deepening of the mind."

Krishnaji said, "Deepening is time. See what is implied in what you are saying."

I said, "You are speaking of the mind being totally still. Twenty years ago when you asked such a question, my thoughts moved towards the question. This no longer happens. The brain is still and listens. There is a difference in quality between the two states. How can you deny the twenty years?"

Krishnaji said, "Time makes the brain duller and duller. I question the whole concept of time to get anywhere. I don't accept inner time."

"I am not talking of it as practice," I said.

"But you are giving strength to time," said Krishnaji. "How does the river in flood flow?" he asked. "Yet the first few drops are the river."

Achyut spoke, "You are so relentless in your logic. There is such immensity in what you say. Yet, I see that there is a blockage in me that comes in the way of my understanding you."

Krishnaji replied, "Could you consider denying time? Not time as the linear stream, but psychological time as becoming. Can you so deny time that it ceases in your brain? We are speaking of the psychological process of time as a movement from here to there." He paused. "Can you listen quietly?" he asked. "Can you accept time as sunrise and sunset and say, there is no other time?" he paused. "Don't say 'yes.' Do you see that this implies that there is no psychological future? It means the past has its own action, but not as the movement of time, as becoming something. I am asking you 'now.' I say, there is no preparation for insight. Do you see that? Can you see immediately, without time?"

I said, "One can see that the brain cells and thought are one. The brain cells for millennia have been conditioned to move in a pattern. Krishnaji said to me some years ago that the brain cells could not renew themselves, but a new cell had to be born."

Krishnaji said, "Transformation cannot take place in the old cell, nor in thought. The new can have no relationship to the old. All change, the movement from one corner of the brain to another, is not renewal. Find out, whether it is possible to break conditioning and discover something totally new."

I said that in total attention was the ending of the old. I could not know or contact the brain cells, I could only know thought. Any operation of attention has to be on thought. Then I asked, "We have said that movement is inbuilt into the brain. Can that brain, which for millennia has known movement, not move?"

"Yes, now we are getting it," said Krishnaji. "Can one see the brain cell as thought? Can one see that attention can only act on thought? And that transformation cannot act and has no relationship with thought? The old has to end."

I returned to New Delhi and was at the airport to receive Krishnaji when he arrived with Achyut from Varanasi on the last day of December 1981. They both stayed at my house at 11 Safdarjung Road. It was the first time that Krishnaji, Achyut, and I had been alone together, staying in the same house, and Krishnaji commented on it.

The next morning after breakfast we went into the sitting room and Krishnaji began talking of Mrs. Besant and Leadbeater. His great love for Mrs. Besant was evident. He told us that, as a child, he had many extrasensory powers—the capacity to read thought, or what was written in an unopened letter. He could make objects materialize, see visions, and foretell the future. He had the power of healing. But he had put all these powers aside naturally. He had never felt any interest in them. We tried to pursue the topic, when all of a sudden he asked, "Do you believe in mystery?"

"Yes," I said. "When we see you and talk to you seriously, a mysterious atmosphere comes into being."

Krishnaji said, "Yes, that is so."

I said, "There is a feeling of touch without anyone being there—a feeling of presence."

"It is in the room," said Krishnaji. "I don't know whether you feel it—what is that?" and then a strange look entered his eyes. "I must be awfully careful about this." He stopped speaking suddenly, then said, "You ask—I won't ask."

I said, "What is it?"

"Be careful. When we talk of this, either we are imagining it or . . . "

"What takes place—is it linked with you?"

"Yes, obviously." Krishnaji's mood was changing, he was speaking from great depth, as if traveling swiftly vast spaces within. "I think there is a force which the Theosophists had touched but tried to make into something concrete. But, there was something they had touched and then tried to translate into their symbols and vocabulary, and so lost it. This feeling has been going on all through my life—it is not. . . ."

"Linked with consciousness?" asked Achyut.

"No, no. When I talk about it, something tremendous is going on. I can't ask it anything," said Krishnaji.

Through windows, doors, silence poured.

"All your illnesses have been very strange. Every serious illness has been followed by a fount of new energy," I said. There was a long pause.

Krishnaji suddenly asked, "What are we talking about?"

"Is it something outside of you? Does it protect you?" I spoke hesitatingly.

"Yes, yes—of that there is no question—absolutely."

"Every time it takes place—does the nature of it change?"

Krishnaji said, "No, no . . . "

"Does it intensify?" I asked.

"Yes, it intensifies." Again there was a long pause.

Then, as if hesitating to use words, Krishnaji said, "Is it an external thing happening inwardly? The universe pouring in—and the body cannot stand too much to it. As I am talking, it is very strong. Five minutes ago, it wasn't there. When young they told me, 'Be completely like an open channel—don't resist.' " Only later did I wonder who 'they' were."

"Has it any relationship to the word Maitreya Bodhisattva?" Achyut asked.

"Is Maitreya Bodhisattva fictitious? Did C. W. L. invent it? Did the boy live with that name unconsciously? Or is it something totally different from their indoctrination?" Krishnaji appeared totally absorbed in the query.

"Does the word Maitreya mean anything to you?" I asked.

"No," Krishnaji answered.

I persisted. "Why do you say, 'No.'? You, who say there is no psychological memory, why do the words 'Maitreya Buddha' have an effect on you?"

"You remember Abanendranath Tagore's 'Buddha'—That picture had an extraordinary effect on the boy. He did not know what Buddhism was." Krishnaji paused. "But, the feeling of the Buddha has always been there. A feeling of enormity."

"A feeling of enormity? Can we go with that? Is that feeling outside you? Or is it within? Is the body not able to take it?"

"Don't think I am crazy. I have never felt as I feel now. That the universe is so close, as though my head was stuck in the universe. Does it sound crazy?" Krishnaji asked shyly.

"Are you saying that all barriers have ceased?"

"You see, the words 'Buddha,' 'Maitreya,' have lost meaning. I have a feeling that all verbal sensation has ended."

"You said something about being very close to the universe?"

Krishnaji laughed. "Yes, my head is in it."

"That comes through in the talks. The center of your teaching has moved to a cosmic position," I said.

Then he used strange words. "Or it may be nothing at all. It may be a tentacle that is feeling around. I am not getting to the clarity of it. Now, this room is filled with it. Whatever it is, it is throbbing with it. The more I watch, it is there—the intensity of it. I could sit here with you two and go off. Be with that enormous thing and let it operate. It is a mystery; the moment mystery is understood, it is no longer mystery. One cannot understand the mysterious—it is too infinite. It is like looking around the corner. Do you see?"

"I have a curious feeling that I want to penetrate that mystery. Do you follow? And yet there is a certain hesitancy to go near it. You cannot touch it. It is there. It is mysterious. On the platform it is something different. Or probably, it is the same thing."

CHAPTER 42

The Limits of Thought

In the third week of January 1982 Krishnaji was in Bombay, staying at Sterling Apartments. After the Sunday talk on January 24, Krishnaji, Nandini, and I were at dinner. We were discussing cancer, and I remarked that if it was not in its early stage, I would not permit my body to be destroyed by the new therapies, which were more destructive than the disease. I would prepare myself for death. K said a society had been started in the West where people claimed the right to die. A manual had been brought out which gave details of the easiest way to die. It prescribed the taking of sleeping pills, a large dose, then the slipping of a plastic bag over the head, with a rubber band round the neck; the person could lift the band and let in air, if he felt suffocated. As he fell asleep the hand would fall and next morning the person would be dead. Nandini heard this and a look of great fear came over her face. "No, no," she said unconsciously. We looked at her and I asked her a little sharply why she was reacting? Had she ever thought of committing suicide? She hesitated, pulled herself together, paused, and said, "Once. As K spoke I felt the suffocation."

We discussed fear and its nature. I asked Krishnaji whether he had ever known fear. He paused, pondered. "Many things can happen at night; darkness invites many things." In his life he had not known fear, but evil existed. Evil had a presence and was always waiting to find a chink through which to enter.

K said, "Fear attracts evil. To talk about evil is to invite it." Suddenly, Krishnaji became strange and far removed. He drew his arms close to himself, drawing his body into the smallest possible space. Then he said, "Do you feel it in the room?" His face had changed. The room was charged with power. Then K said, "Before we sleep, I will have to dispel it. Protect this place." He would not say what he would do, but something had to be done. A little later he got up and walked round, circumambulating each of the rooms. Devi and Ghanshyam, Nandini's children, had come into the house. They sensed something, and did not enter the room where we sat. A little later, Krishnaji came back to the dining room. He was serene, his face beautiful, his eyes limpid. The atmosphere had totally changed. Whatever was there had been totally wiped away.

Over the years Nandini and I had often talked of Krishnaji's attitude to good and evil. He had told us, "Evil is a fact. Leave it alone. Your mind should not play with evil. Thinking about it is to invite it. Hatred, jealousy, attract evil. That is why it is important for the mind and body to be still and silent and not let any strong emotions arise, without watching relentlessly. Deterioration walks one step behind you. No matter who you are." Through the years I had noticed that when strong emotions were at play amongst people around him, or when any question arose concerning evil, his voice changed, his eyes withdrew, he would draw his body close together, the atmosphere grew turgid, to totally dissipate a few moments later.

For him, as there was a reservoir of the good, there was also lurking darkness. The two were not related. Evil looked for a foothold to enter; therefore the need for watchfulness. "Have you ever observed a cat watching a hole into which a mouse has hidden? Watch any strong feeling like that, without the eyes moving away," he was to say.

In the summer of 1982 I was in London in connection with the Festival of India, with which I had been closely associated. From London I had gone to Brockwood Park and had spent a week with Krishnaji. During one of his conversations with me, we discussed insight and the mind. We talked of the Indian mind, the place of myth. I said, "The modern mind has no density or weight." He replied, "What is necessary is to have an ancient mind, not a mind that is superficially East or West. Insights give strength to the mind. Most people feel they have strong minds. But with a strong mind, you cannot probe. Strange things are happening. I wake up at night with immense action within the head. I feel every cell in my body, living, dancing, throbbing."

I asked Krishnaji whether he would accept the fact that there was an Indian mind. The Indian mind might have within it the same tendencies as the Western mind—the same greed, jealousy, anger—but the ground from which these two sprang was different. I went on to say that, being differently conditioned, these two minds complemented each other.

Later, Krishnaji said that when he was in India he had witnessed a growing materialism. He then asked me, "What is the concern of the

Indian mind today?" I replied that it was difficult to say. There had been vast changes in recent years. There was growing violence, an increase of materialism, and a movement towards consumerism. The technological culture had penetrated to some depth into the Indian mind and environment.

Krishnaji then asked what was the basic difference between the two minds. For centuries, the Indian mind had a certain edge that enabled it to delve; but it lacked precision, the capacity to take an abstraction and transform it into concrete solution. The Western mind had precision; rooted in logic and reason, it had turned to the outer, to the transformation of the environment. Krishnaji said technology had possibly brought the Indian mind to the earth. He questioned, however, whether thought was ever of the East or West. "There is only thought, expressions may differ. Has the Indian mind a tendency for inward search?"

"Yes," I said, "just as the Western mind has a proclivity to move and function in the outer environment. The inner environment has been the concern of India."

"Concern of a very few people," commented Krishnaji.

"But it is only the few that create culture. How does culture come into being?" I asked.

We then discussed what had divided the two minds, what led the Indian and the Western mind to move in different directions. Krishnaji spoke of climate, political directions, concern with worldly affairs, which led in the West to the inventive mind. In India, with its ancient civilization, the highest concern had been with a religious life and inner enquiry.

"Somewhere along the line, people of one racial stock seemingly divided," I said. "The West turned to outer discovery, in their dialogue with nature. Out of this emerged very significant truths concerning science and technology. India also had a dialogue with nature, but it was of a different order."

"Are you saying," asked K, "that the Indian mind is more concerned with religious matters than the West? In India the concern with religion has been deep. Indian tradition has maintained that the understanding of the Self, of the Universe, of the Highest Principle, is the most significant pursuit."

"There is a swiftness with which the Indian mind starts an inner enquiry. The great insights are different in the West and India," I said.

"In the East, in religious matters, doubt, skepticism, questioning form the base of religious enquiry. In the West, faith is all important," K commented.

"Both cultures today are in crisis," I said.

"Yes. Human consciousness, human culture is in crisis."

"Would you distinguish consciousness from culture?" I asked.

"No, they are the same," said Krishnaji.

"The crisis is at the very root of the human mind. Human beings feeling an inadequacy, turn to other cultures."

"I am questioning whether in their search away from the materialistic outlook, they are not being caught in superstition, by romantic ideas, gurus? If human consciousness is in crisis, as it is, the question is can the crisis be resolved, or is it inevitable that human beings can never go beyond their limitations?"

"The outer and the inner, the material and the search within, are two mirror images," I said. "If man has to survive, can these two be brought together? Or can a human culture come into existence which could sustain and contain the two?"

"What do you mean by the word culture?" K asked.

"Everything the brain contains," I responded.

"The training of the brain and the refinement of the brain; the training of the brain in action, in behavior, in relationships, and also a process of enquiry that leads to something untouched by thought. I would say that is culture," commented K.

"Would you include enquiry in the field of culture? Isn't culture a closed circuit?"

"You can make it that, or you can go beyond," said K.

"As it exists, culture is a closed circuit," I said.

"What is culture?" K asked again.

"Perceptions, the way we look at things, thoughts, feelings, attitudes; the operation of the senses. You can keep on adding to this," I said.

"Include in it religion, faith, belief."

"The content can keep on growing, but within a contour. When you talk of search, would you include it in culture?" I asked.

"Of course," said Krishnaji. "I am enquiring with hesitation and skepticism whether the brain evolved through thousands of years, having experienced untold sorrow, despair; attempting to escape from its own fears through every form of religious endeavor; whether that brain in itself can ever change? Can it bring about a mutation in itself? Otherwise anything new, a different culture, can never be."

"If it does not bring about a mutation in itself, is there anything else?" I asked.

"The Hindus have asked this question centuries ago, whether there is an outside agency, the Highest Principle which can operate on the conditioned brain?" Krishnaji said.

"Or is it that it can awaken something within the brain?" I queried.

"*There are two possibilities: Either there is an outside agency, as energy, operating; or, from within the brain cells, there is an awakening* that transforms." Krishnaji continued his enquiry into whether there is an outside agency that would bring about a mutation in the brain cells that were conditioned.

I was listening deeply, watching within and responding from the listening. "The fact is that the energy in nature, the flow rarely touches the brain cells. There are so many obstacles one has built; that the flow of energy from nature, never seems to touch and create."

Krishnaji suddenly asked, "What are we discussing?"

"The possibility of a human culture that is neither of India nor of the West; which contains all mankind and its insights. The division between the within and without ends. Insight is insight, not insight into outer or inner. If the instrument is the brain, something has to happen in the brain," I said.

Krishnaji's response was to ask whether it could happen without the idea that there was an outside agency that would bring about mutation in a conditioned brain. Or could the conditioned brain awaken to its own conditioning, perceive its own limitations and stay there? "All the time we are trying to do something. And I ask, is the doer different from that which is done? I see that my brain is conditioned and that all my activities, my relationships, are limited. I see that limitation must be broken down. But the 'I' is operating on the limitation. And the 'I' is limited. It is not separate from the limitation which it is trying to break down. The limitation of the self and the limitation of the conditioning are not separate. The 'I' is not separate from its qualities."

"From what it observes?"

"One part observes the other part," was Krishnaji's response.

"You say that, but we are all the time trying to operate on the other," I said.

"All life is that. Apart from the world of technology, the brain is conditioned in this tradition that the actor is different from the action. So conditioning goes on. But when one realizes that the actor is the action, then the whole outlook changes. We are asking Pupulji what brings about a change in the human brain."

"That is crucial: What is it that makes the division end?"

"Man has been the same for a million years—and, psychologically, we are as primitive as we were. We have not basically changed very much. We still kill each other; we seek power, position. We are corrupt. Human beings are the same today psychologically as they were. What will make humanity change all that?"

"Insight?" I asked.

"Is so-called culture preventing insight?" asked Krishnaji. He said that a few people had gone into this question of insight in India, while the rest just repeated. "Tradition is a dead thing, and India lives with this dead thing. Here too, tradition has tremendous power."

"In the West there are the few who have great insights into science," I said.

"Yes. But what will make human beings bring about a mutation in themselves? Culture is trying to bring about certain changes in human behavior. Religions have said don't kill, and man kills. There are the edicts, the sanctions, and we are doing quite the opposite," said Krishnaji.

"Cultures have collapsed."

"That is what I want to find out. Whether cultures have collapsed and so man can't turn to them any more. So man is now at a loss. What will bring about a mutation in the brain cells?" Krishnaji's passionate concern was evident.

"We were saying that the Indian matrix may be different to the Western matrix. But the problem is identical. How do we bring about a mutation in the human matrix, the human brain?" I asked.

"After all, Indians suffer there as the European suffers; the despair, misery is the same. So let us forget the East or West and see what prevents this mutation taking place."

"Is there any other way but perceiving the actual?"

"That is what we have been saying for years. The actual is more important than the idea. The ideal concepts have no value at all because they move away from 'what is.' Apparently, it is tremendously difficult not to have ideals," said Krishnaji.

"In perceiving the actual, is there no movement of the brain?" I asked.

"That's all I'm saying. If one observes very carefully, facts in themselves bring about a change. Human sorrow is not Western or Eastern. We are always trying to move away from sorrow. Can we understand the depth and meaning of sorrow? Not intellectually understand, but actually delve into the nature of sorrow? Sorrow is not yours or mine, so what is blocking the human brain from enquiring deeply within?"

"You use the word delving, enquiring into oneself. Both are words connected with movement—yet you speak of the ending of movement. Of course . . . of course . . . movement is time . . . movement is thought. There has to be the ending of movement. Can that really end or we think it can end? We divide the entity that enquires and the entity that is to be enquired into. That is my objection—that is the major block."

"When you use the word 'enquiry,' do you use it as perception?" I asked.

"Perception—watching," was Krishnaji's response. "What will make human beings change in the way they behave? Very simply put, what will change all this appalling brutality? Who will change it? Not the politician, not the priest—not the people who talk of environment, ecologists and so on. They cannot change the human being. Who will change him if man himself will not do so? The church has not succeeded in changing man. Religions have tried to transform the world, humanize man, make him more intelligent, more affectionate. They have not succeeded."

"We see all this, Krishnaji, but that itself does not bring man to perception of fact," I said.

"What will make him have this perception? You may have it—but if I don't have it, what effect has your perception on me? I am asking a deeper question. Why are human beings, after millennia, like this? Why is there one group against another group, one tribe against another tribe, one nation against another nation? A new culture, will that bring about a change? Does man want to change? Or does he think it's all right, man will evolve at a certain stage. Meanwhile, we are destroying each other."

"What is the actual moment of facing a fact? What is the actuality of it?" I asked.

"What is a fact? Fact is that which has been done and which is being done now. The acting now and that which has happened, is the fact.

"Let us be clear. When we see the fact, the fact of yesterday or last week, the incident is over, but I remember it; the memory is stored in the brain. What is being done now is also a fact, colored by the past, controlled by the past. Can I see this whole movement as a fact?"

"Would you say that seeing it as a fact is seeing without accretion?" I asked.

"Seeing without prejudice."

"Without anything surrounding the fact."

"That's right, which means what?"

"Negating all responses that arise."

"Negating the remembrances."

"Which arise out of it," I interrupted.

"Now is that possible?"

"That is possible. Attention itself dissipates the movement."

"That means, can the brain be so attentive that the incident that happened last week is revealed? You do not carry on the remembrance. But what happens is, my son is dead and I suffer. And the memory of that son is so strongly imprinted in my brain that there is a constant arising of suffering which is remembrance."

"Out of that is the movement of pain. Attention ends not only the pain, but the arising." I was probing.

"Go into it a little bit more," Krishnaji said. "What does that mean? My son is dead. I remember him and there is the thought of him standing near the piano or the mantlepiece. There is this constant remembrance flowing in and flowing out."

"The negating of the pain and the dissolving of this, doesn't it have direct action on the brain?" I asked.

"Which means what? My son is dead. That's a fact. I can't change the fact. He's gone. It sounds cruel to say it, but he's gone. But I'm carrying him all the time. Right? The brain is holding it as memory and carrying it all the time. I live on memories, which are dead things. Memory is not the actual. There has to be an ending. My son is gone. It doesn't mean I have lost my love for him."

"But what remains?"

"May I say something without being shocking?" asked Krishnaji. "Nothing. My son is gone—which is not an assertion of cruelty or denying my love. What has ended is not the love of my son, but the identification of love with my son."

"You are drawing a distinction between love of my son and love."

"If I loved my son in the deepest sense of the word, I love humanity. If I loved my son, I love the whole world. I love the earth, the trees, the whole universe. What takes place when there is a pure perception of fact, without any bias, without any escape? Can one see the fact completely? Is that possible? When I am in sorrow, I am lost. It's a great shock, and at the moment of death you can't say anything to the person who is in sorrow. But as he comes out of his confusion, loneliness, despair, sorrow, then perhaps he will be sensitive enough to see this fact."

I asked whether the perception of the fact needed a great watching. "You can't tell a person who has never watched to end sorrow."

"That would be cruel. But a man who has observed, has enquired into death, and sees that it is common to all humanity, to the man who is sensitive—he wants to find an answer."

I began, "Sir, at that level how simple it is—"

"We must keep it simple, not bring into it intellectual theories and ideas."

"Is the mind afraid of the simple?" I asked.

"We are so highly intellectual. To make things complex is part of our education, part of our culture. Ideas are tremendously important. To us they are essential—"

"To you the highest point of culture is the dissolution of the self. When you speak of the dissolution of the fact, it is essentially the dissolution of the self."

"Yes. But the dissolution of the self has become a concept, and we worship the concept. They do this all over the world. Concepts are put together by thought. What will make human beings throughout the world behave, not my way, not your way, but so that they do not kill, they have affection. Nothing has succeeded. Knowledge has not helped man."

"Living the way man does, fear is his shadow."

"And man wants to know what the future is," said Krishnaji.

"As part of fear?" I asked.

"Because he seeks security in so many things and they all fail, and he feels there must be security somewhere?" He paused. "I question whether there is security—anywhere?"

"What is the action of the dissolution of the fact, on the brain cells?" I asked.

"I would use the word insight. Insight is not a matter of memory, knowledge, or time, which are all parts of thought. I would say insight is the total absence of the whole movement of thought, time, and remembrance. So that there is direct perception. Can I see that I have been going north for the last ten thousand years? That my brain is accustomed to going north? Then someone comes along and says, 'That will lead you nowhere. Turn east.' When I turn east, the brain cells change. If I see the whole movement of thought as limited and I see thought will not solve any of my problems, then I stop going north. In the ending of the self is the ending of a movement that has been going on for thousands of years. That is insight. That brings about a change or a mutation in the brain. I think one sees this very clearly. But will that perception make humanity change? What will make my son, my daughter change? They read this, and they continue their old way. Is the past tradition so strong? I have thought of myself for the last thousand years, and I am still thinking of myself. I feel I must fulfill myself. This is my condition. This is my tradition. Is the past so tremendously strong? And the past is incarnating all the time. Is that part of culture—to continue in our condition?"

"I would say that is part of culture," I said.

"Look at it. I have been watching this very seriously. How strong tradition is. I am speaking of tradition as a continuity of the past, carrying on in its own momentum. And we are that. Our culture, our religious concepts are our tradition. So what is the brain to do?"

"I have a feeling, Sir, that we talk of observing thought, but that is an entirely different thing to the actual state of attention."

"That is thought being aware of itself. The central issue is that the world has become more and more superficial, more and more money-minded, identified with the me-me-me."

"It is so easy to turn what you say into a concept. But can there be a culture which is living, because it is living with insight?"

"I wouldn't use the word 'culture.' "

"You started with the word 'culture' as something that contains more than just a human culture—which perhaps is the culture of the mind. In such a state what happens to all the civilizations the world has seen and known and contains?"

"Which means, Pupulji, 'What is freedom?' Are we aware that we are prisoners of our own fantasies?"

"I think we are."

"If we are aware—they are burnt out."

"You don't admit an in-between state. That is the whole problem."

"The man who is violent and tries to be less violent in an in-between state, is violent."

"Not necessarily. Is there not also in what you say the whole movement of time and thought?"

"Which is what? Thought is limited. I know thought enquiring into itself is limited."

"The difference is, Sir, I might see this—but the attention necessary for it to remain alive in my waking day may not be there. The capacity, the strength of that attention may not be there."

"That passion, that sustained movement of energy is not dissipated by thought, by any kind of activity, and that comes into being when you understand sorrow. In the ending of sorrow there is compassion. That intelligence, that energy, has no depression."

"You mean it neither rises nor falls."

"No, to rise or fall you must be aware that it is rising, falling, and who is it who is aware—"

"But is it possible throughout the day to hold that?" I asked.

"Just be aware, not hold it. It is like a perfume—it is there. You don't hold it. That is why I think one has to understand the whole conditioning of our consciousness. I think that is the real enquiry. The real exploration is into consciousness, which is the common ground of all humanity. And we never enquire into it. We never say, 'I am going to study this consciousness that is "me." '

"And to be free of the self is one of the most difficult things, because the 'me' hides under different rocks, in different crevices."

CHAPTER 43

"How Far Can One Travel?"

The next morning Krishnaji walked in while I was drinking my early cup of morning tea. We started talking. We were to have a dialogue later in the day and Krishnaji said, "Pupul, could we discuss to the limits of thought and travel beyond?"

He was in an exalted mood. I had a bad cough and did not feel particularly bright that morning. I did not think of the topic we were to discuss, nor did I try to awaken the brain in any way.

Later, as Krishnaji and I sat down facing each other, I still did not know what I was going to say. Then I started speaking, and the words flowed as if they had been programmed. I was fluent, lucid; there was depth of probing and an extensive seeing. I said that recently I had read of a rocket that would travel to the outer reaches of the universe and there would be no end to its journey. There would be no friction, no time, and so no ending. I asked, "Is there in the ways of the self, in the human mind, in the human brain, a within of things? Are there vast, immeasurable spaces that lie in the within of nature?"

"Are you asking whether within the human brain—I would like to use 'mind' as separate from 'brain'—whether there is or there can be a space without end, an eternity out of time? We could speculate about it, but speculation is not actuality."

"But it was an insight into the possibility of exploring outer space that enabled man to explore outer space. If we do not posit a thing, we cannot explore and prove that it is so," I said.

"Are we speculating, or are we really enquiring whether there is such immensity, whether there is a movement that is not of time, a movement that is eternal?"

"For this enquiry we must pose the question. What comes out of it will determine whether the question is speculation or enquiry."

"We have posed the question whether the brain can realize the truth, that there is eternity or no eternity. How do we begin to enquire? How do you feel into this question diligently, a question that has been asked by man for thousands of years? Is man bound to time forever? Or is there—or can there be—actually within the brain a realization, for itself, that there is a state of eternity?"

"How do you proceed into this? You started by drawing a distinction between the brain and mind. Would you elaborate?"

"The brain is conditioned. That conditioning is brought about by knowledge, memory, experience. The brain is limited. So to discover something new there has to be a period, even temporarily, when thought is not in movement, when it is in abeyance."

"The brain is a material thing, it has its own activity."

"Yes, an activity that is not imposed by thought," said Krishnaji.

"For us, the operation of the brain has been the operation of thought," I said.

"Yes, the movement of the brain, the part of the brain being used, is conditioned by thought. Thought is always limited, conditioned to conflict. That which is limited must create conflict. Mind is a totally different dimension that has no contact with thought. Let me explain. The brain which has been functioning as an instrument of thought, that brain has been conditioned; and so long as that part of the brain remains in that state, there is no entire communication with the mind. So when there is no functioning of thought, there is communication, which is a totally different dimension; that can communicate with the brain using thought."

"You are postulating a state outside the realm of thought?" I asked.

"That's it. That is outside the realm of time," said Krishnaji.

"As time and thought seem to be the essential core of this problem, perhaps if we could go into the flow of time, we could discover at what instant interception is possible."

"What do you mean by 'interception'?" asked Krishnaji.

"I am not talking of the interceptor, but of a direct contact which is the ending of time. Isn't time from a past immemorial, projecting into a future which is without end?"

"No, the future is conditioned by the past."

"So, unless the human being ends, ceases to be—"

"Ceases to be conditioned," said Krishnaji.

"But you will still use thought. Its content will undergo change, but the mechanism of thought will continue," I said.

"Now, thought is the chief instrument we have. After thousands of years of friction, wars, that instrument has been made dull. It cannot go beyond its own tether. Thought is limited, it is conditioned and in a perpetual state of conflict."

"I had used the word 'interception' to signify contact with the movement from the past, as the yesterday."

"As the today," said Krishnaji.

"What is the today? How do we contact the today?"

"Today is the movement of the past modified. We are a bundle of memories, which is what? The past, present, future is a movement of time—thought. How do you realize it?"

"Is there not such a thing as a tactile touch with it?"

"How do you touch this thing? How does one have contact with the fact that I am a whole series of memories, which is time—thought?"

"Let us be concrete. The thought that I go away this afternoon and I will be leaving you is a fact."

"It is an actuality."

"Out of that is born a certain nostalgia of leaving you, which is emotional, psychological, which covers up the fact. What has to be contacted, surely, is not the fact that I am going away, but the pain of my going."

"The pain of going, of a thousand centuries of pain, anxiety, aches. Is that separate from you who feel it?" Krishnaji spoke.

"It may not be separate. How do I touch it?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" asked Krishnaji.

"It is only in the present that I can contact the whole of this edifice," I said. "The now contains the past, future, and present."

"The present is the past and the future. The present is moving. The present is a thousand years of the past being modified, and the future is 'now,' the present."

"The present is also not static. The moment you try to see it, it is gone. So what is it that you actually observe?" I asked.

"The fact that the present is the whole movement of time and thought. Can one see the truth of that? Can one have insight, perception into the fact, that the now is all time and thought?" asked Krishnaji.

"Does that perception emanate from the brain?"

"Either it emanates from perceiving, or the perception is an insight that has nothing to do with time and thought," said Krishnaji.

"Does it arise within the brain?" I asked.

"Yes, or does it arise outside the brain?" said Krishnaji. "Is it within the sphere of the brain, or is there insight that comes when there is freedom from conditioning? This insight, this mind, is supreme intelligence," said Krishnaji.

"I don't follow."

"The brain is conditioned by time and thought. So long as conditioning exists, insight is not possible. You may have an occasional insight, but this insight we speak about is the comprehension of totality, a perception of completeness. Right? This insight is not bound by time—thought. That insight is part of that brain which is a different dimension."

There was a pause. The listening had been at great depth.

"Without sight there cannot be insight," I said. "So seeing, perceiving, listening seem to be essential to insight. The word 'insight' is the seeing into. Is it seeing into seeing?"

"No. Seeing, comprehending the totality, the vastness of something. Insight is possible only with the cessation of thought and time. Thought and time are limited. Therefore in such limitation there cannot be insight," said Krishnaji.

"To understand what you say, I have to have an open ear and eyes that see. Out of sound, form, arises a seeing that goes beyond. You talk of insight, but insight cannot arise without sight."

"Insight cannot arise so long as there is time, thought."

"Which comes first? I cannot start with insight. I can only start with observation," I said.

"You can only start by seeing that psychological time is always limited, and so whatever it does will be limited. Time and thought have brought havoc in the world. You can see that. The question is, Can that limitation ever end? Or is man to live forever in that condition?"

"What is the relationship of the brain cells to the senses? What takes place when you hear a statement like this: that time, thought are limited? It is like telling me, 'You are an illusion.' Pupul is a psychological bundle consisting of the past, of time and thought."

"The self is part of the psyche, and whatever it does is limited," said Krishnaji.

"Then what is wrong with that?" I asked.

"Nothing. If you want to live in perpetual conflict," said Krishnaji.

"What is the nature of this ending you speak about?" I asked.

"What is ending?" Krishnaji turned back the question to me.

"To see that the flow ceases to flow," I said.

"Yes, to see that time and thought cease psychologically," said Krishnaji.

"There is a point of perception, which is a point of insight. In what time-space do I see it?" I asked.

"Look, Pupul, let us be simple. Time and thought have divided the world. Can't you see the fact of that?"

"No, Sir. I don't see the fact. The moment I see the fact, I would stop time and thought. If it is such a simple thing—but it is not. It has such devious ways," I said.

"Can you have an insight that the movement of thought and time, at whatever level, at whatever realm, in whatever area, is a realm of endless conflict?" Krishnaji asked.

"You can see it outside in the world," I said.

"If you see it outwardly, then inwardly can you see that the psyche is time and thought. The divisive psychological movement has created the outer divisive fact. The feeling that I am a Hindu; I feel secure in the word, in belonging to something, this is the factor of division and conflict."

"All this can end. One can see it as a movement of time, thought, but within it all, there is a sense of 'I exist.' That is essentially the problem. Why don't I see it?" I asked.

"Because I have thought of the psyche as other than the conditioned state," said Krishnaji. "I have thought that there is something in me, in the brain, which is timeless, and if I could reach that everything would be solved. That is part of my conditioning. I feel God, the Highest Principle, will protect me."

"What is the nature of the ground from which insight springs?" I asked.

"Insight can only take place when there is freedom from time and thought," said Krishnaji.

"This is an unending process."

"No, it is not. To live in peace is to flower, to understand the extraordinary world of peace. Peace cannot be brought about by thought," said Krishnaji.

"Is it the brain that listens to what you say?"

"Yes. Then watch what happens."

"It is quiet. It is not rattling, it is quiet."

"When it is quiet and listens, then there is insight. I don't have to explain in ten different ways the limitations of thought."

"Is there anything further?" I asked hesitatingly.

"Oh, yes, there is. A great deal more. Is listening a sound, a sound within an area, or am I listening to what you are saying without this verbal sound? If you want to convey something more than words, then if there is sound in my hearing, I can't understand the depth of what you are saying. The present is the 'now.' In that is the whole movement of time thought, the whole structure of time—thought ends. The 'now' then has a totally different meaning. 'Now,' then, is 'nothing.' Nothing in the sense that zero contains all the numbers. So 'nothing' contains all. But we are afraid to be nothing."

"When you say nothing contains all, does it mean the whole racial environmental—nature—cosmos?" I asked.

"Yes, yes. Do you see the fact that there is nothing? The self is a bundle of memories; memories that are dead. They function, but they arise from a past that is over. If I have insight into that, it ends. I see that in the 'now' there is 'nothing.'

"You said something about sound and listening. Yes, it is possible to so listen, when the mind itself is totally still."

"We won't speak of the mind, but when the brain is absolutely quiet, therefore there is no sound made by the word. This is real listening. The word only tells you what I want to convey. I listen to what you say."

"Brain has no other action than listening?" I asked.

"When the brain is active, it is noise. It is very interesting to enquire into sound. Pure sound can only exist when there is space and silence. Otherwise it is just noise. Can we come back to our question? All education, knowledge, is a movement in becoming, psychologically as well as outwardly. Becoming is the accumulation of memory. This we call knowledge. So long as that movement exists, there is fear of being nothing. But when one sees the illusion of becoming, and that becoming is endless time, thought, and conflict, there is an ending of that. An ending of the movement of the psyche which is time-thought. The ending of that is to be 'nothing.'

" 'Nothing' then contains the whole universe. Not my petty little fears, anxieties, sorrows. After all, Pupulji, 'nothing' means the entire world of compassion. Compassion is 'nothing,' and therefore that 'nothingness' is supreme intelligence.

"But we are frightened of being nothing. Do I see that I am nothing but a walking illusion, that I am nothing but dead memories? So can I be free of memory as time-thought and see the fact that as long as there is this movement of becoming, there must be endless conflict, pain?" He paused, he was speaking from depth.

"Astrophysicists are trying to understand the universe. They can only understand in terms of the material world, in terms of their limitations. But they cannot understand the immensity of it; immensity as a part of the human being; not only there, but here"—he placed his hands on his chest—"which means there must be no shadow of time and thought. That is real meditation. That is what *Sunya* means in Sanskrit.

"We offer a hundred commentaries, but the actual fact is, we are 'nothing' except a lot of words. Can one grasp that the zero contains all the numbers? So in 'nothing,' all the world exists." Like a thundering river, the insights were flowing.

"But in life, when I suffer or there is fear, it is the only thing I know. But I don't see that they are all petty little things. How do you listen to all this? What is it you realize? If you could put it into words, it would be good. What is it you feel? The people who are going to read this, what are they going to feel? It may be rubbish, it may be true; what do you capture or realize? Do you see the immensity of all this?" Krishnaji paused for a long time.

With great hesitation, I said, "This implies an ending of the psychological nature of the self."

"Yes. I have asked a question. It would be very helpful to all of us if, as you listen to this, you could say what is your response. What is the perfume of all this?"

I could not find words to speak. "Don't ask me that question. Because anything I say would sound *totally* inadequate. Because as you were speaking, there was immensity," I said.

"Yes. I could feel the tension of that. Is it temporary? Is it for a moment, then gone? Then again the whole tension of remembering it—capturing it," said Krishnaji.

"No. One has moved away from that," I said. "Another thing one realizes. The most difficult thing in the world is to be totally simple."

"Yes. If one were really simple, from that one could understand the whole complexity of life. But we start with complexity and never see the simplicity. We have trained our brain to see the complexity, and try to find an answer to the complexity. But we don't see the extraordinary simplicity of facts." Again there was a pause.

"In the Indian tradition, out of sound were born all the elements, the *Panch Maha Bhutas*," I said. "Sound that reverberates and is yet not heard."

"That is it. But after all, in the Indian tradition the Buddha, Nagarjuna, said man must deny the whole thing. Nagarjuna denied everything, every movement of the psyche. Why have they not pursued that?" Krishnaji asked. "Not by denying the world, you can't deny the world. But they have denied the world. But by the total negation of the 'me.' "

"Renunciation is the negation of the 'me,' " I said. "Basically, renunciation is never in the outer."

"Renunciation is in the within. Don't be attached even to your loincloth. I think we are caught in a net of words, we do not live in actualities. I suffer, and the way to end that is not to escape into illusion. Why have human beings not faced the fact and changed the fact? Is it because we are living with ideas, ideals—unrealities? We are living with the history of mankind. Mankind is me, and the 'me' is endless sorrow. And so if you want to end sorrow there has to be an ending of the 'me.' " Krishnaji was exploring as he spoke.

"It is really the ending of time, isn't it?"

"Yes. Ending of time-thought, that is, to listen without sound. To listen to the universe without sound." He paused. Krishnaji was far away. "A doctor in New York said the fundamental issue is whether the brain cells, which have been conditioned for centuries, could bring about a mutation? I said it is possible only through listening. But no one is willing to listen in its entirety. If man really said, 'I must live peacefully,' then there is peace in the world. But he doesn't want to live in peace. He is ambitious, arrogant, petty. So we have reduced the vastness of all this to some petty reactions. Do you realize that, Pupul? We have such petty lives—from the highest to lowest." He paused.

"What is sound to you, Sir"? I asked. Again there was a long silence, out of which Krishnaji spoke. "Sound is the tree. Take Indian chanting, Gregorian chanting, they are extraordinarily close together. You listen to the sound of waves, of strong wind, the sound of a person you have lived with for many years, you get used to it all.

"But if you don't, then sound has an extraordinary meaning. Then you hear everything afresh. You tell me time and thought are the whole movement of man's life. You have communicated a simple fact. Can I listen to it without the sound of the words?

"Then I have captured the depths of that statement, and I can't lose it. I have listened to it in its entirety. It has conveyed the fact that it is so and what is so, is absolute always. In the Hebraic tradition it is only Jehovah the Nameless One who can say 'I Am,' that is the *Tat Tvam Asi* in Sanskrit."

CHAPTER 44

"The Good Mind"

While in Bombay in January 1983, Krishnaji started speaking of "the good mind." Nandini and I were having supper with him. The evening before in his talk, K had asked, "How do you look at the vast movement of life? Do you see that you are a human being related to all human being? The body does not divide. It never says, 'I am.' It is thought that separates." He had been speaking of the chaos in the world, and asked whether man ever questions the root of all the chaos. "How do you approach the problem? How do you come in contact with such a problem?" He was drawing us into contact with his mind. "Can you come close and be open to the question? But if you keep away from the question, you are not open, you are not alive to the question. Can you approach the question with no direction, no motive? Motive distorts perception. To find out what is the root of chaos, the mind must be free."

K said to us, "Most people would consider a good mind to be a mind that has read a great deal, that is full of knowledge about many things. A mind like Aldous Huxley's, Gerald Heard's, and others—they had encyclopedic minds. In India, would the good mind be the Brahminic mind? I am using the word 'Brahminic' to include the stream that has cultivated the brain through centuries; to describe a brain that has become very sharp, but has not lost the quality of depth within it. You can make an instrument very sharp; it can cut, but it has also to be used for delicate things. Do you understand? Is such a mind a good mind?" He paused. "A good mind must be related to action, to relationship. It must be related to depth. Great scientists sometimes lead the most shoddy lives. They are ambitious, greedy, they fight each other for position and acclaim. Would you say they have good minds?"

I replied, "A good mind does not mean a good life. The scientist may be a great scientist, but as a human being he may be a disaster. You see, Sir, a really good mind must be able to brood within itself. Perhaps out of this brooding, there is insight."

"Yes." K continued, "Would you say a good mind has no center from which it is acting?" He was speaking with many pauses, as always when discussing something serious. "The center being the self." He posed the question and answered it himself. "A good mind has no self. When a mind is in a state of complete attention, attending, listening, then there is no place in it for the self. The self manifests itself afterwards. The clue is listening. It is one of the great sustainers of the brain." Krishnaji had been listening and pondering, then spoke. "You see, a good mind must have compassion. It must have a great sense of beauty and be capable of action; there must be a relationship which is right. Is it impossible to find such minds? Aristotle, Socrates—they had good minds."

"They had minds that could question, cleave into matter, energy. The mind has to have a wholeness to it." I was challenging Krishnaji.

"Would you say a good mind is a holistic mind?" K asked.

"When you said in your talk yesterday that the body does not divide, it was a statement that had never been made before. You went on to say that with the mind, the instrument that has been trained in the technological, in the understanding of great knowledge, with the understanding of the technique of doing things—with that technical mind, man turns to sorrow. And so sorrow does not end. For there is no relationship between the two. How did these insights arise? Your mind throws up insights all the time. How do they arise? Do the insights arise when you are sitting on the platform, or do you think it out earlier?"

"Insights arise all the time," K paused. "They arise all the time when there is serious talk." Then again he grew quiet. "You see, if you define it too much—the good mind—then you wipe away everything. So we should not define it too clearly. Then it limits it."

"And yet logic is essential—the mind must move step by step. I wonder what they will make of your mind in centuries to come," I queried.

"Can we say, a healthy, good mind has an originality that goes contrary to the current?" Krishnaji ignored my query and continued to question. "Socrates? He stood for something," said Krishnaji.

"One is talking of a mind from which compassion flows—otherwise what does it matter?" I asked.

"How does such a mind come into being?" Again K questioned. "Is it the result of tremendous evolution of a group of minds—the enquiring mind, which has cultivated the brain, morality, austerity, for centuries? They may not all have been austere, but inside them there was that inner movement going on. We have to enquire whether such a long background of enquiry produces the Buddha."

"Is there a density and insight to the background mind—the racial mind?" I asked.

"Of course," said K. "Or there is a reservoir of the good which has no relationship to evil. That reservoir exists and, given the opportunity, brings the Avatar, whatever that may mean. Right? Or is it the other? Is it a group consciousness, that for centuries has thought and thought and thought about 'that,' and that might have produced the Buddha?" He paused. "I was thinking the other day—the Egyptians in 4500 B.C. had the calendar. It didn't happen at once. They must have had tremendous backgrounds to have produced it. Maybe the Indians contributed to it. It may be the same thing—these vast insights."

"The converging of them?" I asked.

"I think the good mind must be *absolutely* free. It may meet fear, but there has to be an energy that wipes it out. Could the scientists store such energy?"

I questioned him. "Science has nothing to do with otherness? Can the scientist end his self-centered concern? Can he wipe it out? It is self-centered activity that is the problem. Is it dependent on what you do?" My role was to ask the right question.

"No. You see, they say the Buddha left his house, became a *sannyasi*, fasted, ultimately got to Buddhahood. I don't accept that. The fasting, the austerities, have nothing to do with the other." Krishnaji pondered.

"The Buddhists would maintain that the Buddha might have gone through all that—but Buddhahood has nothing to do with that. But could he have danced his life through and come to that?" I asked.

"You see, we have made austerity a becoming to 'that.' "

"But is there no gathering of energy necessary for 'that'? 'That' only becomes possible when you start seeing that energy is not dissipated. That is essential," I said.

"Be careful. 'That' means a sense of self-awareness. Don't say for that you *need* energy." The subtlety of K's mind was being revealed.

"But there has to be preparation of the ground."

"Of course."

"Your eyes and ears have to be open. It may have nothing to do with morality. But the energies that are constantly being dissipated by gossip, trivialities, self-concerned activity, have to cease," I said.

"That—yes," K responded. "But if you say all self-centered activities must end, then there is a relationship between 'that' and the other. There is no relationship."

"It cannot mean that you can dissipate energy."

" 'That must end'—You can't say that." K would not move.

"Then what can you say, Sir?" I asked.

"I am self-centered, and you tell me, 'That must end'—That is also a becoming," K was pushing.

"Right. So is your teaching to be viewed in a different way? Is it a teaching of awakening to life, in which self-centered activity arises—the outside world enters, sorrow arises?"

"And you wipe all that out?" asked K.

"Whatever comes is wiped out," I said.

"Not wiped out," K persisted.

"Whatever 'is,' is observed; there is listening, seeing."

" 'What is' has no intention or becoming." K was unmoving.

"But it is a flow in which everything is?"

"Yes."

"I see that your teaching is not the ending of becoming, but the observation of becoming. There is a difference between ending of becoming and seeing 'whatever is.' "

"Yes, seeing and moving out of it." Krishnaji's mind was like an open flower.

Later, I was to comprehend the nature of this seeming contradiction. The observing of the river filled with impurities—without in any way demanding, hoping to change its nature—dissolves the impurities, leaving the river clear and unpolluted. The subtlety of the teaching was absolute.

A discussion in Bombay later in the week went into the challenge of biogenetics and its ability to transform man. Krishnamurti said, "If it is possible to manipulate the genes, then what is man? Human beings have been programmed in many directions, now the genetic engineers want to program man in other directions. But still man is programmed." K was pondering, brooding.

"Is there such a thing as psychological evolution?" he asked. "Genetic engineers can concern themselves with changes in values, but it is a journey from the known to the known. Can genetic engineering lead to an extension of the brain? Can it enable simultaneity to operate, or is it concerned with introducing a set of values which man has determined? Genetic engineering can only operate with what is within the known."

Achyut Patwardhan intervened. "All scientists accept what they see as the limits of their telescope."

But Krishnamurti's questions were to himself. He asked, "Is the self part of the genetic process or part of the psychological process?" He paused and let the question sink deep. "The same technological mind which evolved and discovered the nuclear bomb is now asking the genetic question and undertaking research into the genes. But it is the same instrument. The technological revolution led to the atom bomb, evolution has not changed man. Only one part of man's brain is operating. This imbalance is causing great havoc. The question now arises, 'Can man be helped through genetic engineering to change?' "

He was speaking slowly, probing into the question at depth. Some questions were raised in the middle of the discussion. K let them be and suddenly interrupted, saying, "Can we discard evolution?" The participants were silent, then started questioning.

"That would amount to a quantum leap. In what direction? Wisdom is needed." And, "If it continues to be a leap in evolution, man who determines the genetic direction, must have already taken the leap to know." Again Krishnaji broke in. "Is it possible to change man immediately, and not through the genetic process? Is it possible to stop evolution in any direction?"

"It may be possible with the individual, but not with the mass," was the reply.

"What is the mass?" K asked.

"The many."

"Why are you concerned with the many? Are you separate from the mass?" K countered. Again there was silence.

"Is it possible to stop time, which is evolution?" K had gathered the threads and was moving into the question. "Which means what? Genetic engineering needs time. It is part of evolution. The crisis is here now. Is it physical or psychological? Is it in the consciousness of man? Where is the crisis? Is it in the technological world? A crisis is a fire, and the mind has to have an immensity which the crisis demands."

He said, "The intense drive of thought in the direction of technology has led to tremendous discoveries. There seems to be no end to this problem-solving drive. We use the same drive to tackle psychological problems of greed, hate, fear. There is no evolution in the psyche. Greed and fear cannot dissolve into their opposites. This is the fallacy and the great illusion. Becoming is illusion. Greed can only grow and strengthen in its own nature; it can never become non-greed.

"So is it possible to discard the idea of evolution in the psyche? Can one end thinking in terms of time as becoming? Mutation is that. In that is fundamental change."

During his stay in Bombay he was to speak of "living lightly as a guest in one's house, or in one's body. To be a guest is to have no sense of attachment; to step lightly on the earth."

He also spoke of a new use of the senses, "so that in functioning the sense organs do not destroy energy, but let it flow. Eternity," he said gravely, "is that timeless flow."

CHAPTER 45

"What Is Time?"

From the early 1960s Krishnaji had been greatly concerned with the problem of time. He had spoken of the many dimensions of time at the breakfast table, on walks, and in his talks and discussions. In early November 1983, when we were together in my house at 11 Safdarjung Road, New Delhi, he continued to question.

"What is time?" Krishnaji asked. "Can we be simple and go as deeply into the nature of time as possible? We know a whole series of continuous time movements. We know physical time and psychological time as becoming, and the movement of not becoming. Between the 'what is' and 'what should be' is time. Physical time is distance, from here to there. Now, is physical time related internally to psychological time?"

I replied, "Knowing physical time by the clock, one applies time as a reaching out, in the inner. The illusion is the introduction of the concept of physical time to the within and the shaping of the structure of the within, on the basis of the linear movement of physical time. The measure of becoming is the measure of inward time."

"When the outer movement is extended to psychological states, the illusion of time enters. The idea of growth in the outer extends to the inner." As Krishnaji spoke, he was listening deeply, listening to us and to himself. The listening was itself a probing.

"The movement of becoming is the 'I should be.' It is a process of fantasy; it builds from illusion to illusion. The mind ruminates. 'What will be—then what will happen?' Anxieties—fears are part of its structure.

"The brain extends the physical time into the inner psychological sphere, because the brain is conditioned to linear time in the outer. As it is conditioned to that, it accepts psychological time in the within. I am questioning that illusion that conditions the brain. The brain is accustomed to the movement of becoming. It looks at itself as a movement in time. It operates in this illusion. The brain is evolved in time, and so looks at everything in terms of time. 'I am, I was,' modified into, 'I will be.' Now I ask, is that so? Is there a tomorrow in the psyche?" Krishnaji asked.

"There is a physical tomorrow, therefore psychological tomorrow is inevitable," I said.

"That is continuity," Krishnaji intervened.

"I exist; therefore there will be tomorrow. Why do strong feelings of fear get entangled in the projection of the tomorrow?" I asked. There was silence for some time.

"There is no time," Krishnaji said suddenly. "Physical time we know as movement. There is no way of measuring physical time without movement. If there were no movement in the psyche, as thought, the wheel of time ends.

"Look at it," he said. "Movement is time. Movement is thought. Thought is a material process. That is simple. Why do we complicate it? Can you accept this even logically?"

"What does it mean to accept a statement logically?" I asked.

"To see that any psychological movement is the process of becoming. Now, is there a movement where no time exists?" he asked. "If you sit in a dark room, without movement, without thought, is there time? This is also so in the within. When there is no thought, no movement in time, the outer and inner is the same movement."

"There may be an ending of physical movement in the brain, for a moment, but the action of time as duration, as continuity, is an activity that operates in every cell of my body. It also acts in the brain. The action of time is inevitable." I said

"The brain is a physical thing. The brain grows old. It deteriorates. The question is whether the brain needs to deteriorate?" Krishnaji enquired.

"If it is a material process, as material as the fact that my hair grows gray—it must deteriorate. How is it possible that one part of the organism can remain unaffected?" I asked.

"You say the brain grows senile. Senility is the physical aging by time. To me the brain need never grow old," Krishnaji said.

"How do you distinguish between the brain and other organs? How can the brain alone have the capacity for renewal?" I asked.

"Are we clear what is meant by time? It is the same movement in the outer as in the inner. They are not separate. Millennia through millennia, that movement has continued. The question is, Can that movement stop? That constant movement is decay, is the factor of deterioration, both organically and in the psyche."

"The brain receives physical stimuli so it will always respond as movement to the challenge," I said.

"Go slow, go slow," said Krishnaji. "There is reaction and action—otherwise the brain is dead. But that action in itself has little significance."

"The brain cannot be wholly still," I said. "Does aging arise because of movement or friction?" I asked.

"Movement, as we know it, is friction. Movement is the deteriorating factor. It is like a piston in an engine. Any movement in the brain physically wears out the brain. It is the psychological process that affects the body and the brain. It is not the other way around," said Krishnaji.

"Can there be movement without friction?" Asit spoke.

"If there is no psychological movement, then movement is as in absolute space, there is no friction," said Krishnaji.

"And yet there is tremendous movement in outer space."

"When psychological movement is not, time as becoming is not. But in can sit very quietly in a dark room for twenty years and the brain will go on aging—for thought, as becoming, continues to operate. But when thought is quiet, without movement, then the psyche has no time. If there is no movement as thought, there is no becoming. Becoming creates duality. Therefore there is conflict, deterioration, time. Time is the barrier, is limitation. Only a spaceship that is moving without friction can go to the limitless. If friction as movement, as psychological time, stops, is there a factor of deterioration?" Krishnaji asked.

"When the brain is quiet, does the body function naturally?" Asit asked.

"Yes, the body has its own intelligence," said Krishnaji. "Is this an actuality? Can the brain ever be without movement except for its own natural movement? Psychological movement is interfering with the body. Can that movement stop? That in turn implies, can there be no accumulation of any kind?"

"What distinguishes the negation or denial of all time as movement?" I questioned. "How is one aware of time?"

"I am aware of it when there is a challenge," said Krishnaji.

"The brain reaches out, looks backwards or forwards, and asks questions." I continued the enquiry.

"That is movement," said Krishnaji.

"But actually the brain is chewing the cud all the time," I said. "When the brain is not seriously challenged, it plays games with itself. It throws up memories."

"The brain is memory," said Krishnaji. "Remorse, guilt, are a constant movement in the brain, as memory. The brain is memory, a movement from the past through the present to the future."

"Continuity is that. The brain creates memory. Does it play with it?" asked Asit.

"The brain survives through memory," said Krishnaji.

"We know the function of the heart. It is to pump blood through the arteries and veins. What is the function of the brain? Is it to create knowledge as stored memory?" asked Asit.

"What is the movement that must stop? Or do you say that all movement must stop?" I asked.

"The brain feels that in memory is security," said Asit.

"In the ending of this movement, does a new movement come into being, which makes it totally secure? Is there a movement outside time?" I asked.

"Don't put that question," said Krishnaji. "As the heart functions naturally, so the brain has its own movement—when memory does not interfere. The brain has its own movement on which it has superimposed memory. Listen," he said, "the heart doesn't remember. The heart beats without remembrance. The brain can function without movement, if allowed to do so by thought. The heart doesn't pump because of knowledge."

"To draw similarities between the heart and brain is not correct," I said. "The physical brain has evolved out of memory, out of man's capacity and experiences. It can only survive through hoping, seeking survival."

"Does the brain teach the body to survive?" asked Asit.

"Is the brain we know built out of memory? There is a part of the brain one is not aware of. When the wholeness of the brain operates, it has no limits," I said.

"The brain teaches the hand skills. Thought itself creates memory to survive," said Asit.

"The whole brain is not linked to memory," I said.

"The brain has sought security through knowledge," said Krishnaji.

"Has the human brain become bigger because of this capacity? Is mutation within the brain? Surely mutation cannot be outside the brain?" I asked. "What mutates?"

"Knowledge has made the ground of the brain very limited. Knowledge is discovering that the ground of the brain which it has created is not stable and feels that friction as movement is necessary for the brain to survive. So what does it do?" Krishnaji said. "It sees there is no security in knowledge. The brain realizes its foundation in knowledge is very weak."

"Can it see that there may be a different ground altogether?" Asit spoke.

"The brain, as it functions, can never let go of the past. All movement is time. So I ask, does one remain in the old house?" Krishnaji asked.

"When I don't move there is no ground on which the old house can arise. To move away from the unstable ground creates the new ground," said Asit.

"Any movement means duality," said Krishnaji.

Asit continued, "When there is no time, there is no space. If there is no movement, there is no time. When there is nothing in space—no object, no thought—where is time? But what I say is at the intellectual level."

"If there is no measure, is it the same brain that functions without movement? When the brain is silent, the mind operates. That is the intelligence of the universe." Krishnaji had taken a vast leap, and we were left far behind. We had no words. Later, I broke the silence. "Is intelligence a faculty of the brain?"

"Intelligence is that which sees the movement of continuity, sees it as the process of aging. The intelligence that sees this, is outside the brain," said Krishnaji.

"If the brain cannot reach it, who or what is it that sees the limitation of the brain? To see that, the brain must have contact with that," said Asit.

"The brain in its functioning has its own intelligence. That limited brain has no relationship to the other," said Krishnaji.

"Then what is it that can stop the movement of the brain?" asked Asit.

"Its perceiving, its own inadequacy," said Krishnaji.

"If the brain is only a movement of time, then what sees its own limitation?"

Krishnaji spoke out of a long silence. "Would you accept insight as the operation of the whole brain?"

"Is the operation of insight then not connected with the narrow operation of the brain?" I asked.

"An insight into the operation of limitation frees the brain from limitation. Insight can only arise when there is no memory, and so no time," said Krishnaji. "When the whole brain is operating, it has no direction. It is free of the past. Insight is mind operating on brain." Again there was silence.

"The brain is limited. How can the mind operate on the brain?" I asked.

"K has watched carefully, without motive. In that watching there is tremendous attention. It is like light focusing. That attention, the depth of it, is mind. That attention focuses light on the limitations of the brain. Love is outside the brain. Love is not a sensation. Insight is not a sensation. It is not a reaction. We have come to an ending," said the sage.

I was traveling by air to Madras from New Delhi on December 28, 1983. I had been correcting my manuscript, when suddenly the vital difference between sermon and dialogue became clear. In the West, dialogue had seldom played a major part in awakening religious enquiry. It had been used in philosophic dissertation, the Socratic dialogues had concerned themselves with discovery of truth through logic and rigorous enquiry. But the intensity of enquiry that had been generated by Socrates remained a sounding board for the framework of logic and reason. At the end of the dialogue, reason was established. What of the other participants—did the two streams become one in their flow? Did all division end?

In most religions the truth was a revealed truth, established through doctrine, of Bible or Koran, its acceptance based on faith. Any hint of doubt or questioning was regarded as heresy; this was so amongst the Cathars of France, the early Coptic sects, the Gnostics. The truth of the church was not the truth that arose out of pristine perception and self-enquiry and the energy generated by dialogue.

Indian religious enquiry had from the earliest times perfected dialogue as an instrument of probing the within of things; using logic to its ultimate limits as a tool, it could free itself of logic and delve beyond.

Krishnaji had given to dialogue a depth and dimension. Through listening at great depth, duality ended and the doors to the within of the mind and nature opened. The quality, the perception, and the spaces of the mind changed. If one observed, in listening to a sermon or a lecture there was an acceptance or a rejection, even a questioning; thought was in abeyance, interspersed by thought wandering, caught in becoming, as the past or the future.

In serious religious dialogue the ear is open, energy is gathered, the senses awake, operating simultaneously; attention fills the mind. Held in attention, the mind rests undifferentiated. From this ground all responses are possible. To participate at depth, there has to be listening at depth. In this state the questioner and listener lose their separate identities.

I was hesitant, uncertain of the implications of what had arisen. On reaching Vasant Vihar, I spoke of it to Krishnaji. Like quicksilver his mind awoke to the full implications of what I had been feeling out. He was totally awake, eager to pursue the subject, to open it up and probe into the question.

That afternoon we began a discussion on the nature of intense dialogue and its role in freeing the brain from time.

Krishnaji said, "We will talk about time and dialogue as between two religious people. Religious in the sense of people who are free from all tradition, free from authority, from all systems. In such dialogue there is a questioning and an answering; the answering provokes a further question; and so the question is kept rolling. In such dialogue there is a state of listening where the two people disappear and only the question remains."

"Dialogues need not mean two people," I said. "Essentially, its meaning seems to be a probing into something through a listening and challenging situation. I see that all problems that arise in the brain are born of time. They arise because of the need to change 'what is.' The movement of the brain which wished to change 'what is' into something else creates time."

"Physical time is sunrise and sunset," said K. "The covering of one point to another point. Psychologically, time is to become something. Time is the whole process of evolution, both the psychological and physical.

"My question is, is there a totally different time? Time as non-movement? Time as we know it is movement, the division between one action and another action; time is hope; time is the movement of the past, through the present, to the future. Time is the movement of fulfilling, achieving, becoming. Time is thinking about something and acting. The interval is time. I am asking, Is there a time that does not belong to any of these categories at all?" Krishnaji had plunged into the question.

"You say the time you speak of does not belong to the category of movement. Does it belong to the category of matter?" I asked.

"Not as I understand it. I have been told matter is solidified, manifested energy. Time as the tree growing," said Krishnaji.

"The brain is matter. In that matter, evolution must exist," I said.

"Of course. We were monkeys; after millions of years we are *Homo sapiens*," said Krishnaji.

"We link that evolution with the content within the brain. The brain is matter. Evolution is inherent in the brain. The content of the brain is memory. We link evolution in the brain with evolution in memory." Listening, the response arose.

"I see what you are talking about. Has memory evolved through a process of evolution?" Krishnaji asked.

"The problem arises because we apply to memory the same rules as we apply to matter," I said. "Evolution is inherent in matter. The problem is we take the content of the brain which is memory and feel that there is an entity that can change that content. The whole process of becoming is that. That is the time of the within, time of the interior."

"But all evolution implies time," said Krishnaji.

"We apply evolution, which is inherent in the brain substance, to its content. Is there evolution in the time within?" I asked.

"Evolution is time." Krishnaji would not move.

"If evolution is time, why should it not be applicable to becoming?" I asked.

"Becoming implies time. I am this, I will be that. Pupulji asks whether the content of the brain is part of the process of evolution?" He had turned to the others.

"No. The brain itself is a product of time as evolution. But is the content of the brain, which has been a gathering of experience through millennia, identical with the nature of the brain stuff itself?"

"It is simple to understand that becoming is illusion. But there is something much more than that. You imply that there is an outer time of the watch and an inner time of becoming. Then you ask, Is there another time that does not belong to these two categories? Time and space are one. Time and matter are one." I pushed.

"Time is matter. Time is manifested energy. The very manifestation is a process of time," said Krishnaji.

"So time cannot exist without manifestation?" I queried.

"We know time as past, present, and future," said Krishnaji.

"We project time into the future. What is the nature—the perception of that instant in which is reality?" I asked.

"I see that the future is the past modifying itself in the present.

That is time. I will do—I will become. Now, is there a timeless action that is perception—action without interval?" Krishnaji had begun the question which was the opening of the doorways.

"What is it that is modified in the present?" I asked.

"Thought," said Krishnaji

"Can we examine that instant when modification takes place?" I asked.

"I am afraid of what might happen tomorrow. Tomorrow is both the present and yesterday. The present, the 'now,' is both the past and the future," said Krishnaji.

"Does perception in the present negate both the past and the future?"

"That perception requires an ending of the past. Perception is timeless. Right. You perceive that you are full of prejudices, knowledge, conclusion, beliefs and with that you look at the present and that present is modified by the challenge. You might alter it, but you remain in the same field," K responded.

"Yes, this is a state where there is no point of perception. But to understand the time which does not belong to this stream is obviously to understand the perception of the 'now,' " I said.

"Perception is not of time. It does not contain the past," said Krishnaji.

"What is the 'now'? "

"I will tell you. The 'now' is the past and the present. The 'now' is all time as past time, future time, and present time," said Krishnaji.

"Can one experience past time? Can one experience future time? What is the experiencing of all time?" I was challenging Krishnaji.

"You cannot experience that. To experience that implies the experiencer, who is experiencing in time." The response came swiftly.

"Therefore, when you say the 'now' is all time—what do you actually mean?" There was a long pause. "Is there an actual contact with the 'now'?" I asked.

"The past has created the present," Achyut spoke.

"That is easy to see. I am trying to delve deeper. Krishnaji says the past and the present are both contained in the 'now.' I say what is this 'now'?" I was pushing as far as I could.

Sunanda intervened. "Pupul, look at it. The 'now' is 'what is'—the whole of the past is in 'what is.' "

"But what is 'what is'?" I asked.

"How do you assert that the past is contained in the present? Do you actually experience it, or is it a theory? This is my question. Pupulji is asking, What makes you say the past is contained in the present? Is it an idea, theory, or do you have insight into that?" Krishnaji was questioning himself.

"Let us see what Krishnaji is saying," I said. "He asks, 'Is there a time which is not linear time, nor the time of becoming? Is there a time which is independent of both these times?' "

"That is all," said Krishnaji.

"Only perception or revelation can bring it about in the present. How do I come to the 'now' of experience?"

"You cannot come to it. You cannot experience it. You cannot conceive it.

"See what has happened. You cannot experience it, but your brain is conditioned to experience, to knowledge. It is conditioned to measurement through words. This cannot be approached that way. Right? That is the religious mind. It has wiped out theories, ideas. We are dealing with actualities. Right? That's where religious enquiry begins." Krishnaji was at the center of the enquiry.

"Is it possible to probe into this time you speak about?" I was hesitant.

"It is possible in the sense that you may use words, but words are not the thing."

"You cannot divide past, present and future with words?" Sunanda spoke.

"Yes. But the question remains," said Krishnaji.

"Yes, the question remains. That is what is extraordinary. The question remains, but the questioners do not remain," I said.

"Yes, the questioners cease to exist," Krishnaji spoke.

"But is it a verbal question at all?" asked Radhika.

"What does the question operate upon?" asked Asit.

"Let us enquire. We are saying time is evolution. Time is becoming. Time is from here to there—physically and psychologically. We know that process of becoming and nonbecoming—the positive and the negative—and we proceed along these lines all our life. Then someone comes along and asks, 'what for?' He has left me with that question. We ponder over it and say, 'Let us look at it; let us find out.' We see there is time between seeing, thinking, and being. That interval is time. It is in the field of time. You also see that all time is contained in the present. Pupul then asks, 'Can we explore into the present?' I say, 'No.' If you experience it, the experiencer is the past and the experience itself is of time. What is the state of the brain that has put away all theories and conjectures? What is the state of the brain that sees perception and action as one? It sees that there is no interval, and so no time. Perception is free of time. What is that state which is the 'now'? Perception is the 'now.' Perception is not of time. There is no 'I will learn to perceive.'

"What is perception? It is not of time. Can one experience that? It is not possible. Perception has no perceiver. Perception is 'now'—therefore it is timeless. Therefore action born of perception is timeless." The question had flowered.

"Therefore, in that perception, the past and future are totally annihilated?" I asked hesitatingly.

"Perception of what?" asked Asit.

"What is the necessity for perception to perceive, Sir?" asked Sunanda.

"In the state of dialogue," we asked the question.

" 'What is the now,' K says, 'It contains the past, present and future.' Then the brain asks, 'How do I contact it?' And he says, 'It cannot be contacted. There can only be perception.' Now the listening, taking in of that perception wipes out past and present." I was tentatively feeling my way into the question.

"You see, it is happening now. Listening is not of time. If I listen, it is 'now.' Listening has no time. Therefore there is no horizontal time." Krishnaji spoke.

"What is the enquiry, then?" asked Asit.

"Out of questioning, listening arises; out of listening, question arises," I said.

"Don't theorize." Krishnaji was quick to see that my response lacked depth.

"I am not theorizing."

"Perception is timeless."

"Then I ask you a question. Is it possible to probe?" I said.

"I say, yes. In probing the mind rids itself of all concepts, all theories, all hopes, desires. It is now in a state of purity. In that state you can enquire. I tell you, 'Love is not of time.' How do you listen? What is your response? You hear words, words have meaning. You interpret them according to your capacity. Can you listen to the truth of that without the word?" Krishnaji asked.

"You can't listen like that. You listen to the words," said Asit.

"The word is not the thing," Krishnaji said.

"I listen to the word, but do not understand," Asit reiterated.

"Come, have a dialogue with me." Krishnaji was drawing his listeners towards him.

"If I may say something, how do you listen? Isn't that the crucial question?" I asked.

"You cannot listen to words without translating them," Asit spoke.

"In a dialogue with Krishnaji you listen without thought operating, and yet comprehend fully what he is saying. There is a listening at such depth, that it opens up the question," I said.

"What do you mean by comprehending?" asked Sunanda.

"Can you have a dialogue with the question, 'Love is not of time'?"

"Don't verbalize. We have all been trained to be highly intellectual. A poor man who does not seem bright, he will understand a simple statement," said Krishnaji.

"How can there be enquiry in a state of attention?" asked Asit.

"Just listen. You tell me, 'Love is not of time.' To me, that is a tremendous fact. I say I really don't understand it, and you tell me you won't understand it, the way you want to understand it. Do you get what I am saying? You want to understand it through the intellectual process, through argument, through a verbal process of reaction. But you won't understand it that way. You say, 'That is the only instrument I have.' I say there is a totally different instrument. You say, 'Tell me about that instrument.' I say, 'Put aside your capacity, your knowledge that is time,' " said Krishnaji.

"Are you saying, 'Put aside your intellectual instrument,'?" asked Asit.

"Of course not," said Krishnaji. "I said, 'Put aside knowledge.' Knowledge is evolution. Is there a comprehension, an insight, an immediate perception, without the word, without bringing all knowledge into it? I say, yes. Can there be a state where there is pure perception of something and can you probe into that perception?"

The discussions on time were to continue in Madras. At a seminar on January 4, 1984, at Vasant Vihar, the subject was discussed again. Professor George Sudarshan and Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya were present.

"The question has been raised by our friend on the functioning of different kinds of time. That is, is there a time which comes into operation, which functions even when becoming ceases to be? That when cause and effect have ceased, when normal process of causation, of memory and expectation, anticipation—all the background accumulated over one's lifetime or even before that—have been given up, drop off: Is there still a kind of time in which events unfold?" George Sudarshan commenced, unfolding the question.

I added, "Krishnaji also spoke of the arising of a perception which simultaneously negates that arising, a simultaneity of arising and negating; and what is the nature of time, in relationship to the 'now'?"

"We have said, 'The present, which is the past, is also the future.' We also said that time is not only becoming, anticipation, hope, but also time is the holding—the sense of possessing, the sense of accumulating knowledge and living with that knowledge; that also is time. And we asked, Is there any other time movement? Is the movement of thought a material process; thought which is also movement? So, time and thought are similar. There is physical time, from here to there.

"You are now asking a question: 'Is there a nonmovement when one has stepped out of psychological time? Is there a movement which is totally different from the movement of time and thought?' " The Master had commenced the enquiry.

"Do you speak of the brain ceasing to function, or the mind ceasing to function?" enquired Sudarshan.

"I would like to separate the brain and the mind. The brain is conditioned. The mind is outside the brain. Mind, for me, is something totally unrelated to the conditioned brain and therefore something which is not measurable by words or by thought. Whereas the brain activity and the wastage of the brain activity is measurable and measure is time. Now any function arising from accumulated knowledge is the known—as myself, my ego, my self-centered activity. Now, is it possible not to be self-centered? Can one ask this question: Can one be free of the self, entirely?

"The self, the 'me,' is the product of time—evolution. It is the activity of the self-centered brain as my position, my power. It is the 'me.' And as long as there is that 'me' which is accumulated knowledge, memory, experience, there is the limitation of time," Krishnaji said.

Jagannath Upadhyaya asked, "One may speak of time in whatever way one likes—time as thought, time as movement, etcetera. There is time as the coming into existence and time as ceasing to be, which is the process of becoming in which we live. But behind it, is there mind, in which there is no arising and ending? If it is so, then it is outside us, one cannot do anything about it. We can't act upon it or investigate it?"

"No, we can't. As long as the self, the 'me,' is arising, dying, arising, ending, and again arising, this constant process of becoming is time."

"Not only becoming but being," explained the Buddhist.

"When Upadhyaya speaks of being, he means 'I am.' There is a becoming, but there is also the sense of 'I am.' " Radha Burnier had joined the dialogue.

"We see this process of arising, becoming—thought arising, thought ending—when this stops, what happens?"

"How do you know it stops?" asked Krishnaji.

"To put it simply, when becoming comes to an end, is there Being?" Radhaji continued.

"What do you mean by Being?"

"The sense of 'I am,' " offered Achyut.

"Existing," I intervened.

"What is existing? The moment you acknowledge you are living, you set the whole process of the self in operation."

"No, I won't accept that," I said. "With ending, becoming ends. To most of us it is possible for a thought projection to end, which is for becoming to end. But that state is not a dead thing. It is a state of existing."

Sudarshan enquired, "When you talk about Being, is it a statement about a condition or function or are you talking about an object? If it is Being, by definition it is an object."

"I am not talking about Being as object."

"So, when you talk about living or Being, to the extent that there is no separation of a knowing person from the rest, to the extent that there is *vyaapti*, complete identification, without claiming anything for yourself, there is no separation between you and anything else," said Sudarshan.

"Why do you deny Being? Being in the sense that something 'is.' Do you say there is nothing?" I asked.

"There is no difference between Being and becoming. When becoming ends, being ends," responded the Pandit.

"Yes," said Krishnaji.

"Becoming and being are the same. Where there is becoming and being, there is the self with all its activities, etcetera, and when it ends, that also ends. But when there is the end of all this, of thought, etcetera, then is there something which sustains, in which everything is sustained?" asked Jagannath Upadhyaya.

"If I may ask, what is the distinction you draw between becoming and being?" I asked the Pandit.

"In Sanskrit they are not two words. *Bhava* means both being and becoming," Radhaji explained.

"Panditji says that what you call intelligence is unrelated to intellect.

Only when this intellect recognizes that it is fragmented and is limited that it ceases and intelligence is born," said Achyut.

"I would like to go into becoming and being a little more. Being is a state of nondifferentiation."

"Why do you differentiate between being and becoming?" Krishnaji enquired.

"There is a state from which things arise and into which things disappear," I said.

"Which is the self?" Krishnaji spoke.

"In a state of attention, a state of awareness, what is there?" I enquired.

"In attention there is no self," said the Master.

"Then what is the nature of attention?" I asked.

"Are you asking what is the nature of attention or whether there is a ground or stratum from which attention springs?" Radhaji turned to me.

"Attention has no background." Krishnaji brought us back to the central question.

The scientist Sudarshan began to explore. "There are two kinds of functioning in the physical universe. One is a functioning which is labeled by discrete events in which you have a chronology, you have a sequence of things, and then you construct laws connecting the events. And so you say the wind is caused by differences in temperature, and you find one event causing another event which is causing another event, and you are able to understand a number of things. Then there is another kind of functioning in which you don't differentiate, for example, an object which is moving freely; and it was a great discovery of physics when people decided that free motion does not require an explanation. You don't ask why it is continually moving; you attribute it to the nature of things, you say that it is the nature of objects to move. And one can enlarge, generalize the scope of the thing so that no system functions in a sense without this thing. An isolated system—isolated in the sense that there is no other; a complete system has no history, has no events in it. Events come when you are putting the system which is functioning by itself, within the matrix of something else, and then you say something which is moving in a closed fashion, is really not natural because we like to think straight. So we ask the question: Why is it not moving straight? So chronological time of unfolding takes place when you have an incomplete system, incomplete in the sense that there are ideals for the behavior of the system, which are not external to the system, and when you measure the actual performance of the system against these ideals, then you talk about events taking place and chronology. But when the system is complete within itself, it is not featureless, but its functioning has no chronology, there are no events within the system. Unfortunately, we are so used to the idea of chronology that natural evolution is always very puzzling: an evolution in which there are no happenings. So, whenever there is a motion which contains things taking place but to which we cannot put definite cause and effect, we feel very anxious, we feel that we do not fully understand. We want to break it up, discretize it.

"Perhaps these two possible kinds of unfolding may be useful as models for this discussion. There is one kind of time—physical time in which events take place, in which the second law of cause and effect takes place. Another time in which you cannot say what is the cause and what is the effect, because there is no breaking up of events with regard to that." Sudarshan stopped.

"When does that take place?" asked Krishnaji.

"When the system has no ideal to compare itself with," said Sudarshan.

"Which means what?" Krishnaji was pushing.

"We refer to it as a closed system, but we mean it may be a complete system," said Sudarshan.

"In all systems—bureaucratic, scientific, religious—is there inherent decay, entropy?" enquired Krishnaji.

"Yes."

"So, as long as the brain is collective, it forms a system."

"Quite right."

"So, inherently in the collective is a process of decay, degeneration takes place?" enquired Krishnaji.

"Krishnaji, I am concerned about your attention to the brain. The brain is also part of the physical system and I do not have to pay that much more attention to my brain than I do to trees or to birds," said Dr. Sudarshan.

"No," Krishnaji said.

"Sometimes I use them, but then sometimes I use the tree also. So, why should I feel so attached to what happens in my brain—thought waves and the functioning of the various interconnections and so on? Should I be too concerned about what the brain is doing?" asked Sudarshan.

"As long as my brain is conditioned, the brain becomes very limited. The brain has an infinite capacity, and that capacity is being denied by its own limitation. You are a scientist and I am not. You have acquired tremendous knowledge and have occasional insights into something. You keep moving, adding. This addition is the factor of conditioning. Obviously. And therefore the brain becomes limited and that addition is the self. We won't go into different terminologies. As long as the self is there, the self is a system, and the self is a factor of deterioration," Krishnaji said.

"That is what we call the self with a little 's' rather than the big 'S,' " said Sudarshan.

"The self is self, not the big 'S' or small 's.' I am using it only in one context, the small 's.' For me, there is no big 'S,' " Krishnaji said.

"Going back to what Pupulji said, Sir, you said that attention has no background," prompted Radhaji.

"Here is a scientist. What is attention to you, Sir? Be simple." Krishnaji turned to Sudarshan.

"Well, I would say attention is when there is no separation, when there is no identification of anything else; including perception of any entity. Attention is one, in which there are no anticipations and there are no memories."

"Which means what? There is no background?" asked Krishnaji.

"No background. I feel that that is the simplest statement. In attention there is no background because background assumes a matrix, an ideal. In attention there is no comparison. Attention is one without the second," said Sudarshan.

"When there is attention, there is no background. We were discussing time. I say love has no time. Love has no reminiscences. Love is not the activity of desire or pleasure. The activity of desire and pleasure involves time. Love has no time," Krishnaji spoke.

"This is a mighty leap," I commented.

"It is a *Brahmastra*. It is a weapon which annihilates everything," Upadhyaya commented.

But Krishnaji would not accept this statement. "It is approachable," he said. "I don't put something on a pinnacle and then say it is unapproachable."

"Has love an arising and an ending?" asked the Pandit.

"No. If there is an arising and ending, it is not love."

"Then it is beyond discussion," said Upadhyayaji.

"What is a dialogue? A dialogue is—you question and I answer; so, you and I are forgotten. We don't exist. Only the question remains. And if you leave the question, it flowers, it has vitality, it provides an answer," Krishnaji spoke. "Has Panditji understood my answer?"

"He accepts what you say—that there is a question and an answer flows, but he says, "What has this to do with love?" Radha Burnier spoke.

"I make a statement—'Where love is, time is not.' You listen, you question it, and I reply. There is a connection, both verbal and nonverbal, and the question remains, the fact remains. If you let it remain, it begins to move."

"You say love has no time," I asked.

"See the beauty of it."

"It is a fine question and no response arises to it, but there is still the question," I said.

"Then remain with that. Pupul, take a lotus, look at it."

"I look."

There was a long pause. Then Radha Burnier turned to Jagannath Upadhyaya and said, "In looking there is no question."

"I don't know how to respond to Krishnaji's question." Sensing a certain barrenness in the dialectics, Krishnaji suddenly dropped the discussion and took one of his great leaps. "Death has no time."

"Out of kindness for us, could you make these leaps a little shorter? Because already Panditji is saying that he is finding it difficult to respond to your statement, which he may completely agree with, identify with. How do we relate this particular statement to the question of 'being, becoming'?" Sudarshan intervened.

"It seems to me that before we move to death, let us talk about love, and its relation to the question," Sudarshan continued. "You have previously said that when there is a dialogue between two or many people, and the purpose is actually in the dialogue, the persons cease and the question remains and it moves around, it speaks through various people and its own vitality functions. I think Panditji is saying that he does not know how to respond, not because he disagrees with you—not that what you say is a *Brahmastra,* the ultimate weapon which destroys everything including the launching pad—but how is he to respond to your earlier question that the dialogue has a vitality of its own?"

"Have you understood it?" Krishnaji asked Sudarshan.

"Yes."

"Then explain it to Panditji," Krishnaji said.

"I think Krishnaji is saying that the purpose of the dialogue is not for a person to ask questions and for the other person to answer, but for the question and answer to come around, and in a sense move by itself between people. So it is not one person giving information to another person, but it is a case of the question itself answering itself, using people's voices as the instrument. But we have always the feeling that it must be in terms of a catechism—a question and answer. Krishnaji is saying that if there is a time when the question ceases, that too is a very valuable time, that too is in fact very natural. In a sense, what it shows is an image, an echo of what he was talking about earlier—namely, is there a being at this point or is there a becoming or is there something which is other than the two? Looked at from one point, there is being; looked at from another point, when all questions cease, then who is there to ask any question, who is there to understand? That holding the question, or holding the answer if there is no question, is itself in a sense a dialogue. It is a meditation in which no words are spoken because it is *yato vaacho nivartante,* a state where words do not reach."

"Yes. So, let us talk about death. What, according to the Buddhists, to Nagarjuna, is death?" Krishnaji spoke.

"By whatever cause life came into being, by the same cause life comes to an end; that is death," said the Buddhist.

"I exist because my father and my mother met, and I was born. I live eighty-nine years or one hundred years. At the end of one hundred years, I die. There is a causation and the end of causation. Right? Is that what you call death?" Krishnaji asked.

"This causation is not at the level of things, that is, at the biological level; but it is at the memory level, at the thought level. Nagarjuna says in that movement is past, present and future."

"If you say that past and present contain the 'now,' that now is death. Becoming and dying. Is that death?" asked Krishnaji.

"Yes," said Jagannath Upadhyaya.

"That is logical," Krishnaji said.

"Yes, logical."

Krishnaji continued, "It is an intellectual concept."

"Yes."

"That doesn't interest me," said K, "I am dying."

"At every moment there is an ending; each moment is separate. There is a death all the time," said Upadhyayaji.

"But I have a son who is dying and I am in sorrow, I shed tears. I am lonely, depressed. You come along and speak of causation. But I am in pain. What are you going to do about it?"

"Whatever comes into being ends from moment to moment," Upadhyayaji said.

"I have heard all that before," said Krishnaji. "But I am in sorrow."

"But what connects the moments together is memory," said Upadhyayaji.

"All right. I come to you and you explain that. I say, 'Go to hell.' "

I intervened. "Jagannath Upadhyaya says that none of the Buddhist teachings have dealt with death, except as a rising and ending."

Krishnaji said, "I was with a man, Sir, some years ago. He was dying. His wife came and said, 'He is asking for you.' I went to him, sat next to him, and held his hand. And he said, 'I am dying, don't preach philosophy to me. I am dying, and I don't want to die. I have lived a fairly good life, a fairly moral life, I have got my family, my memories, all the things that I have accumulated, and I don't want to die. But I am dying.' What is your answer to that? Don't come to me with your 'beginning and ending.' "

"The answer is, he has to die," said Upadhyayaji.

"Oh, God!" cried Krishnaji. "Is that what you say to your son, to your wife, to your husband? 'He has to die'? Of course he has to die. He has got cancer, he has got tuberculosis, a disease. He is quite young, and he says, 'My god, help me to understand.' "

"But death is part of life," said Panditji.

"Panditji, are you saying there is no ending to sorrow?" I tried to clarify the position.

"Unless the cause of sorrow is eliminated, it cannot end," said the Buddhist Pandit.

"But the man who is dying hasn't eliminated it. You have to deal with this man who is dying. Nobody has held his hand. So I hold his hand and he has the feeling that there is love. I do not talk to him about a beginning or ending," said Krishnaji.

"What is the difficulty here? He may die or not die. He will die sometime. But we are dying at this moment, we are dying to this feeling. We are in sorrow, there is no question of that. The question is not whether our brother is dying. It is we who are in sorrow, and we are asking for help, for support. He wants consolation. But I am not giving him a thing. We cannot give him life. He who is dying is not dying outside of himself, he is dying within himself and it is his problem.

"Is the question how you deal with that person?" Sudarshan enquired.

"No," said Krishnaji, "it is how you deal with death."

"In the process there are two things. One is my feeling that my friend is dying and that he is afraid, he is unhappy and unwilling to die. The other is what can I do to give him help at this point. Which of the two aspects are we discussing?"

Krishnaji replied, "Both. I want to know about death. I am going to die. I'll be eighty-nine in May—probably I will live another ten years. I am not frightened. I don't want anybody's help. I have lived with death and life together, all the time, all my life. Because I don't own anything, I don't possess anything inwardly. I am dying and living at the same time. There is no separation for me. I may be living in illusion, but take it as it is.

"But my friend is dying. Nobody has loved him and he has loved nobody. What the Buddha said, does that help? He wants somebody to love him, be with him. Somebody who says 'Look, we are together in this. You are lonely and what does it mean when death comes?' I see him utterly lonely, separated from anybody else. And there is dreadful fear. And you come and speak of beginning, ending. I say, for God's sake!"

"If I love, can I give it to him? Is it something which can be given?" asked Jagannath Upadhyaya.

"No," said Krishnaji, "he is with me, not that I give him love. It is not something I give.

"Because he is ill and is going to die, and he does not want to die, how do we give him love? Love cannot transcend causation; it cannot be outside cause and effect. However great or deep compassion may be, it cannot be independent of causation," said Upadhyaya.

"Sir," said K, "he is not interested in your philosophy. He is not interested in what the Buddha said. He is dying. Don't tell him of beginning, arising, and ending. He is not interested in that. We go to the dying with a lot of words and these words are like ashes to him, including Buddha's words. He is dying and says, 'My God! What of my life? Don't talk to me about all this.' Can one come with nothing and hold his hand? Can one say, 'My friend, when you die, a part of me is also dying. I have never met you before. But your wife came to see me and she asked me to visit you. So, we both are going to die today. I know what it means to die. I have lived my life dying and living, never separating the two. Each day I die.' So I say to my friend, 'Let us die. I understand your fear.' Then death is not fear."

CHAPTER 46

"The Lineage of Compassion"

In April 1984 I was in Arya Vihara in Ojai. The book of memoirs was nearing completion, but what of the ending? The river was in full flood. Was it possible to distill the essence of the teaching? At times it appeared so lucid, clear, simple, and then so distant, immense, universal that it defied a unified perception of it. I sought clarity, the key to the ending. At Pine Cottage on April 28 I met Krishnaji. His hair was white, time had left its mark on the face, but the eyes that mirrored mine were of the boy Krishnamurti in the photograph taken after his first initiation; eyes that were limpid, untouched, eyes that had never looked back in time.

I asked him what was the summation of his teaching? To me it was vast. It integrated and included the teachings of the Buddha and Vedanta. He could negate the super-Atman, the Brahman, but in the very negation, he emanated an energy which those words conveyed. That led me to the often-asked question, "Who is Krishnamurti? What is his lineage?" Was he a breakthrough in evolution? It would take centuries to comprehend the challenge Krishnamurti had posed to the human brain—to the root of the human mind.

Suddenly Krishnaji caught my hand. "Keep it—keep the challenge—work with it—forget the person." His touch was charged with the strength of nature, as found in storms in oceans. "Look what religions have done: concentrated on the teacher and forgotten the teaching. Why do we give such importance to the person of the teacher? The teacher may be necessary to manifest the teaching, but beyond that, what? The vase contains water; you have to drink the water, not worship the vase. Humanity worships the vase, forgets the water."

My body, mind responded. "Even to start real enquiry into the teaching is a breakthrough in consciousness."

"Yes, that is so," Krishnaji said. "The human tendency is to center everything around the person of the teacher—not on the essence of what he says, but the person. That is the great corruption. Look at the great teachers of the world—Mohammed, Christ, and the Buddha too. Look what their followers have made of it? Buddhist monks are violent, they kill. Contrary to all that the Buddha had said.

"The manifestation has to take place, through a human body, naturally—the manifestation is not the teaching. We must be extraordinarily impersonal about all this. To see that we do not project the teacher because of one's love and affection for the person, and forget the teaching. See the truth in the teaching, the depth in it, go into it, live it, that is, what is important. Does it matter?" Krishnaji asked, "If the world says of K, what a wonderful person he is—who cares? If K is a breakthrough, the word is not his measure. The word is not important. If I were living in the time of the Buddha, I may be attracted to him as a human being, I may have great affection for him, but I would be far more concerned with what he says. Look Pupulji, our brains have become so small by the words we have used. When one speaks to a group of scientists, specialists in various disciplines—one sees that their lives have become so small. They are measuring everything in terms of words, experiences. And it is not a matter of word or experience. Words are limited; all experiences are limited. They cover a very small area."

He was hesitant. "Let us start anew. The self is a bundle of memories. The self is the essence of knowledge. Knowledge is always in the field of time. K is saying that the self is inherited and accumulated memory. When the self is not, time is not. Energy has no past. But man has emphasized the past. When there is that energy, not bound by the self, energy has no time. It is energy."

"But in all manifestation, is a time not born, limited to that manifestation?" I asked.

"Yes. Manifestation needs time. Therefore, having manifested as a flower or a tree, as a human being, that energy is limited. When the self is not, it is a state totally out of time. I am questioning whether the evolution of the brain is to continue as it is now, modifying, growing, gathering, more and more knowledge? I see something very interesting. Meditation as it is known is practice, discipline, recitation of mantras. It is based on knowledge. So it is a very small affair. Is there a meditation that is not based on knowledge, not deliberate? So long as consciousness exists, consciousness must mean manifestation. There must be time. Therefore this meditation can only be when consciousness, as we know it, ends.

"For the last year, there is a state, not measurable by words, not in the field of knowledge, immense, totally out of time. It is there, when I close my eyes to do my exercises, when I go for a walk. I watch, I am skeptical to see whether it is fanciful or reality."

Krishnaji had moved out and was free of the discussion; a new state was evident.

"That must be totally altering the nature of the brain," I commented.

"Probably it does."

"Can it touch the brain of humanity?"

"Yes, yes." Krishnaji's voice was flowing, deep and compassionate. Then suddenly he asked me, "Pupulji, you have read the ancient texts, you have discussed with pandits, what do you contact?"

I let the question float; then, hesitantly, I spoke. "You see, Krishnaji, I have read the ancient texts, but I bring to the texts the listening which has come through listening to you. I so listen to the texts, and because there is that state, I can touch something, get close to it."

"Why." Krishnaji spoke—it was not a question, but a way of moving me into the journey.

"Because touching 'that' does not lie in the word. You speak and the mind, because it is quiet, feels close to 'that.' Now when I read the ancient texts and the mind is quiet, or when I sit alone in the garden and hear birds sing, or the touch of the wind, I may feel a closeness to 'that.' "

"Does the person of K become important?"

"No. The energy emanating, certainly is important. You draw us in, the moment the mind is quiet. I am beginning to see something, the energy in this mind, as it is, is not capable of touching 'that.' It can go so far and no further. This also I understand, to allow the self as little space as possible."

"Yes," Krishnaji laughed. "Allow it as little play as possible."

"I see that there is very little of the personal Krishnamurti left."

"Yes."

"You feel it, the moment you touch the gateways of your mind; the ground is saturated with 'that.' "

"Yes."

"In the last year or so, you have tried—no, 'tried' is not the right word—to bring people closer and closer to 'that.' " I paused. "But then there is the blockage of evolution that is karma."

"As you sow, so shall you reap," Krishnaji laughed again.

"Karma, which is the essence of what you were, so you are and so you will be. I see also that one has to let thought flow, let it be very fluid, not let it crystalize. One has to uproot thought, unearth it."

"Uproot it, that is right."

"So that it sits lightly in the mind."

"Just a minute." K interrupted my flow. "How would you communicate what you are saying to fifty people, or five thousand?"

"The key to communication is observation. Nothing else is needed."

"How do you answer, who is the observer?"

"The only answer is to observe. To be open, to discover. How extraordinary is this journey of discovery, the insights into the endless."

As I left the room, the question again arose in my mind: Who is Krishnamurti? What is his *gotra,* his lineage? Out of the question, the answer arose: All humankind. Because in every human being is the capacity to break through bondage; to be in the lineage of impersonal compassion.

Later I asked him of the nature of the word *samadhi.* He said, "The brain is silent throughout the day; a word is said and the brain sees instantly the whole content of it. The brain does not accumulate. What arises is full. There is no movement within the brain as time, but there is an infinite movement, the rhythm of the brain. There is a sense of timeless, eternal protection."

On May 11, 1985, Krishnaji turned ninety years old. That day I was with him at Arya Vihara in Ojai, and in the morning I knocked at the door of his room overlooking the pepper tree, where sixty-three years earlier he had undergone his mysterious transformations. At my knock Krishnaji opened the door. I bent to touch his feet; but he laughed and embraced me instead. Nothing special happened that day. He was ninety and another day passed.

CHAPTER 47

"No Beginning, No End": Krishnamurti at Ninety

In the *Bhagavad Gita* Arjuna asks Krishna of the nature of the Steadfast, illumined Being. "How does he walk, how does he talk, how does he conduct himself?"

The same question is asked by many people who have seen and heard Krishnaji speak. This chapter perhaps provides some answers to the question, and yet it remains an incomplete answer, for the mystery of Krishnamurti remains unfathomed.

At ninety, Krishnamurti's day is little different than it has been for forty years. In India he awakes at sunrise, lies in bed, every sense of the body awake, but without a single thought arising until there is a coming to, from vast distances. He starts the morning with yogic *asanas* and *pranayam*. For thirty-five minutes he does his *pranayams*, his breathing exercises, and forty-five minutes are spent on yoga *asanas*, the physical stances—toning the body, the nerves, the muscles and the cells that form the skin tissue, the opening of every cell of the body so that it breathes naturally and in harmony.

At eight o'clock Krishnamurti has a breakfast of fruit, toast, butter, and whole wheat. His breakfast sometimes includes South Indian *idlis* or *dosas*, steamed rice cakes with coconut chutney. At the breakfast table in India his close associates gather to discuss education and the schools, consciousness, the seed of disintegration in man, computers, and the role of artificial intelligence. He asks for news of the international world and of India. The state of the country is freely discussed; the violence, the corruption, the decay of values; the future of man or the mutation of the human mind. Every problem is raised and probed;

everyone participates; a sense of order and quiet pervades even the discussions.

He is quite childlike in his attitude to situations, especially political; but a supreme gravity is evident in his concern with the psyche or the spaces within the mind. He frequently pauses, letting the mind rest with questions, responding with passion and dignity.

When he is to hold his morning dialogues, the breakfast session is short. We disperse to meet again at 9:30, when the small group gathers to participate in the dialogues. The discussions continue until eleven, after which individuals with special problems or sorrows can speak to him. At times he takes them into his room for a few minutes. When there are no group discussions, his talks with his associates continue for two or three hours. We discuss death, the nature of God, the problem of the observer and the observed. Some of the most intense insights have been revealed at these sessions.

Around eleven-thirty he goes to his room and lies down for half an hour with the *Economist, Time,* or *Newsweek,* picture books of trees, mountains, birds, or animals, or a mystery novel. He rarely reads serious books, but is very well informed on the state of the world, on advances in science and technology, and the degenerating processes corroding man. At noon he has an oil massage and a very hot bath. Lunch is at one o'clock. He eats Indian food, but nothing fried, and very few sweets. He likes hot pickles and permits himself tiny portions. Again at lunchtime there are discussions, and guests are often invited.

The conversation varies from international affairs to scientific discoveries, war, nuclear disarmament and its insoluble problems. Krishnaji has an intense curiosity and questions deeply. New discoveries in science fascinate him. At times he is prophetic and feels into the future. His statements are far ahead of his time. He has insights into the significance of world events and can relate them to a global totality. He often asks visitors, "What is happening in the country? Why has it lost all creativity?" No answer satisfies him. The serious individual is made to hold this impossible question within and so be awake to its intimations. The question of degeneration in the inner processes has to be asked and the mind must remain with the problem, ponder on it.

His span of attention is formidable. He once said to me that some questions have to be held in the mind for eternity.

At lunch Krishnamurti continues the question he has discussed over the breakfast table, and sometimes he tells stories—anecdotes of his encounters with wild animals, or stories of St. Peter and heaven and hell, Russia and the commissars, which he repeats with eloquence, zest, and good humor. He is completely without malice. With strangers he is shy, and someone else has to fill in awkward silences.

For years he saw vast numbers of people. *Sannyasis*, Buddhist monks, *siddhas*, wandering yogis converge on him, seeking answers or solace. He never refuses to see them. The saffron or ochre robe of the ascetic evokes deep compassion within him. In the early 1970s two Jain monks had started visiting him every year. Their appointment had to be fixed a year ahead, with the exact date, time, and place. For during the *Chaturmas*, the four months of the monsoons, the monks rested and all wandering ceased. After the four months were over, the two monks would start their pilgrimage to meet Krishnaji, sometimes walking seven hundred miles to be in Bombay on the appointed day. One of the monks had leukemia, the other was very young and had beautiful eyes. They tied white cotton masks around their mouths, to ensure that even while breathing they did not harm an insect. They could not speak English, and I had to translate what was said. I sat on the door sill, while they shared a mat with Krishnaji; for by monastic ordinance they were not permitted to sit on the same mat as a woman. They were passionate in their queries. Young, they had harshly denied their bodies, and the promised liberation was not forthcoming. Krishnaji was very gentle with them and long discussions took place. One year, these white-clad monks did not appear for their appointment. It is difficult to say what happened. Perhaps the head of their order, sensing a rebellion against authority, had refused them permission to hold their meetings with Krishnaji.

After lunch Krishnaji rests. At about four he starts seeing people again. A woman going blind comes, and he places his hands on her eyes. A visitor who has lost a child sits with him, and he holds her hand and symbolically wipes her tears, healing her inwardly; a young man, bewildered, lost in this violent world, seeks answers.

Beginning in the late 1970s he saw fewer people, but at ninety he is again available to those who seek him out; he never closes his doors on anyone—the young man with hallucinations, in communication with satellites; the woman in sorrow; the adolescent; the old; the blind. He is never too busy or too tired.

His name and teachings are known throughout the country, amongst *ashrams* in the Himalayas as much as amongst academics. The Buddhists in India still speak of him as a great teacher in the Nagarjuna tradition; the Hindu gurus and *sadhus* speak of him as a great liberated being in the Advaita or nondual tradition. They accept him as a most profound teacher of the age.

When the sun is about to set, he goes for a walk. At ninety his strides are long, his body still erect and straight. His close friends, their children and grandchildren walk with him. Sometimes he holds the hand of a little child and walks and laughs with her. He walks three miles, breathing in the earth, the trees, listening to distant sounds. There is very little conversation. At times he prefers to be alone, his mind far away. He has said that not a single thought touches his mind during these walks.

At home again he washes, and does some more *pranayam*. He eats a light supper—salad, fruit, nuts, soup, vegetables. On rare occasions he sits over the dinner table with a few friends and hints of an eternity that lies beyond the mind. The hands assume the role of the teacher. His voice changes, fills with power and with volumes of energy; silences sweep into the room.

A river of quietude flows within him. His mind never crystalizes. He is prepared to listen to any criticism. I remember one day in 1978 in Colombo when he and I were staying in the same house. He had been restless. I said to him, "Sir, you are agitated." He did not answer me. We started discussing something else. In the evening at supper, he turned to me and said, "You said I was agitated. This afternoon I took the question to bed with me. I asked myself, 'Am I agitated? Is it because of dependence?' And suddenly I saw it. To seek an answer is to give agitation root in the soil of the mind; and it was over. I will not be agitated again. I have been watching and listening to everything, to my body, my mind, to root out any trace of agitation."

He is open to all challenges. He never stops observing, listening, questioning. Krishnaji's mind holds few symbols, yet he has a close personal identity with rivers. In 1961, speaking in Bombay, he described the Ganga: "It may have a beginning and an end. But the beginning is not the river, the end is not the river. The river is the flow between. It passes through villages and towns, everything is drawn into it. It is polluted, filth and sewage are thrown into it, a few miles later it has purified itself. It is the river in which everything lives, the fish below and the man who drinks the water on top. That is river. Behind it is that tremendous pressure of water, and it is this self-purificatory process that is the river. The innocent mind is like that river. It has no beginning, no end—no time."

He wastes no energy when he walks, talks, or works at some inconsequential occupation—polishing shoes, picking up a stone and removing it from the pathway. As he grows old, the tremors in his hands have increased, the highly sensitive body's response to the world of noise and pollution. He has often suffered from mysterious illnesses. He becomes delirious, his voice changes, he sometimes becomes as a young child, he asks strange questions, faints easily, particularly when he is near to people he can trust; he often cures himself.

His relationship with nature, trees, rocks, and the earth has special significance; he has the ability to enter into spaces within nature, to feel life move. Lately he has started to speak of the sound that reverberates within a tree, when all outer sound ends.

Animals and birds trust him. I have seen him sit alone in a garden throwing parched rice on the grass; birds pick the rice within a few inches of his body, and some alight on his shoulder. Describing himself, he misquotes Browning: "shy like a squirrel, wayward like a swallow."

By ten-thirty he is asleep. Just before he falls asleep the whole day and his actions pass swiftly through his mind; in a flash the day and its events and all the yesterdays are quenched. In sleep Krishnaji's body, like a bird, folds in on itself. He does not like to be woken up suddenly. He says he very rarely dreams. When he arises there is barely a wrinkle on the sheet.

He is prepared to try all kinds of herbal and Ayurvedic remedies; he shies away from any modern drugs. He has fads about food; at times he mixes milk and orange juice, at other times he gives up milk; at other times he lives on raw foods. These food fads are smiled at by his friends. He never lets anyone touch his feet. If anyone does so, he himself bends and touches the feet of the other.

At his public talks, some of which are attended by about seven thousand people, he still wears a broad, red-bordered *dhoti* and long, honey-toned robe. Krishnaji walks to the dais surrounded by people but untouched by them. As he sits on the platform, Krishnaji's presence reaches out and draws his listeners close to him.

He begins to speak. The back is erect, the voice is clear, permitting every nuance to flower. The face is untouched by time. His hands rest in his lap; occasionally they move, assuming symbolic postures, like flower buds opening to light. For almost two hours the vast audience is silent, with hardly any movement. When the talk is over Krishnaji sits still for a minute, then folds his hands in *pranams* and the crowds surge towards him. His body trembles with the energy that has flowed through it. He reaches out with both his hands and allows them to be held by those that can reach him. Slowly he extricates himself.

Krishnaji gets down from the platform. People press on the tiny passage through which he passes; they bend to touch his feet, he touches their faces to his hands. He does not draw away his hands, but keeps them extended on either side. Like a lion he walks, slowly, with immense dignity. The eyes turn to meet hundreds of eyes surrounding him. A stampede seems inevitable, but the silence of his presence creates order. People move back. He walks alone. In the car, when his companions try to pull up the window, he stops them. His arms reach out through the windows. All the way to the gate, men and women press on the car, touching his hands, putting them to their eyes. A policeman, seeing the pressing crowd, orders them to move. Krishnaji stops him, takes his hand and holds it. The policeman flings aside his baton and prostrates himself at Krishnaji's feet. Krishnaji lifts him up and, still holding his hand, enters the car. As the car moves, the policeman runs with it, refusing to let go the hand.

Children wait at the flat on Peddar Road with a garland of sweet smelling interwoven jasmine and roses, floral pearls, rubies and emeralds. He takes it with grace, wears it round his neck for some moments before giving it to the children near him.

Staying with him in close proximity has always been arduous. He is ablaze, and the bodies of his associates take a little time to get used to his presence. He sometimes questions his friends, demanding that they be attentive and observe. He watches carefully whether they react strongly to people and statements. It is not possible for deteriorating minds to linger round him—one either moves or is left behind. Vast volumes of energy flow; one must be of it or have no place.

His body is frail, but his mind never slackens. He has said that as he grows very old a limitless energy operates through him. The urgency has increased, so has the drive. Nothing seems to tire him. He pushes the body, walking faster, testing himself, so that most people half his age cannot keep up with him. It is only when he is doing nothing, lying in bed, that he looks frail and aged. His hands tremble, his body shrinks. But in discussion, at breakfast or lunch, on his talks, every wrinkle is wiped away. The skin is translucent, it appears ethereal, lit from within.

At ninety Krishnaji continues to travel, to speak, to search for minds that are awake and capable of perceiving with clarity. Such perceptions, flowering without shadow, transform the brain.

In 1980 Krishnaji told me that when he stopped speaking, the body would die. The body has only one purpose: to reveal the teaching.

Epilogue

> "But how shall we bury you?"
> "Any way you like," said Socrates, "that is if you can catch me and I don't slip through your fingers "
>
> —PHAEDO, *The Last Days of Socrates*

The story of Krishnamurti has ended. On February 17, 1986, at 12:10 A.M. Pacific Standard Time, he died at Pine Cottage, Ojai, where he had been mortally ill for five weeks with cancer of the pancreas. He died in the room facing the pepper tree, under which, sixty-four years ago, he underwent vast transformations of consciousness.

He was cremated in Ventura, California. His ashes were divided into three parts: for Ojai, India, and England. In India they were consigned to the river Ganga: midstream at Rajghat, Varanasi; at Gangotri, the source of the river in the deep Himalayas; and at Adyar beach in Madras, where they were taken in a slim catamaran over the turbulent waves to be immersed in the ocean.

Krishnaji had said before his death that the body after death was of no importance. Like a log of wood, it had to be consumed by fire. "I am a simple man," he said, and like a simple man should be his ultimate journey. There were to be no rituals after his death, no prayer, no fuss, no great ceremonial processions. No memorials were to be built over his ashes. Under no circumstances was the teacher to be deified. The teacher was unimportant; only the teaching was important. It was the teaching that had to be protected from distortion and corruption. "There is no place for hierarchy or authority in the teaching; there is no successor and no representative who will carry on these teachings in my name now or at any time in the future." However, he enjoined on his associates that the foundations that bore his name in India, the United States, and England should continue, as should the schools founded under his guidance.

His ashes were brought by plane to Delhi. I received them at the foot of the plane and drove straight back to my home. As we entered the gate, a sudden heavy shower of rain with hail fell. It continued to fall for a few minutes, until the urn had been placed under a banyan tree in the garden. Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the rain stopped.

It was in Rougemont, Switzerland, in July 1985 that the first intimations of his approaching death arose within Krishnaji. I had met him at Brockwood Park late in September. He had waited for me in the little kitchen off the West Wing of the old house. He said he had to tell me something very serious. "Since Switzerland, I know when I am going to die. I know the day and the place, but I will not disclose it to anyone." He went on to say, "The manifestation has started to fade."

I was stunned and sat silent.

He arrived in New Delhi on October 25, where he was to rest for a few days before leaving for Varanasi. On October 29 he met R. Venkataraman, the vice president of India and a close friend, and Rajiv Gandhi, first at lunch at the home of the vice president and later at dinner at my home. This was the first time Krishnaji had met with Rajiv since Indira Gandhi's death the previous year, and there was a poignancy in the meeting.

From Delhi Krishnaji traveled to Varanasi, where a camp attended by three hundred people had been organized. The monsoons had been bountiful and there were signs of new life sprouting on tree and bush; brilliant yellow-and-green mustard plants had started to appear on the river bank. The festival of Diwali was celebrated while Krishnaji was in residence; thousands of oil lamps were lit at the house where Krishnaji dwelt and the river was bright with floating oil lamps flickering in the evening breeze.*

Krishnaji spoke to the gathering, held discussions with the pandits of Varanasi and the scholars in the Vedantic and Buddhist tradition, and discussed the future of Rajghat with the members of the Foundation. Professor Krishna, a teacher of physics at the Benares Hindu University, whom Krishnaji had known for several years, agreed to give up his job and take charge as the Rector of the Rajghat Education Center. Two pilgrims, R. Upasani and Mahesh Saxena, walked with Krishnaji as he circumambulated the land, looked and smiled at pilgrim and peasant, listened to the pulse of this ancient city.

Upasani had lived for three decades in Rajghat, tending the soil;

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*Diwali, the festival of lights, is celebrated on the darkest night of the month, four months after the monsoons are over and the earth awakens to new life. It heralds the sowing of seed and is a celebration to invoke the presence of Laksmi, the goddess of prosperity. Even the poorest villager lights a clay oil lamp so that the goddess does not pass by his home without entering it.

his care and concern had brought him close to Krishnaji and Mahesh Saxena, the newcomer, former head of the central police in Delhi. Vulnerable and passionate, Saxena had resigned his job, donned a robe, and become a seeker. For several years he lived in the Himalayas, then started to wander until he came to Rajghat. His presence and intensity swept him into Krishnaji's proximity, and soon he too was to join the Foundation, to become its secretary.

From Rajghat Krishnaji traveled to Rishi Valley, where he held discussions with educators and students. The rains had been plentiful; the arid soil had awakened, the fields were green, and a vast number of saplings planted by children covered the rocky hillside.

His walks were becoming shorter and he was losing weight at an alarming rate. Going to his room one day, Radhika heard Krishnaji chatting to a Hoopoe bird: "You and your children are certainly welcome to come in here. But I can assure you that you won't like it. In a few days I'll be gone, the room will be locked, the windows shut, and you will not be able to get out." When she entered the room she saw the bird, framed by the picture window, sitting on the branch of the spathodia tree, its crest fanned out, listening to Krishnaji, who lay on his bed talking in measured tones. Krishnaji said that the bird liked the sound of his voice, and had been sitting listening to him for some time. Very often when small groups of us sat on the carpet with Krishnaji in his room, the bird would swoop down against the window, peck at the glass pane, and generally make a racket. Krishnaji would say, "Here comes my friend."

He cut short his stay in Rishi Valley and came to Vasant Vihar in Madras, where he held three public talks. Here too, the rains had preceded him. The garden was lush and heavy yellow blossoms had appeared on the tabubea argentina, blossoming out of season. Krishnaji had a high temperature, but he refused any medical intervention and continued his talks. Vast crowds attended the talks, for it was clear that Krishnaji was ill and this might be his last visit. He spoke on death and creation, on that which lies beyond beginning and ending. The immense energy that used to flood the body and the voice that would reverberate in the atmosphere was now in low key; the frail body, though radiant and erect, trembled as if unable to hold the power and thrust of the energy pouring through it. After the talk Krishnaji asked his audience to sit quietly and meditate with him.

A child walked up with a white champak flower. He turned and smiled as he took it. The child smiled. The sermon ended with the silence and the smile. He had said it was the last talk.

During the days that followed he met his friends and associates from the Krishnamurti Foundation in India, sometimes alone, sometimes in a group. He spoke to them of many things, of schools and study centers and silence. Toward the end of the last gathering he said: "Be absolutely alert, and make no effort."[1] Asit asked if those were his last words to us, and he smiled.

He decided to return to Ojai on January 10. That evening he went for his usual walk on the Adyar beach. A large number of his friends walked with him. A strong breeze swept his hair like a comet's trail, back from his face, exposing his high domed forehead. He had the look of an ancient sage of the forests. He walked on the beach where he had been "discovered," adopted, and initiated. Here by the sea, at Adyar, seventy-five years ago, when Halley's comet last entered the orbit that would carry it towards the sun. On his return he asked his friends to wait for him at Radha Burnier's house within the Theosophical Society compound. Krishnaji lingered on the beach, facing the roaring sea. Then he turned to each of the cardinal directions and paused for a minute; quietly he entered the gate and returned.

That night, an hour before his departure, he came down from his room. He was dressed immaculately in Western clothes, his tweed coat thrown over his arm and a red printed silk scarf—a present from me—around his neck. He greeted his friends, who stood in a semicircle; then he came to me and shook my hand. "How do I look?" he asked. "Forty," I responded. I remarked on his scarf. "My favorite one," he replied. He knew that it was the last time he was to meet many of his friends who stood before him. But he had cut away all emotion, all sorrow and sense of separation. This was his final benediction. That night he left via the Pacific, flying direct to Los Angeles.

In Ojai his condition grew critical and his illness was diagnosed as cancer of the pancreas. I arrived there on January 31 to find him desperately ill. His highly vulnerable body, so carefully protected through the years, was ravaged by the violence of the disease. On the first day he saw us as if through a haze. He had lost all sense of time and place. But the next day he rallied, and I found his mind lucid, the eyes clear and fully awake. I read to him the letters I had brought with me from Nandini, Sunanda, and Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi, who had sent a personal message. Krishnaji held my hand; the grip was firm and a great flow of love reached out to me. He said he was too weak to write, but sent his love to all his friends in India.

During the next three or four days his strength returned. He asked to be taken in a wheelchair to the pepper tree. There he sat alone and bade farewell to the mountains of Ojai, the orange groves and the many trees.

He also walked with some support to the living room and lay on the sofa gazing into the fire. He saw a film on television that evening and the doctors felt that there might even be a remission in the disease. To me he said, "Come and see me tomorrow and all the days that you are here." So I saw Krishnaji every morning. I would sit by his bedside, hold his hand with both of mine, and be silent with him.

I noticed the books by his bedside, books in English, Italian, and French—Palgrave's *Golden Treasury, The Oxford Book of English Verse,* Italo Calvino's stories, the *Berlitz Dictionary of Italian,* Alphonse Daudet's stories, Gustave Doré, and Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet.*

On Sunday, February 9, the tumor restarted its relentless attack and Krishnaji was back in bed, desperately ill. I could not see him that day. The next morning he sent for me. He said, "I had gone for a long walk in the mountains. I got lost and they could not find me. So I could not see you yesterday." For an instant the face was young, supremely beautiful.

I saw Krishnaji around one o'clock on the day of my departure on February 16. I sat with him for some time. He was in great pain, but his mind was clear and lucid. I said I would not say goodbye, for there would be no separation. With great effort, he lifted my hand to his lips. The grip was still firm. He lay cradled in a silence which enveloped me. As I was leaving, he said, "Pupul, tonight I shall go for a long walk in the mountains. The mists are rising." I left his room without turning back.

That night, at nine o'clock Pacific Standard Time, Krishnaji slept, to start his long walk into the high mountains. The mists were rising, but he walked through the mists and he walked away.

Notes

1. "In Space One Is Born and Unto Space One Is Born."

1 Mary Lutyens, *Years of Awakening* (London: John Murray, 1975), 2, also, B Shiva Rao, *Birth and Early Years*, no date, manuscript on Krishna's early life Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.

2 Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan, "The Principal Upanishads," *The Chandogya Upanishad* 7.12 1, 480.

3 Naraniah's account of Krishna's childhood was taken down in 1911 by Mrs Katherine Taylor, an English Theosophist living in Adyar The statement is signed by Naraniah and witnessed by Von Mannen and Mrs George Gagorin Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras

4. Ibid

5. She spoke of her feelings to her neighbor, who would later become the grandmother of Radha Burnier Burnier, who belongs to a prominent family of Theosophists, was one of the group who came close to Krishnaji in India As of 1986 she was president of the Theosophical Society

6 J. Krishnamurti, *Autobiography* Krishna started to write his autobiography in 1915 at Varengeville in Normandy He wrote his reminiscences up to 1911 (Adyar, Madras Archives of the Theosophical Society)

2. The Theosophical Society and the Occult Hierarchy

1. Annie Besant, *Autobiography* (Adyar, Madras. Theosophical Publishing House, 1939), 326.
2. Annie Besant, conclusion of two lectures given in the Hall of Science, London, on August 4 and 11, 1889, under the title, "Why I Became a Theosophist " Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras
3. Jawaharlal Nehru, *An Autobiography* (India: Allied Publishers Private Ltd , 1962), 15–16.
4. Gregory Tillet, *The Elder Brother* (London Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1982), 102

5 J. Krishnamurti, *Autobiography* (Adyar, Madras· Archives of the Theosophical Society, n.d).

6 Mary Lutyens, *Years of Awakening* (London· John Murray, 1975), 41–42

7 Tillet, *Elder Brother*, 135.

8 Ibid., 125

9 Annie Besant, "On Krishnamurti," *The Theosophist* (March 1986), 207 Originally published in 1923

3. The Dream: "Is That You My Lord?"

1 This conversation between Krishnaji, Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya, and a small group of members of the Krishnamurti Foundation India took place in Vasant Vihar,

Madras, in January 1985. It was transcribed by Sunanda Patwardhan. Archives of the Krishnamurti Foundation India, 64/65 Greenways Road, Madras.

2. Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras. Original letter K&R Archives, Ojai, California.
3. Ibid.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid.
6. *Atharva Veda Samhita,* vol. 1, translated by William Dwight Whitney (Varanasi: Motilal Banarasidas, 1962), 150.
7. From my diaries. Krishnaji to George Sudarshan at Brockwood Park at the time of the gathering of scientists in October 1974.
8. Arthur H. Nethercot, *The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant* (London: Rupert Hart Davis, 1963), 159.
9. Esther Bright, *Old Memories and Letters of Annie Besant* (London: Theosophical Publishing House, 1936), 134.
10. Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras. Originals K&R Foundation, Ojai, California.
11. Ibid.
12. Ibid.
13. Ibid.
14. Ibid.
15. Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras. Original with K&R Foundation, Ojai, California.
16. Ibid.
17. Ibid.
18. Ibid.
19. Ibid.
20. Arthur H. Nethercot, *The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant* (London: Rupert Hart Davis, 1963), 229.
21. Mary Lutyens, *Years of Fulfilment* (London: John Murray, 1983), 6.
22. "Theosophy in India," *Literary Digest* (1974). Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.
23. Mary Lutyens, *Years of Awakening* (London: John Murray, 1975), 136.
24. From my diaries.

4. "Mother, Please Touch My Face. Is It Still There?"

1. Report of the Star Congress, Ommen, 7. Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.
2. For a detailed account see Mary Lutyens, *Years of Awakening* (London: John Murray, 1975), 153–157.
3. Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.
4. Ibid.

6. "I and My Brother Are One"

1. Gregory Tillet, *The Elder Brother* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1982), 218.
2. Mary Lutyens, *Years of Awakening* (London: John Murray, 1975), 215.
3. Arthur H. Nethercot, *The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant* (London: Rupert Hart Davis, 1963), 367.
4. "Nitya died less than four months after these words were said." Editor's comments George Arundale, writing in the *Herald of the Star* (January–December 1925), 359.
5. Nethercot, *Last Four Lives,* 369.
6. Tillet, *Elder Brother,* 220.
7. Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.

8. B. Shiva Rao manuscript, "The Krishnamurti Story," no date Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras
9 Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras
10. Ibid

7. "The Personality of J. Krishnamurti Has Been Swallowed Up in the Flames."

1. Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.
2. J Krishnamurti, *The Kingdom of Happiness* (Adyar, Madras Theosophical Publishing House, n.d.), 86.
3. Mary Lutyens, *Years of Awakening* (London. John Murray, 1975).
4. Ibid.
5. Esther Bright, *Old Memories and Letters of Annie Besant* (London· Theosophical Publishing House, 1936), 168.
6. Annie Besant in a letter to George Arundale dated 12-10-1926, *Theosophy in India* (January-December 1933).
7. From my diaries.
8 Lutyens, *Years of Awakening*, 241.
9. Ibid.
10 "Who Brings the Truth?" no date. Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.
11. Arthur H. Nethercot, *The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant* (London: Rupert Hart Davis, 1963), 396.
12. Ibid, 394–395.
13 Arthur H. Nethercot, *The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant* (London Rupert Hart Davis, 1963), 409
14 Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras

8. Krishnamurti in Ojai: The Forgotten Years, 1938–1947

1. Arthur H Nethercot, *The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant* (London· Rupert Hart Davis, 1963), 449.
2. *The Theosophist* (April–September 1934). 454–455.
3. Letters to Padmabai Sanjiva Rao with Smt. Sudha Raman, Mysore. Archives of the Krishnamurti Foundation, Adyar, Madras
4. From my diaries. Krishnaji in conversation with Nandini and me.
5. A. K. Ramanujam, *Speaking of Siva* (London: Penguin Books, 1973), 44.
6. Sybille Bedford, *Aldous Huxley—A Biography* (New York: Alfred A Knopf/Harper & Row, 1974), 154.
7. Anita Loos, *Kiss Hollywood Goodbye* (London· Penguin Books, 1974), 154
8. Christopher Isherwood, *My Guru and His Disciple* (London: Magnum Books Methuen Paperbacks Ltd., 1981), 50.
9. From my diaries.
10. Bedford, *Huxley*, 126.
11. Isherwood, *My Guru*, 304.
12. Henry Miller, *The Books in My Life* (London· Village Press, 1974), 153

9. The Gathering of Friends

1. J. Krishnamurti, *Commentaries on Living* (London· Victor Gollancz Ltd , 1977)

10. "You Are the World."

1 From my diaries, Bombay, 1948.
2 Ibid.
3 J. Krishnamurti, *J Krishnamurti's Talks in Bombay, 1948* (Madras, India Krishnamurti Writings, Inc , 1950), 105
4. J. Krishnamurti, *Commentaries on Living* (London: Victor Gollancz Ltd , 1977), 72
5. From my diaries, 1948

6 Krishnamurti, *Talks in Bombay, 1948*, 4, 5.
7 From my diaries, 1948.
8. Krishnamurti, *Talks in Bombay, 1948*, 8
9 From my diaries, 1948.
10. Ibid
11 From my diaries.
12. Ibid
13 J Krishnamurti, *Tradition and Revolution* (New Delhi. Orient Longman Ltd., 1972), 24

11. "Go and Make Friends with the Trees."

1. J Krishnamurti, *Commentaries on Living* (London. Victor Gollancz Ltd., 1977), 29

12. "There Was the Face Beside Me."

1 Asit Chandmal, *A Thousand Moons* (New York· Harry N. Abrams, 1985), 16.

14. "Under the Last Rays of the Sun, the Waters Were the Color of Newborn Flowers."

1. J Krishnamurti, *Commentaries on Living* (London. Victor Gollancz Ltd , 1977), 88.

16. "Religion Comes When the Mind Has Understood the Workings of Itself."

1 From my diaries A conversation with S. M. Joshi at Rajghat, Varanasi, in 1983

17. "The Mind Seemed to Expand without an End."

1 J Krishnamurti, *Commentaries on Living*, 2d series (London Victor Gollancz, 1978), 241–242.

18. "Can There Be Action without Consequence?"

1 From my diaries. I was present at the discussion
2. Apa Sahib Pant of the Indian Foreign Service, retired and living in Poona, sent a letter to me describing the meeting between Krishnaji and Dalai Lama Apa Sahib was present.
3. The account regarding Vimla Thakkar and Krishnaji was told to me by Dada Dharmadhikari, a close associate of Vimla Thakkar, at his son's residence in Bombay. Dada Dharmadhikari, one of the leaders of the Sarva Seva Sangh movement, died in 1986 Vimla Thakkar left Vinobaji and began lecturing on her own search and liberation While in India she lives in Mount Abu and Dalhousie She wrote a book on her meeting with Krishnaji, entitled *On an Eternal Voyage*.

19. "To Speak with the Whole Head"

1 Nirmala Deshpande is the daughter of P Y Deshpande She lived in Vinobaji's ashram in Paunar in Maharashtra and functioned as his secretary She accompanied the sage of Paunar wherever he traveled, taking down notes of his important conversations, and meeting visitors on his behalf She was present at the meeting between Krishnaji and Vinobaji and took down the discussion

20. "Through Negation, There Is Creation."

1. J. Krishnamurti, *Krishnamurti's Talks, Madras, 1959* (Madras: Krishnamurti Writings Inc., 1961), 98.
2. J. Krishnamurti, *Krishnamurti's Talks, Bombay, 1960* (Madras: Krishnamurti Writings Inc., 1961), 27.
3. Ibid., 37.
4. Ibid., 46.

21. "The Mind That Goes into Itself Deeply Enters on a Pilgrimage from Which There Is No Return."

1. J. Krishnamurti, *Krishnamurti's Talks, Bombay, 1961* (Madras: Krishnamurti Writings Inc., 1961), 52.
2. Ibid.

22. "Be Awake."

1. Mary Lutyens, *Years of Fulfilment* (London: John Murray, 1983), 108.
2. J. Krishnamurti, *Notebooks* (London: Victor Gollancz Ltd., 1976), 26.
3. Ibid., 158.
4. Ibid., 188–189.
5. J. Krishnamurti, *Krishnamurti on Education* (New Delhi: Orient Longamns Ltd., 1974), 23–24.
6. Ibid., 104.

23. "Happy Is the Man Who Is Nothing": Letters to a Young Friend

1. Nandini Mehta, Bombay.

Epilogue

1. Asit Chandmal, "The Last Walk," *Bombay Magazine* (March 7, 1986).

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Preface

In the late 1950s Krishnaji, as J. Krishnamurti is known in India and to his friends throughout the world, suggested that I write a book on his life, based on the notes I had kept since I first met him in 1948. I began writing this book in 1978.

I have attempted to write of Krishnamurti the man, the teacher, and his relationships with the many men and women who formed part of the Indian landscape. The book concentrates on Krishnaji's life in India between 1947 and 1985, but some recording of his early life became necessary as a backdrop to the unfoldment of the story of the young Krishnamurti. Some new material, hitherto unpublished, has also been included.

The reader will soon notice that Krishnamurti is called by several different names in this book. I have referred to Krishnamurti as Krishna when he was a young person, for so he was known; as Krishnaji from 1947, for by then he was to me the great Teacher and Seer. *Ji* is a term of respect added to names both of men and women in North India; in an old-fashioned household even the child's name has the suffix added, for it is considered discourteous to address a person by her or his first name. In South India no suffix is added and *ji* is unknown. It is likely that Annie Besant, because of her close associations with Varanasi, added the *ji* to Krishna's name as a term of endearment and respect.

Most religious teachers in India have a prefix added to their names, such as Maharshi, Acharya, Swami, or Bhagwan. Krishnaji never accepted any such title. Krishnaji referred to himself in the dialogues or in his diaries either as "K" or as the impersonal "we," to suggest as absence of the "I," the ego's sense of individuality. In this book, therefore, when I refer to the man or the teacher in an impersonal manner, I refer to him as Krishnamurti or as K.

Krishnaji agreed to hold dialogues with me, and these form part of the book. Most of the writing is from notes kept by me during or immediately after conversations or dialogues. From 1972 onwards, some of the dialogues were on tape and have been taken from there.

Certain incidents discussed in the book—Krishnaji's meetings with Indira Gandhi, his relationship with Annie Besant—could have become controversial. These chapters I read aloud to Krishnaji for his comments. I also sent Indira Gandhi the chapter on her meetings with him; she suggested some minor changes, which have been incorporated.

I wish to acknowledge my deep gratitude to Sri Rajiv Gandhi for permission to include the letters of Indira Gandhi; to the Krishnamurti Foundation, England, for permission to publish the dialogues held by me with Krishnaji at Brockwood Park; to the Krishnamurti Foundation, India, for permission to publish the dialogues and talks in India; to Smt. Radha Burnier, President, Theosophical Society, for all her kindness and help in making available material from the archives of the Theosophical Society; to Sri Achyut Patwardhan for his many conversations, to Smt. Sunanda Patwardhan for giving me access to her notes and personal records; to my daughter Radhika and her husband, Hans Herzberger, for their critical comments; to Sri Murli Rao for certain manuscripts he brought to my notice; and to the many other friends who have shared their experiences with me. I would also like to acknowledge Sri Asoke Dutt for his friendship and immense help in making the publication possible; to Mr. Clayton Carlson of Harper & Row for his valuable suggestions, interest, and support; to Sri Benoy Sarkar for his valuable help in sorting out and collating the photographs; to the National Institute of Design, Ahmedabad; to the heirs of Mitler Bedi; to Asit Chandmal; Mark Edwards, and A. Hamid, for permission to use their photographs; to A. V. Jose for his overall support and supervision; and to M. Janardhanan for bearing with me in preparing the manuscript.

"A Song Bestowed Upon a Tethered Bird"

> Awake, arise, having approached the great teacher, learn
> The road is difficult, the crossing is as the sharp edge of a razor.
>
> KATHA UPANISHAD III

I first met Krishnamurti in January 1948. I was thirty-two years of age and had come to live in Bombay after marrying my husband, Manmohan Jayakar, in 1937. My only child, a daughter, Radhika, was born a year later.

India had been independent for five months and I saw a sweet future stretching ahead. My own entry into politics was imminent. It was a time when men and women involved in the freedom struggle had also turned to what was then known as social or constructive programs initiated by Mahatma Gandhi. This covered every aspect of nation building, particularly those activities related to village India. From 1941 I became very active in organizational matters related to village women's welfare, cooperatives, cottage industries. For me, it was a tough and rigorous initiation. With freedom, the aftermath of partition saw me at the center of the main relief organization set up in Bombay for refugees who were pouring into the country from Pakistan.

One Sunday morning I went to see my mother, who lived in Malabar Hill, Bombay, in an old rambling bungalow roofed with country tiles. I found her with my sister Nandini getting ready to go out. They told me that Sanjeeva Rao, who had studied with my father in King's College, Cambridge, had come to see my mother. He saw that even after several years of mourning, she was still in great sorrow at my father's death. He had suggested that she might be helped by meeting Krishnamurti. An image came suddenly to my mind: the mid-1920s, the school at Varanasi* where I was a day student. I remembered seeing a very young Krishnamurti, a lean, beautiful figure, seated cross-legged, dressed in white, and I, one of fifty children, laying flowers before him. . . .

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*Benares

I had nothing to do that morning, so I accompanied my mother. When we reached Ratansi Morarji's house on Carmichael Road, where Krishnamurti was staying, I saw Achyut Patwardhan, standing outside the entrance. In recent years he had become a revolutionary and freedom fighter, but I had known him since we were children at Varanasi in the 1920s. We spoke together for a few moments before we went into the sitting room to await Krishnamurti.

Krishnamurti entered the room silently, and my senses exploded; I had a sudden intense perception of immensity and radiance. He filled the room with his presence, and for an instant I was devastated. I could do nothing but gaze at him.

Nandini introduced my tiny, fragile-bodied mother and then turned and introduced me. We sat down. With some hesitation, my mother began to speak of my father, her love for him and of her tremendous loss, which she seemed unable to accept. She asked Krishnamurti whether she would meet my father in the next world. By then the intensity of heightened perception his presence had first evoked had started to fade, and I sat back to hear what I expected to be a comforting reply. I knew that many sorrowful people had visited him, and I assumed that he would know the words with which to comfort them.

Abruptly, he spoke. "I am sorry, Madam. You have come to the wrong man. I cannot give you the comfort you seek." I sat up, bewildered. "You want me to tell you that you will meet your husband after death, but which husband do you want to meet? The man who married you, the man who was with you when you were young, the man who died or the man he would have been today, had he lived?" He paused and was silent for some moments. "Which husband do you want to meet? Because, surely, the man who died was not the same man who married you."

I felt my mind spring to attention; I had heard something extraordinarily challenging. My mother seemed very perturbed. She was not prepared to accept that time could have made any difference in the man she loved. She said, "My husband would not change." Krishnamurti replied, "Why do you want to meet him? What you miss is not your husband, but the memory of your husband." He paused again, allowing the words to sink deep.

"Madam, forgive me." He folded his hands and I grew aware of the perfection of his gestures. "Why do you keep his memory alive? Why do you want to recreate him in your mind? Why do you try to live in sorrow and continue with the sorrow?" I felt a quickening of my senses: His refusal to be kind in the accepted sense was shattering. My mind leapt to meet the clarity and precision of his words. I felt that I was in contact with something vast and totally new. Though the words sounded harsh, there was gentleness in his eyes and a quality of healing flowed from him. He held my mother's hand while he was speaking.

Nandini saw that my mother was disturbed. She changed the conversation and began speaking to Krishnamurti of the rest of the family. She told him that I was a social worker interested in politics. He was grave as he turned to me and asked why I did social work. I responded by telling him of the fullness of my life. He smiled. It made me feel uneasy and nervous. Then he said, "We are like the man who tries to fill water into a pail that has holes. The more water he pours in, the more it pours out, and the pail remains empty."

He was looking at me without intruding. He said, "What is it you are trying to run away from? Social work, pleasure, living in sorrow—are these not all escapes, attempts to fill the void within? Can this void be filled? And yet, to fill the void is the whole process of our existence."

I found his words very disturbing, but felt they had to be explored. To me, action was life; and what he said was incomprehensible. I asked him whether he wanted me to sit at home and do nothing. He listened; and I had a peculiar feeling that his listening was unlike anything I had ever perceived or experienced. Then he smiled at my question, and the room filled. Shortly after that we left. Krishnamurti said to me, "We shall meet again."

The meeting had left me very disturbed. I could not sleep, his words kept arising in my mind. As the days passed I began to attend the talks he was giving in the gardens of Sir Chunilal Mehta, Nandini's father-in-law. I found it difficult to understand what Krishnamurti was saying, but his presence devastated me and I continued to go. He spoke of world chaos as the projection of individual chaos. He told us that all organizations and "isms" had failed, and that in our pursuit of security we build new organizations that in turn betray us.

I had the feeling that I was not meeting him at the level at which he was speaking. After a few days I asked for an interview.

I was driven by the urge to be with him, to be noticed by him, to probe into the mystery that pervaded his presence. I was afraid of what would happen, but I could not keep away. For two days before our interview I planned what I would say to him and how I would say it. When I walked into the room I found him sitting straight-backed and cross-legged on the floor, dressed in an immaculate white *kurta* that stretched to below his knees. He sprang to his feet, his long, petal-like fingers folded in greeting. I sat down facing him. He saw I was nervous and he asked me to sit quietly.

After a while I began to talk. I had always been sure of myself, so though I hesitated, I soon found that I was speaking normally and what I had planned to say poured out. I spoke of the fullness of my life and work, of my concern for the underprivileged, my desire to enter politics, my work in the cooperative movement, my interest in art. I was completely absorbed in what I had to say, the impression I was trying to create. After a few moments, however, I had the uncomfortable feeling that he was not listening. I looked up and saw he was gazing at me; there was a questioning in his eyes and a deep probing. I hesitated and grew silent. After a pause he said, "I have noticed you at the discussions. When you are in repose, there is a great sadness on your face."

I forgot what I had intended to say, forgot everything but the sorrow within me. I had refused to allow the pain to come through. So deep was it buried that it rarely impinged on my conscious mind. I was horrified of the idea that others would show me pity and sympathy, and had covered up my sorrow with layers of aggression. I had never spoken of this to anyone—not even to myself had I acknowledged my loneliness: but before this silent stranger all masks were swept away. I looked into his eyes and it was my own face I saw reflected. Like a torrent long held in check, the words came.

I remembered myself as a young child, one of five children, timid and gentle, bruised at the slightest harshness. Dark of complexion in a family where everyone was fair, unnoticed, a girl when I should have been a boy, living in a large rambling house, being alone for hours, reading books that I seldom understood. I remembered sitting on a lone veranda facing ancient trees; listening to legends of ogres and heroes, of Hatim Tai and Ali Baba—the oral tales of this ancient land told by the white-bearded Muslim tailor Immamuddin, who sat with his sewing machine all day long on the veranda. I remembered hearing Tulsidas's *Ram Charit Manas* sung by Ram Khilavan, the blind *punkah* coolie who fanned us, and the fragrance of cool, wet *khus* mats on a summer day.* I remembered going for walks with my Irish governess,

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**Ram Charit Manas* is the story of Ram and Sita from the epic *Ramayana* composed in the vernacular by poet Tulsidas in a four-line quatrain inserted in the text.

Before electricity came to India, every bungalow had a long wooden pole hung horizontally from the high ceiling, with a heavy cloth frill attached. A rope connected the pole through a hole in the wall to the outer veranda, where a man sat pulling the rope learning of plants and the names of flowers; delighting in the history of British kings and queens, Arthur and Guinevere, Henry the VIII and Anne Boleyn; never playing with dolls, seldom with other children. I remembered being afraid of my father, yet secretly adoring him.

I remembered at age eleven the buds opening in my womb, the first bleeding, and with it a miraculous blossoming. To grow up and to be young was intoxication. To be admired, to live intensely—riding, swimming, playing tennis, dancing. With wild abandon I raced to meet life.

I remembered going to England, to college and the stimulation of the mind; meeting my husband, the return to India, marriage and the birth of my daughter Radhika.

Inevitably, I soon refused the role of a housewife. I plunged into social work, played bridge and poker for high stakes, lived at the heart of the social and intellectual life of Bombay. Then another pregnancy; in the seventh month an attack of eclampsia brought violent convulsions and total blindness.

I remembered the bewildering anguish of darkness and the explosive storms of color: cerulian blue, the color of the neelkantha bird, the color of blue fire. The brain ravaged by the body's convulsions; the ending of the heartbeats and the death of the unseen baby; the heavy death silence of the womb. Sight returning through a mist, as gray dots, converging to create form.

My mind paused, words ended, and I looked again at the beautiful stranger. But the racking pain of my beloved father's death soon awakened in me, and again there was tearing, unendurable agony.

Words would not end. I spoke of the many scars of living, the struggle to survive, the growing ruthlessness, the slow hardening, the aggression and ambition. The drive in me, demanding success. Then another pregnancy, the birth of a little girl, beautiful of face, but deformed. The drowning in anguish and again the death of the child. Eight years of barrenness of mind, heart, and womb; and then death.

In his presence the past, hidden in the darkness of the long forgotten, found form and awakened. He was as a mirror that reflected. There was an absence of personality, of the evaluator, to weigh and distort. I kept trying to keep back something of my past, but he would not let me. Now, in the compassionate field, there was a quality of

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and so moving the fan, to create a slight breeze in the frightful heat of Northern India in the summer months The fragrant *khus* mats were hung on doors and windows When wet, the hot wind blowing through them was transformed into a cool, scented breeze.

immense strength. He said, "I can see if you want me to." And so the words which for years had been destroying me were said. Saying them brought me immense pain, but his listening was as the listening of winds or the vast expanse of water.

I had been with Krishnaji* for two hours. As I left the room my body felt shattered, and yet a healing had flowed through me. I had touched a new way of observing, a new way of listening, without reaction, a listening that arose from distance and depth. While I was speaking he appeared aware not only of what was being said—the expressions, gestures, attitudes—but also of what was happening around him—the bird singing in the tree outside his window, a flower falling from a vase. In the midst of my outcry he said to me: "Did you see that flower fall?" My mind had stopped, bewildered.

I had been listening to Krishnamurti for several days. I went to his talks, attended the discussions, cogitated, discussed what he was saying with my friends. On the evening of January 30, when we had all gathered around him at Ratansi Morarji's house, Achyut was called to the telephone. He came back, his face ashen.

"Gandhiji has been assassinated," he said. For an instant, time stopped. Krishnaji had become very still. He seemed to be aware of each one of us and our reactions. Among us, a single thought arose: Was the assassin a Hindu or a Muslim? Achyut's brother Rao asked, "Is there news of the killer?" Achyut said he did not know. The consequences that would follow if the killer were a Muslim were clear to all of us. We rose silently, and one by one left the room.

The news that Gandhi had been murdered by a Brahmin from Poona swept the city; anti-Brahmin riots broke out in Poona. You could hear the whisper of relief from the Muslim residents. We listened to Jawaharlal Nehru's anguished voice addressing the nation. The country seemed paralyzed. The unthinkable had happened, and for a brief moment men and women searched their hearts.

On February 1 a hushed audience gathered to hear Krishnaji speak. He was asked a difficult question: "What are the real causes of Mahatma Gandhi's untimely death?"

Krishnamurti replied, "I wonder what your reaction was when you heard the news. What was your response? Were you concerned over it as a personal loss, or as an indication of the trend of world events? World events are not unrelated incidents; they are related. The real cause of Gandhiji's untimely death lies in you. The real cause is you. Because you are communal, you encourage the spirit of division—through property, through caste, through ideology, through having different religions, sects, leaders. When you call yourself a Hindu, a Muslim, a Parsee, or God knows what else, it is bound to produce conflict in the world."

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*See Preface for explanation of various forms of Krishnamurti's name used in this book.

For days after that we discussed violence, its root and its ending. For Krishnaji nonviolence as an ideal was illusion. The reality was the fact of violence, the rising of perception that understood the nature of violence and the ending of violence in the "now": the present of existence in which alone action was possible.

In the talks that followed he spoke of the everyday problems that face humankind—fear, anger, jealousy, the fierce thrust of possession. Speaking of relationships as the mirror for self-discovery, he used the example of husband and wife, the most intimate relationship and yet often the most callous and hypocritical. Men looked with embarrassed eyes at their wives. Some traditional Hindus walked out of the talks, unable to understand what the relationship between husband and wife had to do with religious discourse. Krishnaji refused to move from "what is," the actual. He refused to discuss abstracts like God or eternity while the mind was a whirlpool of lust, hatred, and jealousy. It was at this time that some of his audience began to feel that he did not believe in God.

In mid-February I went to see him again. He asked me whether I had noticed anything different in my thinking process. I said I was not getting as many thoughts as I did before. My mind was not as restless as it used to be.

He said, "If you have been experimenting with self-knowing, you will notice that your thinking process has slowed down, that your mind is not restlessly wandering." For a time he was silent; I waited for him to continue. "Try working out each thought to its completion, carry it right through to the end. You will find that this is very difficult, for no sooner does one thought come into being than it is pursued by another thought. The mind refuses to complete a thought It escapes from thought to thought." This is so. When I have tried to follow a thought, I have always noted how swiftly it eludes the watcher

I then asked him how one could complete a thought. He said, "Thought can only come to an end when the thinker understands himself, when he sees that the thinker and the thought are not two separate processes. That the thinker is the thought, and the thinker separates himself from thought for his self-protection and continuance. So the thinker is continually producing thought which is transforming and changing." He paused.

"Is the thinker separate from his thoughts?" There were long pauses between his sentences, as if he expected the words to journey far and deep. "Remove thought, where is the thinker? You will find the thinker is not. So when you complete every thought to its end, good or bad—which is extremely arduous—the mind slows down. To understand the self, the self in operation has to be watched. This can only be when the mind slows down—and you can only do this by pursuing every thought to its end as it arises. You will then see that your condemnations, your desires, your jealousies will come out before a consciousness that is empty and completely silent."

Listening to him over the course of a month, my mind had grown pliable; it was no longer crystalized and solid in its encrustations. I asked, "But when consciousness is filled with prejudices, desires, memories, can it then understand thought?"

"No," he answered, "for it is constantly acting on thought—escaping from it or building on it." Again he was silent. "If you follow each thought to its completion, you will see that at the end of it there is silence. From that there is renewal. Thought that arises from this silence no longer has desire as its motive force, it emerges from a state that is not clogged with memory.

"But if again the thought that so arises is not completed, it leaves a residue. Then there is no renewal and the mind is caught again in a consciousness which is memory, bound by the past, by yesterday. Each thought, then to the next, is the yesterday—that which has no reality.

"The new approach is to bring time to an end," Krishnaji concluded. I did not understand, but came away with the words alive within me.

Nandini and I sometimes took Krishnaji for evening drives to the Hanging Gardens on Malabar Hill, or to Worli beach. At times we would walk with him, finding it difficult to keep pace with his long strides. Other times he would walk alone and return after an hour, a stranger. During the walks with us he would occasionally speak of his youth, his life in the Theosophical Society, and his early days at Ojai, California. He told us of his brother Nitya, of his companions Rajagopal and Rosalind and the Happy Valley School. Often when he spoke of the past his memory would be precise, accurate. At other times he would grow vague and say he did not remember. He was quick to smile, and his laughter was deep and resonant. He shared jokes, he asked us questions of our childhood and our growing up. He also spoke of India, eagerly seeking our views on what was taking place in the country. We were hesitant and shy; a sense of mystery and his overwhelming presence made it difficult for us to be casual with him, or to speak of trivialities in his presence. But his laughter brought him closer to us.

On some days we discussed thought. He would ask, "Have you watched the birth of a thought? Have you watched its ending?" Another day he would say, "Take a thought, stay with it, hold it in consciousness, you will see how arduous it is to hold one thought as it is to end thought."

I told Krishnaji that since I had met him, I had been waking in the mornings, without thought, but with the sound of birds and the distant voices of the street flowing through my mind.

To the Indian the silent straight-backed stranger, the mendicant who stands waiting at the doorways of the home and mind holding an invitation to otherness, is a powerful symbol. It evokes in the householder—woman or man—passionate longings, anguish, and a reaching out physically and inwardly to that which is unattainable. But this seer laughed and joked; he walked with us, was near and yet very far away. Hesitatingly, we invited him to my mother's house for dinner.

He came smiling, wearing a *dhoti*, a long *kurta*, and an *angavastram*,* and was received with flowers by my tiny mother. She had never had a formal education, but her natural elegance of mind, her grace and dignity, made it possible for her to meet and speak with Krishnaji. She was the widow of a senior Indian civil servant. While living with my father she had shared in his intellectual and social life, had met scholars and social workers, and was herself an ardent social worker. Tenacious and shrewd, my mother had broken free from tradition early in her married life. She spoke English with ease, entertained with élan, and cooked delectably. In my childhood we had two cooks, one for vege-

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*A *dhoti* is a forty-five-inch wide and five yards long cotton handwoven cloth, unstitched, with a plain border of burgundy or black It is tied around the waist, pleated in front, and tucked between the legs to be fastened at the back, falling ankle length It is a graceful garment for wear on ceremonial occasions The *kurta* is a stitched, loose, collarless shirt with long sleeves, and it reaches below the knees An *angavastram* is an unbleached handwoven cotton shawl with a dark red, indigo, or black border woven with a gold design Folded and thrown over the shoulder, it is worn on all ceremonial occasions, particularly in South India tarian Gujarati meals and another trained in the Western cuisine; a Goan butler waited at table. My father's death had broken her, but my mother's house continued to be resonant with laughter, in which Krishnaji joined. He soon felt at home, and came frequently to dinner. By the end of March we could speak to him with ease; yet after each of his talks and discussions we grew intensely aware of the distances that separated us and the mystery that we could neither touch nor fathom.

Toward the end of March I told Krishnaji of the state of my mind and the thoughts that pursued me; of the moments of quietness and bursts of frenzied activity; of days when my mind was caught in the pain of not becoming. I was distracted by this constant jumping backwards and forwards of the mind.

He took my hand and we sat quietly. Finally, he said, "You are agitated. Why?" I did not know, and sat silently. "Why are you ambitious? Do you want to be like anyone you know who has got on?"

I hesitated and then said, "No."

"You have a good brain," he continued, "a good instrument that has not been used rightly. You have a drive that has been wrongly directed. Why are you ambitious? What is it you want to become? Why do you want to waste your brain?"

I was suddenly alert. "Why am I ambitious? Can I help what I am? I am busy doing, achieving. We cannot be like you."

His look was quizzical. For some time he remained without speaking, letting what lay dormant within me reveal itself. Then he asked, "Have you ever been alone, without books, the radio? Try it and see what happens."

"I would go mad, I cannot be alone."

"Try it and see. For the mind to be creative, there must be stillness. A deep stillness that can only come into being when you have faced your loneliness.

"You are a woman, and yet you have a great deal of the man in you. You have neglected the woman. Look into yourself."

I felt a stirring deep within me, the crumbling of the many crusts of insensitivity. I felt again the tearing anguish.

"You want affection, Pupul, and you do not find it. Why do you put out your begging bowl?"

"I don't," I said. "That is one thing I have never done. I would rather die than ask for affection."

"You have not asked for it. You have smothered it. Yet the begging bowl is always there. If your bowl was full you would not need to hold it out. It is because it is empty that it is there."

For an instant I looked at myself. As a child I wept so often. As an adult I permitted nothing to hurt me. I turned from it fiercely and attacked. He said, "If you love, then you do not demand. Then if you find the person does not love you, you will help the other to love, even though it is someone else."

I saw myself with clarity—the bitterness, the hardness. I turned to him. "It is too horrible to look. What have I made of myself?"

"You are not solving the problem by criticizing yourself. There is no flowing richness in you, otherwise you would not need sympathy or affection. Why have you no richness? Look, this is what you are. You do not condemn a man who has a disease. This is your disease. Look at it calmly and simply, with compassion. It would be stupid to condemn or justify. To condemn is another movement of the past to strengthen itself. Look at what takes place in your conscious mind. Why are you aggressive? Why do you want to be the center of any group?

"As you look at the conscious mind, slowly the unconscious will throw up its intimations—in dreams, even in the waking state of thought."

We had been talking for over an hour, but that span was meaningless. In his presence there was a shrinking of one's sense of time as duration. I spoke to him of the changes that were taking place in my life. I was no longer sure of myself or my work. Although desires and urges still arose, they had no vitality.

I told him I realized that a great deal of the work I was doing was based on self-aggrandizement. It no longer seemed possible for me to enter political life. My social life was also changing radically. Of all things, I could no longer play poker. I had tried to play, but found that the intention to outwit the other players was lacking. Unbidden, I had moments of awareness in the middle of playing poker that made bluffing impossible. Krishnaji put back his head and laughed and laughed and laughed.

I told him that at times I felt an immense inner balance, like a bird playing with the wind. All desire dissolved in this intensity, spent itself. At other times I was swamped in becomings. My moorings were going and I was adrift. I did not know what lay ahead. I had never felt so unsure of myself.

Krishnaji said, "The seed has been planted, allow it to germinate—let it lie fallow for a while. This has been quite new to you. Coming to it with no preconceptions, no notions, no beliefs, the impact has been direct, the mind now will need rest. Don't push it."

We sat quietly. Krishnaji said, "Watch yourself. You have a drive few women possess. In this country men and women peter out so easily, so early in life. It is the climate, the way of living, the stagnation. See that the drive does not drop away. In freeing yourself from aggression, don't become innocuous and soft. To be free from aggression is not to become weak or humble."

Repeatedly, he was to tell me, "Watch your mind, let not a thought escape, however ugly, however brutal. Watch without choosing, weighing, judging, without giving direction or letting thought take root in the mind. Watch relentlessly."

As I left the room he rose to see me to the door. His face was in repose, his body slim, uprising like a deodar tree. For an instant, overwhelmed by his beauty, I asked, "Who are you?" He said, "It does not matter who I am. What you think and do and whether you can transform yourself is alone important."

As I journeyed home I suddenly realized that, in the many conversations I had had with Krishnaji, he had never said a word about himself. There had been no reference to any personal experience, not a single movement of the self had manifested itself. It was this that made him a stranger, however well you knew him. In the midst of a gesture of friendship, casual conversation, one felt it—a sudden distance, silences that emanated from him, a consciousness that had no focal point. And yet in his presence one felt the bounty of an infinite concern.

Part 1

THE YOUNG KRISHNAMURTI
1895–1946

CHAPTER 1

"In Space One Is Born and Unto Space One Is Born."

Fired by the sun, sculptured rocks, amongst the oldest in the world, cradled the village of Madnapalle in the Chittoor district of Andhra Pradesh, South India. From the sacred site of Tirupati through Rishi Valley to Anantpur stretched hills topped with rocky boulders, interspersed with small valleys. Rainfall was minimal, population sparse. Tamarind and gold mohur trees provided shade and exploding color. It was sacred earth, *punyasthal*, where mystics and saints had lived and taught for centuries, their bodies buried there to sanctify the soil. Here, on May 12, 1895, at thirty minutes after midnight, a son was born to Sanjeevamma, the wife of Jiddu Naraniah, a minor civil servant.

The ancestors of Jiddu Krishnamurti, a Brahmin of the Velanadu subcaste, originally came from Giddu or Jiddu, a village that lies in the midst of the fertile paddy fields of coastal Andhra. Krishnamurti's paternal grandfather, Gurumurti, was also a minor civil servant; but his grandfather, Ramakrishna, renowned for his great learning, his knowledge of Sanskrit and the *Vedas*, held a responsible position in the judicial department of the British East India Company.

The house of Naraniah in Madnapalle, one of the most drought-prone areas of South India, was tiny; ill-ventilated and two-storied, it had a narrow frontage that opened onto a lane, along which flowed an open drain. All water for Naraniah's home was drawn from a nearby well and taken by water carriers to be stored within the house in large, burnished brass vessels or earthen pots.

Krishnamurti was born to Sanjeevamma in the *puja* room of her home.[1] The significance of this has been missed by Krishnamurti's biographers. To a traditional Hindu, living amongst the snow-peaked

Himalayas or in Kanyakumari in the deep South, in urban dwelling or village hut, the *puja* room was the sanctum, the heart of the home, where the *griha devatas*, the household gods, were enshrined; it was a room made auspicious with flowers and incense and the recitation of sacred mantras. The room for the gods could only be entered after ritual bath and the wearing of fresh clothes. Birth, death, and the menstrual cycle were the focus of ritual pollution. At birth and death the householder and his family shared in the pollution and refrained from performing the daily *puja*; instead, a Brahmin from the local temple was invited to perform the daily rituals. That a child should be born in this room was unthinkable.

Naraniah's wife and cousin, Sanjeevamma, was a devout and charitable woman. She was considered psychic, experienced visions, and could see the colors in people's auras. As a musician's ear is tuned to a perfectly stringed instrument, so as a mother her ear was tuned to the heartbeats of the baby that waited in the crucible of her body, soon to start its passage through the portals of life. Intimations of the uniqueness of this birth must have given her prophetic vision and courage, otherwise she could not have so challenged the gods.

Early in the evening of May 11, Sanjeevamma felt intimations of the imminent birth of the child. This child would be her eighth, and she was well aware of the routine preparations necessary for the nativity. So she prepared the room, sung Telugu* songs to her husband in her melodious voice, and rested on a mat in the upper story of the building. Toward the middle of the night the pains started. She woke Naraniah, went to the room she had prepared, and lay down on a mat for the birth. A local woman, a relative who was well-versed in the experience of childbirth, came to help while her husband waited outside. Sanjeevamma had little pain. Throughout the period the only words she uttered were, *"Rama, Rama, Anjaneya,"* another name for Hanuman.† At 12:30 A.M., in the early morning of May 12, the woman attendant opened the door and said to Naraniah, *"Sirsodayam*, the head is visible." According to tradition, that is the precise moment of birth.

In this tiny room lit with oil lamps, in the presence of the ishta devata, the household god, Krishnamurti took his first breath. From the protected spaces of the womb the baby entered the spaces of the world.

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*Telugu is a Dravidian language spoken by the people of Andhra Pradesh in India. It has a large number of Sanskrit words included in it.

†Hanuman, the monkey devotee of the divine hero Rama of the epic the *Ramayana*, is a people's god, widely worshiped throughout India. In South India he is also known as Anjaneya

"In space one is born and unto space one is born."[2]

The child's horoscope was cast the next morning by Kumara Shrowthulu, a well-known astrologer of that region. He told Naraniah that this new son would be a very great man. The astrological chart was complex; the child would encounter many obstacles before he grew to be a great Teacher.

For eleven days of the prescribed period, the baby rested in an atmosphere that recreated the ambience of the womb. He lay in semi-darkness, gently rocked in a cloth cradle next to his mother. As in all orthodox Hindu births, Krishnamurti's entry into the dazzling light of the sun and the world was gradual.

On the sixth day after birth the name-giving ceremony was held It was inevitable in this tradition-bound family that the eighth son be given the name Krishnamurti, symbolic of Krishna, the cowherd-god who was the eighth child.

Three years later, in 1898, another boy was born to Sanjeevamma. He was named Nityananda, "eternal bliss."

When Krishna was six years old the *upanayanama* was performed. This is a ceremony of initiation into *brahmacharya*, the period of chaste discipleship that is the first stage in the life of a Brahmin. The ceremony took place at Kadiri, where Naraniah was posted.

The sacred handspun thread was placed around Krishna's shoulders and the secret *gayatri* mantra, the invocation to the sun, was whispered into Krishna's ear by his father. He was taught to recite the mantra with the correct intonation, accent, and gesture. He must have learned to recite the *gayatri* mantra to the sun at dawn and perform the Sandhya rituals at sunset, to take ritual baths, and to be free of any form of ritual pollution. He must have also been taught to recite the *Vedas*.

According to Naraniah's description, "It is a ceremony which Brahmin boys go through when it is time to launch them out into the world of education. It takes place between the age of five and seven years, according to the health and capacity of the child. So when Krishna had reached that age, a day was set apart for this ceremony. It is our custom to make it a family festival, and friends and relations are invited to dinner."

When all the people were assembled, Krishna was bathed and clothed in new clothes. The boy was then brought in and placed upon his father's knees, while Naraniah's outstretched hand supported a silver tray strewn with grains of rice. His mother, sitting beside Naraniah, then took the index finger of the boy's right hand, and with it traced in the rice the sacred word AUM, which in its Sanskrit rendering consists of a single letter—the first letter of the alphabet in Sanskrit and in all the vernacular languages.

"Then," says Naraniah, "my ring was taken from my finger, and placed between the child's finger and thumb; and my wife, holding the little hand, again traced the sacred word in Telugu character with the ring. Then again, without the ring, the same letter was traced three times. After this, mantrams were recited by the officiating priest who blessed the boy that he might be spiritually and intellectually endowed. Then, taking Krishna, my wife and I drove to the Narasimhaswami temple to worship and pray for the future success of our son. From there we drove to the nearest school, where Krishna was handed over to the teacher, who performed, in sand, the same ceremony of tracing the sacred word. Meanwhile, many of the schoolchildren had gathered in the room, and we distributed among them such good things as might serve as a treat to the pupils. So we started our son on his educational career, according to our custom. Then we drove home and partook of dinner with our relations and friends."[3]

Krishna and his brother Nitya were very close, but by nature they were totally different. Nitya was remarkably intelligent. Even "before he could talk, when he saw other boys going to school, he would pick up a slate and pencil and follow them."[4] Krishnamurti was a weak child and suffered grievously from bouts of malaria. At one stage he suffered from convulsions, and for a whole year was kept away from school because of bleeding from the nose and mouth.

Krishnamurti took little interest in the school and academic work, but spent long hours looking at the clouds, at bees, at ants and insects, and gazing into the vast distance. He has been described as sickly and mentally undeveloped. His vagueness, few words, lack of interest in worldly affairs, and eyes that gazed out at the world, seeing beyond horizons, were mistaken by his teachers for mental retardation.

The young Krishnamurti, despite his seeming vagueness, was greatly interested in all mechanical contrivances. One day Krishna missed school. Seeking him, his mother found him alone in a room, totally absorbed in opening up a timepiece. He would not move from the room, and refused all food and drink until he had taken the clock apart and, having understood how it worked, put the machinery back in its place.

The boy Krishna was deeply attached to his mother, who seemed to be aware of her son's unique nature.[5] Sanjeevamma died in 1905, and her death left the child Krishna bewildered and bereft. Many years later, in the summer of 1913, when he was in Europe, he decided to start writing his autobiography. He gave it the title "Fifty Years of My Life," intending as the years passed to "add fresh incidents, and by the year 1945 I shall have justified the title."[6] Alas, the story was to be abandoned after the first few pages. The short manuscript, however, throws very interesting light on his feelings and his early life with his mother. At age eighteen his childhood memories were still vivid, and there is a poignancy in his description of the visions of his mother after her death:

> The happiest memories of my child-hood centre round my dear mother, who gave us all the loving care for which Indian mothers are well-known. I cannot say that I was particularly happy at school, for the teachers were not very kind and gave me lessons which were too hard for me. I enjoyed games as long as they were not too rough, as I had very delicate health. My mother's death in 1905 deprived my brothers and myself of the one who loved and cared for us most, and my father was too much occupied with his business to pay much attention to us. I led the usual life as an ordinary Indian youth until I came to Adyar in 1908 [in fact it was January 1909].
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> Adyar was of special interest to me as my father used to attend the conventions of the Theosophical Society there. He also held meetings in our house at Madnapalle for the study of Theosophy and I learnt about Adyar from my mother and from him. My mother had a *puja* room where she worshipped regularly; in the room were pictures of the Indian deities and also a photograph of Mrs. Besant in Indian dress sitting cross-legged on a *chowki* or small platform on which was a tiger-skin.
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> I was generally at home while my brothers were at school for I suffered much from fever—in fact almost every day, and I often went into the *puja* room about noon when she performed her daily ceremonies. She would then talk to me about Mrs. Besant and about Karma and reincarnation and also read to me from the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana* and from other Indian scriptures. I was only about 7 or 8 years of age, so I could not understand much, but I think I felt much that I could not actually understand.
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> Writing of my mother reminds me of some incidents which are perhaps worth mentioning. She was to a certain extent psychic, and would often see my sister who had died some two or three years before. They talked together

and there was a special place in the garden to which my sister used to come. My mother always knew when my sister was there and sometimes took me with her to the place and would ask me whether I saw my sister too. At first I laughed at the question but she asked me to look again and then sometimes I saw my sister. Afterwards I always could see my sister. I must confess I was very much afraid, because I had seen her dead and her body burnt. I generally rushed to my mother's side and she told me that there was no reason to be afraid. I was the only member of the family, except my mother, to see these visions, though all believed in them. My mother was also able to see the auras of people, and I also sometimes saw them. I do not think she knew what the colours meant. There were many other incidents of a similar nature which I do not now remember. We often talked about Sri Krishna to whom I felt specially attracted and I once asked her why he was always represented as being blue in colour. She told me that His aura was blue but how she knew that I do not know.

My mother was very charitable. She was kind to poor boys, and gave food regularly to those who were of her own caste. Each boy came to our house on a special day in the week, and went to other houses on other days. We had daily a number of beggars who often came from some considerable distance to receive rice, *dal* and from time to time clothes.

Before coming to Adyar my brothers and I attended many schools, the pleasantest of which was the school in Madnapalle. I first went to this school when quite a child, for I was born in Madnapalle. My father being a government officer, he was continually being transferred from one place to another, and so our education was much interrupted.

After my mother's death, matters were worse, for there was really nobody to look after us. In connection with my mother's death, I may mention that I frequently saw her after she died, I remember once following my mother's form as it went upstairs. I stretched out my hand and seemed to catch hold of her dress, but she vanished as soon as we reached the top of the stairs. Until a short time ago, I used to hear my mother following me as I went to school. I remember this particularly because I heard the sound of the bangles which Indian women wear on their wrists. At first I would look back half-frightened and I saw the vague form of her dress and part of her face. This happened almost always when I went out of the house.

CHAPTER 2

The Theosophical Society and the Occult Hierarchy

Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831–1891), often called H. P. B., was by all accounts an extraordinary woman. With her psychic vision and piercing mesmeric eyes, and with a personality that provoked controversy, she had appeared on the Indian scene in 1879. A Russian by birth, she claimed to have lived in Tibet for several years in close contact with the Mahatmas* or Masters of the occult brotherhood. It was there that she learned from her *guru,* her teacher, the well-guarded doctrines of the Tibetan sages. While she was in Europe in 1873 her Masters asked her to seek out Colonel Henry Steele Olcott, a fellow psychic researcher in the United States. Obediently, she went there, met Colonel Olcott, and by 1875 the Theosophical Society had been conceived. They were soon to travel together—first to Bombay and then to Ceylon, where they took Buddhist initiation, and later to Madras. By 1882 the Theosophical Society's Headquarters had been established at Adyar, Madras.

The Theosophical Society was based on the tenets of a Universal Brotherhood of humanity, which sought to study ancient wisdom and to explore the hidden mysteries of nature and the latent powers of man. It established an occult hierarchy drawing from the Hindu and Buddhist traditions, in particular the Tibetan tantric texts and teachings.

At the head of the hierarchy was Sanat Kumar, mentioned in the Tantras, in the Bhagvat, and in early alchemic writing, as a youth of sixteen, eternally young, free of all time, as past, present, and future; he was regarded in the Theosophical hierarchy as the lord of the world.

**Mahatma,* a Sanskrit term meaning "great spirit," "great soul," "adept," or "master."

Below Kumar was the Buddha. And below the Buddha were the three heads of the logos of the solar system: the bodhisattva Maitreya, the Buddha to be; the Mahachohan, a figure not to be found in any Hindu or Buddhist scriptures; and the Manu, one of the fathers of humankind, according to the *Rig Veda*. Respectively, they symbolized the heart as compassion, the head as intellect, and the hands as skill in action. Below them were the Mahatmas or Masters, who in years to come would themselves evolve to be bodhisattvas and Mahachohans. Master Koot Hoomi (or Master K. H., as he was known) had the body of a Kashmiri Brahmin, while Master Morya (Master M.) had the body of a Rajput prince. These two Masters guided the affairs of the Theosophical Society and the disciples who went through various initiations under their benign guidance.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century whispers of the coming of the Messiah or the World Teacher had spread amongst occult communities. H. P. B. had written before her death in 1891 that the real purpose of the Theosophical Society was to prepare for the advent of the World Teacher.

In 1889 Annie Besant (1847–1933) chanced to read Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, and later met the founder of the Theosophical Society. Besant, or A. B., had been a rebel, a free thinker, a fierce fighter for the causes she held to be right. Eloquent and dedicated, she had an organizational capacity of a very high order. She was a passionate crusader for freedom of thought, women's rights, trade unionism, Fabian socialism, and birth control. But Blavatsky's work transformed her completely. She turned her enormous energies from materialism and atheism to the pursuit of the occult and sacred. Her friends and admirers—among them Bernard Shaw, Sidney and Beatrice Webb and Charles Bradlaugh—were stunned when she joined the Theosophical Society. Parting from her former associates, and aware of the cynicism her new role would arouse in her admirers, she wrote:

> But here, as at other times, in my life, I dare not purchase peace with a lie. An imperious necessity forces me to speak the truth, as I see it, whether the speech please or displease, whether it brings praise or blame. That one loyalty to Truth I must keep stainless, whatever friendships fail me or human ties be broken. She may lead me into the wilderness, yet I must follow her; she may strip me of all love, yet I must pursue her, though she slay me, yet will I trust in her; and I ask no other epitaph on my tomb but
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> "She tried to follow Truth."[1]

With her arrival in India in 1893 at the age of forty-six, the passionate dialogue and involvement with India that was to continue throughout her life had commenced.

She sensed the lack of interest in India for what she felt was its true mission in the world—the country's genius for religions and spiritual knowledge. She made this point in one of her first speeches:

> If religion perish here, it will perish everywhere and in India's hand, is laid the sacred charge of keeping alight the torch of spirit amid the fogs and storms of increasing materialism. If that torch drops from her hands, its flame will be trampled out by the feet of hurrying multitudes, eager for worldly good; and India, bereft of spirituality, will have no future, but will pass on into the darkness, as Greece and Rome have passed.[2]

Annie Besant studied the sacred books of India, learned Sanskrit, held discussion with the religious leaders of the land. Inspired by the passion of her words, many intellectuals and young aspirants flocked to her and joined the Theosophical Society. Listening with rapt attention and fired by her eloquence was a young boy, twelve-year-old Jawaharlal Nehru. He had come to hear Mrs. Besant under the influence of his Belgian-Irish tutor, Ferdnand T. Brooks, an ardent Theosophist.

Fascinated by the doctrine and by Besant's eloquence, he had gone to his father, Motilal Nehru (the nationalist and flourishing lawyer who would later form the Congress party), and asked for permission to join the Theosophical Society. Motilal Nehru laughed. He had also been a member of the Theosophical Society in the days of Madame Blavatsky. Permission was given, and at thirteen Jawaharlal Nehru became a member and was initiated by Mrs. Besant herself. He attended a convention in Varanasi and saw Colonel Olcott with his white beard. With the young Nehru's departure for Harrow, Theosophy promptly faded from his consciousness. But the three years of his contact with it would leave an impression on him and his character, which he would later acknowledge in his admiration for Annie Besant.[3]

With the death of Colonel Olcott in 1907, Annie Besant became president of the Theosophical Society. A web of intrigue and a fierce division of forces within the Theosophical Society had preceded this event. Soon after Mrs. Besant took over, she came into close contact with Charles Webster Leadbeater or C. W. L. (1847–1934), an ex-Anglican clergyman with reputed powers of clairvoyance. Some years earlier incidents connecting him with homosexual relation with young boys had led to his being expelled from the Society; but Mrs. Besant, aware of his psychic perceptions and refusing to accept the charges against him, had readmitted him to the Society as soon as she became president. Leadbeater was soon to rise high in the Theosophical Society hierarchy.

Naraniah retired from government service in 1908. On his meager pension of 125 rupees a month, he found it impossible to maintain his enlarged family—apart from his sons he also had the responsibility for supporting his sister and his nephews. He had joined the Theosophical Society in 1882, and he now wrote to Annie Besant asking for a job in Adyar. At first she had refused him, aware of the problems his large family would pose to the peace and quiet of the Theosophical Society campus. But Naraniah persisted, and soon he was in Adyar, working as assistant secretary to the Esoteric Section (E. S.). He took a tiny house outside the Adyar compound; his sister oversaw the domestic arangements.

Krishna and his brother Nitya had to walk every day to attend school at Mylapore, where Krishna's inattention resulted in severe punishment. He remained vague and uninterested in his studies; his teacher considered him half-demented. But Krishnamurti's aunt was extremely fond of the dreamy-eyed, unworldly young Krishna and, sensing an incipient wisdom, named him Dronachari, after Drona, the guru of the Pandavas and the Kauravas in the epic *Mahabharata*.

Naraniah's sons used to go bathing in the sea on the Adyar beach, where Leadbeater saw them. In 1899 the subject of Mrs. Besant's lecture at Adyar was "Avatars." In 1908, during her whirlwind tour of the United States, she spoke incessantly of the imminent coming of the World Teacher. For days Leadbeater watched Krishnamurti, growing aware of the presence of the young boy and the unique aura that contained no selfishness.

One evening Mr. Leadbeater, on returning to his room after his usual swim, told Ernest Wood, a young man who was helping Leadbeater in his occult studies, that one of the boys had a remarkable aura; it was Krishnamurti. Wood expressed surprise—he knew the boys, and Krishnamurti was certainly not one of the bright ones. But Mr. Leadbeater persisted that it was Krishnamurti who would one day become a spiritual teacher and a great speaker. Wood asked, "How great? As great as Mrs. Besant?" Leadbeater is said to have replied, "Much greater."[4]

Krishnamurti described his meeting with Leadbeater—who was quite possibly the first European he had ever met—in his autobiography:

> When we first went to Adyar we lived in a house close to the new printing press. Every day we walked to the Mylapore high school. In the early mornings and in the evenings we prepared our home lessons. After some time we began to paddle in the sea with some other boys who lived near. On one of these occasions, in the year 1909, we met for the first time my dear friend and elder brother, C. W. Leadbeater. The meeting was quite casual.
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> As far as I remember, he (Leadbeater) was going down to the sea with Mr. Van Manen and others to have a swim. I do not remember any particular conversation, especially as I did not know English at all well. After this we met very often and he sometimes invited us to his house or rather bungalow. He was living at the time of which I write in what is known as the river bungalow.
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> When I first went over to his room I was much afraid, for most Indian boys are afraid of Europeans. I do not know how it is that such fear is created; but one of the causes, there was, when I was a boy, much political agitation and our imaginations were much stirred by the gossip about us. I must also confess that the Europeans in India are by no means generally kind to us, and I used to see many acts of cruelty which made us still more bitter. I wish the English people in India could understand that Indian boys have as deep a love for India as the English have for their own country and feel as deeply any insult, however unintentional.
>
> It was a surprise to us, therefore, to find how different was the Englishman who was also a Theosophist. We soon became very friendly with Mr. Leadbeater, and he helped us regularly with our lessons. Sometime later Mr. R. B. Clarke, a young engineer, arrived at Adyar and it was arranged with my father that my brother Nitya and I should leave school and be taught at Adyar by Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Clarke. We soon began to make much better progress than we had ever made before. Life became very regular. We came to Mr. Leadbeater's bungalow early in the morning, studied until what might be called breakfast, which we took at home, and then returned to him. In the afternoon we played tennis or went to the sea to learn swimming. My father was very pleased with the progress we were to make and on August 14th it was finally decided that we should not go to school any more.[5]

Krishnamurti had come to be noticed by Leadbeater at a time when the Englishman was undertaking a clairvoyant investigation into the former lives of his associates. Soon he began to probe into the former incarnations of Krishnamurti. These forays into Krishna's occult past were later published as "The Lives of Alcyone." The name Alcyone was derived from the "halcyon," the brightest star in the Pleiades. The investigations revealed a luminous array of past lives where Krishna had been a disciple of the Buddha, and other wondrous lives where his compassion and wisdom had healed and illumined.

At the time the boys were found, they had the front of their heads shaven (as was the custom in South India); Krishnamurti had long hair down to his knees. He was thin and ill-nourished. Soon Krishnamurti and his brother Nitya had started their studies in Adyar. At first strict caste rules on food were maintained, but they were relaxed as Leadbeater's impatience grew and he began weaning the boys away from their father's influence. Naraniah in turn began to create difficulties. Immediately, Leadbeater wrote to Mrs. Besant that the man had lost his sanity and fallen under the influence of "the Blacks." It was then that instructions were "received" by Leadbeater from Master Koot Hoomi. The message was as follows:

> They have lived long in hell; try to show them something of paradise. I want them to have everything the opposite of those previous conditions. Instead of hostility, distrust, misery, squalor, irregularity, carelessness and foulness, I want them to be surrounded by an atmosphere of love and happiness, confidence, regularity, perfect physical cleanliness and mental purity . . . Keep them as far as you can, within your aura and Annie's so that they may be protected from evil and carnal thoughts . . . I want you to civilise them; to teach them to use spoons and forks, nail brushes and tooth brushes, to sit at ease upon chairs instead of crouching on the ground, to sleep rationally on a bed, not in a corner like a dog.[6]

It is inconceivable that a Master of wisdom—who was also a Kashmiri Brahmin—could have written this letter, loaded as it is with colonial overtones and with its obvious Victorian bias. The contempt with which the British in India regarded Indian culture and living habits is evident in this letter. It was written at a time when the South Indian man, woman, and child, rich or poor, sat and slept on a mat on the floor, and where the joint family provided warmth and a sense of belonging rare in the West.

It is also difficult to believe that the brothers were dirty in their habits; as Brahmins, they must have bathed several times a day. Ritual bathing preceded by an oil bath was a discipline closely followed. The teeth were regularly cleaned by the twig of a neem tree, perhaps the best disinfectant that exists; daily clothes washing must also have been part of the regular chores of the household.

In the first half of the twentieth century the Indian was regarded by the British rulers of India as a necessary part of the landscape—to be kept at a sufficient distance, to be at best tolerated; but under no circumstances was an Indian encouraged to be familiar, and an attitude of condescension pervaded most relationships. It was in this milieu that the boy Krishna, born a Brahmin but to a family very low in the official hierarchy, came to be recognized by an eccentric British mystic, in a flash of psychic insight, as a great being, and later as the vehicle for the advent of the Bodhisattva Maitreya.

Krishna and Nitya were taken from the confines of their tiny house into the grandeur of the Theosophical Society headquarters building and its vast grounds. They were taken over by C. W. L., a long-bearded, venerable-looking white man who spoke an esoteric language of luminous Masters and initiates, past lives and splendid incarnations. The extra-sensitive nervous system and perceptions of Krishna, keyed to a state of expectancy, possibly did touch treasures of the racial unconscious. His Brahminic background and its iconography provided the warp to the woof of Theosophical Society imagery. Thought forms and visual images circulating in the atmosphere of Adyar, charged with occult truths and illusions, were made manifest to the young neophyte. As the boy Krishna had seen visions of the divine child Krishna in the devout home of his mother, so he now saw the Masters, the Buddha, and Sanat Kumar—the smiling, sun-filled youth who was the head of the Theosophical Society hierarchy. The esoteric forces, if they existed, and certainly Leadbeater, demanded for their vehicle a Brahmin body, with its heritage of sensitivity, vegetarianism, and cleanliness, with a brain that through centuries had been concerned with otherness, with the subtlety, strength and perception necessary to cleave into the within of mind and matter, with the capability of receiving the vast volumes of energy it would be called upon to hold.

Ironically, once they had been accepted into the Theosophical fold, everything possible was done to see that Krishna and Nitya were stripped of all Indianness. It is almost certain that Krishnamurti's mentors decided that he and his brother were to speak only English, so the melodious Telugu language was slowly forgotten; the *Vedas* and the hymns learnt in childhood were wiped away. Their hair was cut and halved by a central parting. They were taught English; they learned how to eat with a spoon and fork and to keep their elbows close to their body when they raised their forks to their mouths; to wear Western clothes with ease; to see that the crease of their trousers was pressed and to polish their shoes till they shone. They were taught how to bathe the British way. "The boys were to become English gentlemen because in Leadbeater's scheme of evolution, English gentlemen represented the pinnacle of human development."[7]

Fortunately, the outer veneer and education left no mark on the mind that lay in abeyance, untouched. Perhaps it was right that the boy, destined to be a Teacher who would walk the world, had to be freed from a condition of birth and country. To fulfill his destiny no frontiers could contain or restrain him.

According to C. Jinarajadasa, later to be president of the Theosophical Society, the training was strictly regimented. Meals, study, and games were on an absolute schedule intended to teach the boys alertness to time and circumstances. Bicycling was not for fun, but to teach self-reliance and resistance to fatigue. On one occasion they were made to cycle to Chingelpet and back, a total of sixty-four miles. To eliminate fear, Leadbeater read them bloodcurdling ghost stories.[8]

Speaking to us of this period of his life seventy-five years later, Krishnamurti spoke of the boy Krishna and his relationship to Leadbeater. "The boy had always said, 'I will do whatever you want.' There was an element of subservience, obedience. The boy was vague, uncertain, wooly; he didn't seem to care what was happening. He was like a vessel, with a large hole in it, whatever was put in, went through, nothing remained." They called him the vehicle, he accepted that without any question. There was no resistance in him, no doubt nor questioning. Krishnamurti also spoke of the boy's psychic powers. He could read what was in a closed letter, read people's thoughts, see faeries. But he appeared totally unaware of the significance of these extrasensory faculties; for him they were of no account.

The Masters had instructed Mrs. Besant and Leadbeater to protect the body of Krishnamurti for two years and so prepare it for the manifestation. Everything was done to ensure this; Krishnaji would later say that although Leadbeater and others determined the conditions in which the outer life of Krishnamurti would develop, no attempt was made to interfere with the boy's psyche or to mold his brain, for they said, "The Lord is preparing it."

Leadbeater was often impatient with Krishna—the boy's vagueness irritated him, particularly the habit of standing with his mouth open. On one occasion he hit Krishna sharply on the chin to force him to close his mouth. Krishnaji was to say later that this act of violence broke all relationship between Krishna and Leadbeater.

Just before Mrs. Besant's return to India, Krishna was put on probation by the Masters. When Mrs. Besant arrived in Madras in November 1909, she saw with Leadbeater an "eager large eyed boy" shyly step forward to put a garland round her neck. Leadbeater's voice said, "This is our Krishna."[9]

With her coming, a protective wall was slowly built around the boy. A special group of boys was selected to play with him; no one was permitted to sit on his chair or to use his tennis racket. Everything he did was closely monitored.

To ensure that Naraniah would not interfere in the training, a message was soon received from the Masters that the boys should go as little as possible to their father's house. Mrs. Besant prevailed on the father to hand over the guardianship of the boys to her. Soon all visits of the boys to Naraniah's house had ended.

While Mrs. Besant was in Adyar, she met with Krishna every day. It was during this period that the seeds of her relationship with him, based on love and infinite trust, were sown. In the months prior to Mrs. Besant's return to India, Leadbeater claimed to have taken Krishna every night on the astral plane to be instructed by the Masters. The boy had been brought in contact with the esoteric life of the Society as viewed by Leadbeater and the language that surrounded the occult mysteries. Portraits of the Masters and Mahatmas hung in the shrine room, the meditation hall of the Esoteric Section; faces and names were absorbed by Krishna to fuse and grow one with his everyday reality. Mrs. Besant first met Krishna on November 27, 1909, and by December 5 he had been admitted to the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society.

She was to leave Adyar for Varanasi soon after.

CHAPTER 3

The Dream: "Is That You My Lord?"

What was the work that took Mrs. Besant to Varanasi at this time, the most crucial moment of her life? Why was she not in Adyar at the time of the first initiation? Was she herself under the guidance of mystics and sages, seeking an assurance about Krishnamurti from the occult hierarchy? Had she to undergo yogic initiations in order to protect the child who was to be the World Teacher?

Speaking to learned scholars and the Brahmin pandits of Varanasi more than seventy years later, I gathered that in those early years Mrs. Besant had been in touch in Varanasi with Swami Vishudhanand and his disciple Gopinath Kaviraj. Swami Vishudhanand was a renowned tantric, with many *siddhis* or mystical powers. He also claimed direct links to a secret cult and doctrine of Tibet; originating in India, this doctrine had survived in its pristine form in a heavily charged psychic center beyond Mansarovar Lake in Tibet. At this center many great sages and bodhisattvas were said to gather, not in their physical form, but perhaps as centers of energy. One of their most guarded doctrines was an ear-to-mouth, whispered doctrine, concerned with the eternal cycle of time—with yoga or *kundalini* practices and with the transference of consciousness. This yoga, fraught with immense dangers, had originated in India long before the Buddha and his teaching. It later disappeared in India, but survived amongst adepts in that secret center in Tibet.

It is possible that through Swami Vishudhanand, Mrs. Besant grew aware of the doctrine of the "turning around" or transference of consciousness and its close links to *kundalini* yoga. Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya of Varanasi, who had found a copy of the original text of the *Kala Chakra Tantra,* and who was undertaking research into it, told

Krishnaji that Pandit Gopinath Kaviraj maintained that the Theosophical Society drew much of its hidden teaching from this secret doctrine. He went on to say that Swami Vishudhanand and Gopinath Kaviraj, in the early years of the twentieth century, had spoken to Mrs. Besant of the imminent coming of the Maitreya Boddhisattva and his manifestation in a human body; according to the swami, the body chosen was that of Krishnamurti. Krishnaji's response had been swift. "The Maitreya cannot manifest, it would be like the sky manifesting. It is the teaching that manifests." Another day, speaking on the same subject, as if through a rent in time Krishnaji suddenly saw an image. He said, "Amma [A. B.] visited the Kaviraj riding a horse."[1]

When I heard this I was intrigued. The image of Mrs. Besant riding a white charger in the early twentieth century through the tiny lanes of Varanasi to visit *sadhus*, mendicant ascetics, was pure magic; I enquired further and found that Mrs. Besant was very fond of riding and it is likely that she did ride to her meetings with the gurus of Varanasi. This whole area of enquiry throws new light on the manner in which many secret insights and doctrines entered the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society. It is possible that Mrs. Besant's total faith that the Bodhisattva Maitreya would manifest through the body of Krishnamurti was due to these early contacts with Varanasi gurus and their links to the occult hierarchy. Leadbeater, with his obvious psychic gifts, was heavily burdened by occidental occult symbology; the sources that provided the Indian stream to the occult world of Theosophy could only have come from sources steeped in Indian and Tibetan tradition.

Within three weeks of Krishna's joining the Esoteric Section, Leadbeater had telegraphed Mrs. Besant that the boy had been accepted by Master Koot Hoomi as his disciple. Only five months had passed since Krishna had been discovered by Leadbeater.

Writing to Mrs. Besant in a beautiful script, possibly the result of intense copybook practice, Krishna described the ceremony of acceptance on January 3, 1910:

My dear Mother,

It was very beautiful. When we went to our Master's house, we found him and Master Morya and the Master Djwal Kul all standing talking, and they spoke very kindly. We all prostrated ourselves, and the Master drew me onto his knee, and asked me whether I would forget myself entirely and never have a selfish thought, but think only how to help the world and I said indeed I would, and I wanted only to be like him someday. Then he kissed me and passed his hand over me, and I seemed to be somehow part of him, and I felt quite different and very very happy, and I have had that feeling ever since. Then they all three blessed me and we came away. But next morning in the Shrine Room when I thanked him again, I felt his hand press strongly on my head again just as in the night.

I have ridden 254 miles now, and I enjoy the rides very much. How soon will you come back to us. I send you very much love many times each day.

Your loving son,
Krishna[2]

The period of probation was short, and unusual events soon followed. An eminent astrologer, G. E. Sutcliff, had foreseen a very unusual positioning of planets for January 11. Telegrams were exchanged between Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant, and she was finally informed that the first initiation of Krishna was to take place on the night of January 11 to 12. Mrs. Besant was unable to be present, but she issued instructions that the doors of the shrine room of the Esoteric Section and the veranda which opened onto her room were to be closed, and that Krishna and Leadbeater were to occupy her room during this momentous occasion.

It was said later that Krishna and Leadbeater were out of their bodies during two nights and a day, coming back into them occasionally for some nourishment. Krishna lay on Mrs. Besant's bed, Leadbeater on the floor. On January 12 they emerged from the room to find some of the elders of the Society awaiting them. Amongst them was Krishna's father, Naraniah, and his brother Nitya. Krishna wrote to Mrs. Besant immediately, describing the mysterious happenings:

When I left my body the first night, I went at once to the Master's house and I found Him there with the Master Morya and the Master Djwal Kul. The Master talked to me very kindly for a long time, and told me all about the initiation, and what I should have to do. Then, we all went together to the house of the Lord Maitreya, where I had been once before, and there we found many of the Masters—the Venetian Master, the Master Jesus, the Master the Count, the Master Serapis, the Master Hilarion and the two Masters Morya and K. H. The Lord Maitreya sat in the middle and the others stood round Him in a semi-circle. [Here Krishna drew a diagram to make the positions of the gathered Brotherhood clear.] Then the Master took my right hand and the Master Djwal Kul my left, and they led me in front of the Lord Maitreya, you [Mrs. Besant] and uncle [Leadbeater] standing close behind me. The Lord smiled at me, but He said to the Master: "Who is this that you bring before me?" And the Master answered: "This is a candidate for admission to the Great Brotherhood."

[The Masters who had gathered agreed to his admission into the Brotherhood.]

Then the Lord turned away from me and called towards Shamballa: "Do I this, O Lord of Life and Light, in Thy Name and for Thee?" And at once the great Silver Star flashed out over His head and on each side of it in the air there stood a figure—one for the Lord Gautama Buddha and the other the Mahachohan. And the Lord Maitreya turned and called me by the true name of my Ego, and laid His hand upon my head and said: "In the name of the One Initiator, whose Star shines above us, I receive you into the Brotherhood of Eternal Life." [The next night they were taken to visit Sanat Kumar.]

. . . for He is a boy not much older than I am, but the handsomest I have ever seen, all shining and glorious, and when He smiles it is like sunlight. He is strong like the sea, so that nothing could stand against Him for a moment, and yet He is nothing but love, so that I could not be in the least afraid of Him.[3]

Mrs. Besant's reply to Krishna is not available, but she wrote in glowing words to Leadbeater, confirming the event. The correspondence between Mrs. Besant and Krishna reveal the immensity of her love and concern for the child. Her words reach out to him:

31 March 1910

My loved Krishna, blessed little son, I wonder if you see or feel me in the morning meditation where I come to you, *you* do in your astral, but do you in your brain down here? And very often in the day I send a thought-form to wrap its wings round you.

There was such a big meeting in Calcutta for the animals and I told the people about the Robin who tried to pull the nail out of the hand of Christ on the Cross. That is not a story of a fact but of a real truth, like the story of Shri Rama stroking the squirrels have pretty stripes [sic]. Once at Sarnath where the Buddha preached his first sermon, I looked back to see it; and a little fawn came up and put her nose into his hand. The Lord was all love, so the animals were not afraid of him. Tell dear Nitya that I give him a kiss on the top of his dear little head every morning, and send him a thought-form too. You know that I love you very much my Krishna, and am always.

Your loving mother.[4]

Krishna replied on April 5, 1910:

Of course, my physical brain remembers when you put your arms round me, because I am trying to make my consciousness the same all the time, but I am not always quite sure of it yet. I am working always for what is wanted for the second step, but it will take some time. I think, I have not much doubt or superstition, but it is very hard to get rid of the delusion of self, but I will do it. I do not quite know how yet, but somehow it shall be done.

I have read "Children of the Motherland" and in about the next three days, we shall have finished "The Story of the Great War." I have heard the stories about "The Robin and the Squirrel," but I have not yet seen a Robin. It is 1250 years since I was last at Saranath, but I hope to go there in this life also. There was a great grey pillar there with a lion on it and other smaller pillars round it in half a circle. How soon will you come back to us? I send you very much love every day.

Your loving son, Krishna.[5]

A photograph taken immediately after Krishna's first initiation, five months after he had been "discovered" by Leadbeater, reveals the young *brahmacharin* mantled in an *angavastram*. It is a fragile face with intimations of unbounded strength. In profile, the hair hangs just above his shoulders; his eyes mirror *akash*, endless space and sound. The mouth is slightly open, neither smiling, nor grim; a tender mango shoot that has no self-will, but only life energy; a face defenseless, entirely without guile: "Of the waters the first born sap, / likewise of the forest trees."[6]

Many of Krishna's biographers, describing him at the time of discovery by Leadbeater, speak of him as backward, even moronic, dirty, unkempt, with only his large eyes to distinguish his face. Astonishingly, there are no comments on his awesome beauty.

By September 1910 Mrs. Besant, who was in Adyar, took the brothers with her to Varanasi. It was here that Krishna sent for the notes he is said to have written in Adyar, and which were to form the material for his first book, *At the Feet of the Master.*

The appearance of the book aroused a major controversy. Specially bound in blue leather and autographed by Krishna, a copy meant for Master Koot Hoomi and placed under Krishna's pillow was to disappear by morning. A vast number of copies of the book sold. Krishna's English at the time was feeble, and many critics maintained that the book had been written by Leadbeater. The book was lucid, combining Theosophical teaching with certain basic tenets of Hinduism.

There is little doubt that even if the notes had been originally written by Krishna under the guidance of Master K. H., the final version bore a definite Leadbeater imprint. Questioned by his father, Krishna is reported to have denied having written the book.

Some fifty years later the physicist George Sudarshan asked Krishnaji about the authorship of *At the Feet of the Master.* Krishnaji replied, "The man who wrote the book has disappeared."[7] He refused to say anything further about it.

In 1911 Mrs. Besant traveled to England with her two wards. Her old friends and admirers in India had been very critical about what they referred to as the whole "Messiah business," and she had been attacked relentlessly by *The Hindu,* an influential English daily published in Madras. Soon many members of the Theosophical Society from all over India, some of whom were her close friends, were in open revolt for her worship "of the little Hindu boy she calls Alcyone."[8] In spite of ridicule, open opposition, and desertion from the Society of some of its eminent members, Mrs. Besant stood like a rock, her faith unshaken, steadfast to the Masters' instructions that Krishna was to be the vehicle for the Maitreya Buddha.

Before leaving for England Mrs. Besant had a complete Western wardrobe made for the boys by the best tailors in Bombay. When they arrived at Charing Cross Station to be met by a gathering of Theosophists, Krishna was wearing a Norfolk jacket and trousers.

Mrs. Besant took the boys to stay at the home of her friend Miss Bright. In her book *Old Memories and Letters of Annie Besant,* Esther Bright described the two Indian wards of Mrs. Besant.

> It was to this house that A. B. brought her two young Indian wards, the brothers Krishnamurti and Nityanandam. They made their home with us. It was interesting to watch their reactions to our Western life—very shy and reserved they were—but keenly alive to what was going on in our peculiar Western world, and often, no doubt, very critical of us! Especially on the subject of Rice! "I do not think Miss Bright quite understands" said Nitya once very gravely "how much we like rice." He was a charming little fellow, such a serious face and keen, friendly, inquiring eyes; a fine, big nature in that small Indian body. A. B. was devoted to these boys and gave them all the affection and loving kindness possible. It was beautiful to see them together . . .[9]

Parted from Krishna for a short while, Mrs. Besant wrote on November 29, 1911:

> I am sending you big waves of love, like those that come tumbling in through the opening of the bar; only they do not knock you about, but only envelope and guard the precious body that the Lord will wear.
>
> I love my own dear Krishna, the ego that I have loved for so many years, How many? I do not know. Since we were leaping animals, and guarded our Master's hut? Perhaps longer still; perhaps when we were plants, we put out delicate tendrils to each other in the sunshine and the storm. And perhaps we

> were animals—Oh, so very long ago—I was a bit of crystal and you a bit of gold in me.[10]

Krishna and Nitya returned to India with Mrs. Besant for a short period in December 1921. The attacks against Mrs. Besant were continuing. The brothers accompanied Mrs. Besant to Varanasi. According to Mrs. Besant and Leadbeater it was here that the first quickening of the spirit was to occur, after which Mrs. Besant proclaimed that there could no longer be any doubt that Krishnamurti had been selected by the Bodhisattva Maitreya as his vehicle.

By 1912 Mrs. Besant and the two boys returned to Europe. Naraniah had reluctantly allowed his sons to go back, on the understanding that they would be kept away from all contact with Leadbeater. At the time, news of Leadbeater's sexual proclivities were being freely talked about in the English community of Madras, and it was natural that the father should resent any contact of his sons with him. As Mrs. Besant was about to leave India with her wards, Naraniah's fears reawakened and he threatened to file a suit for their recovery. But she prevailed on the father to allow the boys to accompany her and prepare for their entry to Oxford. Hearing, however, that Mrs. Besant on reaching Europe had taken the boys to Taormina in Italy, where Leadbeater was waiting to help Krishna undergo his second initiation, Naraniah finally filed a case for the recovery of custody of his sons. Mrs. Besant returned to India and fought the suit with her enormous energy, diligence, and sheer willpower; she appeared in person in the courts and argued with great skill against some of the best legal experts of the country. She lost the case both in the lower court and in the High Court of Madras; but eventually she won in her appeal to the Privy Council.

Krishna and Nitya did not see India from 1912 to 1922.

The contact between Mrs. Besant and Krishna could only be maintained through letters. Krishna wrote to her every week describing his studies, his dreams, his problems. He started collecting money for Mrs. Besant's work in India and promised to contribute 2s 6d a week from his pocket money. During a visit to a dentist in the last week of August 1912, a mild application of cocaine to his wisdom tooth led to an extraordinary dream that night of the Lord Maitreya. He described the dream in a letter to Mrs. Besant—the handwriting sprawls across the page, words are cut out, the lines crooked:

> I remembered being in a room above an E. S. [Esoteric Section] room with

Clarke.* There was an E. S. meeting which Mother held. The meeting was over and Clarke and I went upstairs into my room. My window looked into the E. S. room. I went to the window casually and saw a person in the E. S. room. I was rather startled at first, because I saw that every person was out after the meeting and I had myself locked the door. I felt rather uneasy about it and was rather afraid but, I said to myself "what is there to be afraid about?" Therefore, I called Clarke and went down. I walked down rather quickly and when I was at the bottom, I looked up to see Clarke, but he was not there. I heard a sort of noise and I saw as follows: A form seemed to come out of the Lord Maitreya's picture and those of the Master's. I saw a man's legs and only up to his neck, as I could not see whose face it was as it was covered with a sort of gold cloth. I knew who the person was as he had long hair and pointed beard and I wanted to make sure and I said very humbly & the words are exact. I said "Is that You, my Lord?" . . . He took away the cover from His face and I knew for certain, it was the Lord Maitreya. Then, I prostrated myself and He stretched His hand over me in blessing. Then He sat on the ground cross-legged and I also sat down cross-legged on the floor. Then He began to talk to me and told me things which I do not remember. Then I prostrated and He was gone.

A few hours later I and an Indian boy friend were walking along a road and on both sides there were mountains and rivers and I saw a man walking towards us, he was tall and well built. As the form approached us I knew who it was and told my friend to go away. My friend said he wanted to see who it was. By this time, the form was very close to us and I was going to prostrate myself when He put up His hand not to do it. My friend was behind me. The Lord turned to my friend and said to him "What do you want here?" My friend did not answer Him. Then the Lord said to him again "if you do not want anything, you had better go away." My friend still stood there without answering. Then the Lord lifted His hand and pointed it towards my friend and as I was close to His hand, I heard a sort of rumbling noise as if a train had passed by. I turned towards my friend and I saw him slowly falling down. My friend was motionless as though he was dead. Then I prostrated, and the Lord Maitreya said "That boy of yours is rather inquisitive" and I could not answer Him and I was sorry that I brought my friend along.

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The Lord said, I think this is what He said—"Raja [C. Jinarajadasa] was to go to America after George [Arundale, Krishna's tutor in England between 1912 and 1914] has come next year and Clarke was to stay." He told me that I was getting on well and something else which I do not *remember* I remember the

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*Russel B. Clarke (Dick) was an engineer and a Theosophist who came to stay in Adyar in 1910 and was assisting C W. Leadbeater in his work When the boys Krishna and Nitya were discovered, Clarke became their tutor

> Lord very clearly. His face was like a glass covered with a thin piece of gold; in other words, as Mother said, like ripe corn. His face was radiant and luminous.
>
> He was very kind to me. He once or twice put His hand over my shoulder. He talked about Mother and George. We talked for a very long time. At the end, I asked him "Is there any order my Lord?" and He said, "you need not be so formal." Then I prostrated once more. He said, "we shall meet often."
>
> I felt as though I could talk with Him for ever and I saw Lord Maitreya's form disappear. Then I awoke and it was half past five. Then also, I wrote out all this. . . . Krishna.[11]

Through the years of separation Mrs. Besant continued to write to Krishna regularly, describing her life, teaching him to spell, and so forth. Her letters reflect her concern for him and her remarkable qualities as a teacher. On October 9, 1912, she noticed his appalling spelling and wrote:

> I am glad you are doing your lessons regularly. Please try to pay attention to them while you are doing them, and make your mind steady and *think*, as you did with me. It is very important that you should master these ordinary things, and do us all credit at Oxford. I should like parallel bars better without two Rs; you have the ll's right; unparalleled is one of the puzzle words often given for spelling. I do not think there is any rule about "r" being single or double for we write harass with one, and embarras [sic] with two. In reading books, we learn to know how a word *looks*, and if it is wrongly spelt, it looks like a lame man.
>
> I leave for Adyar on the 20th at midnight, and there is going to be a reception given to me by the Madras people, to show that they do not sympathise with the *Hindu*.
>
> With very much love to you and dear Nitya,
>
> Your own loving Mother.[12]

A year later, in reply to a comment about his unruly writing, Krishna wrote to Besant, "I am very sorry that Lord Maitreya should speak three times about my hand-writing."[13]

Mrs. Besant, fighting the case for the custody of the boys, and caught in the whirlpool of political life in India, placed Krishna and Nitya in the care of C. Jinarajadasa and later George Arundale. Shunted as they were from place to place, tutor to tutor, very little spiritual education or discussion appears to have taken place during this period. For a time the brothers were sent to school near Rochester. Their lives were made miserable by the other boys, who told dirty jokes and called the brothers "black devils."

While Krishna was in India, in the early years, he had a living contact with the Masters: but in England he soon grew skeptical and took little interest in any esoteric activity. He told a friend that on one occasion when the Master K. H. was standing before him, speaking to him, he had gone up to the Master and walked through him. The Masters, according to Krishna, were never to appear to him again.

On April 15, 1913, Justice Blackwell of the High Court of Madras passed judgment on the case brought by Naraniah for the return of the custody of his sons, Krishna and Nitya.

The honorable judge concluded that although the evidence of Naraniah, the father, was not to be trusted, the plaintiff was not aware when he signed the guardianship agreement that his son was to be brought up as a "vehicle of supernatural powers" and, therefore, had a right to change his mind when he so learned.

His lordship refused to pass orders of custody, as the boys were residents of British India and only temporary residents of England. He therefore declared them wards of the court and ordered the boys to be turned over to their father on or about May 26, 1913.

A stay of execution, however, was granted to Mrs. Besant, who decided to appeal to the Privy Council. She had telegraphed Krishna and had received a cable in reply from Raja, Nitya, and Krishna, expressing their total confidence in her.

She wrote to Krishna on April 17:

> My beloved son,
>
> Your nice telegram, signed by you, Raja and Nitya, gave me much pleasure You and Nitya are perfectly safe. No one can touch you. "I protect." And over us all shines the Star of the great king, and the hand of the Lord Maitreya guards you. Did not He Himself bid me protect you? It is my privilege and pride to do so, my blessed boy.
>
> I am quite enjoying myself and am remembering how you, [and] I gallopped along the Himalayan valleys when we came down into India.
>
> Your own loving mother
>
> Do you think galloped or gallopped look better? I am not sure. People spell it both ways. I think the two pps look more like the leaps of a horse[14]

With the outbreak of war in 1914 Krishna's tutor, George Arundale, had volunteered for the Red Cross and found a senior position in King George's Hospital. Krishna and Nitya, eager to work, had also offered their services, but to no avail. Despite the fact that a large number of Indian troops were fighting for the British, racial prejudice was at its peak. The presence of dark-skinned Indians in a white man's hospital was frowned on by the authorities. After great pressure from influential sources, Krishna found work in a hospital near the Theosophical Society, but was only permitted to scrub floors. He wrote to Mrs. Besant on July 1, 1915:

> My dearest Mother,
>
> Thank you so very much for your letter. Of course, I shall do what you wish and I shall not touch meat or anything of that sort. We are now working in a hospital near the Theosophical Society with Dr. Guest. I like working there and I am kept busy from morning till nearly 7 in the evening. I think George likes his work too and I think he is happier. We are of course working under Dr. Guest and I like it very much.
>
> I think everything is going on very well.
>
> Your own devoted son,
> Krishna[15]

But by July 15th they had been asked to leave. In another letter to Mrs. Besant, written from Greenwood Gate, Withyham, Sussex, Krishna says:

> . . . I have been working really hard for a change at the hospital because there are too many Theosophists and I being an Indian am not wanted by the Committee. They also don't want any honorary workers. They are all very jealous and very petty. Lady Williamson who is the wife of the Chairman, Sir Archibald Williamson, wants to boss everybody including Dr. Guest and he is appointed as the Head of the Hospital by the War Office. Dr. Guest is now Major Guest and he is a bit sick of all this. The Committee has asked me and others to go away and so I have not been working there since yesterday. I am sorry because I liked the work very much and I was just getting into it. Now, I am going to find something else which will occupy me and think of other people and get away from myself. I will do what you tell me and be useful. . . .[16]

The brothers tried desperately to find work but were turned away. Krishna wrote on August 18, 1915:

> . . . I have tried very hard to find work anywhere of any sort but it is really very difficult. First of all, I am an Indian and nobody seems to like them . . . I do want to work, in as [sic] you tell me to forget myself, I think it is the only way, work. I hope it will be all right.[17]

The fact that he was an Indian and, therefore, unacceptable became a recurrent refrain in his letters to Mrs. Besant.

Mrs. Besant's replies are unavailable, but the stiff-necked old ladies who surrounded Krishna felt he was too frivolous and must have complained to Mrs. Besant. Krishna wrote to Mrs. Besant on October 7:

> I know, I have not taken my life seriously so far and I am going to do it from now. I am beginning my studies from next Monday. I had settled to study after the letter you had written to Lady De La Warr. I am going to study Sanskrit, English, Mathematics, History and French. I am having lessons for each and I mean to get into Oxford as soon as I can. I will study for all my worth and after Oxford, there is my work laid out for me by the Masters and yourself. I honestly mean to do this and *I will* do this at all costs[18]

In spite of these letters, the brothers were very lonely, unhappy, and felt totally rejected. Increasingly disillusioned, they appear to have lost interest in the Theosophical teachings. Krishna wrote to Leadbeater about Nitya:

> He feels very lonely, like most of us do, and there is nobody whom he specially likes or loves and makes doubly harder. He is very bitter, hard and cold He suffers a lot. I am afraid, I can't help him much. He wants somebody to love him first and foremost and to whom he can pour out all his troubles. He wants a mother to love as I have lady Emily.[19]

Krishna's only friend in England was Lady Emily Lutyens, the wife of Edwin Lutyens, the visionary architect who had designed New Delhi. Thirty-six years old when she first met Krishna, she was present, along with a huge crowd at the Charing Cross Road platform, to receive Mrs. Besant and the mysterious young boy Alcyone. When she saw the large-eyed, long-haired young Indian boy, who was then sixteen years old, she was deeply stirred. Lady Emily became very friendly with Krishna, who was bewildered and lonely in alien surroundings. At first her husband, Edwin Lutyens, was amused. Later he became deeply upset, as he felt Lady Emily was neglecting him and the children. Mrs. Besant was very distressed, because she felt that any emotional atmosphere around Krishna was detrimental to the mission for which he was intended. In the letters Krishna continued to write Mrs. Besant, however, he referred to Lady Emily as being much better, more serious, and trying very hard.

The brothers' names had been entered for Balliol at Oxford. But the master of Balliol, concerned about the controversies that had arisen around Krishna, rejected him on the "general principle that his college did not want to have anything to do with a brown Messiah."[20]

All attempts by Mrs. Besant to arrange for their admission to any other college in Oxford or Cambridge also failed. Krishna was also unable to pass any of the entrance examinations for London University. He would study for days but, when faced with an examination, would come away leaving a blank paper.

The brothers were living with Miss Dodge in Wimbledon. Miss Dodge was a very rich and charitable American woman. Crippled by arthritis, she had financed many activities of the Theosophical Society. She was a friend of Lady Emily Lutyens, who introduced her to Mrs. Besant and Theosophy. Krishna and Nitya commuted every day to London, where they were studying, with immense difficulty, to pass the entrance examinations to London University. "It was at this time that they learnt to dress well, and feel at ease in a rich aristocratic household."[21] They had begun to go to expensive tailors and visit the theater. Krishna was showing very few signs of his fulfilling the promise forecast for him by Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant. As Krishna grew older Mrs. Besant was to say to him, "My dear, what is to happen to you?" She saw that Krishna was only interested in clothes and cars. But her trust in the role the Masters had foreseen for Krishna remained unshaken.

Meanwhile, at the Theosophical convention held in Varanasi in December 1913, C. W. Leadbeater had discovered a thirteen-year-old Brahmin youth from Madras named D. Rajagopal. Attracted by his aura, C. W. L. prophesied a brilliant future for him—even to the extent of saying that in a future life he would be the next Buddha on the planet Mercury. Adopted by Leadbeater, Rajagopal was sent to England with C. Jinarajadasa in 1920. He was soon to enter Cambridge, where he studied law and passed his examination brilliantly.

When Krishna and Rajagopal first met, there was a certain aloofness, and Krishna's friends treated Rajagopal with a flippancy and disregard. Rajagopal, deeply hurt by their attitudes, attempted to mask his feelings. By 1922, however, the relationship between Krishna, Nitya, and Rajagopal had improved considerably.

After the war, having failed in all his attempts to enter a university, Krishna went to Paris and stayed with his friends the Manziarlys. They were a large, warm family, and introduced him to Paris. Krishna met dancers, writers, painters, musicians. He was awakening to a new creative world. It was enchantment. For a time the role of messiah sat lightly on his shoulders.

One night Krishna attended a reception hosted for him. Amongst the many personalities present were some generals in gala uniform;

many had gathered out of curiosity to see this beautiful young man destined to be a messiah. Some were cynical, others full of admiration.

"Many expected the new messiah to appear as an oriental figure" with the "voice of an Elijah." The "messiah" proved to be "an elegant young man in flannel trousers." His gestures were nonchalant and even a little bored. When questioned about the heavy burden of being called an incarnation of a Deity, he laughed aloud. "I should say it is rather a burden. The thing I am most interested in just now is whether Suzanne Lenglen will be able to hold out against Helen Wills [at Wimbledon]."[22]

In December 1921, after an absence of nine years, Krishnamurti and his brother Nitya returned to India. Krishnamurti was seeing India anew; during this visit he would make friends, observe his surroundings, and reestablish a communication with the Masters.

The brothers decided to visit their father, Naraniah, who had had no contact or news of them for nine years. His daughter-in-law G. Sharada, who had married Krishna's elder brother when she was fifteen, was deeply hurt and in tears when she spoke to me years later in 1984 of the reports that had been current of the meeting between Naraniah and his two sons. Unable to visit the Theosophical Society, he had sought news of them from outside the Society. Neither of the boys had written to him over the years, and when he received a telegram that they were coming to visit him, he had wept. At his behest, his daughter-in-law spent two days preparing the special foods he knew his sons had enjoyed eating.

It was evening when the brothers arrived. G. Sharada said she was very shy, and waited outside on the veranda when Krishnamurti and Nitya came to visit. Describing Krishnamurti, she said, "He looked beyond description, very bright—full of light. He had a strange quick walk, and was much taller than others." She bowed her head when she saw him. To tease her, he put his two hands on his face, as if he had not seen her. Nitya chided him and said, "Why do you do that? She is naturally shy, like an Indian girl."

Naraniah was overwhelmed when he saw his sons, and stood up to greet them. Krishnamurti and Nitya prostrated themselves before him and touched their foreheads to his feet. Naraniah embraced them and started weeping. Krishnamurti sat down with him and, according to G. Sharada, "consoled him." Later they spoke of Mrs. Besant. The father and his sons did not speak in Telugu, but in English. The specially prepared sweets and savories were offered to the brothers. The boys were shy and embarrassed, and were unsure of how to behave. Consequently, they ate very little. Krishnamurti refused, but Nitya took an orange.

Naraniah was suffering from diabetes and had bladder problems. The emotional excitement of seeing his sons prompted him to go to the lavatory; and, as was demanded by ritual, he washed his feet. This was later interpreted to mean that Naraniah had washed his feet because they had been touched by his sons, whom he regarded as pariahs.[23]

The brothers stayed for only half an hour on their first visit. According to G. Sharada, they came to see Naraniah three days running, after which their visits were to cease.* Naraniah wanted to go to the Theosophical Society to see his sons before they left India, but was restrained by his eldest son. Naraniah died in 1924. He did not see his sons again in his lifetime.[24]

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*In Krishnamurti's *Journal*, page 36, there is an account that varies from that given by G. Sharada I read the version in my manuscript to Krishnaji. He said he did not remember. Sometimes when he spoke of the past, his own memories would fuse with what others had told him.

CHAPTER 4

"Mother, Please Touch My Face. Is It Still There?"

In early 1922 Krishnaji and Nitya traveled by ship from Colombo to Sydney, Australia, to attend a Theosophical convention to be held there. Krishna and C. W. L. were meeting after ten years, and he appeared happy to meet his old mentor. Charges of homosexuality arose again in Sydney against Leadbeater, and trouble exploded amongst serious Theosophists, which Krishna did his best to allay.

It was in Sydney that Krishna was also to meet James Wedgewood. By then Wedgewood had been ordained a bishop of the Liberal Catholic Church.* In 1916 he had in turn consecrated C. W. L. as the Regional Liberal Catholic Bishop for Australasia. C. W. L. was delighted, for this involved not only the rituals and the gorgeous robes attached to the Church, but a new liturgy, which was in English.

As Nitya was still unwell, after the convention was over the brothers decided to return to Europe by way of San Francisco and the United States. A. P. Warrington, the General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in the United States, was in Sydney for the convention. He invited Krishna and Nitya to spend some time in Ojai, California, an ancient Native American area near Santa Barbara, which had a dry climate, excellent for tuberculosis. As their time to leave Sydney approached, C. W. L. received a message from Master K. H. for Krishna, which touched Krishna deeply.

It was a long voyage, and Nitya grew desperately ill on board ship.

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*The Liberal Catholic Church emerged from a group of German Catholic rebels against the Church of Rome on the doctrine of papal infallibility in 1870. It associated itself with the old Catholic Church of Holland, spread amongst Catholic and Anglican priests, but had a small following.

But at last he rallied, and they arrived in California. It was their first visit, and Krishna was enchanted with the beauty of the countryside. After a trip to a redwood forest he remarked on the majesty of the trees and their resemblance to vast cathedrals.

Krishna and Nitya finally came to Ojai, where they lived in a cottage surrounded by six acres of land. The property was later to be bought for the brothers by Annie Besant, and renamed Arya Vihara, the monastery of the noble ones.

Krishnamurti had begun meditating regularly every morning, and was surprised at the ease with which the mind responded. He found he could hold the image of Maitreya in consciousness for the whole day. He was, as he said, "getting calmer and more serene." His whole outlook on life was changing. Doors were opening inward. From Ojai Krishnamurti wrote to Leadbeater:

> As you well know, I have not been what is called "happy" for many years; everything I touched brought me discontentment; my mental condition as you know, my dearest brother, has been deplorable . . . I have changed considerably from what I was in Australia. Naturally I have been thinking and deliberating about the message Master K. H. gave me while in Australia.[1]

In August 1922 Krishnamurti was to be plunged into the intense spiritual awakening that changed the course of his life. In the Indian tradition, the yogi who delves into the labyrinth of consciousness awakens exploding *kundalini** energies and entirely new fields of psychic phenomena, journeying into unknown areas of the mind. A yogi who touches these primordial energies and undergoes mystic initiation is recognized as being vulnerable to immense dangers; the body and mind face perils that could lead to insanity or death.

The yogi learns the secret doctrines and experiences the awakening of dormant energy under the instruction of the guru. Once the yogi becomes an adept, these transformations of consciousness on the playground of consciousness are revealed in a mystical drama. The body and mind must undergo a supremely dangerous journey. The adept is surrounded and protected by his disciples; secrecy and a protective silence pervade the atmosphere.

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*The *kundalini* energy principle, dormant until awakened by the yogi, is likened to a serpent; it arises at the base of the spine, behind the generative organs, and ascends through the *sushumna nadi,* piercing and awakening *chakra* by *chakra* till it exits through the center of the scalp, the aperture of Brahma. The six *chakras* of *kundalini* yoga are regarded as six centers of explosive but dormant cosmic energy of the nature of fire The route along which these centers are placed is the spinal column. The *chakras* are likened to a lotus· awakened by the rising *kundalini* or serpent power, it opens and faces upwards.

On either side of the *sushumna* or median nerve are the solar and lunar channels, *ida* and *pingala* coiled like serpents around the *sushumna*. The point between the eyebrows is the sixth *chakra* or nodal point of energy. With the opening of the thousand-petaled lotus in the scalp, the yogi is liberated; within him he holds an inexhaustible source of energy that does not dissipate.

In Ojai, Nitya and Rosalind Williams, a young American, were present when Krishnamurti experienced much of the phenomena.[2] Nitya and Krishnamurti both sent Annie Besant reports of the events. Nitya's account vividly describes his brother's agony. Krishna was in pain, fainting, calling out in Telugu for his mother, asking to be taken to the woods in India, complaining of dirt, asking Nitya and Rosalind not to touch him. Krishna spoke of the presence of mighty Beings; an emptying of the Krishna-consciousness was evident, and with it there was sometimes a feeling of great presence. Finally, Krishna went out of the house and sat under a pepper tree. Nitya's description, though conditioned by Theosophical terminology, reveals bewilderment and anxiety and deep concern for his elder brother. Krishnamurti also wrote an account of the happenings to Mrs. Besant:

> On the 17th of August, I felt acute pain at the nape of my neck and I had to cut down my meditation to fifteen minutes. The pain instead of getting better as I had hoped, grew worse. The climax was reached on the 19th I could not think, nor was I able to do anything, and I was forced by friends here to retire to bed. Then I became almost unconscious, though I was well aware of what was happening around me. I came to myself at about noon each day. On that first day while I was in that state and more conscious of the things around me, I had the first most extraordinary experience There was a man mending the road; that man was myself; the pickaxe he held was myself, the very stone which he was breaking was a part of me, the tender blade of grass was my very being and the tree beside the man was myself. I almost could feel and think like the roadmender, and I could feel the wind passing through the tree and the little ant on the blade of grass I could feel The birds, the dust and the very noise were a part of me Just then there was a car passing by at some distance; I was the driver, the engine and the tyres, as the car went further away from me, I was going away from myself. I was in everything, or rather everything was in me, inanimate and animate, the mountain, the worm and all breathing things All day long I remained in this happy condition I could not eat anything, and again at about six I began to lose my physical body, and naturally the physical elemental did what it liked, I was semi-conscious.
>
> The morning of the next day [the 20th] was almost the same as the previous

> day. I ate nothing throughout the day, and I could not tolerate too many people in the room. I could feel them in rather a curious way and their vibrations got on my nerves. That evening at about the same hour of six I felt worse than ever. I wanted nobody near me nor anybody to touch me. I was feeling extremely tired and weak. I think I was weeping from sheer exhaustion and lack of physical control. My head was pretty bad and the top part felt as though many needles were being driven in. While I was in this state, I felt that the bed on which I was lying, the same as on the previous day, was dirty and filthy beyond imagination and I could not lie in it. Suddenly I found myself sitting on the floor and Nitya and Rosalind asking me to get into bed. I asked them not to touch me and cried out that the bed was not clean. I went on like this for some time till eventually I wandered onto the verandah and sat a few moments exhausted and became slightly calmer. I began to come to myself and finally Mr. Warrington [General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in the United States] asked me to go under the pepper tree which is near the house. There I sat cross-legged in the meditation posture. When I sat thus for some time, I felt myself going out of my body. I saw myself sitting down and with the delicate, tender leaves of the tree over me. I was facing the East.
>
> In front of me was my body and over the head I saw the Star bright and clear. Then I could feel the vibration of the Lord Buddha; I beheld Lord Maitreya and Master K. H. I was so happy, calm and at peace. I could still see my body and I was hovering and within myself was the calmness of the bottom of a deep unfathomable lake. Like the lake, I felt my physical body an unfathomable lake. Like the lake I felt that my physical body with its mind and emotions could be ruffled on the surface, but nothing, nay nothing could disturb the calmness of my soul. The presence of the mighty Being was with me for some time and then They were gone. I was supremely happy for I had seen. Nothing could ever be the same. I have drunk at the clear pure waters at the source of the fountain of life and my soul was appeased. Never more could I be thirsty, never more could I be in utter darkness. I have seen the Light. I have touched compassion which heals all sorrow and suffering; it is not for myself, but for the world. I have stood on the mountain top and gazed at the mighty Beings. Never can I be in utter darkness; I have seen the glorious and healing Light. The fountain Truth has been revealed to me and the darkness has been dispersed. Love in all its glory has intoxicated my heart; my heart can never be closed. I have drunk at the fountain of joy and eternal Beauty. I am God-intoxicated![3]

For the next ten days Krishna's body was quiet, recuperating. On September 3, however, there were signs of an awakening of sensations in his spine and of his consciousness leaving the body. Soon periods of acute pain began. Three witnesses were present: Nitya, Rosalind, and Mr. Warrington. Nitya took detailed notes, but no one could understand what the events signified. The notes bearing Nitya's signature and the date February 11, 1923, were sent to Mrs. Besant. Only recently rediscovered, they lay for years in a miscellaneous file in the Adyar archives. Nitya wrote, "It is difficult for me to decide whether to write as if it were a scientific process; or as if it were a sacred ceremony in a temple. The incidents were concentrated and started every evening around 6. They lasted for a regular period and were to end at the same time late in the evening at 8-o'clock—on a few days they lasted till 9 at night."[4]

The sequence of events seems to have been as follows: Every evening Krishna meditated under the pepper tree. On September 3, after he had finished his meditations, he entered the house in a semiconscious state and lay down. He started to moan and to complain of great heat; he shuddered a little and collapsed on the couch. When he recovered full consciousness he did not remember what had occurred, though he felt a vague general discomfort. The next evening there was a recurrence of the symptoms. On September 5 he went down to Hollywood to see a dramatization of the life of Christ. He had arranged to do this a long time ago and did not want to break the engagement. Krishna told Nitya afterwards that while he was at the play in the evening, he felt himself gradually losing consciousness and it was with a great effort that he awakened himself. He returned to Ojai on the evening of the 6th. On the night of September 7, the day after the full moon, it was still very bright. Nitya continued,

> As Krishna came up from the tree we could see him clearly. He looked a spectral figure in his Indian clothes, as he walked with a heavy dragging step swaying a little, scarcely able to hold himself up. As he came nearer we could see his eyes, they had a curiously dead look in them, and though he saw us he knew none of us; he could still speak coherently but he was fast becoming unconscious. It looked so dangerous to see him walking unsteadily that Rosalind or Mr. Warrington tried to go near to support him, but he would cry out "please don't touch, Oh, please, it hurts." Then he would go into the porch and lie down on the bed. We had drawn all the blinds so it was dark in there though there was the brilliant moon. Rosalind would sit nearby. After a little he would get up and say to someone whom none of us could see, "what! yes I'm coming" and start walking out and Rosalind would try to restrain him, but he would say "I'm alright, please don't touch me, I'm perfectly alright" and his voice would sound normal though a little irritated. Deceived by this Rosalind would leave him and scarcely had he taken two steps, there would be a frightful crash and he had fallen full length on his face, unmindful of where he fell or how. Out on the porch there were boxes protruding from under a long bench that runs the length of the porch; but he was absolutely unconscious of all this, and he would fall wherever he was, fall unrestrainedly just

> as if he were fainting, sometimes he would sit up on the bed and after murmuring something he would fall backward with a crash on the bed and sometimes it was forward on the floor. He needed close attention every moment, and yet when he realized this he seemed annoyed and would affirm in a clear voice "I'm alright, please believe me, I'm perfectly alright." But even as he said it his voice would trail off. All this time he was groaning and tossing about unable to sit still, murmuring incoherently and complaining of his spine.

Any noise, even low-toned talk, would disturb him and he would beg his companions not to talk about him, to leave him alone; for every time they talked about him it hurt him. And so it went until eight o'clock. A little before eight he would become more peaceful, more restful, and sometimes he would go to sleep; gradually, he would become conscious and normal.

On the night of September 10 Krishna started calling for his mother. He called several times, then he said, "Nitya, do you see her?" When he returned to normal consciousness, he told Nitya that when his eyes rested on Rosalind, the face of their mother came in between and Rosalind's face would merge with their mother's face. Memories of his early childhood arose and he relived his childhood experiences.

Nitya and Warrington soon realized that Krishna was undergoing very dangerous transferences of consciousness or awakening of *kundalini*, and felt the atmosphere "charged with" electricity; they felt as if they were guardians of a temple where sacred ceremonies were being performed. At times those who were with Krishna felt the presence of a Being who was conducting the operations, although they could neither see nor identify it. But Krishna's body, between spasms of pain, would converse with the unseen presence, who appeared to be a friend and a Teacher. Krishna could not bear light or sound; he would cry out at the slightest touch; he could not bear too many people around him; the body and mind seemed tuned to a high pitch of sensitivity. A dull pain would suddenly concentrate on one spot and then become acute, he would push everyone away and complain of heat.

By September 18 a new phase began. The pain was more intense. Krishna was asking the unseen presence questions. His restlessness had increased; his eyes were open but unseeing; he would shiver and moan; sometimes he would shout out in pain, "Please, oh, please give me a minute." Then he would call for his mother.

On September 18, at 8:10 P.M., he was sitting on the couch, awake and fully conscious, talking and listening; but in a few minutes he went off again. The body, which was like an open wound, started to go through the same frightful pain. The pain seemed to have moved to a new part of the body unaccustomed to the deadly heat, and his sobbing would end in an awful, suppressed shriek. Krishna was in the dark and Nitya heard "the body speak, sob, shriek with pain and even beg for a moment's respite." They soon learned to recognize two voices: one, "the Physical elemental," the body, as Nitya writes of it, and the other the voice of Krishna. At a quarter past nine Krishna would grow conscious, finally, for the night. The time for the process seemed measured, as if a certain quantity of work had to be performed every evening, and if it were in any way interfered with in the beginning it was made up at the end.

Every night for the next fifteen nights he would ask, in the middle of his suffering, what the hour was. Invariably, to the minute, it was always 7:30 P.M.

When he came back to normal consciousness, the pain would be totally wiped out. He listened to Nitya and Rosalind telling him what had happened; but it was as if they were talking of another person.

On September 19 the pain seemed to be worse than before. It started immediately after he became unconscious, without any preliminaries, and grew worse and worse until suddenly Krishna was on his feet and running at full speed. They held him with difficulty, terrified that he would fall on the stones. He struggled to get away. After a time he started sobbing and gave a frightful cry, "Oh, Mother, why did you bear me, why did you bear me for this?" His eyes, according to Nitya, "looked strangely unconscious, wild and bloodshot, recognizing no one but Mother." He complained a fire was burning him, and his sobbings became so terrible that he began choking and gurgling; but this stopped soon. "And again when it became beyond endurance, he would suddenly stand up and run, and we would be round him. Three times he tried to run away and when he saw us round him he would calm down a little. At intervals when the pain was intense he would beg for rest for a few minutes and then he would start talking to his 'Mother' or else we would hear him talking to 'Them.' Sometimes he would say with a great deal of assurance, 'yes, rather I can stand a lot more; don't mind the body, I can't stop it from weeping.' "

On the night of September 20 the pain was even more acute, and Krishna tried to run away five or six times. His body would contort in dangerous and awkward positions, due to the awful pain. Nitya wrote that on one occasion Krishna, sobbing and weeping, suddenly put his head over his knees on the floor and turned over, nearly breaking his neck; but luckily Rosalind was there to turn him over sideways. He became totally still and for a moment they could hardly feel his heart beating.

The next day Rosalind had to go away for a few days. During her absence the process slackened, but he continued to complain of a strange pain low down on the left side of his spine.

On one occasion Krishna appeared distraught and felt that someone was lurking around the house. He insisted on walking to the low surrounding wall and said in a loud voice, "Go away, what do you mean by coming here? Go away. I don't know where you go, go behind the hills, but go right away from here." Then he came back and lay down. Soon he started calling out, "Please come back Krishna." He kept on calling for Krishna until he lapsed into unconsciousness. This was the first time he had called out his own name. That night there was an increase of pain in the back of his neck.

On Rosalind's return the pain grew worse and he complained of a burning in the spine and he could not bear too much light, even the light of the rising moon. Again, in the middle of the process he got up to repel some unseen person. He appeared angry and the invisible presence did not return. As soon as the light became unbearable they had to bring him indoors. One evening, toward 5 P.M., the atmosphere in the house changed; it grew quieter, peaceful, and soon they could feel a great Presence who was in charge. Nitya said it was as if, "Great engines were working and for a few hours, the house vibrated."

By October 2 a new phase began. The pain had shifted to Krishna's face and eyes. He felt that they were working on his eyes and said, "Mother, please touch my face, is it still there?" and a little later, "Mother, my eyes are gone, feel them, they have gone." As he said this he had started sobbing and moaning. This continued till 8 P.M. By 9 P.M. he was shivering and shuddering and could hardly breathe.

It appeared as if "the real Krishna" found it intensely hard to get back into his body. According to Nitya, "Every time he tried to wake up, it brought on this shivering."

On October 3 he said to Rosalind, "Mother, will you look after me, I'm going a long way off," and then fell unconscious. Some time later he began to speak to Rosalind, asking her where Krishna was. He told her that he had left her in charge, and now she did not know where Krishna was. And he began to weep, for he had lost Krishna. He refused to sleep before Krishna came back, which was after an hour and a half.

One morning while they were at Mr. Warrington's house Krishna went out of his body. He had told Rosalind that he had to go a long way and she had to look after him. Two hours later, he began to talk. Seeing Rosalind's hand, he appeared astounded and asked, "Mother, why is your skin white?" He looked at her and said, "You have grown younger, what has happened?" Then, "Mother, Krishna is coming in, look, he is standing there." And when Rosalind asked what he looked like, he said, "He is a fine tall man, very dignified. He frightens me a little." Then he said, "But, don't you know him, Mother, he is your son, he knows you."

On the night of October 4 Krishna suffered more than usual, the agony was concentrated in his face and eyes. He kept saying, "Oh, please have mercy on me," and "I don't mean that, of course, you are merciful."

Later, he told Nitya that they were cleansing his eyes so that he might be allowed to see "Him." It was, he said, "Like being tied down in the desert, one's face to the blazing sun, with one's eyelids cut off."

Later that night Nitya found Krishna sitting up in meditation and again felt the throbbing presence of a great Being flooding the room. All suffering had been washed away. "Krishna," Nitya wrote, "did not see His face, only His body in shining white."

The next morning Krishna was in a rebellious mood, he was semiconscious but insisted on going out. They had to stop him. Later he said that he had felt a frightful burning in his spine and wanted to find the creek in the canyon so that he could sink his body in it, to relieve the burning.

Shortly afterward his companions again felt the great Presence. "Krishna's eyes were extraordinarily brilliant and his whole face transfigured. With his entry the atmosphere was marvelously changed. We felt the presence of a supremely majestic Being and Krishna had a look of great bliss on his face." Krishna told Nitya, Rosalind, and Warrington to prepare themselves, for a great visitor would come that night. He asked for the picture of the Lord Buddha to be put in his room.

Later, when Krishna came in from his meditation, he told them that the Great Being had left after Krishna's meditation had ended.

> That night was a ghastly night of suffering and when I look upon it, it seems to me that it was the most agonising night that Krishna ever went through. He suffered terribly the following nights, and they seemed much worse, but I think this was due to the piteously enfeebled condition brought on by this night. Before the suffering actually started, we heard him talking to the Master in charge. He was told not to say anything of what was being done to him and he gave his promise; then he was told that the visitor would return later at 8.15. Krishna said "He is coming at 8.15, then let us start quickly." Then

just before it was started, he had been standing up and we heard him fall with an awful crash and then we heard Krishna apologising "I'm so sorry I fell, I know I must not fall." All through the evening he was more conscious of his physical body than he had ever been before. They told him that he must make no movement, for generally he was writhing and twisting with the pain. But now he promised "Them" he would not move and over and over again he said "I won't move, I promise I won't move." So he clasped his fingers tightly and with his knotted hands under him, he lay on his back, while the awful pain continued. He found it very difficult to breathe that night and he gasped for breath continuously and choked repeatedly and when the pain grew beyond endurance and he could no longer get his breath, he just fainted. Three times he fainted that night, and the first time he did it, we did not know what had happened; we had heard him choking and gasping and sobbing with the pain and suddenly after a long drawn gasp there was dead silence. When we called to him there was no answer and when we went into the room and felt our way towards him, for the room was inky black and we did not know where he lay. We found him lying on his back so still and his fingers so tightly locked that he seemed [a] tower out of stone. We brought him to quickly and three times this happened. Every time he came to, he would apologise to Them for the waste of time and tell Them that he had tried his best to control himself, but that it had been beyond control. Sometimes They gave him a slight breathing space and the pain would cease and between the throes of suffering he would start making some joke with the one in charge and he would laugh as if the whole thing was a joke. And so it went on for an hour and a quarter. By 7.45 Krishna started calling for his Mother and as Rosalind started gently to go in, he became terribly nervous and called out "Who is that, who is that, who is that?" and when she went into the room he fainted. The entry of any person into the room while he was in this sensitive state seemed to upset him. She was with him for some time and presently he asked her to go out of the room for "He was coming." So Rosalind and I were outside on the porch and Krishna sat inside, cross-legged, as if in meditation. Then we felt, as we had felt earlier, in the evening, the Great Presence.

Later, when both Rosalind and I were in the room Krishna began talking to people we could not see. The work had been assured of success and apparently they were congratulating him, and the room was full of visitors all desiring to rejoice with Krishna; but there were too many for his comfort. We heard him say "There is nothing to congratulate me about, you'd have done the same yourself."

Then they must have left for he gave a deep sigh and lay still for a long time, too tired to move. Then he began to talk. "Mother," he said, "everything will be different now, life will never be the same for any of us after this." And again "I've seen Him, Mother, and nothing matters now." Over and over again he said this and all of us felt the truth of it, life would never be the same for any of us.

> That night when we went to bed, just before we fell asleep Krishna began talking to someone I could not see. I heard Krishna's end of the conversation. Apparently a man had been sent by the Master D. K. to keep watch over the body through the night, Krishna began to tell him how sorry he was to cause him all that trouble. This was one of the most noticeable things all through. Krishna's politeness and consideration was extraordinary, whether he was fully conscious or whether it was only the physical elemental speaking. The man came to watch every night after this for six or seven nights, Krishna was to say "I've seen Him now. Nothing matters."

By this time, the body had become very weak and would constantly lapse into unconsciousness.

The location of the pain was constantly shifting. A few days later, on October 6, the agony had shifted to the scalp. Something seemed to have been opened in his head, which was causing him indescribable torture. At one moment he shouted, "Please close it up, please close it up." He screamed with pain, but they kept opening it gradually. When he could no longer endure the pain, Krishna screamed and then fainted. At the end of forty minutes he lay without the slightest flicker of movement. Slowly, consciousness returned. To their amazement, his companions found they were speaking to Krishna as a child, about four years old or even younger. He was reliving certain episodes of his early years. He saw three distinct scenes. The first, his mother giving birth to a child. To witness his mother's agony was a terrible shock to him, and he moaned and cried out and kept on crying out, "Oh, poor Mother, poor Mother, you are brave Mother."

The next scene was of Krishna and his brother as young children, lying seriously ill with malaria.

The last scene was the death of his mother. He could not understand what was happening. When he saw the doctors give her medicine, he begged his mother not to take it. "Don't take it Mother, don't take it, it is some beastly stuff and it won't do you any good. The doctors do not know anything. He is a dirty man, please don't take it Mother." A little later, in a tone of horror, he said, "Why are you so still, Mother? What's happened and why does father cover his face with his *dhoti*? Answer me, Mother, answer me Mother, answer me?" The child's voice continued to cry out till he came to and Krishnamurti was back. That night again the presence came to watch over him while he slept.

The next night, according to Nitya, "They appeared to be operating on his scalp again." He was agonized and cried out in pain—even fainting eight times—when it became too severe. "He begged them to open it slowly and gradually so that he could get used to it by degrees." He was choking and had difficulty in breathing.

A little later he again became a child, and one could feel his loathing for his school. "Mother, I need not go to school today—need I? I'm awfully ill Mother." And after a while, "Mother, let me stay with you, I will do anything you want, I will take castor oil, if you like, but let me stay with you." And later, "Mother, you know, you hid the box of biscuits from us; well, I stole them from that box. I have been doing it for a long, long time." When Rosalind laughed, Krishna was very hurt, and said, "Mother, you are always laughing at me, why do you laugh at me?"

Still later, after talking a great deal about snakes, puppies, and beggars, "he talked of going into the shrine room where he saw a picture of a lady sitting cross-legged on a deer skin. Nitya had a vague memory that it might be a picture of A. B. and suggested this. Krishna did not know her name 'who is that?' he asked 'she looks like someone I know, only she does not look like that, she's quite different.' "

Soon, a change was apparent. By now he could leave his body with extraordinary ease and rapidity, and the return no longer brought on shivering. He was to say later that night that they had left open the center in his head.* The man whom they could not see came again to keep watch.

As the day progressed, Krishna talked less; he continued to faint at night, but he woke soon and he had greater vitality.

There were still periods when he became a child. On one occasion he spoke of a journey in a bullock cart which lasted for three or four days.

On October 18 the pain came in frequent spasms, waves of it which were to leave him exhausted. "We were again blessed with a visit from the Great One. The 19th was a very curious experience after he came in from his meditation, he began calling over and over again for Krishna. He called out 'Krishna, please Krishna, don't leave me.' "

Later he spoke to Nitya and Rosalind and asked them "to look after Krishna carefully, never to wake him too quickly, nor to startle him, for it was very dangerous"; "things might snap" if anything went

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*This is possibly a reference to the opening in the scalp which in *kundalini* yoga is regarded as the *Sahasrara* or the *Brahmarandhra*—the fully opened thousand-petaled lotus, resting in supreme emptiness With this opening comes union and final liberation for the yogin.

wrong. The episodes decreased in frequency, and by November 1923 they had ended.

The process, which could not be explained by Leadbeater or Mrs. Besant, was to continue intermittently in the months that followed. His body would be racked with pain, it would thrash around, and at times would hit the floor. Krishnamurti often had to send his brother and whoever else was present out of the room, for they found it difficult to witness his agony. He would faint repeatedly, and at the end of it he would look excessively tired.

In 1924 Krishna and some companions went abroad, where the experiences continued. Toward the end of his terrible pain he beheld visions of the Buddha, Maitreya, and the other Masters of the occult hierarchy. Nitya, deeply perplexed, wrote to Annie Besant on March 24 from Ojai on their return from Pergine, Italy:

> Krishna's process has now taken a definite step forward. The other night, it began as usual, none of us expecting anything fresh or new. All of a sudden, we all felt an immense rush of power in the house, greater than I have ever felt since we have been here; Krishna saw the Lord and the Master; I think also the star* shone out that night, for all of us felt an intense sense of awe and almost fear that I felt before when the star came out. Krishna afterwards told us that the current started as usual at the base of his spine and reached the base of his neck, then one went on the left side, the other on the right side of his head and they eventually met at the centre of the forehead; when they met a flame played out of his forehead. That is the bare outline of what happened; none of us know what it means but the power was so immense that night that it seems to mark a definite stage. I presume it should mean the opening of the third eye.

Except for the vision of "The Lord," the rest is a classic description of the arousing of the *kundalini*.

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*The Order of the Star of the East, an international organization, was established by Annie Besant and C W Leadbeater in 1911 Mrs Besant and C W L were named Protectors of the New Order and Krishna was declared its Head Representatives were appointed and offices established for each country The badge of the Order was a silver five-pointed star. A quarterly magazine was printed in Adyar under the name *Herald of the Star*, with Krishna as its editor The first issue appeared in January 1911 By 1914 the publications office was shifted to England

CHAPTER 5

"Our Life Here Is One of Intense Inner Activity."

A group of his close friends accompanied Krishna to Pergine in Italy. Lady Emily, with her daughters Betty and Mary, was there; so was Helen Knothe, a young American woman and a close friend of Krishnaji's; Dr. Shivakamu, Rukmini Arundale's sister; Malati; the wife of Patwardhan; another close friend of K's, Ruth Roberts; John Cordes, the Austrian representative of the *Star,* who had been in Adyar in 1910 and 1911 and at the time was responsible for Krishna's physical exercises, training and welfare. Rama Rao and Jadunandan Prasad, close associates of K's from India, and D. Rajagopal were also in the group. This anonymous account of K in Pergine was found among Shiva Rao's papers after his death. It is possibly a diary kept by Nitya or Cordes. Though the author's identity is not known, the document appears authentic.

August 29, 1924: Our life here is one of intense inner activity and almost complete outer inertia. Or that is what it should be and what Krishnaji desires.

On previous holidays of this kind, when Krishnaji has collected around him those whom he desired to teach and help and has retired to some quiet spot away from civilization, there has been no concerted plan of action. Krishnaji has of course spoken to each of his followers individually, but never before have the Masters been spoken of to us all collectively, as in our present group, so that every grade and those who were still apart might listen and talk openly about them.

We are here for but one purpose, to take definite "steps" and thereby become directly useful to Them. Each one has his opportunity;

each one is at a different stage, and therefore capable of serving those above and helping those below. (Terms such as above and below are apt to mislead, I use them not to imply a superiority and inferiority, but only a distinction.)

The regime for the day is, meditation at a quarter past eight, breakfast at eight thirty. A walk down to an open stubble field where we play rounders for an hour or two, and then one hour's talk under the trees, of the Masters and of how to serve Them. Lunch at 12.30—rest or individual work, if wished, until three; games in the Castle grounds, bath, and dinner at six. After which all separate for the night, some of us going to the Square tower where certain intensive preparation goes on for an hour. Bed at 8.30.

Krishnaji is of course the central figure of each day; of the games, and of the work. Around him everything [is] centred; Krishnaji's life is one of absolute devotion to the Lord, such passionate worship of the idealistic and the beautiful—and yet he is so perfectly human and so near to his fellow men. No words can depict his character, but he seems like a human creature who has perfected himself to a great extent, rather than a divine being in an imperfect human form. Surely what the Lord will desire, will be a perfect human instrument, so that he can contact humanity on its own level. The divinity He Himself will show forth through the instrument. Never except at the coming of a World Teacher to His world is there such a union between those things which are Divine and those that are human. For usually humanity reaches up to Divinity and the moment it touches it becomes one with it, but in this case Divinity reaches down to a human instrument, uses it, works through it as separate and apart from it, and retires again leaving the instrument still a human instrument. Certainly the evolution of the human instrument is often so quickened that it becomes almost immediately super-human (through this service) but this is a separate process. Man may reach up and become Divine but he cannot use divine powers while he is still human. Whereas the Divine can descend and use human powers, even though he is no longer human.

Today Krishnaji was very alive at breakfast, and as often our conversation was not printable. The morning after a very serious talk or hard evening's work, Krishnaji will often be most frivolous, making jokes and laughing at them uproariously, with his sudden thundering outbursts of mirth, or prolonged, infectious giggle. These two things are strange about him—first, his capacity to change from the most serious, real and glorious mood, to one of laughter and joking[,] in-stantaneously; secondly that no joke he utters however vulgar, makes the usual atmosphere surrounding such talk. It seems as though his beauty, his absolute clarity of being, sweeps everything before it, so that he can touch any person, or object or subject, and impart his cleanness to it, endow it with the fresh air of his presence. Krishnaji tried to remember his own experiences. When he and Nitya first saw C. W. L. he showed them pictures of the Master M. and the Master K. H. and asked them which they preferred. When they chose the one of the Master K. H. he said it was as he expected.

When Krishnaji was young the Masters were very real to him, then it was that he wrote "At the Feet of the Master," afterwards came a period when for him the reality was not so intense, he only believed because of what C. W. L. and A. B. said. Now again the intense realization has returned. Nitya said that our group should make an atmosphere which should "attract" Their attention. He spoke of the various influences at Ojai, on the different nights. That of the Master M. as a power that made you feel capable of anything. That of the Master K. H. as perfect kindness—it was as if honey were entering into you when he spoke. And that of the Master K. H. as absolute cleanness, perfect clarity. Then of the greatest of all influences, that of the Lord, as we also felt at Ehrwald*—peace—"the peace that passeth understanding."

Krishnaji spoke of Adyar as of a mighty power house, where either you became a saint, went mad, or were turned away as useless by an unerring watcher.

I have never seen him so radiantly beautiful as he is at nights, at these times. His eyes laugh with a strange unearthly joy, which is triumphant and yet so gentle. Gentleness and a sweet keen joy robe him, and show in the lines and curves of his face, and an aroma of roses surrounds and envelopes him. At times, he shivers as if cold and at other times he is too worn out, but on these nights, these particular nights of which I speak, the real Krishna, all that makes him what he is in the deepest sense, comes and looks out through his eyes.

September 1, 1924: Lady Emily compares Rajagopal to St. Peter. He is the Buffoon amongst the present disciples it seems; and he dearly loves his position as High Court Jester. To know Krishnaji, one has to know his followers. Rajagopal was once St. Bernard of Clairveaux, and at other times he has been a venerable priest; and both the saint and priest peep out through him over and over again. Perhaps especially the latter. He talks perpetually, and when making a speech is lengthy and tedious, in fact he sermonises. He is or rather pretends to be very fond of food, this being his chief topic for jokes etc. When Krishnaji is strained and tired, or the party in general, dull, Rajagopal has always some joke, or amusing phrase to hand, and he laughs at himself so persistently that everyone must join in. It is said that the one quality all the Masters have, and without which it is impossible for the disciple to progress, is a sense of humour. And the more the spiritual life is led the more this becomes apparent. A sense of humour will relieve the tension of feelings and thoughts under the most trying circumstances, and often it is just that that prevents a definite break in the work, or individually in a person. Certainly Rajagopal's wit is not of the clearest, sharpest type, but then it allows Krishnaji and the others to take part and add their quota. Needless to say, Rajagopal gets a great deal of teasing, but then so does everyone who comes near Krishnaji, that being one way through which he influences people; especially of certain types.

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*Krishna, Nitya, and some of their friends had visited Ehrwald in Austria before their trip to Pergine.

One of Krishnaji's theories is that people must surely be able to evolve through joy alone, arriving at Godhead as naturally as a flower opens to the sun. At one time it seemed almost to worry him, that everyone he met had evolved so far by the long devious ways of sorrow, and so few had taken the simple way of joy. I think I have heard him even say that he has never met anyone who evolved through joy alone, nevertheless it is a possibility, which would become very common if only our present civilization were not so complex. "Be natural, be happy." So Rajagopal plays a great role in this mighty drama, in which Krishnaji is the first to laugh, the easiest to be amused. "Be a God, and laugh at yourself."

Speaking of his two years of training with Leadbeater Krishnaji said he was "bored to tears," literally. All desires were burnt out; for instance, K and N asked for bicycles, (probably as they were small boys they pestered C. W. L. for them); the bicycles were found and a ten mile ride was not only done once but they had to do it every day for two years. Also they expressed a desire for porridge; they had it—but again every day for a year; if they had dirty feet, or as once Nitya threw a stone at a frog, it was "Pupils of the Master do not do these things." But it must have seemed hard then for the small dark boy who was to become the Krishnaji of today—the Jesus of tomorrow.

He has had many lives as a woman, and these have left a very strong trace in his character; his exceptional power of intuition makes him unlike most men. At times he can be as cruel as he can be the reverse, but this always for a purpose. One short sharp phrase, which his flashing eyes emphasise to an unbearable degree, that is all. Krishnaji will never offer to talk to anyone, unless an approach is made, and then for the first two or three times that a serious conversation is broached, he is terribly shy.

September 8, 1924: Lady Emily, Cordes and I sat in Krishnaji's room. Krishnaji being in the one below. The time was about a quarter to seven, and all was the same as on ordinary nights, except for a magic silence that came down on us. Somewhere in the tower Nitya, Rama Rao and Rajagopal were chanting, and incense wafted in through the cracks on the door. We all felt His Presence, how would even the dullest fail to recognize the ineffable peace that pervaded the building. We sat "silent and rapt" for an hour.

Afterwards when we were all together, and Krishnaji sat in our midst; it was as if we had all only just found each other; and as we spoke of what had happened, a low sweet laughter, of greatest inexpressible joy seemed to come to our lips. "If it is like this now, what will it be when the time comes?"

September 14, 1924: This afternoon instead of playing the usual "volley-ball," we all lay out on the rocks which surround the Square Tower. Krishnaji squatted on the rocks with Rama Rao, examining a small yellow snail with great interest. Once before some years ago, I remember being with Krishnaji when he discovered a colony of ants and spent the whole morning feeding them with sugar, stirring them up and watching them carry eggs and rebuild their home. Presently, another snail was found and the two were made to crawl over each other and up and down precipitous crags. At Ehrwald last year, he was lying amongst the long grass and flowers, when a butterfly settled on his hand, and soon he had one or two poised on his finger. His delight was unbounded. He has a love of all creatures great and small, indeed anything that is beautiful or natural interests him; he will chase a grasshopper following its movements and noting the colour of its wings; or with his customary "I say!" will stand almost enraptured before a beautiful scene. "Just look at that lake, it's so smooth, like ice—and dark green. See the reflections in it? Oh-ee you should see Lake Geneva—so blue."

Krishnaji reads a small passage out of "The Gospel of Buddha" in meditation each morning. He is indeed a devotee, and the very sound of the name of the Lord Buddha, seems almost to make him tremble with a feeling of utmost worship. There was one sentence today, in which the Lord Buddha said, that the disciple who lives in the world must be like a lotus. In India, the lotus symbolizes supreme purity. Its ability to blossom fully while rooted in a muddy, slushy pond signifies the human ability to flower in purity and rise out of any condition however dark and sullied.

Krishnaji was speaking to me this afternoon. He spoke of the Lord Buddha and that state of existence which is absolutely without self. He is thinking much of being absolutely impersonal these days, and already he seems to have dived deep into that clear well which is unsullied by the mud of self. As he spoke of the Lord Buddha, a new world lay stretched before one, in which all personal love and ambition died away and became as naught, only an impersonal, tremendous unshakeable love remained. The full realisation of life without self only came to Krishnaji while he was at Ojai, and even he finds it almost impossible to describe. He spoke of how when all the Masters were assembled together, the coming of the Lord Buddha was like the north wind, so free from anything even resembling self. He said: "Whenever I see the picture of the Lord Buddha, I say to myself, I am going to like it."

The image of the Lord Maitreya has been appearing to him on several occasions. At Pergine on the last appearance He was to give Krishnamurti a message—"The happiness you seek is not far off; it lies in every common stone." In another message, He conveyed "Do not look for the Great ones when they may be very near you." For the next three evenings, Krishna was to laugh often, tell comic stories—many members of the party were shocked at his behaviour.

CHAPTER 6

"I and My Brother Are One"

Mrs. Besant made her entry into the Indian political scene in 1913, just before the outbreak of World War I. Under the guidance and blessings of the Rishi Agastya (who, according to the Theosophical Society, had special charge in the occult hierarchy of the destiny of India), she was launched into the center of the growing political ferment.

She was already famous throughout the country. Known for her brilliant oratory, she was recognized as an educator of the highest order and admired for her courage as a social reformer. Concerned as she was with new values, and with her immense pride in Indian culture and thought, her entry into politics was welcomed by her many intellectual friends and admirers. With her temperament it was inevitable that she would grow deeply involved. Soon she lost contact with the occult hierarchy; her insights into the sacred and her psychic powers began to ebb, and she had to rely on C. W. Leadbeater to bring through messages from the occult world of the Masters.

By 1925, with growing age, Mrs. Besant's mental faculties began to decline and with it her iron control of the affairs of the Society. The intrigues and machinations to gain power over her and thus of the Society were gaining momentum. Aware of her failure to reawaken *kundalini shakti chakras* (or the six centers of dormant psychic energy placed along the spinal column) and her aspirations to regain contact with the Mahatmas, many of her associates claimed clairvoyant powers and the ability to bring through instructions from the Masters. Dabbling in the occult, claiming to have awakened the serpent of *kundalini*, seeking power and giving free play to illusion, often linking what did not fit their scheme of things as emanating from black powers, the actions of some of its senior members were to make a mockery of the Theosophical Society.

In Sydney, Australia, Leadbeater, clad in purple robes with crozier and jeweled cross, was busy creating the atmosphere and the energy for the emergence of the sixth root race.* Surrounding himself with young boys and girls who were his chosen disciples, his occult powers and their uses had reached bizarre levels. He was magnetizing jewels for fairies in the National Park in Sydney, in return for permission to take some fairies back to "The Manor," where he and his disciples lived. To add to his occult resources, while crossing the ferry in Sydney harbor Leadbeater claimed to be creating invisible nets in which he caught water sylphs from the sea; attaching them to his aura, he sent them out on command to succor people in distress.[1]

In Europe, George Arundale and Wedgwood claimed to have established a direct channel of communication with the occult hierarchy and to have been accepted as disciples by the Mahachohan. The atmosphere was charged with excitement as a number of new initiations were announced by Mrs. Besant as brought through by Arundale.

Having been ordained Bishops of the Liberal Catholic Church, the purple-clad Arundale and Wedgwood were in rapid succession to attain Arhathood† by passing through their third and fourth initiations. Arundale's wife, Rukmini,‡ passed three initiations in three days.[2] Mrs. Besant and Leadbeater were already Arhats, having passed the fourth initiation. Krishnamurti, in Ojai nursing his seriously ill brother Nitya, was unaware of the occult ferment taking place in the Netherlands at Huizen and later at the Star Camp in Ommen, an annual convention attended by members of The Order of the Star. Without his knowledge an announcement was made that his astral body from Ojai and Jinarajadasa's from Adyar had traveled and appeared before the magnificence of the gathered occult hierarchy to receive their blessings in their journey through the fourth initiation. Later, when the camp was over, Mrs. Besant at Huizen called Lady Emily, Miss Bright, and Shiva Rao to her room and told them that she and Leadbeater, Krishnaji, Arundale, and Wedgwood had passed their fifth and final initiation. All of them were now not only Arhats but Adepts, and so free of the causal chain of karma and rebirth.

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*In Theosophy the sixth root race would follow the fifth root race—our present society, similar to the coming of the Aquarian Age.

†*Arhat* is a *sramanic* (Buddhist-Jain) term indicating the highest spiritual attainment for a monk below the status of Buddha/Jina. In the Theosophical spiritual hierarchy, adepts were masters or mahatmas. Members of the Great White Brotherhood, they had attained perfection but remained in human form, to help in the evolution of Seekers on the Path of Discipleship.

‡Rukmini was the South Indian Brahmin wife of George Arundale. She came from a prominent family of Theosophists. A major cultural personality, she established a well-known dance and music academy, Kalakshetra, in Madras. She died in 1986.

A report that appeared in the Theosophist journal *Herald of the Star* gives some insight into the Ommen camp, where these great tidings were being announced by Mrs. Besant. Under the heading "By command of the King," the *Herald* published Mrs. Besant's words:

> The new World Teacher will choose, as before, his twelve Apostles. I have only the command to mention seven who have reached the stage of Arhatship . . . The first two, my brother Charles Leadbeater, and myself, passed that great initiation at the same time. The other Arhats are, C. Jinarajadasa, George Arundale, whose consecration as Bishop was necessary, as the last step of his preparation for the great fourth step of initiation. Oscar Kollerstron, Mrs Rukmini Arundale, Krishnaji, and Bishop Wedgwood.[3]

Later, realizing that she had made a major error by including the name of Krishnamurti, who was the vehicle, in the list of Apostles, she corrected her statement. Various other lists existed in which were included the names of Lady Emily, Nitya, Rajagopal, and Theodore St. John, a golden-haired fifteen-year-old protégé of Leadbeater.

Mrs. Besant further went on to declare the three lines of activity the Society would follow in the future. A new world religion must be established, with Annie Besant as the head. A new world university must be set up with Besant as rector, Arundale as principal, and Wedgewood as director—because, according to Mrs. Besant, "he knows both sides—ordinary and occult." She goes on to say that "you should not oppose them as they are part of the work of the King." Meanwhile Arundale, claiming the power of prophecy, said,

> I think there is no one in the world who has so magnificent, so marvellous a capacity for self effacement, as has my brother Nitya. The way in which he loses himself in his brother is one of the most beautiful things I have seen: And I want you to remember what I am saying today, because I venture to think it is in the nature of prophecy. I think that as the years pass, not only shall we see our Krishnamurti leading the life to which he is so supremely dedicated, but we shall also see at his right hand his great brother recognised throughout the world as one of its greatest statesman-leaders.

Nitya died less than four months after these words were said.[4]

Meanwhile, Nitya's illness had taken a turn for the worse. Arundale had given Rajagopal, who was present at the camp and who had been made Deacon of the Liberal Catholic Church, an amulet to take to Nitya, specially magnetized by the Mahachohan. The great ones of the hierarchy had stated that Nitya would live and be one of the main supporters for the work of the World Teacher. According to Arundale, "Nitya's life was Krishna's boon on becoming an Arhat."[5]

Krishna, hearing reports of Apostles and Arhats, rapid initiations, world religion and world universities, was bewildered and deeply distressed. Leaving Nitya under the protection of the Masters, he departed for Europe with Rajagopal. Lady Emily, who had been present at the camp and had herself undergone her second initiation, had come to meet him at the dock. Krishnamurti told her his views in no uncertain terms. He refused to accept the initiations or the Apostles. He was deeply skeptical of the world religion and the world university. He did not want to hurt Mrs. Besant in her old age, and so refrained from openly voicing his protest; but he conveyed his misgivings to her.

Mrs. Besant was shattered by Krishnamurti's rejection of the initiations, Apostles, world religion, and world university. Her mental condition rapidly began to deteriorate. "She showed signs of ageing, loss of memory and a tendency to focus on the past."[6] But this did not in any way curtail her activities or her total commitment to Krishnamurti as the World Teacher.

By early November 1925 Mrs. Besant, Krishnaji, Rajagopal, Rosalind, Wedgwood, Shiva Rao, and Rukmini and George Arundale left for India to participate in the Jubilee celebrations to be held in Adyar. Krishnamurti's faith in the Masters and their assurance regarding Nitya's well being was unquestioned. Early in 1925, while in Adyar, Nitya had been dreadfully ill. On February 10, 1925, Krishnamurti had written a letter to Mrs. Besant describing a dream in which he had visited the Great Brotherhood and pleaded with them for his brother's life:

> With regard to my dream, I remember going to the Master's house and asking and begging to let Nitya get well and to let him live. The Master said that I was to go to the Lord Maitreya and I went there and I implored there, but, I got the impression that it was not His business and that I should go to the Mahachohan. So, I went there. I remember all this so clearly He was seated in his chair, with great dignity & magnificent understanding, with grave and kindly eyes. My futile description is so absurd, but, it is impossible to convey the great impression of it all. I told him that I would sacrifice my happiness or anything that was required to let Nitya live, for I felt this thing was being decided. He listened to me and answered "He will be well." It was such a relief that all my anxiety has completely disappeared and I am glad.
>
> With regard to my own preparation, I don't know what has been decided but I am willing to do anything. It has been very bad and I am feeling very tired and rather weak, but it can't be helped.

Thank Heaven, you will be here, my own mother & I love you, with all my heart and soul. Yours Krishna.[7]

This direct meeting with the Masters had convinced Krishnaji of the powers of the Great Beings to prolong Nitya's life. If we pause an instant to examine Krishnaji's contact with the Masters, their manifestations, and Krishnaji's communication with them, it becomes evident that his encounters with Master K. H., the Mahachohan, Maitreya, and the Buddha were visions, often in the dream state. This had happened so when he was a child; with his tender consciousness exposed to the esoteric imagery and thought forms of Leadbeater, he naturally saw the Masters in the likenesses pictured in the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society. It was so when he described his meetings with Master K. H. in his early letters to Mrs. Besant, and traces of it were to be found in the process at Ojai, though by then he was freeing himself of visions, physical manifestations, and visual imagery. In the early years no sharp division existed for Krishnaji between the dream state and the state of being awake. Visions, dreams, and actual manifestations of thought forms for him appeared to have the same reality. Later he was to say that all images and manifestations, however profound, were projections of the mind. With the death of Nitya and the explosive sorrow that brought him face to face with the actual, all physical references to the Masters ceased.

Even before that, on board ship back to India, Arundale started bringing through messages from the Mahachohan chiding Krishnamurti on his skepticism and subtly implying that unless he accepted the revelations brought through by Arundale at Huizen and Ommen and confirmed the names of the people who had been made Adepts, Nitya would die. Krishnamurti refused.

While in the Suez Canal, Krishnaji received a telegram from Nitya saying that he had contracted influenza. The next day another cable was received in which Nitya said, "Flu rather more serious. Pray for me." Krishnamurti, faith unshaken, told Shiva Rao that the Masters would not have let him leave Ojai if his brother was destined to die. On November 13, in the midst of a thunderstorm, they received a cable announcing Nitya's death.

Shiva Rao, who was sharing the cabin with Krishnamurti, has left a vivid account of what followed.

> Mrs. Besant asked me, to take her to Krishnamurti's cabin. She went in alone, to speak to him. The news broke him completely: it did more, as I saw for myself during the rest of the voyage. His entire philosophy of life—the implicit

faith in the future as outlined by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, Nitya's vital part in it, were shattered at that moment. At night he would sob and moan and cry out for Nitya, sometimes in his native Telugu, which in his waking consciousness, he could not speak. Day after day, he seemed to change, gripping himself together in an effort to face life—but without Nitya.[8]

Krishna and Nitya had shared their loneliness in an alien world; laughed together; told comic stories; traveled together—planned their future work and life together.* Writing after his brother's death, Krishnaji was to say: "An old dream is dead and a new one is being born. A new vision is coming into being and a new consciousness is being unfolded—I have wept, but I do not want others to weep; but, if they do, I know what it means. Now, I know, now we are inseparable. He and I will work together, for I and my brother are one."

By the time Krishnamurti, with Dr. Besant, reached Adyar, Krishnamurti had emerged from his encounter with sorrow immensely quiet, radiant, and free of all sentiment and emotion. But his belief in the Masters and the hierarchy had undergone a total revolution. He was rarely to refer to the Masters in physical form again. In later years, speaking haltingly of this period, Krishnamurti accepted that perhaps the intensity of sorrow had triggered a vast, wordless perception. An intelligence that had taken long years to mature, that had rested in abeyance, was to function in the moment of acuteness of suffering.†

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*In a letter from Ojai February 28, 1923, Nitya had written to Mrs Besant "Krishna and I are full of schemes we want to carry out in India, and we want to talk to you about them and we both want to get back, I have never in my life been so homesick for India, California has made an Indian of me. I am beginning to realize in a small way of course, what you feel about India

With all my love,
Nitya "[9]

†In a message to the International Self-Preparation Group shortly after Nitya's death, Krishna wrote, "For instance, when my brother died, I felt utterly lost You have no idea how I felt for two or three days—for more than that, for a week perhaps I still miss him, I shall always miss him physically, but I feel that he and I are working together, that we are walking along the same path, on the same mountain side, seeing the same flowers, the same creatures, the same blue sky, the same clouds and trees That is why I feel as if I were part of him, and only when I get tired do I begin to say 'My brother is not here' But at once my mind pulls me up and tells me how absurd is such a thought."[10]

CHAPTER 7

"The Personality of J. Krishnamurti Has Been Swallowed Up in the Flames."

Before the Jubilee convention commenced at Adyar, Mrs. Besant tried to resolve the tensions between Krishnaji and the main mentors of the Theosophical Society. She brought the young Teacher to the room where Leadbeater, Jinarajadasa, Arundale, and Wedgwood had gathered, and asked K whether he would accept those chosen as Apostles as his disciples. K replied that he would only accept Mrs. Besant.

At the Star Congress that followed the Jubilee convention, K spoke under the ancient banyan tree; the sun filtered through its outstretched branches and its numerous roots, transforming it into a magical forest of light and shadow. Suddenly, in the midst of his talk, he electrified his audience by changing his speech from the third to the first person. Referring to the World Teacher to come he said, "He comes only to those who want, who desire, who long—" and then suddenly, "I come for those who want sympathy, who want happiness, who are longing to find happiness in all things. I come to reform and not to tear down, I come not to destroy, but to build." Many people who were present felt the timbre of the voice change, a strength and power enter the words. Later Mrs. Besant was to say, "The event marks the consecration of the chosen vehicle."[1]

From Adyar, Krishnamurti was to visit Varanasi in February. He was giving talks to the boys and girls of the schools at Kamaccha. He returned with high fever brought on by food poisoning. He was advised to rest and went up to Ootacamund. While there he was

> Experimenting with myself, not very successfully at first, trying to discover how I could detach myself and see the body as it is. I had been experimenting with it for two or three days—it may have been a week—and I found that for a certain length of time I could quite easily be away from the body and look at it. I was standing beside my bed, and there was the body on the bed—a most extraordinary feeling. And from that day there has been a distinct sense of detachment, of division between the ruler and the ruled, so that the body, though it has its cravings, its desires to wander forth and to live and enjoy separately for itself, does not in any way interfere with the true Self.[2]

In the spring of 1926 Mrs. Besant accompanied Krishnaji back to England. He was seriously contemplating taking *sannyasa,** and spoke of it to some of his friends.

Later in July K went to Ommen. Although Annie Besant was present, it was he who gave the fireside talks at the Ommen camp. Krishnamurti was expressing an overflowing joy and a feeling of oneness with the universe. His words did not conform to the orthodox Theosophical teaching and Wedgwood, who was present, was greatly perturbed. He whispered to Mrs. Besant that it was not the Lord Maitreya who was speaking through Krishnamurti, but a powerful black magician. Later Annie Besant herself spoke of this to the young Teacher. Shocked by her statement, he said that if she believed this story, he would never speak again. She withdrew her remarks and the next night Krishnamurti told the campers, "Walking over the hills of India last winter, there appeared before me my Ideal, my Beloved, my Guru, my Great Teacher and ever since that vision I seem to see all the trees through him, all the mountains, all the little pools, all the little insects and ever since that vision, that understanding of things has remained."[3] This oneness with the *guru* and the mystery of life continued to be the theme of his talks.

At the last talk Krishnamurti said, "I have altered so much during the last fortnight—both inside and outside my body, my face, my hands, my entire being has changed. The only way to breathe fresh

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**Sannyasa* is a state of being, a state of dying to the world and society. The *sannyasin* takes the vows of *sannyas*. Initiated by a guru, he is given the saffron robe, ceases to be a member of society, and is outside its frame, having hardly any concern with social laws, rites, rituals, sacraments, and so on. The *sannyasin* renounces caste, family, and adopts a new name signifying rebirth air of life is by this constant change, constant turmoil, constant unrest."[4]

Writing of the 1926 Ommen camp, Esther Bright said:

> So A. B. sat by him at the Camp Fires, with a warm affection in her heart, wondering, loving, admiring, not always understanding, but with the most wonderful faith that he was the Herald of the New Age, and that in time all would be made clear And together they walked through that great throng of men and women, down the path which led to the centre, where the fire had been laid—great masses of branches, heaped-up logs and twigs, and together they set it alight—the grand old white head, and the black head and fine, thoughtful features of Krishnaji, bending down together. The flames leapt up, and all sat for a while in silence. . . .
>
> "*But you are a teacher*" said his faithful friend, Rajagopal to him one day at Ommen, when a group of us were gathered together, discussing difficult problems. Krishnaji was silent for a while, and then said simply, "I hold out a light to you."[5]

From August 1926 to April 1927 Annie Besant and Krishnamurti were together in Ojai. It was probably the longest time they had spent together since his youth. Sensing a certain need for her presence, Annie Besant canceled her return to India and the many engagements that awaited her there. While in Ojai she and Krishnamurti planted trees, and she busied herself with acquiring lands in the Ojai Valley for what was later to be the Happy Valley Foundation. Living in close proximity with him she grew aware of how far he had traveled from the orthodox Theosophical teaching.

Mrs. Besant was seeing a new Krishnamurti. She had a growing awareness that the earlier prophecy that Krishnamurti's body was to be the vehicle through which a fragment of the Maitreya consciousness would manifest was incorrect, and that the consciousness of Krishnamurti and the Lord Maitreya were likely to merge. She was to endorse this in a letter of October 12 to Arundale: "J. K. is changing all the time, but it does not seem as though he stepped out and the Lord stepped in, more like the blending of consciousness."[6]

It was growing clear that neither the formative years in the Theosophical Society under the guidance of Leadbeater, nor the rigors of his life during the war years in England, nor the time spent by Krishnamurti in the heart of British aristocracy had molded the brain of Krishnamurti. It could not be programmed, but rested—watching, listening, unoccupied.

After a long gestation, Krishnamurti's mind shed the superficial layers that had vaguely accepted and responded to Theosophical ritual and hierarchy and emerged pristine, without a scar. A volcanic energy was needed to plough the root of the human mind—to question, to perceive, to negate the structure of human consciousness, to enter the heart of the within of thought and feeling as they operated, to break away from all knowledge and to perceive anew. Austerity and a life of asceticism were not only integral to his person but, as he was to say, "a necessity to conserve energy."[7]

His awakening was luminous. His words had a startling simplicity. By February 9 Krishnamurti wrote to Leadbeater:

> I know my destiny and my work. I know with certainty that I am blending into the consciousness of the one Teacher and that he will completely fill me. I feel and I know also that my cup is nearly full to the brim and that it will overflow soon. Till then I must abide quietly and with eager patience I long to make and will make everybody happy.[8]

Before Mrs. Besant left the United States, she made a statement to the Associated Press: "The Divine spirit has descended once more on a man Krishnamurti, who in his lifetime is literally perfect as those who know him can testify. The World Teacher is here."[9]

At the opening of the Star camp at Ommen in 1927 Krishnamurti spoke a language diametrically opposed to Theosophical teaching. On June 30 he said, "For many lives and for all this life, and especially the last few months, I have struggled to be free—free of my friends, my books, my associations. You must struggle for the same freedom. There must be constant turmoil within you."[10] Krishnamurti was in revolt. No teacher nor authority satisfied him. "Who brings the truth?" he was to query.

He was questioning himself to find out the truth behind the form of the World Teacher. As a boy he told his listeners that he had seen Lord Krishna with a flute; in the Theosophical Society with Leadbeater he saw Master K. H. and then the Lord Maitreya, in the form in which his associates believed. In the last years, in the intensity of his suffering, he had seen Buddha, to his delight and glory.

The Beloved of whom he spoke were Krishna, the Masters, the Buddha—and far beyond all these. "The Beloved is the open sky, the flower, every human being. Krishnamurti is not outside but within them. He because of his sorrow has become one with the picture."[11]

Jinarajadasa was soon to arrive at the camp, and he was quick to question Krishnamurti's statements. For it was clear that Krishnamurti was rejecting all authority, even the most fundamental, such as belief in the Masters and the esoteric path. On July 23 he gave a reply to Jinarajadasa: "I and my Beloved are one. The vision is total. To me that is liberation." And then: "The personality of J. Krishnamurti has been swallowed up in the flame—what happens after that does not matter—whether the spark remains within the flame or issues forth."[12]

The following year, in the summer of 1928, Krishnamurti was at Eerde in Holland. He had started speaking to his friends of the possibility of dissolving the Order of Star.

A huge gathering of over three thousand people awaited Krishnamurti at the Ommen camp, which lasted from August 2 through 12. He spoke with great clarity on the need for the listener to abandon all grounds of authority, especially that of the World Teacher. Each one should live only by the light within. Later, speaking to a Reuter's representative who was present, he said, "The Buddha, the Christ had never claimed divinity, it was the disciple who, by his worship, gave divinity to the teacher."[13] To the astonishment of the correspondent, the World Teacher then went on to speak of golf and of his handicap, which was plus 2. Krishnamurti had played golf on some of the most famous golf courses in the world.

The news of the rift between Krishnamurti and the Theosophical Society spread rapidly. Annie Besant did not attend the Ommen camp, and on hearing what Krishnamurti had said she fell seriously ill. According to one version she had a nervous breakdown, fainted, and fell unconscious. She was ill for a long time. Her mental faculties slowly faded; she lost her memory and was never to recover completely. She had been told that Krishnamurti had refused to accept the role of the Messiah on the terms laid down by the Theosophical Society.

On her return to India she had recovered sufficiently to close down the Esoteric Section, the heart of the occult teaching within the Society, declaring that the World Teacher was here, and no one else had the right to teach. On November 30, 1928, she wrote to Krishnamurti, who was on his way to Adyar:

> Beloved,
>
> I am sending by Mr Varma a paper sent to all E S. corresponding Secretaries, as I am sure that it is better that all our students should devote themselves to the study of your wishes and ideals, and leave all the older teachings

aside for the present. So, I am suspending the E. S. altogether indefinitely, leaving all teaching to you. I am sorry to be away when you arrive, but it cannot be helped.

All my love goes to you Beloved.

Mother.

A few months later, however, Mrs. Besant succumbed to pressures from other members and reopened the Esoteric Section. She also told Krishnamurti that she wanted to resign as president of the Theosophical Society and desired only to sit at his feet and listen to the teaching; but he refused to let her do so.

On August 3, 1929, in the presence of Mrs. Besant and three thousand members of the Order of the Star present at the Ommen camp, Krishnamurti announced his determination to dissolve the Order of the Star, of which he was the president. His talk to the members was a summation of the insights that had arisen within him during the years since his brother's death. The talk was possibly a seminal statement of his position, one that remained unchanged throughout his life: "I maintain that Truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsover, by any religion, by any sect. That is my point of view, and I adhere to that absolutely and unconditionally. Truth, being limitless, unconditioned, unapproachable by any path whatsover, cannot be organized; nor should any organization be formed to lead or to coerce people along any particular path. If you first understand that, then you will see how impossible it is to organize a belief. A belief is purely an individual matter, and you cannot and must not organize it. If you do, it becomes dead, crystalized; it becomes a creed, a sect, a religion, to be imposed on others. Truth is narrowed down and made a plaything for those who are weak, for those who are only momentarily discontented. Truth cannot be brought down, rather the individual must make the effort to ascend to it. You cannot bring the mountain-top to the valley. If you would attain to the mountain-top you must pass through the valley, climb the steeps, unafraid of the dangerous precipices. You must climb towards the Truth, it cannot be stepped down or organized for you. I do not want to belong to any organization of a spiritual kind, please understand this. Again, I maintain that no organization can lead man to spirituality. If an organization be created for this purpose, it becomes a crutch, a weakness, a bondage, and must cripple the individual, and prevent him from growing, from establishing his uniqueness, which lies in the discovery for himself of that absolute, unconditioned Truth. So that is another reason why I have decided, as I happen to be the Head of the Order, to dissolve it. No one has persuaded me to this decision.

"This is no magnificent deed, because I do not want followers, and I mean this. The moment you follow someone you cease to follow Truth. I am not concerned whether you pay attention to what I say or not. I want to do a certain thing in the world and I am going to do it with unwavering concentration. I am concerning myself with only one essential thing: to set man free. I desire to free him from all cages, from all fears, and not to found religions, new sects, nor to establish new theories and new philosophies. Then you will naturally ask me why I go the world over, continually speaking. I will tell you for what reason I do this: not because I desire a following, not because I desire a special group of special disciples. (How men love to be different from their fellow-men, however ridiculous, absurd and trivial their distinctions may be: I do not want to encourage that absurdity.) I have no disciples, no apostles, either on earth or in the realm of spirituality.

"One newspaper reporter, who interviewed me, considered it a magnificent act to dissolve an organization in which there were thousands of members. To him it was a great act because, he said, "What will you do afterwards, how will you live? You will have no following, people will no longer listen to you." If there are only five people who will listen, who will live, who have their faces turned towards eternity, it will be sufficient.

"As I have said, I have only one purpose: to make man free, to urge him towards freedom; to help him to break away from all limitations, for that alone will give him eternal happiness, will give him the unconditioned realization of the self.

"Because I am free, unconditioned, whole—not the part, not the relative, but the whole Truth that is eternal—I desire those, who seek to understand me, to be free, not to follow me, not to make out of me a cage which will become a religion, a sect. Rather should they be free from all fears—from the fear of religion, from the fear of salvation, from the fear of spirituality, from the fear of love, from the fear of death, from the fear of life itself. As an artist paints a picture because he takes delight in that painting, because it is his self-expression, his glory, his well-being, so I do this and not because I want anything from anyone.

"You are accustomed to authority, or to the atmosphere of authority which you think will lead you to spirituality. You think and hope that another can, by the extraordinary powers—a miracle—transport you to this realm of eternal freedom which is Happiness. Your whole outlook on life [is] based on that authority.

"You have listened to me for three years now, without any change taking place except in the few. Now analyze what I am saying, be critical, so that you may understand thoroughly, fundamentally. When you look for an authority to lead you to spirituality, you are bound automatically to build an organization around that authority. By the very creation of that organization, which, you think, will help this authority to lead you to spirituality, you are held in a cage.

"Instead of old spiritual distinction, instead of old worships you have new worships. You are all depending for your spirituality on someone else, for your happiness on someone else, for your enlightenment on someone else; and although you have been preparing for me for eighteen years, when I say all these things are unnecessary, when I say that you must put them all away and look within yourselves for the enlightenment, for the glory, for the purification, and for the incorruptibility of the self, not one of you is willing to do it. There may be a few, but very, very few.

"So why have an organization?

"Why have false, hypocritical people following me, the embodiment of Truth? Please remember that I am not saying something harsh or unkind, but we have reached a situation when you must face things as they are. I said last year that I would not compromise. Very few listened to me then. This year I have made it absolutely clear. I do not know how many thousands throughout the world—members of the Order—have been preparing for me for eighteen years, and yet now they are not willing to listen unconditionally, wholly, to what I say.

"So why have an organization?

"As I said before, my purpose is to make men unconditionally free, for I maintain that the only spirituality is the incorruptibility of the self which is eternal, is the harmony between reason and love. This is the absolute, unconditioned Truth which is Life itself. I want therefore to set man free, rejoicing as the bird in the clear sky, unburdened, independent, ecstatic in that freedom. And I, for whom you have been preparing for eighteen years, now say that you must be free of all these things, free from your complications, your entanglements. For this you need not have an organization based on spiritual belief. Why have an organization for five or ten people in the world who understand, who are struggling, who have put aside all trivial things? And for the weak people, there can be no organization to help them to find the Truth, because Truth is in everyone; it is not far, it is not near; it is eternally there.

"Organizations cannot make you free. No man from outside can make you free: nor organize worship, nor the immolation of yourselves for a cause, make you free; nor can forming yourselves into an organization, nor throwing yourselves into works, make you free. You use [a] typewriter to write letters, but you do not put it on an altar and worship it. But that is what you are doing when organizations become your chief concern. 'How many members are there in it?' That is the first question I am asked by all newspaper reporters. 'How many followers have you? By their number we shall judge whether what you say is true or false.' I do not know how many there are. I am not concerned with that. If there were even one man who had been set free, that were enough.

"Again, you have the idea that only certain people hold the key to the Kingdom of Happiness. No one holds it. No one has the authority to hold that key. That key is your own self, and in the development and the purification and in the incorruptibility of that self alone is the Kingdom of Eternity.

"So you will see how absurd is the whole structure that you have built, looking for external help, depending on others for your comfort, for your happiness, for your strength. These can only be found within yourselves.

"So why have an organization?

"You are accustomed to being told how far you have advanced, what is your spiritual status, How childish! Who but yourself can tell you if you are beautiful or ugly within? Who but yourself can tell you if you are incorruptible? You are not serious in these things.

"So why have an organization?

"But those who really desire to understand, who are looking to find that which is eternal, without beginning and without an end, will walk together with a greater intensity, will be a danger to everything that is unessential, to unrealities, to shadows. And they will concentrate, they will become the flame, because they understand. Such a body we must create, and that is my purpose. Because of that true friendship—which you do not seem to know—there will be real cooperation on the part of each one. And this not because of authority, not because of salvation, not because of immolation for a cause, but because you really understand, and hence are capable of living in the eternal. This is a greater thing than all pleasure, than all sacrifice.

"So these are some of the reasons why, after careful consideration for two years, I have made this decision. It is not from a momentary impulse. I have not been persuaded to it by anyone—I am not persuaded in such things. For two years, I have been thinking about this, slowly, carefully, patiently, and I have now decided to disband the Order, as I happen to be its head. You can form other organizations and expect someone else. With that I am not concerned, nor with creating new cages, new decorations for those cages. My only concern is to set man absolutely, unconditionally free."[14]

Later, the various trusts and funds were liquidated, the vast estates and lands returned to the original donors. A small office was established with Rajagopal as the main organizer, to undertake publications of Krishnamurti's talks. By now Krishnamurti was coming to be regarded as a secular philosopher, totally hostile to all religious beliefs, and many stalwarts of the Theosophical Society maintained that the coming of the World Teacher had been vitiated.

CHAPTER 8

Krishnamurti in Ojai: The Forgotten Years, 1938–1947

Krishnamurti resigned from the Theosophical Society in 1930.Writing in the *International Star Bulletin* in that year he had said, "My teaching is neither occult nor mystic for I hold both as limitations placed on man on his search for Truth." Mrs. Besant's one concern on hearing the news of his resignation was anxiety about Krishnamurti's future. She was aware of his total lack of worldly values and wondered how he would survive the cruel world without the protection of the Society. I am told that she prevailed on B. Sanjeeva Rao and his wife, Padmabai, eminent educators and her close associates, to resign from the Theosophical Society so that they could join Krishna's work, to be with him and protect him.

He did not return to India until November 1932. From Bombay he went directly to Adyar to see Mrs. Besant. She had become very fragile, had lost her memory, and was living in the past. But she recognized her dearly beloved son. It was tragic to see her, and Krishnamurti was deeply saddened. On his return from Varanasi he was to see her again. He had grown a beard and she commented on his beautiful face and said that he was frail and should look after himself. This was their final meeting.

His speech at the Theosophical convention held at Adyar in 1932 was met by critical comments from the elders of the Society. He told me many years later that they had cornered him and questioned him relentlessly, asking him to affirm or deny the existence of the Masters. He had refused to reply.

On his way back to Europe he met George Bernard Shaw at the home of Sir Chunilal Mehta. They spoke of Mrs. Besant. Shaw enquired how she was. "Very well," said Krishnamurti, "but at her great age, she cannot think consecutively." "She never could," whispered Shaw. Krishnamurti merely smiled.

Later Shaw was to describe Krishnamurti to Heskith Pearson as the most beautiful human being he had ever seen.[1]

Annie Besant died at Adyar on September 20, 1933. Half a century later I asked Krishnaji about the impact Mrs. Besant's death had on him. A look of intense gravity touched his eyes as he responded. "I read the notice of her death in *The New York Times*—they never informed me."

Throughout their two lives, so closely intertwined, Mrs. Besant and her adopted son Krishna were to spend little time together. But from Mrs. Besant's earliest letters to Krishna an intensity of love, a wave, flows from her to reach out and envelop the child, holding and protecting him.

The bonds fused between her and Krishna, transcending time and space. As a boy he wrote to her every week describing his dreams, his studies, his daily life, and his little problems. She was first a mother, anxious that no harm should befall him; then the teacher; as the years passed she sometimes took the role of disciple and sat at his feet to listen to his words. As her intellect faded, her mental powers diminished and her letters to Krishna grew pale; his were affectionate, yet formal. But Krishna's deep love and respect for her rested undiminished throughout his life.

She was an influence not in molding or giving direction to his mind and teaching, but in providing the ground of a total security of love. He had seen the fire in her blaze and sink to embers, but the warmth and unselfish love of Mrs. Besant was perhaps the one constant factor in his early life.

With the dissolution of the Order of the Star the group of young people who were always around Krishna dispersed. The organization of his travel plans and talks were for a time divided between Jadunandan Prasad, a young and much-loved associate, and Rajagopal. Jadu's sudden death in 1931 at the age of thirty-five left Krishna with few companions. Many who had left the Theosophical Society with him felt lost and in despair; the Society had provided shelter, solace, and a purpose in life. Money was scarce.

Jadu had been a close friend. Krishna wrote to Padmabai Sanjeeva

Rao in Varanasi, sharing her grief. These letters reveal Krishna's mind in the days following the severing of his membership with the Theosophical Society. On August 30, 1931, he wrote:

> My dearest Akkaji,
>
> Isn't it terrible that Jadu has gone away. It is really tragic and dear Padmabai, I can imagine what you must be feeling and how depressed you must be. I can hardly believe such a thing is possible. Jadu was just getting into his stride and you have no idea how much he was liked on his tour and what a success he made of it. I heard during the camp that I had a cable from John Ingleman—Jadu had a heat stroke and his blood pressure 220; again a few days later, that he was steadily improving. We were naturally anxious about it but he didn't think that anything serious was afoot. When I came here, I had a cable of which you know. Akkaji, you must have had a grievous shock and I wish I were with you, but . . . !
>
> In your letter—thank you so much for it—you were prophetic as you said how many of us will be alive when we all meet again! Nitya has gone and so has Jadu. Jadu was so clever, liked by everybody and very intelligently critical. We shall miss him and my dearest Padmabai, all my love is with you.
>
> You were all depressed and this will be another dreadful blow. Akka, there are so few of us that we must pull ourselves together and we have got to change and we have to realise there is something infinitely greater than birth and death. We have to realise it and the effort is colossal. I wish I were with you but there it is. Life is like that and cruel if we are not master of it.
>
> I wish, I were with you dearest Akka.[2]

Padmabai's reply must have expressed her own profound anguish, for in another letter, on September 29, Krishna refers to his sorrow at Nitya's death, his enquiry into the cause of sorrow, and a blazing awakening.

> My dearest Padmabai,
>
> Thank you very much for your letter. I know, Padmabai the fight you must be putting up, Akkaji, because we want the perfume of love through one person only, death [darkens] our love. There will be always death as long as our understanding is limited by personal, egotistical outlook. I tell you, Akkaji dear, as long as there is consciousness of oneself there is death, loneliness and sorrow. I went through this when Nitya died and I understood what lay behind sorrow, the cause of it. I have cheated death. So, Akkaji, this is the time to understand in the midst of this sorrow and loneliness. You must understand, probe into the deepest and you will see, Padmabai dear, that there is something more permanent, eternal than all persons. We all must die and while you are in the midst of this sorrow, this is the time to understand. Don't postpone it, Akkaji. In the gloom, you must seek the way out and not wait or let sorrow

eat your heart and loneliness darken your smile. So Padmabai, be eager to understand, though it hurts. Detach your mind from loneliness, sorrow and examine and you will see that by freeing your own consciousness, you go beyond birth and death. Try it dear Padmabai and don't say these are just words.

I wish I were with you, perhaps I could be able to help you. Oh, Padmabai, you have no idea the joy of true impersonal love.

You are in my thoughts and in my heart.

All my love, my dearest Padmabai. My love to everyone.

Krishna

His letters express a longing for India; he was drifting away from many of his close friends in the West whom he had known from his childhood. From Ojai he wrote of being alone, resting and going into *Samadhi*

My dearest Padmabai,

Thank you very much for your letter of October 29th. I am so very sorry that you are having a hard time and I wish I were there to help you along. It would be good to talk things over and that has to wait till we meet again, which will not be till the end of next year. I have been by myself for the last fortnight and I have been over the thoughts of the past years. I wish, I could have a good talk with you which is much better than writing.

This place is lovely and one day (?) you must come here. I am taking a complete rest and going into *samadhi.** I only see people on Sundays and the rest of the days I am giving to thought. Rajagopal and Rosalind are in Hollywood as Rajagopal has to see to his rheumatism which is pretty bad.

I hear Amma is pretty bad and that she is not expected to live long Rama Rao wrote to me that she is stone deaf and can hardly recognise. It is tragic and I wonder what is going to happen to the Theosophical Society. . . .

With all my love,
Krishna

Krishna's friend Rama Rao went blind and was seriously ill. With the death of Jadu, Krishna turned to Rajagopal and his wife Rosalind (they had married in 1927), who remained with him and were free to journey with him across continents.

While Nitya was alive Rajagopal's role in the young seer's life was peripheral—Nitya had taken over all organizational matters connected with Krishnamurti's work. Nitya's death created a functional vacuum

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**Samadhi*: A state of final liberation A state where the ego entity has ceased to exist and the seeker has disappeared A state of union with the cosmos that had to be filled. Inevitably, at first Jadu and then Rajagopal took charge, planning lectures and tours and setting up the infrastructure to support his future work. Rajagopal's marriage to Rosalind, a very close friend of Nitya's, brought Rajagopal closer to Krishnamurti. Soon Arya Vihar in Ojai became their permanent home.

A relationship born of an act of friendship to protect the young, vulnerable Krishnamurti—whose utter lack of worldliness made protection necessary—slowly underwent a sea change. In the earlier period of his life, protected by Mrs. Besant, he was the World-Teacher-to-be—and the attitudes of Krishnaji's comrades reflected this awareness and a reverence. There was always a distance between the World Teacher and his disciples.

However, with the dissolution of organizations and the negation of all spiritual hierarchy by Krishnamurti, new attitudes were inevitable. Slowly, the distance between the teacher and his associates lessened. Soon Rajagopal and Rosalind assumed the role of guardians, *sarvadhikaris,* holders of authority around the young seer, taking over all decision-making in Krishnamurti's personal life and the work connected with his teaching. The shy, hesitant young man who was feeling his way in the irridescent ocean of energy being released within him, groping for words that could contain his observations and insights, was totally unconcerned with worldly affairs. He was happy to leave everything in the competent hands of Rajagopal. K seemed vague, passive, naive, and even juvenile. His former disciples, living in close proximity to Krishnamurti, found him eager to perform the most menial chores; and this blurred their vision. They lost contact with the immensity in their midst and in time started to treat him as a child, who could be scolded, ignored, bullied, told what to do and whom to meet.

It is part of Krishnamurti's mystique that, time and again, he permitted this. His very nature made any assertive or aggressive response or action impossible. He never lost his temper. His pliant mind, lack of the ego, and total trust in those around him made it possible for others to take him for granted. He would sign any paper placed before him by his close friends, and at times even echoed their irrationalities. This led to seemingly contradictory statements and actions, which confused his friends. Yet, when he appeared to be totally hemmed in and dominated, the situation would explode out of its complexities, leaving Krishnamurti untouched, free to move on; while those who dominated him would be left angry, bewildered, often broken.

Between 1933 and 1939 Krishnamurti traveled several times to India, giving talks to fairly large audiences. With the death of Mrs. Besant in 1933 and the election of George Arundale as president of the Theosophical Society in 1934, all contact between Krishnamurti and the Society had been severed. Krishnamurti had spoken of the Theosophical Society as an organized belief, "and the idea of a Master leading man to truth does not enter my belief."[3]

The world and the media had lost interest in the "World Teacher" after his rejection of the role the Theosophical Society had conceived for him. For a long time his name disappeared from the newspapers and he led a life of anonymity.

Toward the end of those years, a new foundation, Krishnamurti Writings Inc. (K. W. I.), was established with headquarters at Ojai. Krishnamurti was nominal head, but Rajagopal played the pivotal role in determining the membership of the new body and its areas of operation. However, there was one area where the young seer, however hesitant, refused to permit any intrusion: That was in the unfoldment, the flowering of the new mind and the silent ground of perception that was coming into being.

Krishnamurti was in Ojai in 1939 when World War II broke out in Europe. For nearly eight years he lived in Ojai in comparative isolation. The war restricted his movements, and it was no longer possible for him to travel. He had been sent for by the U.S. draft board, and had to give detailed explanations as to why he could not fight and join the army. The board suggested that he return to India. He agreed and asked them to send him back, but there was no transportation. So they let him stay, but he was forbidden to give talks and had to report to the police regularly.

In later years Krishnamurti was to speak of those forgotten years in Ojai. He cherished his walks in the silences of the mountains surrounding the Ojai Valley. He walked "enormously," for endless miles, spending whole days in the wilderness, alone, forgetful of food, listening and observing, probing the world within him and around him. He recounted episodes of meeting wild bears and rattlesnakes, facing them without movement of body and mind. The wild beast would pause, its cautious, watchful eyes meeting K's silent eyes for several minutes; the animal, sensing a total absence of fear, would turn and move away.

The observing mind of Krishnamurti, free of any inner direction or pressure, blossomed; and with it an elemental perception, a mind-body awareness through which earth, rocks, trees, budding leaves, insects, reptiles, birds, animals communicated the story of earth's history and the mystery of a bottomless pit of time. He said, "When I walk, I don't think, there is no thought. I just look. . . . I think my solitary walks must have done something."

Krishnamurti recalled gardening at Arya Vihar, growing roses and vegetables, milking cows, washing dishes. His intense interest in mechanical things, which he had cultivated from childhood, was to continue; he still enjoyed taking apart watches and automobile engines to understand how they worked, and then putting them together again. He had been given a gift of a car by some of his friends. Gas was scarce but, whenever possible, Krishnamurti enjoyed driving at a tremendous speed along the curving roads of the valley.

Reports of the war and the atom bomb's devastation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki filled him with inexpressible horror, but awakened insights into the nature of violence and evil. This was made especially vivid to him one day when he went to nearby Santa Barbara. A woman approached him, offering Japanese souvenirs. Krishnamurti declined, but she insisted on showing him what she had in her box. She opened it to reveal a shriveled human ear and nose.

Miss Muriel Payne, who claimed to have nursed Krishnamurti in Ojai when he was very ill, told me that his response to the devastation and cruelty of war had been traumatic. He asked repeatedly, "What is the use of my talking?" He sought refuge alone in the mountains, with trees and wild animals. He spent several weeks in solitude in a hut in Wrightwood, in the San Gabriel mountains near Los Angeles, and in Sequoia, further North. He had grown a beard.

Krishnaji recalled the routine of his life in the sparsely furnished log cabin in the wilds. He would awake early in the morning, go for a long walk, cook breakfast, clean the dishes and the house and for an hour every day play Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (the only record available), listening, meditating. There were no books. In the evenings he would chant Sanskrit hymns remembered from his early childhood. His favorite was one to Daksinamunti—Shiva as the supreme guru. The sound of Sanskrit rose from the depths of his belly—it filled forests, virgin sounds heard by pine and ancient redwood trees, by skunk, bear, and rattlesnake. A spider shared the hut with him. Every morning Krishnamurti swept away the spider's web, in which were trapped flies and insects; carefully picking up the spider, he would place it outside the hut, but every morning, the spider was back, spinning its web.[4] A verse from the *Upanishads*, learned in his childhood, may have come to his mind. "As a spider emerges [from itself] by [spinning] threads [out of its own body], so too from this self, all life breaths, all the worlds, all the gods, and all contingent beings rise upon all directions."[5]

For days the ritual between the spider and Krishnamurti continued, a wordless communication; then one day Krishnamurti said to the spider, "Pax, let us share the hut."

Krishnamurti had occasional visitors. Aldous Huxley, who had settled in California and who was losing his eyesight, walked with Krishnamurti for long hours. At times they spoke of the senses and blindness. Krishnamurti helped Huxley; the power to heal was alive. He used it sparingly and in secret, was rather shy of it, and apologized before he even spoke of it.

Many years later, when asked what he meant when he spoke of all the senses operating simultaneously, Krishnaji told of meeting a blind friend while he was living in the hills. They had discussed the senses. Later, alone in the hut, Krishnamurti spent a week with his eyes bandaged, to see what happened when a sense on which one depended was denied. He spoke of every pore of his body, being fully awake, every sense carefully operating, compensating for the lost sense; of everything having to be in the right place, inwardly and outwardly.

There are also hints that he experimented at this time with many of the rigid austerities of yoga—fasting for long periods; observing complete silence for days; closing the sense organs with two hands to shut out sight, sound, and breath; and awakening to vast reverberations of sound within. But he dismissed these yogic stances as play, peripheral, and of no account.

The luminous beauty and the dramatic legendary early life of Krishnamurti had aroused the curiosity and interest of a number of writers, actors, and seekers who had settled in and around Los Angeles, besides Huxley. Gerald Heard was one of the first of the Western mystics to settle in California and delve into Indian religious enquiry. He was a friend of Huxley, Krishnamurti, Christopher Isherwood, and Prabhavanand, a monk of the Ram Krishna Mission. Huxley and Heard had become close friends of Krishnamurti. It was a curious relationship. Krishnamurti in the late 1930s and early 1940s was very shy, and perhaps had not allowed the limitless within him to reveal itself. Otherwise, it is impossible to understand Maria Huxley's comment on him.

She said of him during the years 1938 to 1939, "He is charming and amusing and so simple. How he must suffer when he is treated as a prophet?"[6]

Aldous Huxley and his first wife, Maria, loved picnics, as did Krishnamurti. Anita Loos, writing of Los Angeles in the late 1930s, recounts an incident which, as she put it, "could have taken place in Alice in Wonderland." At one such picnic the guests included the Huxleys and Krishnamurti; Greta Garbo, wearing a sloppy pair of men's trousers and a battered hat; Charlie Chaplin and his beautiful wife Paulette Goddard, dressed in a Mexican peasant outfit; Bertrand Russell (who is described by Anita Loos as a "Pixie on a spree"); and writer Christopher Isherwood.

Failing to find a suitable picnic spot, they finally descended on the dusty bed of the Los Angeles river. As they were getting down to prepare their special food—Garbo carrying bunches of raw vegetables, Goddard with her champagne and caviar, Krishnamurti with his rice—a hefty policeman suddenly appeared and asked, "What the hell's going on here?"

They stopped all preparations, "stunned into silence." A sheriff appeared, holding a gun. "Don't anybody in this gang know how to read?" he asked Aldous Huxley, pointing to a sign that read "No trespassers." Huxley pleaded with the sheriff, promising to clean up the place and leave the riverbed cleaner than they had found it. The sheriff was getting angry and told Huxley to "Get going—and that means now." Huxley, thinking he might appease the sheriff by mentioning some of the celebrities, pointed out Charlie Chaplin and Greta Garbo.

"Don't give me that," snarled the sheriff. "I seen these stars in the movies and none of them belong in this outfit. Get out of here, you tramps, or I'll arrest the whole slew of you." And so, says Anita Loos, "We folded our tents like the Arabs and quietly stole away. . . ."[7]

By the mid-1940s Krishnamurti and Huxley had become close friends. They met often and went for long walks. Huxley talked and Krishnamurti listened. Huxley was perplexed; his formidable intellect found it difficult to comprehend the pliant strength of a mind born of perception untainted by knowledge. In turn, Huxley listened and learned to be silent when Krishnamurti spoke of perception, of time, and of awareness. That Krishnamurti's mind interested Huxley is evident. On one of the walks, he told Krishnamurti "that he would give everything for one direct perception of the truth, but his mind was incapable of it. It was too filled with knowledge." Christopher Isherwood recounts a conversation he had with Huxley. Isherwood had been telling Huxley of the instructions for meditation given to him by his guru, Swami Prabhavanand, "thus, prompting Aldous to tell me that Krishnamurti never meditated on 'objects' such as lotuses, lights, gods and goddesses and even believed that doing so, might lead to insanity."[8]

Recalling his relationship with Huxley and Gerald Heard, Krishnamurti says, "I was terribly shy. They were all tremendous intellectuals. I listened to them. I interjected one or two statements."[9] Much of the correspondence between Krishnamurti and Huxley, and the notes taken by Huxley of that period of his life, were burned in a fire that destroyed his home and all his records. Later, Huxley was to write the introduction to Krishnamurti's book *The First and Last Freedom*. In 1961, just before his death, Huxley heard Krishnamurti speak at Saanen in Switzerland. Writing to a friend, he describes it "as amongst the most impressive things I have listened to . . . it was like listening to the discourse of the Buddha—such power, such intrinsic authority, such an uncompromising refusal to allow the *homme moyen sensuel* any escapes or surrogates, any *gurus*, saviors, *führers*, churches. I show you sorrow and the ending of sorrow, and if you don't fulfill the conditions for ending sorrow, be prepared, whatever *gurus*, churches, etc. you may believe in, for the indefinite continuance of sorrow."[10]

In Ojai, during the war years, Krishnamurti recalled visiting Gerald Heard at Trabuco, "a club for mystics" built a few miles from Los Angeles by Gerald Heard and Felix Green, a British sinologist who was also interested in Indian religious enquiry. Gerald Heard, who has been eloquently described by Christopher Isherwood as "one of [the world's] few great magic myth makers and revealers of life's wonder"[11] had built a retreat with a meditation hall overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Krishnamurti visited Trabuco for a week at the invitation of Gerald Heard. Describing Trabuco to us, Krishnamurti spoke of its resemblance to a Trappist monastery—except that here people could come for retreat and were not trapped for the rest of their lives. Meditation sessions took place about six times a day. The residents were permitted conversation in the mornings, but after lunch strict silence was imposed. Krishnaji joined in the meditation sessions; sitting cross-legged on the floor for hours in the darkened meditation hall, he felt the seething thoughts in the minds of those meditating around him. The intense darkness was used as an aid to create the silent mind. The eerie atmosphere and the chaotic, violent thoughts of the other guests greatly disturbed Krishnamurti, and he did not visit Trabuco again.

Perhaps the most insightful of the comments to come from "outsiders" living on the Pacific Coast in the 1940s and 1950s was from Henry Miller, the bawdy, tempestuous writer of some of the finest prose to emerge from North America in the twentieth century. In his later years Miller became a recluse and lived at Big Sur on the coast south of San Francisco. He had never met Krishnamurti; but after reading a book about him by Carlo Suarez, Miller wrote,

> Krishnamurti has renounced more than any man I can think of except Christ. Fundamentally he is so simple to understand that it is easy to comprehend the confusion which his clear, direct words and deeds have entailed. Men are reluctant to accept what is easy to grasp.
>
> I have never met Krishnamurti, though there is no man living whom I would consider it a greater privilege to meet than he.
>
> His career, unique in the history of spiritual leaders, reminds one of the famous Gilgamesh epic. Hailed in his youth as the coming Savior, Krishnamurti renounced the role that was prepared for him, spurned all disciples, rejected all mentors and preceptors. He initiated no new faith or dogma, questioned everything, cultivated doubt (especially in moments of exaltation), and, by dint of heroic struggle and perseverance, freed himself of illusion and enchantment, of pride, vanity, and every subtle form of dominion over other. He went to the very source of life for sustenance and inspiration. To resist the wiles and snares of those who sought to enslave and exploit him demanded eternal vigilance. He liberated his soul, so to say, from the underworld and the overworld, thus opening to it "the paradise of heroes."
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> Is it necessary to define this state?[12]

In 1945, when the war was over, Krishnamurti was to go to New Zealand, but fell very ill. He had urinary trouble, high fever, and was unconscious for long periods. It is possible that some vast psychic changes took place in him during this illness. He talks of recuperating by himself, of the body being alone. Doctors saw him, but seemed unable to diagnose his illness, no medicines were prescribed.

Part 2

KRISHNAMURTI IN INDIA
1947–1949

CHAPTER 9

The Gathering of the Friends

On August 15, 1947, India became independent and Jawaharlal Nehru its first prime minister. Tumultuous yet nonviolent in character, the struggle for independence had been from the early twentieth century guided by Mahatma Gandhi. By 1944 the courage of a nonviolent struggle against the military might of the British Empire had inspired people in a world struggling to rehabilitate itself after the most violent war in history.

But independence in India had also brought a bitter aftermath. To achieve it, the vast subcontinent had been partitioned, territories in the North, West, and East cut away from the main heartland, to form the new Islamic State of Pakistan. Families were divided, friendships broken. Violence exploded; massacres, rape, looting, arson were witnessed along the borders and in the hinterland. Vast migrations of people took place; the Hindus moved eastwards, the Muslims westwards. The new rulers of India, most of whom had spent half their lives in jail, were suddenly called upon to bring order to a continent in flames and to deal with a refugee problem the like of which had never before been witnessed.

K's arrival in India, two months after independence, could not have been at a more propitious moment. An old age in India was dying, and the birth of the new was beset by travail and disillusionment. The massacres that had erupted with freedom and the partition of India had been traumatic for minds nurtured on theories of nonviolence. There had been little time to pause, to ponder, to look into the distance, to cogitate, to ask fundamental questions. For India's leaders and builders, action based on immediacy had overtaken the possibility of action born of long vision.

Vast resources of energy were held in abeyance in the startlingly young body and mind of Krishnamurti. His face in 1947 appeared qualitatively different from earlier photographs of him in the 1920s and 1930s. It was evident that the long period of withdrawal in Ojai, brought about by forces beyond his control, had provided the spaces in which exploding energies could converge. An intelligence was coming into being, a perfection of mind, heart, and body that was supremely beautiful, majestic, and awake. When asked about his years in Ojai, K said, "I think it was a period of no challenge, no demand, no outgoing. I think it was a kind of everything kept in, everything held in; and when I left Ojai it all burst."

A splendor and inward incandescence had transformed K's face; ancient yet untouched by time. The blue-black eyes reflected the long vision of the seer. Profoundly empty yet grounded in compassion, they were prophetic eyes that had journeyed vast distances. His slightly greying hair, swept back, revealed the majesty of his forehead. The earlobes were long, the head and spine erect, the waist slim, the shoulders sloped. He walked with long strides, his feet pressed down, sinking into the earth, creating spaces within which he walked. The long arms rested at his side, the palms open and held inward. From my first meeting with him, I was aware of the deep stillnesses of his body. In repose there was little movement of head, shoulder, or spine; no movement was superfluous; when need for action arose, the body responded with a natural dignity and grace, with precision and a minimum expenditure of energy.

In dialogue the hands assumed symbolic gestures, they opened, questioned, probed, contained, pointed the way. Relaxed, the hands rested.

He arrived in India alone for the first time. All outer bonds and constraints had dropped away. Throughout his life he had been held, protected. At first by the affection and concern of his father, then by the Theosophical Society and their expectations of the role he was to play as the World Teacher. When he left the Theosophical Society, its rituals and hierarchies, his outer life was taken over by Rajagopal and Rosalind. The nine years in Ojai had separated him from his friends in India. Slowly, the old, loyal friends were dying or being pushed away. Now, however, there was no one to question him, to plan his day, to decide whom he should meet, where he should go. Outwardly and inwardly he was totally free.

All through the years, whenever he was to return to India, his first act was to take off his Western clothes and wear Indian garments. With this change of clothes his personality, attitudes, and responses also changed. In the West he was more formal, with exquisite Old World manners. He lived a secluded life, meeting few people; the long discussions and insights that arose at breakfast and lunch, intimately woven into his life in India, were absent. The perceptions that arose on walks or in apparently casual conversations have not been recorded.

With the Indian robes, the length of which gave him the look of a mendicant, he naturally assumed the role of the teacher. The centuries of meditation and concern with otherness held in abeyance in the Indian earth entered into him. He appeared to grow taller, the sloping shoulders revealed by the shape of his garment. His walk had the majesty of the king elephant in a forest.

The young men and women who gathered round Krishnaji in Bombay (many of whom, like myself, were to remain with him for over thirty years) were drawn from various disciplines—political, literary, academic, and social. Many of them had participated in the freedom struggle and had been acclaimed political heroes. Filled with horror by the events that followed the partition of India, they lacked the prophetic insight to see the chaos that was to face the India of the future. They were sensitive enough, however, not to share in the wild euphoria of freedom that led large numbers of people to believe that with the retreat of the British Raj a Golden Age based on the ethical values of secularism, socialism, and an ending of poverty had dawned.

They had glimpsed the wasteland of ambition, bitterness, and greed that lay behind their slogans and grandiose words. The ideals that had carried them through years of political struggle had crumbled under them, and with it the verbal structures that had nourished them. They were faced with confusion, contradiction, and what seemed a blank wall.

They gathered because of the radiance and compassion that emanated from K's presence; and because of the personal aches and despairs, the sorrow, that they could neither face nor dispel; and their inability to give a meaningful direction to their lives. Buddha had ordained his monks with the call "*Ehi Etha,*" Come ye. Krishnamurti's silent call was of the same nature.

Amongst the people who met K at the airport was Sir Chunilal Mehta, a distinguished industrialist, who had served as a member of the Governors Council in what was then the Bombay presidency.* An ardent admirer of K, Sir Chunilal was ecstatic when, on returning home, he told his young daughter-in-law Nandini of "this wondrous young being, who ran down the steps of the plane—and like a shaft of light came towards us." K was staying at the house of Ratansi Morarji on Carmichael Road. It was open house in the mornings, and many people had gathered when Chunilal Mehta and Nandini walked in. What happened is best told in the words of Nandini:

"I went and sat on the floor in a corner, feeling a little nervous. I saw a figure in a long white *kurta* sitting straight-backed at a distance. The room was full of people, and K was in the midst of a discussion. Kakaji [Sir Chunilal] was sitting facing K and soon joined in the discussion. A minute later K, whose face was looking away from me, turned and looked at me steadily for a few seconds. Time stopped for me. He turned back and continued his discussion. Some time later he turned again and looked deep into my eyes, and again time stopped. K continued his discussion. But I was totally unaware of what was being said.

"The discussion ended and people started getting up to leave. I rose and found K standing in front of me. Seeing K approaching me, Kakaji rushed up and introduced me as 'Nandini, my daughter-in-law'—Krishnaji had started laughing, not smiling, but laughing—I had never heard laughter as deep and as resonant. The sound of a Himalayan stream falling rock to rock to mingle with another stream. He asked, 'Why have you come?' Tears had started flowing uncontrollably down my cheeks. He continued to laugh and my tears continued to flow. He took my hand and held it hard. Again he asked, 'Why have you come?' and at last I could speak, though the tears were unabated. 'I have waited thirty years to see you.' [Nandini was thirty years old at the time.] K's laughter continued. Then, letting go of my hand, he placed his palm on my head and left it there for a few seconds. My *pranams*† to him were through my tears.

"In the car Kakaji seemed a little bewildered, turned around and told me, 'Did you see him? That he should notice you is a great privilege. Don't let it go to your head.' I started accompanying Kakaji every day to see K. One morning K said, 'Don't you want to see me?' I did not answer. I did not know it was possible to see him."

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*The present states of Maharashtra and Gujerat

†*Pranam* and *namaskara* have the same meaning except that pranam has an element of greater respect in it It is the traditional form of greeting, the holding up of folded hands as in prayer.

K was to leave for Madras shortly, and it was only on his return that Nandini started seeing him.

Maurice Friedman, a Polish engineer, was also at Carmichael Road to meet K on his arrival. A tiny, bent-backed man, he wore a *kurta* and a loose, ill-fitting pyjama. It was impossible to determine his age. A Theosophist since his boyhood, he had come to India as an engineer to work in Bangalore. Soon he lost interest in his work, donned a saffron robe, took the vows, and became a mendicant, taking the name of Bharatanand. From the northernmost point of India to Kanniyakumari in the deep south, he traveled the pilgrim's path—barefoot, eating the food given to him, staying in *maths* (monasteries) or under trees, discussing with yogis and fakirs. He met wise men and held discourses with religious teachers, but found that awakening did not lie in the outer facade of robe or begging bowl. So, giving up the robe, he came and stayed at Ramana Maharshi's *ashram* in the deep South. Ramana Maharshi is regarded as a liberated man; a saint who broke all bondages and transcended the self.

An apocryphal story relates how Friedman went to the flooded river one day. Pondering on life and causation, he said to himself, "If I am to die, I will be swept away; if I have to live, the waters will save me." So he threw himself into the torrential waters, and was thrown back on the banks. Thrice he threw himself, and three times the waters refused to accept him. So, battered in body but undaunted in spirit, he said, "Fate wants me to live." He walked back to the *ashram*. Halfway he met Ramana Maharshi, who looked at him and said gently but sternly, "Stop playing the fool with yourself."

While a *sannyasin*, Friedman had lived for some years at Sevagram, Gandhiji's *ashram* near Wardha, in Maharashtra. He used his engineering skills to help evolve the *ambar charkha*, the many-spindled spinning wheel, and had participated in many of the development programs initiated by Gandhiji. Deeply interested in K and his teachings, he had come to Bombay to be with him. Friedman participated in the discussions with much energy, took on himself the role of interpreter, and prefaced his remarks with, "In other words . . . " Warm, affectionate, intelligent, intensely curious, but with a somewhat distorted approach to life, he battered himself against his bonds, unable to penetrate beyond his own self-made limitations of words and ideas.

Jamnadas Dwarkadas, another constant visitor, was a rotund figure who wore a spotless *dhoti*, a white Gandhi cap, and *kurta*. Dwarkadas came from a very affluent family from Kutch. Long settled in Bombay, the several brothers had distinguished themselves in various fields. Jamnadas Dwarkadas, a politician and businessman, had been a close associate and friend of Dr. Annie Besant. Generous of heart and with a deep devotion to K, he had given of his wealth with abundance. Through the years he was to lose his family fortunes, but his generosity did not diminish nor did misfortune sour his bountiful nature. He would embrace K, weep with emotion, and sit with his eyes closed during the discussions, an ecstatic look on his cherubic face. He would tell us stories of K's childhood; for Jamnadas had a remarkable memory and a fund of anecdotes. The children in our family gathered round him, for he held them spellbound with stories of K and Dr. Besant. A *vaishnava*,* he brought K exquisite garlands of jasmine interwoven with rose petals to resemble pearls and rubies; he would insist that K wear this fragrant garland after his discussions and talks. I remember standing with Nandini at the foot of the staircase that led to the terrace where K held discussions. K stood at the head of the stairway, a slender figure in white, with jasmine around his neck, a garland that fell to his knees. It was always late evening when the discussions ended, and the glow of the lights used to catch K's hair, swept back from his brow, while his eyes smiled down at us.

Also amongst the people who gathered at Madras to meet K in October 1947 was a young chemist named Balasundaram, who was teaching at the Institute of Science in Bangalore. K was staying at Sterling Road, Madras, where he gave talks and held public discussions. His host was R. Madhavachari, the Indian representative of Krishnamurti Writings Inc. and an engineer in the Southern Railways.

Attendance at the talks was small; a few old Theosophists, some writers and professors, and a few young people were the audience. Amongst them was Shanta Rao, the *bharat natyam*† dancer; she spent the day at Sterling Road, taking K his orange juice, helping serve his food, and acting as a *dwarpal*, a doorkeeper outside K's door.

These were the years before Shanta Rao had emerged, resplendent on the Indian landscape, as one of the most brilliant *bharat natyam* dancers to perform in free India. Shanta entered K's surroundings with the same eloquence and assured presence with which she entered a

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*A *vaishnava* is a devotee of Krishna But the word also conveys a certain ethical behavior, such as vegetarianism, almsgiving, kindness, and devotion.

†*Bharat natyam*· Dances born out of the rituals of worship in the temples of South India It was in the middle of the twentieth century that *bharat natyam* began to be danced by women of the higher castes and was transported from the temple to the stage, from ritual to art and entertainment

stage. She was to spend long periods of time in Madras listening to his talks, having interviews with him, or just being around. Young, with a panther-like body and strong, arrogant mind, she had studied the *Natya Sastras** and had learned to dance under the discipline of the great gurus of *bharat natyam* and *kathakali.*† Her supreme confidence was evident in her poise and her words. She questioned K on the nature of beauty—whether it was outer or inner, and what was its measure.

Perhaps she influenced K, who wrote of a dancer in his *Commentaries on Living:*

> She was a dancer, not by profession but by choice. She must have felt proud of her art, for there was arrogance about her—not only the arrogance of achievement but also that of some inner recognition of her own spiritual worth. As another would be satisfied with outward success, she was gratified by her spiritual advancement. She not only danced, but also gave talks on art, on beauty, and on spiritual achievement.[1]

Another visitor who was closely associated with K through his years in India was doe-eyed, lissome Sunanda, the daughter of an old Theosophist. Sunanda, a graduate of Madras University, had a finely honed intellect and was studying law and preparing for the foreign service examination. She too spent some time every day with K at Sterling Road—speaking of her dreams of the future, her personal problems, or watching him as he sat polishing his shoes or sitting quietly while K was writing letters. K bantered with her, chanted with her, told her that she was too young to consider settling down, and asked her to go out and see the world. Her senses afire, she responded passionately to K's presence and was swept away in the torrent of his attention.

In those years K was very accessible. Mukund Pada, a young man who would later don the saffron robe, wrote to me many years after of his meeting with K in 1947:

> Back in Madras, I attended for the first time in December 1947 a talk by one

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**Natya Sastras,* written between 200 B.C and A D. 200 by the sage Bharat Muni, was a treatise on the dramatic arts, mime, dance, stagecraft. A theory of aesthetics formed the basic element of the book.

†*Kathakali* is dance, mime and theater Accompanied by powerful drumming and song, it evolved in the courts of the Nayar kings of Kerala The stories were based on the epics, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. The Nayars were a military class The society was matriarchal. The Brahmin (Namboodries) were learned and powerful. Costumes, painted masks, and highly stylized gestures were integral to the *kathakali* form of dance.

> Theosophist named J. Krishnamurti as described by an elderly person. The talk stunned and rocked me out of my core. Standing lost and helpless after the talk, Krishnaji who was passing me, suddenly stopped and putting an arm around me asked Shri Madhavachari to grant me some time for an interview. The interview between an insignificant pebble and the Himalayas was a blast of the Eternal, Cosmic breath. It left me shattered and trembling in every limb. As Krishnaji was speaking, I was thunderstruck in an awareness that the seeds of his message were already there in my brain. It was the voice of truth that had spoken to me. His last words to me on parting, as he came to the door "Sir, two flowers or things can be similar, but not the same," suddenly opened an immense space. Quietly words surfaced in my mind. "Yes, Sir, thou are Blessedness walking amongst humanity. Two flowers may be similar. You are the thornless flower—me, I am more thorns than flower." Oh, how he laughed—his laughter like a lightning in a thundercloud.

Dr. Balasundaram found that Krishnaji's former Theosophical associates had grown old. C. Jinarajadasa, then president of the Theosophical Society and wearing a purple cap, used to visit Krishnaji. They had long talks, but Krishnaji did not enter the compound of the Theosophical Society—though he went for long walks on Adyar beach. Sanjeeva Rao, an old associate of Dr. Besant and an eminent educator who had built Krishnaji's educational institutions in Varanasi, and his wife Padmabai, a friend of Krishnaji and an equally well-known educator in her own right, were constant visitors.

A small discussion group had started, but most of the participants were weary and aging and had little contact with the enormous new teaching. K told them, "You are clinging to the known. Let go." They looked bewildered, tried to appear intense, but little energy was generated.

Balasundaram described to me a poignant moment during a discussion of "the ending of the known." An old Theosophist named Narhari Rao had put up his hands and, in a tremulous voice, said to Krishnaji, "Wait, Sir, wait—the unknown is coming."

B. Sanjeeva Rao accompanied Krishnaji on his return to Bombay from Madras in early January 1948. They were staying with Ratansi Morarji at Carmichael Road. Every morning and evening Krishnaji would sit in the living room, which was furnished with chinoiseries, carved chairs, and jeweled screens. People who wished to see Krishnaji dropped in and sat with him asking questions, discussing problems or giving him the news of the day.

Prominent amongst the visitors were two young men dressed in spotless white hand-spun and handwoven *khadi*: Rao Sahib Patwardhan and Achyut Patwardhan. Their father had been a respected and wealthy resident of Ahmadnagar in Maharashtra, had belonged to the Theosophical Society, and had been an ardent follower of Annie Besant. He died young, leaving the burden of his large family to his eldest son, Rao Sahib Patwardhan. Before his death he had told his two elder sons that they were to dedicate their lives to Krishnaji and his work. Whatever happened in the future, they were never to deny the great teacher.

Handsome, intensely male, austere, with an inviolable integrity, Rao Sahib and Achyut were devoted brothers. Within his family Rao Sahib was a domineering patriarch. Deeply attached to learning, impatient with women except the rare few who measured up to his standard of brain and heart, he set himself moral standards and practiced an austerity that made life miserable for his family and placed limits on his own potential. He was deeply committed to work for the amelioration of poverty and want, and was closely associated with the Sarva Seva Sangh, a service organization established around Gandhiji; but it was the idea rather than the operational part of work that attracted him. He was not a builder, nor an organizer. Perhaps the lesson that nothing is trivial had evaded him. The canvas of the freedom struggle was vast, and the actors had assumed the role of heroes. The struggle had not prepared these fighters of independence for a work technology that would demand an understanding of the nuts and bolts of development. An insight into the seemingly trivial was part of the genius of Gandhiji and his homespun development economics. Two decades of independence would pass before its essential truth was made clear.

Rao Sahib was intense, but he was also vulnerable and sensitive to beauty. A romantic, the austere and the sensory battled within him and made him hesitate and withdraw at the slightest sign of a physical flowering of the senses. The only areas in which he permitted abandon were in his relationship to K, and in growing roses and cultivating the parijataka bush.

That he never broke through the limitations of his self-imposed austerity and circumscribed environment was a personal tragedy. Within him was a reservoir, capable of receiving and communicating with abundance. His Brahminic arrogance and refusal to claim what was his by right, along with an incapacity to take anything to its limits, generated conflict and kept him conditioned and confined.

His brother Achyut was an intellectual, a word that in India has very special connotations. He lived in an age that hailed Karl Marx as the prophet of the new awakened man, and Achyut, along with his friends Jai Prakash Narain and Acharya Narendra Dev, grew impatient with the older traditional leadership of India, which was concerned primarily with maintaining the status quo. Together, they founded the Socialist Party of India. In total contrast to Rao Sahib, Achyut was not emotional; in him the mind dominated action. He was a leader of men, a fighter; and for long periods of his life ends determined means. But his incapacity to wear masks or to disguise his emotions inhibited him. He had a violent temper and could seldom brook being thwarted.

In 1929, when the freedom struggle in India was at its peak, the brothers had gone to Krishnamurti. Achyut had asked, "Do you really mean it when you say 'negate all authority'?" K replied, "Yes. The mind has to reject authority and examine everything." Achyut's response was that, for him, the freedom of India was the only freedom that was important. On this note he left Krishnamurti, and he and Rao Sahib plunged into the struggle for independence—fighting the British colonial rule, going to jail for long periods, making friends within prison walls, reading and contemplating.

In 1938, the last time Krishnamurti was in India before 1947, Achyut met him in Rishi Valley.* Madrid had fallen in the Spanish Civil War and Achyut was in tears. Speaking to Achyut, K said that in this defeat he saw the beginning of World War II. He commented that he did not see much difference between fascism and communism. Achyut vehemently denied this. K repeated, "They are both tyrannies." It was a major truth that Achyut was to realize in later years.

The Quit India movement of 1942† saw Rao Sahib in jail, while Achyut had gone underground to wander, seeking anonymity and refuge over the length and breadth of India. He and Jai Prakash Narain were to become revolutionary heroes of those dark, fearful, yet intoxicating days. Unlike Jai Prakash, Achyut was never arrested, escaping the police net time and again—by taking refuge as a patient in a hospital, disguising himself as a miserable clerk, growing a beard, and wearing a fez.

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*Rishi Valley, ten miles from Krishnaji's birth place Madnapalle, was so named after the cone-shaped hill, Rishi Konda, which lay to the west of the valley Seeking to find a suitable site for a school, Krishnaji, with some friends, had spotted the vast banyan tree from the roadside. He stopped the car and said, "This is the place."

†A meeting of the All India Congress Committee was held in Bombay on July 16, 1942. The main intention was to serve notice on the British government to "Quit India." The resolution was greeted with an uproar of applause. That night Mahatma Gandhi. Jawaharlal Nehru, and a large number of Congress leaders were arrested in Bombay and other parts of India

In 1947 he came to K, weary and disillusioned. With freedom, the petty urges to power that had lain in abeyance amongst Congress leaders were surfacing. During the struggle the anti-Brahmin feeling in Maharashtra had little vitality. The leaders, the constructive workers, the intelligentsia in Maharashtra were mainly Brahmins. With independence, the drives for the loaves and fishes of office had given stimulus to the formation of groups within the Congress. Very disturbed by the intrigues and with a fractured emotional life, Achyut turned back to his roots and sought advice from Krishnamurti.

Achyut expressed his conflicts, and K took Achyut for a walk. Pointing to a tree, he turned to Achyut and said, "Look at that tree—the leaf that was tender green has turned yellow. The leaf has nothing to do with it. It is born, dries and falls. Any decision to stay in politics or to leave, any decision taken by choice is wrong. Things happen in their own course. Stop fretting."

Achyut went to see Gandhiji for the last time toward the end of 1947. He told him that he was going to leave politics for a few months. Gandhiji asked him what he was going to do. When he heard he was to spend the time with Krishnamurti, Gandhiji was very happy. He spoke to Achyut of the terrible events of the partition. He said he was passing through a great darkness. He could not see any light.

Achyut spent the next year with K in Bombay, Ootacamund, Poona, Delhi, and Varanasi. At the end of the year Achyut told Krishnamurti that when he was with him all his faculties were wide awake. K's response was, "Be careful, don't take a little of this, to gild what you already know. What you think you feel is only a theory. On no account allow your mind to be stimulated by me." In early 1949 Achyut returned to Delhi to edit a Socialist weekly; but his comrades were aware of deep changes taking place within him, which were to lead to his final break with the Socialist Party and politics.

Rao Sahib was a member of the Congress working committee. A friend of Jawaharlal Nehru and Sardar Patel,* his future in politics seemed assured. But he too felt the suffocation and darkness of the struggle for position and power that erupted amongst his erstwhile friends. The Constituent Assembly was about to meet. Rao Sahib was expected to be one of the participants, but his close friends persuaded

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*Vallabhai Patel and Sardar Patel are the same person Vallabhai was the given name and Patel the caste name Sardar, meaning leader, was a term of endearment and respect.

Vallabhai Patel and Jawaharlal Nehru to exclude him. Rao Sahib was deeply hurt, but his pride and obstinacy made it impossible for him to fight his friends or to appeal to Nehru. The personal disappointment was forgotten in the aftermath of partition; the hatred, bloodshed, and cruelty generated by the transfer of population had shattered Rao Sahib's foundations, built on Gandhian values and ideals. He met Krishnamurti, discussed his conflicts with him, listened to his talks. His immaculately starched *khadi kurta* and Gandhi cap worn at a rakish angle, and his face with its warm captivating smile, were seen mornings and evenings around Krishnamurti.

Reared in an atmosphere that threw up vast challenges and demanded equally vast responses, Rao Sahib and Achyut never admitted to any personal sorrow, frustration, or despair. To them the personal was narrow and trivial. The canvas of their concern had to include great abstractions—man, the masses, the poor. Their sorrow had meaning only when related to the immense sorrow of man. Many years later Achyut was to tell me, "That was the great illusion" that held Rao imprisoned.

However, the intensity and luminosity of Krishnamurti touched deep springs. The Teacher reached out with a passionate flame. Krishnamurti smiled, and Rao smiled with him. Tears sprang to Rao's eyes, for *bhakti*,* also part of the Maharashtrian ethos, was awakened. Rao Sahib, with love overflowing, would say with folded palms, "Sir, there was a Maharashtrian poet, Saint Tukaram, who said, 'When *vithal*† enters the home of a householder all peace is shattered.' " In the evenings, Rao and Achyut would sing Tukaram's "*Abhangas.*" "*Adi Beja Ekle*" was Rao's favorite. He had a deep, emotion-filled voice. On other occasions they joined Krishnamurti in chanting the "*Purusha Shukta*" of the *Rig Veda*. They sat straight-backed, the sharp stacatto sounds of Sanskrit reverberating and filling ears and eyes. The vowels were resonant and strong, each sound pronouced distinctly. The *vedic* chants were woven on fire, on winds, on the hearts and breath of singer and listener. We gathered and listened, even the little ones—my daughter Radhika, aged ten, and my nephew Asit, aged nine. Wide-eyed, they were swept into the blazing presence of Krishnamurti, a man aflame with intensity. Beauty of sound, form, illumined. Every pore of the body responded. Those were enchanted moments.

**Bhakti* A creed based on devotion to Krishna

†*Vithal* Another name for Krishna, the divine cowherd.

CHAPTER 10

"You Are the World."

Krishnamurti in later years was to say of himself, "Full awakening came in India in 1947 to 1948." During those years the five ways of communication integral to the teaching were unfolding: public talks, dialogues and discussions, personal interviews, seemingly casual insights revealed on walks or at the dinner table, and silences. Krishnamurti was launching his associates and listeners on the river of self-knowing, on a journey of discovery "of oneself without a beginning" that in its movement broke the limitations of the mind, opening new frontiers of perception. It was an austere teaching, not in its demand for outer renunciation or sacrifice (though in actuality, austerity and a life of correctness was the ground from which the teaching emanated), but in its total negation of all anchors, crutches, and rituals, even the most subtle.

The denial of the guru as central to religious enquiry was in India the ultimate negation of all spiritual authority; for in the absence of the one sacred revealed book, the guru was the initiator, the preceptor, the doorway to truth. By his refusal to concede the place of any intermediary between the seeker and reality, Krishnamurti cast total responsibility on the seeker. To the seeker he said, "The Real is near, you do not have to seek. Truth is in 'what is,' and that is the beauty of it." But for the aspirant who remained inwardly a disciple, there was bewilderment, for there was nowhere to go, no goal to reach, no peak to climb. There was no guru to promise ecstasy or exploding lights, no visions or *siddhis,* extrasensory powers, to sustain a quest; all extrasensory phenomena as they arose were to be observed and put aside. The only concern was with the awakening of a living perception: seeing and listening to the actual in the outer, as revealed in relationship to man and nature; and in the inner as revealed in thoughts and feelings that were the actual content of the mind.

This frontier perception, direct and uncluttered, was the beginning of self-knowledge, of the self as "is." To observe thought as it arose in consciousness, and as it disappeared to hold it by its tail and not let go, was to have insights into the nature of thought and to observe "what is."

But the "what is," in its swift movement, was constantly changing, transforming, in flux. An awareness flowing from senses tethered to a sluggish static mind, held in thought born of the past, did not have the energy or the pliability to pursue and be one with the present, the "now" of existence, and act from that perception. Man was forever seeking to mold the movement of thought, projecting action into the future as the "I will be," and so thwarting action in the present. Krishnamurti asked, Who is it who seeks to mold or change thought or give it direction? "Remove thought, where is the thinker? If the thinker is thought—then he cannot act or change thought. Thought has to end."[1]

When asked, "How does one know oneself? What is there to know? For what does one seek? Where does one start?" he replied, "The more complex the question, the more overpowering the confusion, the more simple and innocent has to be the approach. Man does not know the way, so the only thing he can do is to cease to struggle and with whatever instruments and energy he has, observe that which is the bondage. It is the simple, the sorrow-laden, the real seeker who is the hope. The simple are so crushed by their own insignificance, they do not trust the integrity of their own intentions."[2]

Many people came to him seeking physical healing. To them he said, "I also at one time did healing; but I found it far more important to heal the mind, the inward state of being. Merely to concentrate on healing physically may make for popularity, draw large crowds, but it will not lead man to happiness."[3]

In *Commentaries on Living I*, he writes: "We are an old people; we wander in search for everything in far off places when it is so close to us. Beauty is ever there, never here, truth is never in our homes but in some distant place. We go to the other side of the world to find the master, and we are not aware of the servant; we do not understand the common things of life, the everyday struggles and joys and yet we attempt to grasp the mysterious and the hidden."[4]

Krishnamurti's public talks in Bombay in January 1948 were held on the lawns of Sir Chunilal Mehta's spacious residence on Ridge Road. Krishnamurti entered the grounds dressed in a red-bordered *dhoti*, a long, spotlessly white *kurta,* and an *angavastram.* Taking off his sandals, he sat cross-legged on a platform, his back straight and without movement. Turning his head he looked at the five hundred people who sat on the ground or on chairs before him. Among them were *sannyasis,* old Theosophists, some professors, and a sprinkling of *khadi* caps. There were few young people; but the rich merchant princes of Bombay, the friends of Sir Chunilal Mehta, were present.

In those early years Krishnamurti flayed the rich. He was to say, "You cannot mix god and mammon. Reality is not for the man who has his hand in his neighbor's pocket—who exploits and fills his heart with the riches of the earth."[5] The gaze of Krishnamurti drew his listeners into a united field of attention. But it was not a glance that classified as a group. The direct communication that emanated from Krishnamurti established contact with the individual woman and man; each person felt that Krishnamurti was speaking to her or him alone. Krishnamurti's role was that of a friend, taking the hand of the man in sorrow and walking with him through the by-ways and depths of the mind, of thought and feeling. He moved step by step, with infinite patience, opening up the problem, probing, questioning, blocking all escapes away from the fact. Teaching the listener to observe, as in a mirror, sorrow, anger, fear, loneliness. Teaching him to dwell on the space between thoughts—moving from thought to thought; to see, when pushed back to its roots and its source, thought dissolve in the ground of its begetting.

While speaking, Krishnamurti was aware not only of the people who listened to the words he was saying, but of what was happening around him—the birds twittering, a leaf falling, the sound of a flute being played in the distance. There was a simultaneity of awareness, an inclusive seeing, listening, that did not shut out the outer or the inner, but let it flow through the mind, so that nothing was exclusive, nothing was a distraction. Only the flowing river of existence, of "what is."

A large number of people were hearing him for the first time. His vocabulary had totally changed, and even people like Sanjeeva Rao, who had been with him for many years, found it difficult to comprehend him. What he said appeared simple. "I am going to say 'What is' and I will follow the movement of 'What is.' " Then to the audience, "Follow not my words, but the movement of thought, that is active in you."[6] To acknowledge life "as is," ends conflict. "The seeing of 'What is' is the freedom from 'What is.' "[7]

Clogged with words and ideas, and caught in the trap of becoming, the minds of K's listeners, which had never directly "seen" thought as it operates—its movement, its complexities, and the spaces it creates as it moves—struggled to understand. "Can I who am the result of the past—can I step out of time?" Krishnamurti asked. "You do step out of time when you are vitally interested. You take a stride—not chronologically but psychologically—in that timeless existence."[8]

In those early years Krishnaji rarely posited a position of direct confrontation with the "I," the ego entity. He never asked the question, "Who am I"; rather, he approached the "I" through negating the accretions, the qualities that coalesced to form the "I" and give it reality. This negation, the dissolution of the nature and qualities, quenched the volition of thought through which the "I" was manifest and through which it perpetuated itself. The perception and negation of all psychological becoming was the ending of thought, of time, and of the "I" principle.

Seeing the nature of mind and its structure and the forces that operated in human consciousness, insights arose: The very nature of the mind and thought limits us and is the cause of our bondage and sorrow. To Krishnamurti all efforts to substitute or change at the level of content and meaning a movement within the field of the opposites, was at best a partial answer, incapable of solving the extraordinarily complex and primeval urges that lay at the depths of the mind.

The problems that face man could end, not through ideals that projected a gradual change of sorrow into happiness, greed into love, but by a transformation in the nature of the ground from which sorrow takes root. The change or transformation, therefore, is not in quality or degree, but in nature, structure, and dimension.

As such, Krishnamurti's teaching altered the very dimensions of the human problem. It concerned itself with a revolution at the core of human consciousness and the discovery of a new space-thought relationship—so that mind, moving in a linear space-time, cause-effect dimension, turned back on itself and a simultaneity of sensory perception arose. This simultaneity, by its very operation, negated any self-centered entity. It awakened new capacities and instruments of enquiry, a new energy was set into operation, negating the limitations.

"It is only truth that deconditions completely," said Krishnaji. "To perceive the truth, there must be a focusing of attention. This does not mean turning away from distraction. There is no such thing as distraction, because life is a movement and has to be understood as a total process."[9]

K was addressing an audience that for a century had been educated in English-speaking schools and nurtured on Western ideals of democracy, with its emphasis on universal franchise and an egalitarian society. The principles on which the Indian Constitution were being formulated were to lead to a great churning within all sectors of society. The underprivileged would slowly grow aware of the power they wielded. With this came a rapid transformation and hardening of class structures. Pressures were to mount in the years that lay ahead.

The Indian mind, held in centuries of myth, symbol, concern with "otherness," was in the mid-twentieth century colored by the theories of the Indian social philosophers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; rebelling against the superstitions and darknesses that had eroded the Indian psyche, they had adopted a veneer of Western conditioning to cover the tumultuous centuries of tradition. Forces and energies of the archaic past, its wisdom and its violence, lay dormant and unexplored. With freedom, people looked to leaders, both political and religious, to show the way; they could not comprehend the pace of change and the explosive forces that were soon to shatter their traditional ways of life and their values. Demand for social change in India generated a laudable concern for the "more" in certain sectors of society. And within and integral to this concern was a redistribution of wealth. But, within a democratic structure, the thrust for the "more" could not be confined to the legitimate needs of the underprivileged, but saturated the human condition; inevitably, it led to the release of forces previously kept in check by traditional relationships, with their exploitations but also with their inherent responsibilities. Linked to this, pressures were generated by a rapidly escalating population and accelerated increase in material hardware made possible by advances in technology. A blatant shift to material attitudes and values was to saturate Indian society and relationships. The new rich—the landlord and the industrialist—the emerging power groups of the "backward," and a rapidly growing antisocial organization battled for the postulates of wealth and power.

The postwar West was also in turmoil; the war had generated vast resources of material and scientific knowledge, and technocrats trained to create artifacts of destruction had to find new avenues for their skills. Cybernetics was soon to come of age and the tools of automation were taking shape on drawing boards. By the end of the 1940s one could see the stirrings of what was to come. At the material level, man seemed ready to dominate the world—all problems appeared soluble.

One conspicuous aspect of the postwar phenomenon was the production of weapons of war and an avalanche of consumer goods (central to economies geared to waste-makers) and artifacts that were built to become obsolete. With it came an emphasis on the creation of a rapidly escalating entertainment industry, with artifacts and gadgets that were to swamp the markets and the minds of man, woman, and child.

In 1947 the impact on India of the West and its exploding technologies was still minimal. The trauma of partitions and its aftermath had shaken the foundations of every thinking person. But these were only surface murmurs revealed the chaos and violence that lay in the future. Krishnamurti, with the long vision of the seer, sensed the seething unrest. He was feeling his way into the landscape of India, delving into the minds of men and women, observing, questioning, probing the environment, laying his hands on the tensions and conflicts that were to corrode mind and heart. "The house is burning," he passionately told those who listened—but the intensity and urgency were absent in those who heard him.

Out of his passionate concern and his vast perception were born major insights central to the teaching.

Man—not in the abstract, but in the "I", the ego entity in his relationship to another—creates society and the world. "You are the world" was a central tenet of the teaching. Social and political action can never transform the world at its roots unless the individual radically transforms himself. "Systems can never transform man, man always transforms the system," said K. When questioned on the helplessness of the single individual to change society and the world, Krishnamurti replied that the roaring volume of water that was the Ganga* in flood, at its source was a single drop, and that all major actions that have changed man had been born of a single human being.

The transformation of the individual was not a gradual process. Transformation was an immediacy—it was the instant man saw himself in the mirror of relationship—to man, nature, and to himself. Speaking of relationship, Krishnamurti used the most intimate examples: the relation of husband and wife; employer and employed. Though many who listened were troubled by Krishnamurti's persistence in speaking of the hypocrisy that underlay these relationships, they were to realize the truth of his insights. He said that "seeing" without any movement to distort or change what was seen is only possible when the direction-giving activity of the seer has ended. This is the instant of transformation; the birth of insights that in turn transform society and give birth to a new generation. Real transformation is not the result of any revolution of the right or left, but a revolution from sensate values to those values that are not the result of environmental influence.

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*The Ganges River.

Inbuilt into the immediacy of transformation were Krishnamurti's insights into time. He perceived that the "coming to be" and the "ceasing to be," or the sapling growing into the banyan tree, involving linear time, are integral to the life process. Energy held in matter and subject to the laws of time as an arrow is entropic—it has to dissipate, deteriorate, and end. Krishnamurti said, "There is a chronological time and time of the mind. Time which is mind itself. There is confusion between the two. Psychological time is the process of becoming."[10] This time as becoming, the "I will be," was born of illusion and was a manifestation of the "I"; both self-sustaining and self-energizing, maintaining and supporting itself through its own ignorance and, by this process, storing up its own potential energy as consciousness. This consciousness was perceived by the individual through the operation of the senses.

The "I" as the product of psychological time, manifesting itself as thought, could not act to transform or free itself. It was only through a negative approach, the perception and denial of all psychological thought—as a desire to change "what is" into "what should be"—that there could be direct perception of "what is" and a freedom from time born of the psyche.

In this state of perceiving, the mind is not using thought to revive itself. There is neither the thinker nor thought, neither experiencer nor experience. The mind that is caught in becoming is the product of time, which has transformed itself. From this approach, arising out of the negation of the false as it arises, emerges the great truth that seeing and listening to the fact directly—innocently, without thought seeking to change or alter the fact, a nonoperation of thought or will on the deep roots of hate, anger, greed, fear—dissolves the state. There is a transformation in the nature of matter as anger or fear and the release of an energy held in these states, an energy untouched by time and, therefore, not subject to its laws. This state is not related to, nor is it the opposite of hate, anger, or fear. Posing the problem in terms of the opposites, as the ideal, is the trick thought plays to self-perpetuate itself; for the ideal contains within itself the seed of its own opposite.

Only a total, nonfragmented perception can negate both the observer and the observed. The seeing of "what is," is the transformation of "what is."

Thought divides the mind from the heart. The mind, with its roots in self-interested activity, leads to an increase in material values and the slow drying of these essences and responses which nourish humankind.

The denial of love is the destructive tendency in man. It is only when the mind rests in the heart and self-centered activity is totally negated that humanity has its flowering.

The unlocking of the secrets of mind and the arising of insight came naturally to Krishnamurti. Thus with ease, with grace, he could open the door and say, "Look. Take. It is there, why do you hesitate?"

It was during the months in Bombay that dialogue as a major instrument of exploration into Krishnaji's teaching was born. Through the years it would flower in subtlety and insight. In the early years the group discussions had been in the form of question and answer. The precision and perceptive probing into hidden depths of the mind as evident in dialogue were absent.

The first discussions in Bombay in 1948 were confused and dispersed. A question was asked of K. His fluid mind took in the question and turned it back, challenging the questioner and the group to seek the answer within the field of self-knowing. K spoke slowly, with many pauses, bending forward as if each response was for the first time. He listened to his own responses with the same openness and receptivity as he did to the voice of the questioner. The energy of Krishnaji's response was met by struggling minds, battling with confusion, conditioned to respond from memory and to seek solution from a higher authority, inner or outer, spiritual or temporal. We found Krishnaji's way difficult to comprehend. We strained to understand the words of Krishnaji and to apply them to our own minds. We attempted to approximate, to reach beyond the word with the only instruments of enquiry available—memory and thought. But these were the very instruments that were being challenged, and there was a sense of bewilderment. The clues were missing and the mind, clinging to words, was a battlefield of despair and conflict.

Krishnaji spoke over and over again of the seeing of "what is," the real, and not "what should be," the illusion; of the need for man to transform himself before he could transform society, for he is society. He spoke of being free of memory; memory that counteracts and distorts and hinders understanding of the present, memory that is the "I" consciousness, and of the nature of "being" and "becoming." In the discussions Krishnaji refused to give an immediate answer, an easy solution. To K any reaction to a fundamental question ended the probing into the question. He demanded an enquiry, a seeing and penetration into the question itself; not as an outer dual process, but seeing both the nature of response and the ground from which the question and answer arose. To pause, to ponder, was the awakening of the "listening" and "seeing" mind that annihilates the illusion of outer and inner, awakening a state that can deal with the question.

The discussions proceeded slowly. K moved from thought to thought, pushing, blocking, retreating, advancing. In the very movement of this step-by-step observation of the mind, the thought process slowed down until, in an instant, the perceptions of the participants awoke, and there was direct contact of perception with mind and its flux. The first "seeing" of mind was the starting point of enquiry. It was the clue that unraveled and revealed and, in the very revealing, illumined the question and the answer.

The people who investigated with K were discovering the structure and nature of consciousness and the immense strength and resilience of the thinking process. To observe the movement of the mind caught in thought and to "see" its own inadequacy had in it the excitement and awe of discovery, of traveling uncharted terrain.

Thought held in its grooves could not break through its own bondage. By discussion, seeing, observing, challenging, and doubting, the grooves in which thought moved and the process of becoming was born were being shattered.

A new methodology born of seeing and listening was unfolding, new perceptions were awakening. A ground of observing and enquiry was being established. The energy generated by the question was not permitted to dissipate in the reflexive answers and responses that arose from the storehouse of memory. K was challenging the minds of the participants. Every cell in the body and mind of K was awake. His relentless questioning opened up the psyche; and as the muscle and tone of the listeners strengthened, the mind of K in turn was deeply challenged. In K's very challenging there arose rare insights into the human condition.

Like an antenna, K's mind reached out to sense the minds of the participants. When the dialogue got bogged down or the group entered into sterile dialectics and the discussion was barren, K's mind would take a leap, carrying the discussion out of its rut. He brought into the discussion the nature of love, death, fear, and sorrow; feelings and situations that were of the skin and heart; and suddenly the discussion would come in direct, tactile contact with the problem.

The breakthrough in the discussions began one morning in 1948 when Rao Sahib Patwardhan said that the ideals and beliefs that had carried him through the political struggle had crumbled under him. He was faced with a blank wall and felt that the time had come for him to reexamine his fundamental beliefs. Then he turned to Krishnaji and asked him what he meant by "creative thinking." Krishnaji, who had been sitting quietly, listening intently to Rao Sahib, sprang to his feet and sat down next to him. Leaning forward, he said, "Do you want to go into it, Sir, and see whether you cannot experience the state of creative thinking now?" Rao was perplexed and looked at K, unable to comprehend what he was saying.

"How does one think?" K began. Rao responded, "A problem arises, and to meet the problem thoughts arise."

K asked, "How do you try to solve a problem?" "Find out an answer," said Rao.

"How can you find an answer and how do you know that it is the right answer? Surely you cannot see the whole content of the problem—how can then your answer be the right one?"

"If I do not find the right answer the first time, I try other ways of finding it," answered Rao.

"But whatever way you try to find an answer it will only be a partial answer, and you want a complete answer. How then will you find a complete answer?" K was blocking all movements of the mind—refusing to defuse the energy held in the question.

"If I cannot see the problem completely, I cannot find the right answer," Rao responded.

"So you are no longer looking for an answer."

"No."

"You have shut off all the avenues seeking an answer."

"Yes."

What is the state of your mind when it is no longer looking for an answer?"

My own mind was quite blank, but this was not what he was getting at. We were missing something.[11]

During a discussion a few days later, K spoke of memory as the "I" consciousness, the factor that distorts and hinders understanding of the present. He separated factual memory from psychological memory—the "I" will be, "I" should be. Then he asked, "Can we live without psychological memory?"

The discussion proceeded slowly, and I lost interest. My mind darted away in pursuit of some desire. The more I tried to concentrate on the subject, the more restless the mind grew. I was so disgusted that I let it roam. Soon I found that it settled down, and for the first time that morning I listened to what was being said. Professor Chubb of Elphinstone College had entered into an argument, and I listened. Could memory drop away? I asked myself. I did not want to be free of the "I" principle. I had built it up so carefully; why should I be free of it? I would be lost.

Then I felt curious to find out whether one could drop memory. There was an immediate clarity. I started watching the mind. K was saying, "What can you do, Sirs? You are faced with a blank wall. You can't just leave it, you have to do something." In a flash I spoke: "Drop memory." Suddenly, my mind was clear. K looked straight at me. The clarity deepened.

"Go on," he said. "What is the state of your mind when you drop memory?" It was as if the fifty people were gone, and there were just K and I. "My mind is still," I said. Suddenly, I felt it—a quality so potent, so flexible, so swift and alive. He smiled and said, "Leave it, go slow, don't trample it." The others tried to intervene to get at what I had experienced, but K said, "Leave it alone, it is so delicate, don't strangle it." When I left the meeting he came to the door with me and said, "You must come and see me, we must talk of it." I had the feeling my mind had been washed clean.

As the intensity and clarity generated in the dialogue became evident, we were eager to continue. And on days when public talks were not held, we met and discussed with K. Most of the questions that arose concerned the urgency of ethical action in the midst of a chaotic society, and it was only later that the fundamental human problems—envy, ambition, fear, sorrow, death, time, and the agony of becoming and not achieving—were to surface and find expression.

In later years K wrote, "To be still after tilling and sowing, is to give birth to creation."[12]

As the discussions proceeded through the years, various analytical enquiries were made; tentative and exploratory. We questioned without seeking immediate solution; rather, we developed a step-by-step observation of the process of thought and its unfoldment—penetration and withdrawal, every movement plunging attention deeper and deeper into the recesses of the mind. A delicate, wordless communication took place; an exposure of the movement of negation as it met the positive movement of thought. There was the "seeing" of fact, of "what is," the releasing of energy held in "what is," which is the mutation of "what is." This was again perceived from various directions to examine its validity.

The nature of duality and nonduality were revealed in simple language. In that state of questioning—a state where the questioner, the experiencer has ceased—in a flash "truth" was revealed. It was a state of total nonthought, the ending of duality. At the end of the discussion many of us felt as if our minds had been freshly bathed.

In later years K was to say of these discussions, "The mind which is the vessel of movement, when the movement has no form, no 'me,' no vision, no image, it is completely quiet. In it there is no memory. Then the brain cells undergo a change. The brain cells are used to movement in time. They are the residue of time and time is movement; a movement within the space which it creates as it moves. . . . When there is no movement, there is tremendous focus of energy. So mutation is the understanding of movement, and the ending of movement in the brain cells themselves."[13]

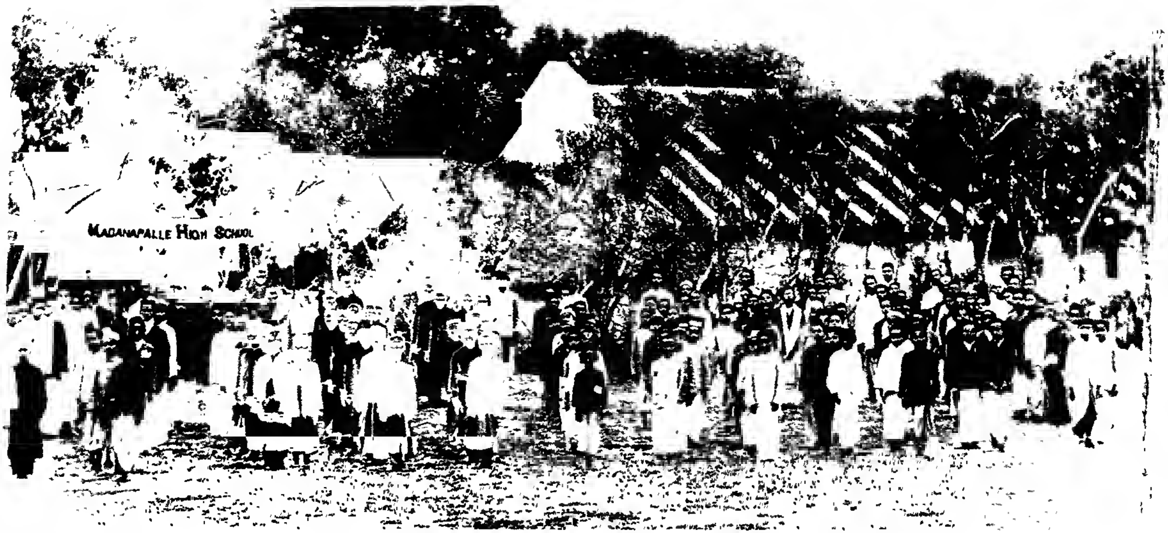
The revelation of the instant of mutation of "what is" provided a totally new dimension to the whole field of intellectual and religious enquiry.

Years later I said to Krishnaji, "Having a personal discussion with you, one is exposed to a nothingness. It is like facing something totally empty. There is nothing except 'what is' as reflected in oneself. You throw back on the person exactly 'what is.'

K replied, "That is what Aldous used to say. But when K throws back, it is yours."

Jiddu Krishnamurti at the age of five

Jiddu Sivamma, the mother of Krishnamurti, about 1900



The Madanapalle High School in September 1908. Krishna stands in the second row from the left, fourth in line, with a cap on and a handkerchief in his pocket

Krishnaji in 1909 sitting in front of the elephant bas-relief at Mahabalipuram, a seventh-century archaeological site forty-five kilometers west of Madras

Krishnaji on the morning after his first initiation into the Theosophical Society in January 1910.

Krishnaji, his younger brother Nitya, and C. W. Leadbeater of the Theosophical Society, on the terrace of the Society's headquarters at Adyar, that same morning

Krishnaji in January 1910

Nitya in April 1911

Radha Burnier in the 1950s.

Krishnaji at the time of his visit to the Theosophical Society, Varanasi, in November 1985, thirty-three years after their split. On his right is Radha Burnier, the president of the Theosophical Society

Krishnaji, seated center, flanked by Annie Besant, C. W. Leadbeater and other members of the Theosophical Society, approximately 1911 (from left to right, seated on floor) Subba Rao, Jadunanandan Prasad, Padmabai, Siva Rao, Sanjeeva Rao, Balfour Clerk; (sitting on chairs) Francis Arundale, Annie Besant, Krishnamurti, C. W. Leadbeater, G. Arundale; (standing, front) V. P. Dalal, Bankey Behari, Cooper Bekley, P. K. Teleng, Nitya, Damodar Prasad, Samant; (standing, rear) M. G. Kanitkar, I. G. Gurtu, A. Woodhouse, Trilokikar, Ruspoli.

Krishnaji during his time in Europe in the early 1920s

Krishnaji and Jadunanandan Prasad, a close friend and associate, in Ootacamund, India, 1926

Nitya and Krishnaji in Europe in the early 1920s.

Nandini Mehta in 1947, at the time of her first meeting with Krishnamurti.

Sunanda Patwardhan in 1947

Rao Sahib and Achyut Patwardhan in the 1940s
The white handspun cap, called a "Gandhi cap," was the mark of a freedom fighter.

Dr Balasundaram in 1947

CHAPTER 11

"Go and Make Friends with the Trees."

In early April 1948 Krishnaji returned to Madras. He stayed at Vasant Vihar, the official headquarters of Krishnaji's work in India. R. Madhavachari was his host.

Vasant Vihar was a solid colonial building with pillars and verandas; the doors, windows, and furniture were of rich Burma teak. On the ground floor, the house had an office and a large room for meetings, but very few bedrooms—it had been deliberately built so that few people could live there. Although he had a suite of rooms on the ground floor of the house, Krishnaji slept on a covered veranda. He gave interviews in a room that faced the front lawn, and public discussions were held under the trees. The house was surrounded by banyan, mango, and rain trees; flowering bersali, cassia, gold mohur, and laburnum gave fragrance and color to the varied greens; and near the gate was an artificial lake filled with water lilies.

Madhavachari was an austere Brahmin, a follower of the Madhava sect. He was naive, devoted, obstinate, and steeped in a monumental tradition. Dark, with the smooth, unwrinkled skin that comes from numerous South Indian oil baths, and with a lean upright body, he had a presence, his face radiated strength and beauty. But beneath his austere outer appearance, in later years we were to discover a very human person. He could chuckle with my husband at rather risqué stories, and had a number of anecdotes of his early life.

Krishnaji had been discussing with Sanjeeva Rao and Madhavachari the possibility of starting a magazine with Sanjeeva Rao, Maurice Friedman, and myself as editors. In his first letter to me dated April 18, 1948, he wrote from Madras:

> My dear Pupul,
>
> Since the mountain will not come to Muhamad etc.
>
> I wrote to Nandini, I think it was yesterday, telling her that my host has asked you & Nandini to stop here for a day or two before going up to Ooty. I hope you both will. Then we can all travel together to Ooty; we can leave here about the 1st of May.
>
> If you accept Mr. Madhavachari's invitation, which I hope you both will, then before going to Ooty, a new job which we got for you!! I hope you will like the job. Joking apart, I would like to talk over with you & a few others something which we have been talking over here. They have been talking over with me the starting of a magazine, with you, Friedman, Sanjeeva Rao as co-editors. It sounds formidable but it is serious. We can talk it over when you come here. Please let us know when you & Nandini can come. If you can come a couple of days before the 1st of May, it will give us an opportunity to talk over the matter.
>
> I hope you & family are well. Please give my love to them.
>
> With much affection,
> J. Krishnamurti

I had never seen Madras, and so decided to go. Nandini ultimately persuaded her husband to agree that she could accompany me. On our arrival we were met by Krishnaji and Madhavachari, who were warm and affectionate in their welcome. In the evening we went with Madhavachari to the Theosophical Society and the Garden of Remembrance, the grounds where Annie Besant had been cremated—her *samadhi*. Krishnaji did not come with us. Since his break from the Theosophical Society, he had not visited the estate in Adyar. The break with the Society was complete.

We brought a white lily back from Annie Besant's *samadhi*, and gave it to Krishnaji. He took it in his two hands and held it. We could see he was deeply moved. Later we went with him for a walk on the Adyar beach. He walked away from us, his white-garbed body erect, elongated, his long arms by his side. On his return his deep blue-black eyes were distant, his face appeared exalted. When we reached home he asked Madhavachari (whom he addressed as *Mama*, "uncle"), "What were the gongs I heard last night—two long and one short? They were marvelous." Madhavachari was puzzled, said he had heard no gongs and did not know from where the sounds had come. Krishnaji insisted that he heard extraordinary sounds. K went to his room and came out within a few minutes to say he had found out about the gongs. It appeared that the deep, resonant sound was produced by two fans working together. Krishnaji was in an ecstatic state, his hands beat time to the resonance. He hardly spoke right through dinner, which we ate on *thalis,* while sitting on mats on the floor.*

Late at night we woke to the sound of Krishnaji's voice calling from the veranda where he slept. His voice sounded frail, and we were bewildered and thought he was ill. After a great deal of hesitation, we went to the doorway that led to the veranda and asked him whether he was unwell. Krishnaji was calling for somebody, his voice was fragile and childlike. He kept on saying, "Krishna has gone away, when will he be back?" His eyes were open, but there was no recognition. Then he seemed to grow aware of us and asked, "Are you Rosalind?" And then, "Oh, yes, yes, he knows about you, it is all right, please sit here, wait here." Then again after a little while, "Don't leave the body alone and don't be afraid." The voice started calling for "Krishna" again. His hand would cover his mouth and he would say, "He has said not to call him." Then in the voice of a child, "When will he be back? Will he come back soon?" This went on for a while; he would be quiet, then shout for "Krishna," then chide himself.

After about an hour his voice became joyful. "He is back, do you see them? They are here, spotless." His hands expressed a fullness. And then the voice changed, it was again the familiar voice of Krishnaji. He sat up, apologizing for having kept us awake. He saw us to our room and left. The strangeness of it all bewildered us; we were dazed and did not sleep all night. Next morning at breakfast he looked fresh and young. We questioned him as to what had happened. He laughed and said he did not know. Could we describe what had happened? We did so. He said we would talk about it some time, which by then we had come to understand meant that he did not wish to discuss the matter further. The next day we returned to Bombay.

Tensions and the ominous threat of war in Europe altered Krishnaji's plans for the summer. It was decided that he would not return to Europe and the United States, but would rest in India during May and June. Miss Hilla Petit and Maurice Friedman were his hosts. Miss Petit had rented Sedgemore, a house in Ootacamund—Ooty, we called

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**Thalis:* round metal plates on which food is served in traditional Indian households. The *thali* can be made of silver, of stainless steel, of stone. Little round bowls with various vegetables and lentils are placed on the *thali,* while rice and *rotis* or whole wheat bread are placed on the *thali* itself.

it—a verdant hill station in Nilgiris situated at a height of eight thousand feet. The hill stations in India, with their lush forests, shady walks, bridal paths, and exquisitely tailored gardens, had been planned to create the ambience of the British countryside. The British created these sylvan retreats to escape the heat of the long summer on the plains.

In 1948 these hill stations had still not been Indianized. The cottages and large bungalows nestled amongst trees and overlooked emerald green meadows; wildflowers, daisies, forget-me-nots, and dandelions blossomed with unobtrusive elegance in the grass, and pine, eucalyptus, and areccanut trees densely covered the hillsides. This was undulating country, with none of the rugged rocks and gorges of the Northern Himalayas. The gardens that surrounded the houses were resplendent with roses, fuchsias, poppies, and pansies. Climbing roses and wisteria covered the old house walls.

The window in Krishnaji's bedroom overlooked a dense grove of silver-green eucalyptus; branches and leaves intertwined to form a canopy of slender-trunked trees rising vertically to the sky. Shanta Rao, a close friend of Friedman's, had come from Madras and was also living in the house.

Krishnaji wrote to Nandini and me to join him in Ootacamund. We had just returned from seeing him in Madras. Looking back, it appears incomprehensible that Krishnaji did not consider for a moment whether it was possible, whether the money for the journey and stay in Ooty was forthcoming, whether Nandini could get permission to come. I was free to travel within the constraints of my not very affluent finances, but with Nandini the situation was entirely different. Her estrangement from her husband was deepening; though her husband and his family were quite wealthy, they were orthodox and very conservative. Nandini had no independent means of her own.

But it had been always so with Krishnaji. Once a necessity arose within him and was expressed, it happened—all hindrances were surmountable. And so Nandini, her children, her father-in-law, Sir Chunilal Mehta, and I with my daughter Radhika arrived in Ootacamund in the third week of May. Jamnadas Dwarkadas was to join us in Ootacamund a few days later. We found that Krishnaji had recovered from an illness and had grown a beard while he rested in bed. It was cold, and Krishnaji wore a long, flowing *choga* of natural *tus* wool.* The large

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**Choga:* A loose woolen or silk coat with one button in front. It is worn by men over penetrating eyes, bearded face, and long robes gave him a biblical appearance.

We went with him for long walks, taking shortcuts through the pines. He walked lithely up vertical slopes and it was difficult to keep pace with him. It was the season before the rains, the forests were opaque with rising mists. We walked with Krishnamurti, entering enchanted woods where trees shrouded in rising clouds turned incandescent, as sunlight touched them, to dissolve as mists closed in. On one occasion, climbing up a steep path through the pine trees, we came on three women walking carefully downhill, balancing heavy loads of wood on their heads. Krishnaji stood to one side and watched every movement the women made as they passed him. Suddenly, one felt it—a compassion emanating from him, a tender attention and energy that wiped away the burdens of the women who passed, never knowing what made their loads lighter.

One day, on a walk through the pines, he asked me how I met people. I did not know what he meant, and said so. As we passed a Toda patriarch and his daughter, he said again, "How do you meet people? Look at these Todas passing us—that old man with his beard, and the young girl with her striped shawl. What is your response to them?" I said that when I see them I think of what they once were. Once their tribe ruled in the Nilgiri hills. They were the kings of this land, and now they are poor wanderers, grazing cattle and clustering in small glades. He said, "Surely, if you want to understand them, you do not see them through your thoughts: Why aren't you just aware of them passively, with alertness? Why are you not sensitive to them?" Later, as we were returning home, he turned to me and said with a twinkle in his eye, "Go and make friends with the trees."

Although Krishnamurti was resting and in retreat, the news of his presence in Ootacamund had spread rapidly.

Jawaharlal Nehru, now the prime minister of India, was in Ootacamund, and I got a message from his secretary that the prime minister would like to call on Krishnamurti. But the problems of arranging for security were found to be tiresome, and so Krishnaji went to see him instead at Government House. Maurice Friedman and I accompanied

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Indian garments, as protection from cold.

Tus: Fine handspun woolen fabric. Spun from the wool of sheep that graze at a height of over eight thousand feet, it is woven by families of traditional weavers in Srinagar, Kashmir. A six-yard-long shawl of *tus* can be pulled through a finger-ring.

him, and were present during the meeting in the prime minister's private sitting room. There was an open fire, and large bowls of carnations were placed on the tables. Krishnaji and Nehru sat on a sofa facing the fire, while Friedman and I sat on chairs on the side of the sofa. The flames lit the two noble Brahminic heads, their chaste, finely drawn faces—one from the Northern highlands, the other born amongst the most ancient Southern rocks of Andhra. The faces were sculptured, sensitive, with fine translucent skin that accentuated the bones and heightened mobility—the eyes of the seer encompassing vast distances, emanating compassion and silence; the other with the swift, nervous energy of an arrow. Nehru was a romantic man of action, with a highly cultivated intellect; concerned, committed, restless, seeking the unknown within the tangle of political adjustments.

Both men were shy, hesitant. It took some time for them to establish contact. Jawaharlal Nehru started the conversation by saying that he had met Krishnaji many years earlier, and that he had often thought of what he had said. He had been anxious to meet Krishnamurti again. Achyut Patwardhan and other friends had spoken to Nehru at length on the profound work Krishnamurti was doing in Madras and Bombay. Nehru appeared anguished at the massacres and violence that had erupted after partition and independence. He spoke of it at length; he saw the two forces operating in India, the thrust for good and evil. These forces were in conflict; if the good could not contain the spread of evil, the world would perish. Krishnamurti said good and evil were always present; while it was more difficult for the good and the compassionate to function, evil was waiting for a crack in which it could gain foothold. It needed a great awakeness and awareness to ensure that evil could not enter and gain strength. To be awake and aware, said K, was what would sustain man.

Jawaharlal Nehru asked Krishnamurti whether his teaching had changed over the years since they had last met. Krishnaji said it had, but he could not say exactly where and how. Nehru then spoke of what Krishnamurti had to say on transformation. He felt there were two ways in which transformation could be accomplished. By the individual transforming himself and so transforming his environment, and by the environment working on and transforming the individual. At this Krishnamurti intervened, "Isn't that the same? The two could not be said to be separate processes." Nehru agreed. He was groping, trying to express the desperation he felt at the state of the chaos in the world and what had happened in India in recent months. Greatly troubled and not knowing which way to turn, he started to question in depth his own thoughts and actions.

"Tell me, sir," he asked Krishnaji, "I wish to be clear of this confusion within me. Tell me what is right action and what is right thought." To us who listened it was the perennial question of the awake Indian mind.

There was silence for over three minutes. We were discovering that the silences that surrounded Krishnaji in dialogue formed part of communication; a silence of the mind in which distances between the minds diminished so that there was direct mind-to-mind contact and communication.

Then Krishnamurti spoke slowly, pausing at every word. "Right action is only possible when the mind is silent and there is a seeing of 'what is.' Action that arises from this seeing is free of motive, of the past, free of thought and cause." He then said that it was difficult to go into this vast problem in such a short time. Jawaharlal Nehru was listening deeply, his mind appeared fresh and sensitive, capable of receiving and responding. Krishnaji leaned forward, his hands eloquent. He said that with the growing chaos in India and the world, man could only start the process of regeneration with himself. He had to begin anew. For the world to be saved, a few individuals had to free themselves of the factors that were corrupting and destroying the world. They had deeply to transform themselves, to think creatively and so transform further people. It was from the ashes that the new had to rise. "Like Phoenix from the ashes," said Nehru.

"Yes," replied Krishnaji, "for there to be life there must be death. The ancients understood this and that is why they worshiped life, love, and death."

Krishnaji then spoke of the chaos of the world being a projection of individual chaos. The human mind caught in the past, in time as thought, was a dead mind. Such a mind could not operate on chaos, could only add to the confusion. Man had to free himself from time as becoming, the projection into the tomorrow. He had to act in the "now" and so transform himself.

The seer and the hero politician spoke for over an hour and a half. The evening sky had darkened and the evening star had sunk behind the horizon, when we came out of the room. The prime minister saw us to the car and there was affection and grace in the parting. They promised to meet again in the winter, when Krishnaji was to be in Delhi. Later Krishnaji, who wrote in a notebook every day, recorded these observations:

> He was a very famous politician, realistic, intensely sincere and ardently patriotic. Neither narrow minded nor self-seeking, his ambition was not for himself, but for an idea and for the people. He was not a mere eloquent tub-thumper or vote-catcher; he had suffered for his cause and, strangely, was not bitter; he seemed more of a scholar than a politician. But politics was the breath of his life and party obeyed him, though rather nervously. He was a dreamer, but he had put all that aside for politics.[1]

Toward the end of May certain incidents occurred which cast light on the secret mystical life of Krishnamurti.

In August 1922 in Ojai, when Krishnaji was undergoing violent awakening, he had two trusted friends with him. This was so on most such occasions in his life, and the emphasis on the two people is not accidental. From Krishnaji's early years, Annie Besant had insisted that two people be with Krishnaji all the time, to protect the body. The protection of the body of the sage when it is undergoing mystical processes of mutation and transference of consciousness, was deeply rooted in Indian mystical tradition. The body at this time is immensely sensitive, vulnerable, and empty of all ego sense.

In the Indus Valley there is a pictograph in which the seer, sitting cross-legged in meditation, is flanked by two uprising cobras. In an image of the instant of creation, a plant sprouting from a woman's womb has two rampant tigers protecting the moment of mystery. A legend describes the body of Adi Sankaracharya (the exponent of Advaita and the reputed founder of the Advaita Vedantic school of philosophy) when it lay in the Amarnath cave in Kashmir. For some time the body lay empty, for Sankaracharya had taken over the body of a king, so that without destroying the innocence of his own body, he could experience sex and fatherhood and so answer the challenge of Sharda, the wife of Madan Misra of Mahishmati who had challenged the great Acharya in discussion at Varanasi. While the body lay defenseless in Amarnath, two of Sankaracharya's disciples tended it and saw that it came to no harm. The need to protect the body had been the main and perhaps the only function of those present while Krishnaji underwent enormous transformations of energy that opened up the previously nonoperative areas of the brain. To give any other significance to Krishnaji's relationship to these people, as may have been claimed, is not valid. The only valid point is that they were people whom Krishnaji trusted, who would see that no harm came to the body, and who above all would have no strong emotional reactions, fear or otherwise, to what took place.

The incidents at Ooty extended over a period of three weeks, from around May 28 or 29 1948 to June 20. They took place in Krishnaji's room at Sedgemoor. My sister Nandini and I were present. It was embarrassing for Nandini and me. Maurice Friedman had undoubtedly explained to Shanta Rao and Miss Petit something of what was happening, familiar as he was with the secret mystical traditions of the sages of this land. Anyway, there was nothing we could do.

It began on an evening when Krishnaji had been for a walk with us. He started to say that he was not feeling well, and could we go home. When we asked whether he wanted to see a doctor, he said, "No, it is not that." He would not explain further. When we got home he went to his room, telling Friedman that on no account was he to be disturbed; but he asked Nandini and me to come into the room. He closed the door and then told us not to be afraid, whatever happened, and on no account to call a doctor. He asked us both to sit quietly and watch him. There was to be no fear. We were not to speak to him, not to revive him, but to close his mouth if he fainted. On no account were we to leave the body alone.

Although I had been swept away by my meeting with K, I had a skeptical mind and observed very intensely the events as they took place.

Krishnaji appeared to be in extreme pain. He complained of severe toothache and an intense pain at the nape of the neck, the crown of the head, and in the spine.

In the midst of the pain he would say, "They are cleansing the brain, oh, so completely, emptying it." At other times he would complain of great heat, and his body would perspire profusely. The intensity of the pain varied as did the area where it was concentrated. At times the pain was located in the head, in the tooth, the nape of the neck, or the spine. At other times he groaned and held his stomach. Nothing relieved the pain; it came and went at will.

When the process was operating, the body lying on the bed appeared a shell; only a body consciousness appeared to be present. In this state the voice was frail, childlike. Then suddenly the body filled with a soaring presence. Krishnaji would sit up cross-legged, his eyes closed, the fragile body would appear to grow and his presence would fill the room; there was a palpable, throbbing silence and an immense strength that poured into the room and enveloped us. In this state the voice had great volume and depth.

After the first evening he started going for a walk alone in the evenings and used to ask Nandini and me to come later to the house. In the beginning the experiences started at 6 P.M. and were over by 8:30 P.M., but later they sometimes went on until midnight. On days when he had to meet people (Jawaharlal Nehru, for instance), nothing happened. Toward the end the periods grew longer, and on one occasion went on all night. On no occasion did he speak of dirt or express a desire to leave the room as he had done at Ojai, though Sedgemoor was not particularly clean; nor did he speak of disturbing thoughts. On one occasion he asked Nandini to hold his hand, as otherwise he would slip away and not come back.

While he was in the midst of the ordeal, his body would toss on the bed. He would have fits of shivering, would call out for Krishna, and then put his hand to his mouth and say, "I must not call him."

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*May 30, 1948:** Krishnamurti was getting ready to go for a walk when suddenly he said he was feeling too weak and not all there. He said, "What a pain I have." He caught the back of his head and lay down. Within a few minutes the Krishnaji we knew was not there. For two hours we saw him go through intense pain. He said he had a pain in the back of his neck, his tooth was troubling him, his stomach was swollen and hard, and he groaned and pressed down. At times he would shout. He fainted a number of times. When he came to, the first time, he said, "Close my mouth when I faint."

He kept on saying: "Amma—oh, God, give me peace. I know what they are up to. Call him back. I know when the limit of pain is reached, they will return. They know how much the body can stand. If I become a lunatic, look after me—not that I will become a lunatic. They are very careful with the body. I feel so old. Only a bit of me is functioning. I am like an India rubber toy, which a child plays with. It is the child that gives it life."

His face throughout the occurrence was worn and wracked with pain. He kept clenching his fists and tears streamed from his eyes. After two hours, he fainted again. When he came to, he said: "The pain has disappeared. Deep inside me I know what has happened. I have been soaked with gasoline. The tank is full."

He then said he would speak so that he would not think of the pain inside him. "Have you seen the sun and the soft clouds heavy with rain? They pass over the sun and then the rain comes down with a roar on the earth that waits like an open womb. It washes everything clean. Every flower, every leaf. There is fragrance, a newness. Then the clouds pass and the sun comes out and touches every leaf and every flower. The gentle little flower that is like a young girl that ruthless men destroy. Have you seen the faces of rich men? Hard busy with their stocks and money-making? What do they know of love? Have you ever felt every limb of a tree, touched a leaf, sat by a ragged child? You know when I drove to the aerodrome, I saw a mother washing the buttocks of a child. It was beautiful. Nobody noticed her. All they know is to make money and cesspools of their women. Love to them is sex. To hold a woman's hand, then she is not a woman, that is love. Do you know what it is to love? You have husbands and children. But how would you know? You cannot hold a cloud in a golden cage."

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*I tried to keep notes of what Krishnaji said in these mystical states. Some of the notes are missing However, I have reprinted here the notes that do exist, and Nandini has helped me reconstruct the rest.

He was silent for a time, then said, "This pain makes my body like steel—but, oh, so flexible, so pliant, without a thought. It is like a polishing—an examination." We enquired whether he couldn't stop having the pain. He said: "You have had a child. Can you stop it coming when once it starts?" Then: "They are going to have fun with me tonight. I see the storm gathering. Oh, Christos!"

After some time, Maurice brought in some soup and then went out. Krishnaji had the light put on. He had sat up with the legs crossed, body erect. The pain had gone from his face. His eyes were closed. He seemed to grow. We felt tremendous power pour into him. There was a throbbing in the atmosphere. It filled the room. Our eyes and ears were filled with it and with sound, though there was no sound; and every pore of our bodies felt a touch, but there was nothing in the room. Then he opened his eyes and said: "Something happened—did you see anything?" We told him what we had felt. He said: "My face will be different tomorrow." He lay down and his hand went out in a gesture of fullness. He said, "I will be like a raindrop—spotless." After a few minutes, he told us he was all right and that we should go home.

June 17, 1948: Krishnaji went out for a walk alone. He asked Nandini and me to wait for him. We sat by the fire and waited. He entered the room as if he were a stranger. He went straight to his table and wrote something in his file. After some time he grew aware of us. He came and sat down near the fire. He asked us what we had been doing and said that he had walked far beyond the Golf Club. There was a flute being played in the distance and he sat silently, listening to it intently. It was only after it stopped that he appeared in that semiconscious state. Twice while we sat there, that tremendous presence filled him. He grew in stature before us. His eyes were half-closed; his face silent and immensely beautiful.

And then he lay on the bed and there was just the body. The voice that came from it was that of a frail child. The Krishnaji we knew was not there. The body of Krishnamurti started saying that he was very hurt inside, that they had burnt him inside; that there was a pain right through his head. He was shivering and started saying that something had happened on the walk. He turned to us and asked, "Did you see him return?" He could not synchronize his body and mind. At times he felt he was still in the woods. "They came and covered him with leaves." He said, "Do you know, you would not have seen him tomorrow. He nearly did not return." He kept on feeling his body to see if it was all there. He said, "I must go back and find out what had happened on the walk. Something happened and they rushed back. But, I do not know whether I returned? There may be pieces of me lying on the road." Twice he got out of bed and made for the door, but lay down again. Later, he went to sleep. When he awoke, he felt himself and stared at his hands.

June 18, 1948: Krishnaji asked us to come at about seven in the evening. He was out. We waited. He came in some time later. He was again the stranger. He wrote something in the book and then came and sat with us. He said: "Thoughts of my talk in Bangalore are pouring in. I am awake again." He closed his eyes and sat for some time erect, silent. Then he complained of hurt and went and lay down. He said he felt he was burnt. He was crying. "Do you know, I found out what happened on the walk. He came fully and took complete charge. That is why I did not know whether I had returned. I knew nothing." A little later, "Then in the emptiness, there was a light and a storm and I was tortured that day in the wind. Do you know that emptiness that has no horizon—no limit—it stretches?" His hand moved to show empty space.

Then a little later: "They have burnt me so that there can be more emptiness. They want to see how much of him can come." Then later: "Do you know emptiness? When there is not a thought? When it is completely empty? But, how could you know? It is this emptiness that brings power—not the power they know, the power of money, the power of position, the power of husband over wife." He paused. "This is pure power—like that in a dynamo. You know, on the walk I was in an ecstasy. I have never cried like that. As I walked I met a poor man. He saw me crying and thought I had lost a mother or sister. Then he smiled at me and I could not understand." Suddenly, he said, "I have a thought—time and emptiness—that's it. I hope I remember when I wake up."

He started saying that he could not bear it, that he was all burnt inside, hurt. Then suddenly he sat up and said, "Don't move," and again we saw him like the other night. His face was in the dark, but the fire leapt up and his shadow lengthened on the wall. All pain had disappeared from the face. His eyes were closed, his body was throbbing, as if some power was entering his body. His face was pulsating. He appeared to grow and fill the room. He sat without movement for about three minutes and then he fainted. He woke up calm and peaceful.

Although the notes we took on the final night are lost, Nandini and I remember the occasion vividly.

Krishnaji had been suffering excruciating pain in his head and neck, his stomach was swollen, tears streamed down his face. He suddenly fell back on the bed and became intensely still. The traces of pain and fatigue were wiped away, as happens in death. Then life and an immensity began to enter the face. The face was greatly beautiful. It had no age, time had not touched it. The eyes opened, but there was no recognition. The body radiated light; a stillness and a vastness illumined the face. The silence was liquid and heavy, like honey; it poured into the room and into our minds and bodies, filling every cell of the brain, wiping away every trace of time and memory. We felt a touch without a presence, a wind blowing without movement. We could not help folding our hands in *pranams*. For some minutes he lay unmoving, then his eyes opened. After some time, he saw us and said, "Did you see that face?" He did not expect an answer. He lay silently. Then, "The Buddha was here, you are blessed."

We went back to the hotel, and the silence came with us and enclosed us for the next few days. We were held by a pervading presence. Most of the time we were in the room with Krishnaji, we had no part to play; yet our presence seemed necessary. There was nothing personal in him during the incidents—no emotion, no relationship to us. The ordeal appeared physical, and yet the next day left no trace on his face or body. He was aflame with energy—joyous, eager, and youthful. Not a word he said had psychological overtones. A weight, depth, and strength was present in the silence that permeated the room and the atmosphere on every occasion. When Nandini and I compared notes later, we found that we had both had identical experiences.

When Nandini and I left Ootacamund, Krishnamurti asked us to "go to Bombay and rest. You have gone through a great ordeal."

In one of his letters to me, K later referred briefly to what had happened. I had asked him one morning what was the reason for the two voices—that of the frail child and the normal voice of Krishnamurti. I said that it looked as if some entity goes out of the body and some entity reenters the body. Krishnamurti said in his letter, "This is not so. It is not that there are two entities." He said he would talk about it later; but it was to be many years before he spoke of it again.

CHAPTER 12

"There Was the Face Beside Me."

On my return to Bombay I underwent a very deep and inexplicable experience. My senses, torn from their routine, had exploded. One night as I lay down to sleep I felt the pervading touch of a presence, waiting. I was received and enveloped in a dense embryonic fluid. I was drowning, for I felt my consciousness fading. My body rebelled; it struggled, unable to accept this encompassing embrace, this sense of death. Then the silent presence disappeared. This happened for three nights running. Each time, my body struggled; it resisted this encounter, unable to face this touch of death, which passed as swiftly as it had come, never to return. There was no fear. I told Krishnaji about it at our next meeting, and he told me to let it be, neither to hold it nor resist it.

Krishnaji had asked us to keep secret what we had witnessed at Ooty. We felt that he did not wish it to confuse the precision, clarity, and directness of the teaching. But by the 1970s Krishnaji himself started talking about it to many of the people close to him. I asked, "Do you think that the physical brain cells, unable to contain or hold the immensity of the energy that was flowing into the brain, had to create the spaces in the brain to sustain it? Did there have to be a physical mutation in the brain cells themselves? Or was it like a laser beam operating on the brain cells to enable them to function fully and so contain the boundless?"

Krishnaji said, "Possibly that was so." He paused, and then continued. "After Ojai, Leadbeater could not explain the pain, nor could Mrs. Besant. The explanation given by them was that the consciousness of Krishnaji had to be emptied for a fragment of the Maitreya Bodhisattva to use the body."

When asked whether it was "Maitreya," he neither said yes nor no. I asked, "Is it that we are witnessing the first mind that is operating fully, totally?"

"Possibly," K said, "and that is what has to be done with the children here [at the Rishi Valley School]."

Krishnamurti, speaking in 1979 about the happenings in Ooty, said that for him the dividing line between life and death was fragile and tenuous. During the state when the body was a shell, the possibility existed that K could wander away and never come back, or some other elements that wanted to destroy the manifestation could harm the body. Therefore there could be no fear amongst the people near him at the time. Fear attracted evil.

I told him that while he was in those states, only the body was operating; there was an emptiness in the body. The voice was childlike. K said, "Couldn't you explain the two voices by saying that one was that of the body alone?"

I asked, "Only the body speaking?"

He said, "Why not?"

"Only a shell?" I persisted.

"Yes, why not?" Then K asked me, "Was the voice hysterical?"

I replied, "There was no hysteria."

"Was it an imaginative state?" he asked.

"How could I know?" I replied.

K asked what would happen the next morning. I said we sometimes went with him for a walk. Krishnaji was alive, fresh. The pain had left no mark, and he appeared to have forgotten what had happened. He laughed a great deal, looked at us quizically, was affectionate, considerate, overwhelmed us with his presence, and had no answer to our questions. He said he did not know.

That same year, 1979, when K was in Bombay, some of us asked him to explain the phenomenon of the face changing. He said, "Many years ago I awoke and there was the face beside me. There was the face that K's face was becoming. This face was with me all the time, happily. The face was extraordinary, highly cultured, refined." He spoke as if his words related to another being. "And one day the face was no longer there."

"Had it become one with K?" I asked.

K said he did not know. He also spoke of the need of the body to be protected. Nothing ugly should take place around it while K was away, nothing evil. In that state the body was defenseless, all kinds of elements wanted to destroy it. "When there is good, there is also the other."

He was asked whether evil could take over his body when it was empty. His "no" was absolute.

"Then what could evil do? Destroy the manifestation?"

"Yes," K said, "that is why there has to be love. When there is love there is protection."

K also said that it was possible that the pain and what took place was necessary, as the brain was not ready. Traces of immaturity remained, the brain cells were not large enough to receive the energy. "When the energy comes pouring in and the brain is not capable of holding it, then that energy feels it has to polish it up. It may be its own activity."

Speaking further of the need for two people to be with the body, K said, "Where there is love there is protection. Hatred permits evil to enter."

When asked where does the consciousness of K go, he replied, "I have asked myself what happens when there is no movement of the brain." After some time he continued. "It ceases completely. Only when it has to manifest it comes. It ceases to exist when it is not there. Has air any place, has light any place? Air is enclosed and so it is there. Break the enclosure, it is everywhere."

He seemed hesitant to probe further. He said that he should not probe further. "You can ask," he said, "and I will reply. But I cannot ask."

Krishnaji visited Bangalore on his return from Ootacamund. He was staying at Premalaya, a house that belonged to the well-known physicist Vikram Sarabhai, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and a pioneer of space research in India. Maurice Friedman was looking after him. An insatiable desire to experiment made Friedman suggest to Krishnaji that garlic was beneficial for his health. So six cloves of raw garlic were added to his diet. Under Friedman's instructions Balasundaram, who was in Bangalore, massaged Krishnaji daily with medicinal oil.

By now a small group of young people had gathered around the seer. Balasundaram and his wife Vishalakshi, Sunanda and her cousin Lalita, Dwaraka (a young friend from Bangalore), and Shanta Rao were constantly around, adding color, chatter, and laughter to the atmosphere. Sanjeeva Rao, who was in Bangalore, was disturbed by so many young people gathering around the astonishingly beautiful being. He felt there was a certain levity in the atmosphere, and perhaps was reminded of Annie Besant's instructions on the need for initiates to protect Krishnaji against destructive forces. Rumors started, and some of the gossip floating around came to Krishnaji's hearing. Sensing a certain smugness in the situation, he chided the older group at a public meeting. He spoke of the destructive nature of irresponsible gossip and the need for a serious mind.

By now the very proper Madhavachari had come to Bangalore. He was aghast at Friedman's experiments, and immediately stopped Friedman from giving Krishnaji his garlic diet and the massages.

Subha Rao, an old Theosophist who had left the Theosophical Society with Krishnaji and was now principal of the Rishi Valley School, soon came to Bangalore to discuss the school's affairs with Krishnaji. Subha Rao was a fine, dedicated educator, loved by the students; but he was growing old. As Madhavachari repeatedly stated, the affairs of Rishi Valley were falling into the hands of the Coimbatore group. Subha Rao, unable to control the affairs, had suggested he resign. One day Sanjeeva Rao said to Krishnaji, "Rishi Valley was bought with £10,000 given as a gift for that purpose. It is your property. It is being destroyed. You must interfere." Krishnamurti replied swiftly, "My property? I have no property."

The talks in Bangalore were very well attended, and soon discussions were held regarding the Rishi Valley School. At this stage Miss Muriel Payne stepped in. Muriel Payne, who had come to Bangalore from England, was a big-boned woman, immensely energetic. The head of a nursing organization during the war, she sold her nurse's training college and came to India. She had known Krishnamurti for many years. In fact, she told me that she had nursed Krishnamurti when he was seriously ill in Ojai during 1945 and 1946.

She met Krishnamurti in Bangalore and suggested that she put together a group of young people and start work in Rishi Valley. Miss Payne's down-to-earth capacity to organize, combined with a certain perception and some insight into the teaching, made her a formidable personality. She was an ardent friend, but had no use for the inefficient and the mediocre and dealt with people harshly. A physically unattractive woman, she was unmarried; and the absence of physical love had accentuated her natural ruthlessness. But she was a tall woman in every sense of the word. She could fill a room with her irrepressible intention to shape people's lives.

It was decided to set up a community to look after Rishi Valley; the group would include Miss Payne, Madhavachari, Maurice Friedman, Subha Rao, and Rajagopal Iyengar. Also in the group were Evelyn Wood, Gordon Pearce, and Adhikaram. Evelyn Wood, an Englishman married to an Indian woman who was a professor of English at Bombay University, served the British government and later stayed on in India after Independence. Gordon Pearce, a Theosophist and well-known educator, married an Indian woman, Anusuya Paranjpaye. He established a public school in Gwalior, took charge as principal of Rishi Valley School, and later was to start the Blue Mountain School in Ootacamund. Adhikaram, a very well-known educator from Sri Lanka, later became chancellor of Colombo University. They were later to go to Rishi Valley and take charge. Inevitably perhaps, they were soon torn by dissension. Evelyn Wood was the first to leave, followed by Maurice Friedman. Madhavachari resigned, and Subha Rao left the valley. Pearce and Adhikaram never came. Miss Payne was left in sole charge. Sanjeeva Rao was by then horrified by Miss Payne and her "lack of education." Educated at Kings College, Cambridge, Sanjeeva Rao was unable to countenance Miss Payne's ignorance of English grammar and her appalling spelling. Sanjeeva Rao wrote poignant letters to me, complaining of Miss Payne's ignorance and the impropriety of her being connected with educational work.

At this stage a suggestion was made that Rishi Valley and the lands surrounding it be sold. Miss Payne reacted strongly to this whisper and wrote to Krishnamurti, who was in Poona, protesting the sale of land but suggesting that the school be closed. Miss Payne advised the establishment of an international community. Madhavachari strongly opposed the idea of selling the land, and in protest he resigned from the Rishi Valley Trust.

Krishnaji finally decided that Rishi Valley would not be sold. However, Subha Rao resigned and the school was partly closed down by Kitty Shiva Rao, Shiva Rao's Austrian wife, and Rao Sahib Patwardhan, then president and secretary of the Rishi Valley Trust. Miss Payne returned to England, after which Madhavachari rejoined the Trust. However, Miss Payne returned to the East and met Krishnamurti in Colombo, Sri Lanka, in October 1949. Later, along with Adhikaram and Pearce, she established the Rishi Vana Sangha, a community in which to live the teachings of Krishnamurti. They all drove to Rishi Valley and took over the estate. Rajagopal Iyengar, a senior engineer of the Central Services who had resigned prematurely from the government to work in Rishi Valley, was also a member of the community, as was Maurice Friedman. Relentlessly, Miss Payne took over. The old workers were asked to leave, and the community was soon reduced to a skeleton.

From Bangalore K traveled to Poona, where he was to stay at the guest house of the Servants of India Society. My mother, Iravati Mehta, was to play host and look after K while he was in Poona. My nephew Asit Chandmal, aged nine, was with my mother. His father, a member of the Indian civil service, developed a mental illness. His mother and father separated and Asit was brought up by his grandmother, my mother. Aware of the complexity of the child's problems, she had taken him out of school to be in Poona, intuitively understanding that two months under the same roof with K would do more for Asit than any school.

I asked Asit to write some of his recollections of this period, for he had spent a great deal of time with K. In one letter, Asit wrote,

> When I was nine I stayed with Krishnaji in Poona for several weeks. My grandmother had set up house in the Servants of India Society—there were two bedrooms and a living room in between. The dining room and the kitchen were in a separate cottage two hundred yards away. We used to walk together to the cottage for lunch—his umbrella always protecting him against even a hint of sun. He often asked me to run to the cottage—he ran with me and we finished together. I was nine and he was six times my age—fifty-four. When he saw me flying kites he told me about the enormous kites in California, larger in span than his outstretched arms, and later, when it was Dewali, we went to the markets of Poona, bought firecrackers, and lit them at night. Once, when I shied away from a bursting bomb he said, "Watch it, don't look away."[1]

Before he left Bangalore, K had given Sunanda 400 rupees and a shawl. It was a symbolic gesture, a suggestion that she leave her home and enter the world. She had come to Poona with her cousin Lalita, Dwaraka, and Gautam, her maternal uncle. They were staying in the Theosophical Society rest house. Also present was Gawande, a very intelligent and thoughtful young man who later was to become a *sannyasi*.

The audience at the talks was alive. Gandhians, students, writers, scholars, and professionals came to the meetings. The discussions were vibrant, dominated by questions on alleviation of poverty and the demands of social work.

K was meeting vast numbers of people. Many women with troubled marital lives sought interviews with him, and he soon sensed the insecurities and sorrows that burdened the life of a married woman. In his public talks he was asked many questions about the "duties of a wife" and the role of marriage. He lashed out at the hypocrisy of Indian society, its values and moralities. He spoke of the position of the woman and the economic domination of the husband. "It is only a static society and a deteriorating society that talks of duty and rights." He said, "Have you noticed a man whose heart is empty? His face becomes ugly. Look at your face sometimes in a mirror, how unformed, how undefined it is." He spoke of the absence of love with its depth and profundity. "To love is to be chaste, pure, uncorruptible."

I had preceded K to Delhi. By then my husband had shifted his headquarters to Delhi and we were staying at the Delhi Gymkhana Club. As my work was mainly in Bombay, I commuted between the two cities. I was troubled in Poona, my mind had begun to rebel. I felt I should go back to my old life and activities, to my work, my clubs, my endless routine. I tried to, but found myself an outsider. Neither could I go to meet K. Every time I was near him, I felt a wall between us; he was unapproachable. My inward balance was shattered.

I asked K what had happened to me. At Ooty I had felt at the edge of an awakening. I needed just one step to plunge into nothingness. But the step never came, and before I had time to hold to what I had, I was swept away into the depth of loneliness. In Ooty there was joy and the passion of awakening every morning, of seeing K aflame with the rising sun. It was like falling in love with sunlight; passionately, yet with delicacy. I had glimpsed vast depths and an immensity of seeing. It remained with me, sustaining me for days. Soon, however, I was to be thrust into the harsh reverberations of Bombay—its noises, the crude exploitations, the ugliness and coarseness of living. This sudden descent into the denseness and the grit of a polluted city, prompted me to write to Krishnaji, saying that it would be easier to don the saffron robe.

But that was not the only reason for my being so rapidly overwhelmed. I asked K in Poona again and again the reasons for despair, and he said, "Why do you ask for a reason? You are troubled and not in a state of awareness. See yourself in the pit and you will be out of it. Next time you will be watchful and see that you do not fall back into the pit." But I could not understand, and felt that going to him was utterly futile.

One of the *Upanishads* says that it is better to keep away from truth altogether; but, once having heard, you must act or the truth acts as a poison within you. Krishnamurti says the same thing: "Keep away if you are not serious." But I was serious. I have never been so serious. I have never felt so deeply. As I was leaving Poona he said to me, "Let go your hold. Why do you want to hold so tight? Let it go and see what happens."

When he arrived in Delhi, I went to meet K alone. He told me that he had dreamed about me (he rarely had dreams). "Listen to what I say. I am going to talk as if I were you. I am a Brahmin born of a tradition of culture and learning with a background of intellect and sensitivity. In this background there is a vein of weakness, of crudeness. I spent my childhood in a civil servant's house. I ate meat and was made to reject my Brahminism. I went to Europe, married, had a child, a severe illness. I went blind, life used me and left its mark on me. I grew ambitious and cultivated ruthlessness and denied sensitivity. In meeting people I have absorbed and reflected their coarseness or their sensitivity. I have not had the intelligence to meet coarseness with intelligence. Then Krishnamurti came. At first I saw in what he had to say a way of sharpening my brain, but soon I was caught in it. In the most powerful influence I had known. And all the time, although I denied my Brahmin background, it was there, the main contradiction, the Brahmin background never understood but rejected, and so I am always in conflict."

Then he said, "You see the picture, the patches, the lights, the shades, the crudeness, the sensitivity. What is it you feel when you see the picture as a whole?" I said it was a mess, and asked what I could do to straighten out the contradiction. Surely I must be able to act on the contradiction.

He said, "You are still concerned about doing. But any action on your part will mean adding another patch. Why can't you just see it? It is you, with all its shades and lights. What is the use of prejudice or pleasure? Just absorb it and see yourself as you are, clearly. Then you will stop bridging the coarseness and sensitivity."

"That is, I must stop trying to be sensitive, when I am coarse."

"No," Krishnamurti replied. "You cannot do anything. Just watch the truth of your bridging, which you are constantly doing." This was the first time I had heard him refer to the background and the necessity of understanding it. I asked him how it could be understood.

"See that it is there in all its richness, its fullness, its thousands of years of racial memory. Then when it next projects itself, you will see it and there will be instant understanding and the end of conflict with it. You cannot reject the background, for it is there as much as your arm or skin. You can only understand it, and understanding it be free of it." A little later he said, "What man needs is that contentment that is in the earth when it has given birth to a tree. In a bush when it has produced a flower."

CHAPTER 13

"Why Don't You Begin to Clean Your Front Doorstep, the Part of Your Street Which Is Yourself."

While in Delhi Krishnaji was the guest of Sanjeeva Rao's brother Sir B. N. Rao, a brilliant lawyer and bureaucrat, a member of the Indian civil service, who had been asked by Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru to advise in framing the constitution of India. Delhi was basking in brilliant sunshine, slowly awakening to the implications of freedom and the vast opportunities that were arising in every direction. The Constituent Assembly had commenced to function; lawyers, political thinkers, and freedom fighters had gathered in Delhi to formulate in a written constitution the ideals for which they had struggled. Secularism, equality before the law, freedom of speech, freedom from arbitrary arrest and confinement—all were being debated with passion. But underlying their discussions were the murder of Gandhiji and the traumatic events of partition that had revealed the violence and divisive faces buried deep in the Indian soil, and the intimations of chaos, fear, and brutality that lay ahead.

Sanjeeva Rao, the gentle educator and one of Annie Besant's oldest associates, had come from Madras to be with Krishnaji. With him was his wife Padmabai, an extremely able teacher and a pioneer in women's education in Uttar Pradesh. In the late 1920s I had for a short period studied at Varanasi, at the school where Padmabai was the principal. Dignified, protective, available, she communicated her affection and concern to young adolescent girls, who in turn loved her. In the 1920s women's education in Uttar Pradesh was still a sensitive subject. It demanded intelligence and probity to impart right values to girls within the restricted framework the environment demanded. Sir B. N. Rao's youngest brother, Shiva Rao, the Delhi resident representative of the powerful South Indian English daily *The Hindu,* was sharing the house with B. N. Rao. His wife Kitty, an Austrian who had come to India in the 1920s and taught in the Montessori School for children at Varanasi, acted as B. N. Rao's hostess.

In the evenings after dinner, K listened to the Rao brothers discuss India and the intricacies of the new constitution that was being framed.

K was visiting and speaking in Delhi after an absence of many years, and the legendary early years of his life had created great curiosity and interest. Scientists, administrators, diplomats, academics, and *sannyasis* came to his talks and discussions, confronting him with questions on the harsh realities of the Indian situation. They found in Krishnaji a silent and compassionate listener, and challenged him with the inadequacy of his teaching, asserting that he had no solutions to the problems of poverty, untouchability, the caste system. Krishnaji's response was to pose another question: Did they know the nature of the vast problem?

In this modern sage they sought a Vivekanand, but came away puzzled—for they encountered a man of supreme presence who did not fit any of their known categories of saints and *sannyasis.* He answered their questions on poverty by saying that the needs of man—food, shelter, clothing—could only be effectively organized when the needs were not used for psychological purposes for self-exclusive ends, but were dealt with on their own level. Sensing the smugness of the questioners, he castigated them: "The mind is yourself. It cannot be quiet when it is sitting on a volcano." Negating all beliefs, secret doctrines, and practices, he said to those who had gathered, "The self is not a permanent entity, but a stream, flowing water."

Most people in India had witnessed the freedom struggle and the power of a mass movement, and they felt that to build a new India vast numbers of people should launch a new struggle for values. Krishnaji told them, "To create a new structure I must be the architect, the builder as well as the workman." When asked what one man could do, he responded, "You think in terms of large movements, large actions, large responsibilities, but you do not take responsibility. Why don't you begin to clean your front doorstep, the part of your street which is yourself?"

The light of his intelligence was probing into thought and the mind.

"We feel that the 'I' is different from thought, from mind. Is the 'I' the thinker separate from thought? Then the thinker can operate on thought. Is the 'I' separate from its qualities? Remove thought, where is the thinker?" After each sentence he paused, as if to let the words sink deep into the listener's consciousness.

"We feel that the 'I' is permanent, because all other thoughts come and go. If the thinker is permanent, then thought can be changed, controlled, transformed by the thinker. But is not the 'I' the result of thought? Your mind separates the 'I' from thought because it cannot bear impermanency. Thought cannot move from the known to the unknown. To free the mind from the known is all the mind can do. To find out what lies beyond words, words must cease. I can only use words to get to the door."

In December Krishnaji was invited to Teen Murti House, the Prime Minister's official residence. I was also present. Jawaharlal Nehru had just returned from the Jaipur Congress and looked very tired and depressed. He said to Krishnaji, "I have been very busy lately, doing I don't know what." He asked Krishnaji how the disintegrating forces that were spreading so rapidly could be stemmed. Krishnaji answered that integration could only start at the individual level.

"This must be a slow process, while disintegration is spreading so rapidly," said Jawaharlal Nehru. "What is there to show that the forces of disintegration will not swamp the integrating forces?"

Krishnaji replied, "It is possible."

They then discussed how the individual was to regenerate himself. Krishnaji said, "Understanding of the self only arises in relationship, in watching yourself in relationship to people, ideas, and things; to trees, the earth, and the world around you and within you. Relationship is the mirror in which the self is revealed. Without self-knowledge there is no basis for right thought and action."

Jawaharlal Nehru intervened and asked, "How does one start?"

K replied, "Begin where you are. Read every word, every phrase, every paragraph of the mind, as it operates through thought."

Nehru was listening, but one could see the weariness on his face. He asked, "What is the common factor amongst all people?"

"The desire to avoid pain and seek happiness," said Krishnaji.

Nehru then discussed the fear that was driving people to acts of violence. He asked Krishnaji whether action born of understanding could free man from fear, the psychological fear that was the motive force of many of man's actions.

Krishnaji said, "Freedom from fear can only arise when man perceives the movement of fear within himself. The seeing of it is the quenching of it."

Jawaharlal Nehru and Krishnaji did not seem really to communicate except once or twice. The prime minister appeared very interested, but very tired. He kept himself awake by smoking. His mind turned back to the problem of integration and the approach to self-knowledge. "How does man understand himself?" he kept on asking, seeking a clue.

"Look at what is outside you and within you. Look at your thoughts," said Krishnaji. "Who is the thinker? And are thoughts separate from the thinker?" He spoke of the need for a deep revolution in consciousness; of the urgency for a perception of the global to operate, without which man could not survive. These were prophetic words; they would assume supreme relevance in the fragmented, violent world of the 1980s.

On the way to home after the meeting, Krishnaji was disturbed and sad. He remarked that Nehru's was such a fine, sensitive mind. It was wasted in politics. Politics was deadly. Later, at dinner, Krishnaji discussed with the Rao brothers the problem of disintegration in India. "Society is continually disintegrating. What is the place then of a reformer in society? Is he not adding to the disintegration? A reformer is concerned with effects and their rearrangements. Only a revolutionary goes to the root, to the cause in which the end is contained." Krishnaji was questioning himself. He asked whether Gandhiji was a revolutionary or a reformer.

"Gandhiji had the vision of the revolutionary. He had the capacity to think in a big way. His thinking was not that of a reformer," said Sir B. N. Rao.

"He was a revolutionary then in thought, but in execution, the vision narrowed. Caught up in politics, Gandhiji had to compromise, and his revolutionary sense was submerged and he emerged a reformer," mused Krishnaji. He then asked Sir B. N. Rao whether India had leaders who were capable of shaping effects.

"In India leaders seem powerless. Effects are sweeping them away. In this rapid disintegration there is despair as well as hope. There are two paths before India. Either she will be completely swept away and will cease to be of any importance in the world; or, by the very touching of the depths of disintegration, the individual will awaken to his responsibility and refuse to be carried away by the current. A new society will emerge entirely different to any that has been known." Krishnaji said that he was extremely interested to see what would happen.

He spoke again of his meeting with Jawaharlal Nehru. He had felt deeply moved by the fineness of the prime minister's mind, and it was a sadness to him that a sensitive mind like this should have been caught up in politics. Krishnaji said, "Politics ages the mind, it is destructive to the flowering of the mind."

Anandmai Ma, the most famous of the then-living deified "Mothers" (women who in their lifetime transcended the self and became symbols of Sakti, the primordial mother as energy), with a very large following in North India, came to meet Krishnaji. They met in the garden, as the Mother never entered the home of a householder. She did not speak English, and spoke through a translator. She had a radiant, smiling presence. She said that she had seen a photograph of Krishnaji many years before and knew that he was very great. She asked him, "Why do you deny gurus? You who are the Guru of Gurus" (this was translated to him).

He replied, "People use the guru as a crutch."

"People come to listen to you in thousands," she said. "That means you are a guru." He held her hand gently and did not answer.

Many visitors came and prostrated themselves at the feet of K and Anandmai Ma. Anandmai Ma accepted their greetings, but Krishnaji was embarrassed. As always, he would not permit them to bow down, but sprang to his feet and bent down to touch the feet of the seeker of blessing.

Later, after Anandmai Ma left, Krishnaji spoke of her with warmth and affection. There had been communication, though much of it had been wordless. He was, however, horrified at the prostrating, hysterical women followers who surrounded her.

In my notes of the period I have recorded the visit of an old blind *sannyasi*, who spoke only Hindi. The *sannyasi* asked Krishnaji about freedom from the bonds of body and mind. Someone translated. Krishnaji answered with passion and intensity, and the *sannyasi* seemed to understand. Although in his public talks Krishnaji castigated the wearers of the robe, deep within him he had always felt an immense kinship for the person who wore the robe. In his early years there is evidence that at times he had thought of becoming a *sannyasi*. Awakening to its implications, he had not done so; but a special tenderness for the true *sannyasi* or Buddhist monk remained, and he never refused to meet them, however tired he was. His criticism of their rituals, disciplines, and practices, however, was devastating.

One day two Iranian princesses came to see Krishnaji. They were visiting India and had heard of the presence in the city of a great religious teacher. They asked Krishnaji whether he could foretell their future. Krishnaji looked quizzical, and said that he was not an astrologer. They were embarrassed, for they had presumed that Krishnaji, being a religious person, was also a fortuneteller.

Discussions with a small group had started. Achyut Patwardhan was in Delhi and so was Sunanda, with her lithe young body and razor sharp intellect. Sunanda was very young, and her exploding senses held her enraptured. Ecstatic in the atmosphere surrounding Krishnaji and aflame with his supreme beauty, she would continue to sit on the floor after the discussions were over, her eyes tightly closed, one palm resting on her cheek. After a few minutes, when asked what was the matter, she would open her large eyes and say, "I am experiencing."

The discussions were precise, probing; every movement, every action of life was brought into the light of attention and examined. At times the process was painful, and the body mind shrank from the confrontation. We discussed violence, fear, anger, jealousy, and death.

At one of the evening discussions K was asked, "How can one be in love? To be so embedded in the state that action and response are those of love, and so free of the self?"

Krishnaji said, "Can you know love? Obviously, that which you know is not love. To love is to be sensitive, vulnerable to everything. It is to be virtuous. Can virtue be studied? Any attempt to become virtuous, any effort, is to deny virtue."

A young civil servant said that some mystics maintained that by acknowledging a personal God, endowing that God with certain qualities and all-embracing love, and then surrendering the self to those qualities, the self ended.

"This implies the projection of the self in a preconceived conception of what the qualities of love are," said Krishnaji. "I say to know it you have to be in a state of not-knowingness. But to want to be in a state of not knowing is to desire a result, which you have already projected; for all that you know is the known. How can you go from the known to the unknown? Whatever you do from the state of the known will remain within the field of the known. What then happens?" The participants were absorbed by the clarity and lucidity of his words. "You do not seek a way out, because you do not know a way out. The moment you really see this, you are out—in a state of not knowing, receptive, ready to receive the unknown."

We also discussed the nature of perception, that through thought there is no exit from the routine of the mind, for thought was its bondage. Krishnaji asked, "Is it possible to have a mind that is totally empty, free of any flowing movement of the self? Can the forward and backward movement cease? In this is there not the dissolution of the self?"

At that moment the lights went out. In the darkness the atmosphere became charged, minds turned to darkness as an aid to emptiness and nothingness. Krishnaji suddenly stopped speaking. He said he would wait for the lights to come on. "In darkness the mind can hypnotize itself, imagine all kinds of states. This is dangerous. It is illusion."

It is these little incidents that reveal the integrity and immensity of a mind that refuses to compromise or allow any foothold.

Achyut Patwardhan, who was in Delhi, came regularly to see Krishnaji. He had been to see Dr. Gyanchand, a well-known economist at Delhi University, who had pronounced Socialist views. Gyanchand had argued with Achyut on the nature and structural framework needed to establish the principles of equality in the constitution. He said that intellectual capacity had to be the criterion for leadership. Achyut asked Krishnaji whether this was the right approach. For Achyut, socialism implied the absence of hierarchies at all levels. By emphasizing hate and bitterness, Marxism had failed to see this. Krishnaji asked, "Can there be an approach that wipes away intellectual or capacity differences?"

"Socialism," Achyut said, "cannot merely be concerned with the economic needs of man. The economic struggle must create capacity differences, unless the basis was an equality of spirit."

Someone brought up the story of Krishna raising a hunchbacked woman to dignity. "How can such a psychological raising be brought about? Can there be a transformation at the root of the mind, and so outside the preview of capacity differences?"

Krishnaji asked, "Is the problem not one of refusing to accept a leader? This alone brings equality in social and economic relationships. When thrown on his own responsibility, man will inevitably question. And in questioning there is no higher, no lower. Any system based on acceptance of capacity differences to establish status must inevitably lead to a hierarchical society, and so breed class war."

Krishnaji later asked me, "What is it that gives dignity to man? Self-knowledge—the knowledge of what you are? The follower is the greatest curse."

CHAPTER 14

"Under the Last Rays of the Sun, the Waters Were the Color of Newborn Flowers."

In 1949 Krishnaji was to discover the flavor of India: the splendor of its rivers, mountains, and countryside; its squalor, poverty, and sorrow; and the dust of the paths on which barefoot sages and seekers had walked for centuries. He was feeling into the Indian mind that dwelt in abstractions and delighted in ideas; he was growing intensely aware of the shadows that separated the ideal from action.

From Delhi he traveled by train to Varanasi. A man sharing his compartment, interested in death and physical phenomena, questioned Krishnaji on the truth of death and on continuity. As the train came to a stop at a local station, an interesting thing happened.

"The train had come to a stop," said Krishnaji, "and just then a two-wheeled carriage was passing, drawn by a horse. On the carriage was a human corpse, wrapped in an unbleached cloth and tied to two long green-bamboo poles, freshly cut. From some village it was being taken to the river to be burnt. As the carriage moved over the rough road the body was being brutally shaken, and under the cloth the head was obviously getting the worst of it. There was only one passenger in the carriage besides the driver; he must have been a near relative, for his eyes were red with much crying. The sky was the delicate blue of early spring and children were playing and shouting in the dirt of the road. Death must have been a common sight, for everyone went on with what they were doing. Even the inquirer into death did not see the carriage and its burden."[1]

The house in which Krishnaji lived at Rajghat in Varanasi, the luminous city of pilgrimage, was built on the site of ancient Kasi on the high ground that arose near the Sangam, the confluence of the rivers Ganga and Varuna. It was here, at the most sacred point of its journey to the sea, that the river took a great curve and swept north towards its source. It was here near the ancient site of the temple Adi Kesava that the Buddha, having attained enlightenment at Bodh Gaya, is likely to have crossed the sacred river, traveling by ferry, to set foot on the riverbank. Along this ancient road of the pilgrim the Buddha had walked to the deer park at Saranath to preach his first sermon. The river Varuna bifurcated the land, dividing urban Varanasi from the rural countryside.

Through centuries the seers of this land had come to the banks of the Ganga in Kasi and left the seed of their teaching dormant in the soil. The Buddha, Kapila Muni, Adi Shankara—these great teachers had sat under the shade of ancient gnarled trees, on the *ghats* or along the riverbank. The villages had names that bore testimony to their presence.

A city known for learning and seeking, for skepticism and doubt and the hard brilliance of the dialectic mind, it was to Kasi that Adi Shankara had come to establish his supremacy. Through the centuries iconoclasts had swept through the city, destroying temples and shrines; but the seed of doubt, of enquiry, and the essence of the great teachings, which resided neither in temple nor in a single book, had been held by scholars and priests. In secret conclave, they kept alive and resonant the petals of a perennial wisdom. Along the banks of this river dialogue and a probing into the "within" of nature and mind had evolved.

Mango and neem trees, flowering cork and peepul grew on the Ganga's sacred banks. Ruins of temples and *ashrams* were overgrown with plumed grass and wild creeper. Every dawn Krishnaji stood in darkness on the veranda of his house and watched fire enter the rising sun, creating the world anew. A boat floated past, its sails unfurled. Swollen carcasses—human and animal, vultures sitting perched on their bodies—were carried by the waters. Everything was in slow motion, peaceful; the monsoon currents had ended with their frenzy and devastation, the waters like the poor people who lived on its banks had dignity, whatever their burden.

Achyut and Rao Sahib Patwardhan, Maurice Friedman, Sanjeeva Rao, Nandini, and I with Radhika, my ten-year-old daughter, were in Varanasi. Every evening we went for a walk with Krishnaji on the road of the pilgrim. The white flowers of the cork trees that bordered the road to the riverbank had scattered their fragrance, and perfect white blossoms lay under our feet. The rains had been plentiful; the river had overflown its banks and the rickety bamboo-and-earthen bridge that appeared during the dry months had not yet been erected. We had to cross the river by ferry, plied by a boatman. The sense of the never-changing rhythm of man's life was revealed in Kasi. A sense of the archaic permeated the land and the people. The unending past was mirrored in the lithe, dark-skinned boatmen on the waters, the women carrying water pots on their heads, the fishermen casting nets.

One evening, a dozen little children and goats stood with their herdsmen, waiting for the ferry on the banks of the river. Krishnaji picked up a baby goat, the gesture swift, natural; his leap into the boat was sure and precise; the children laughed to see the little goat wag its tail and nestle close to the gentle stranger. We crossed the river and the bleating goat went back to its mother.

Seeing a stone on the path, Krishnaji would remove it so that it might not hurt the naked foot of a villager. He was watchful, listening to the sounds of the river, watching people who passed, the waters, trees, birds, and the village dogs who barked incessantly. He would be quiet and we would be quiet with him.

On one of his walks he spoke. "Man is, because he is related; without relationship, man is not. To understand life you have to understand yourself in action, in relationship to people, property, and ideas."

He turned and pointed to the flowing river and then to an old peepul tree. "Most of us are not aware of our relationship to nature. When we see a tree we see it with a utilitarian view—how to get to its shade, how to use its wood. Similarly, we treat the earth and its products. There is no love of the earth, only a usage of earth. If we loved the earth there would be frugality of the things of the earth. We have lost a sense of tenderness, of sensitivity. Only in the renewal of that can we understand what is relationship. That sensitivity does not come by hanging a few pictures or by putting flowers in your hair. It only comes when the utilitarian attitude is put aside. Then you no longer divide the earth, then you no longer call the earth yours or mine."

Krishnaji was giving public talks at Kammacha in the heart of the city. As in all his talks the people who attended were Buddhist monks, *sannyasis*, the devotees from the Theosophical Society who still regarded Krishnaji as the world teacher, tourists, educators, and a large number of young people who came out of curiosity. The great *pandits* of Varanasi, steeped in the tradition of learning, grammarians and lo-gicians, tantricks and devotees, were also there to listen to this teacher who denied all systems and all gurus. Some of them met him alone. Little discussion was possible, because of difficulties of language, but Rao and Achyut were there to translate.

Krishnaji had numerous discussions with the members of the Rishi Valley Trust, who managed the schools in Varanasi. We discussed the place of authority and fear in education. Krishnaji expressed his dissatisfaction with the approach of the management of the educational institutions and the quality of the teachers at Rajghat. No one quite understood what had to be done. Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, a much respected citizen of Varanasi, who for years had been connected with Mrs. Besant's work and later with Krishnaji's schools, was fearful of change. He dug his feet into the ground and declared that any drastic change would be disastrous. Uttar Pradesh was old fashioned, traditional. Only gradual change was possible. The word "gradual," however, did not exist in Krishnaji's dictionary; action was immediate, arising out of seeing the fact of "what is." So there were marathon meetings.

The Rishi Valley Trust was being shaken to its roots. The members, sensing Krishnaji's concern at the state of the institutions, submitted their resignations and a new group of members were elected.

In 1948 the Rishi Valley Trust consisted of two independent institutions—a Children's School at Rajghat, a Boys' School and a Women's College in the city, within the Theosophical Society Compound. Another educational complex had been established in the deep south at Rishi Valley in Andhra Pradesh, where Subha Rao was head of a coeducational residential school. Subha Rao, a dedicated man capable of arousing affection and loyalty amongst his students, had built the school with spartan simplicity. Krishnaji's absence for many years, and the lack of a clear direction as to the purpose of the school, had led to a deterioration of standards at all levels in both Rishi Valley and Rajghat. The teachers were mediocre. Government grants limited all flexibility or possibility of change. Vested interests were entrenched and determined to see that the status quo continued.

On his return to Bombay from Varanasi in March, Krishnaji stayed at my residence, Himmat Nivas on Dongersey Road. It was a rambling flat with spacious rooms and high ceilings. The spaces had dignity, and Krishnaji filled it with his presence; a quietude lingered even when he was absent.

A large number of visitors came to meet Krishnaji. Amongst them was Morarji Desai, who was then finance minister of Bombay, a state that at the time included both Gujarat and Maharashtra. Krishnaji and he discussed the sacred books of India. Sensing a certain smugness and "holier than thou" attitude in Morarjibhai,* Krishnaji said that he had not read the *Bhagavad Gita* and had no use for sacred books. Morarjibhai was horrified, and told me later that he was unimpressed.

Krishnaji now felt strongly that the existing situation with the Rishi Valley Trust and the schools in Rajghat should not be allowed to continue. At a meeting on February 8, 1949, Krishnaji was to say, "A school born of friction cannot be creative. Unanimity amongst the workers is essential. The school should be treated as an organic whole. There should be concern with how to make the center alive. A dead center can only produce dead institutions. If people are really interested, Rajghat cannot remain with the status quo."

It was at this meeting that the decision was taken that Rao Sahib Patwardhan would go and work in Rajghat. He went there a few months later. The situation needed deep uprooting of crystalized structures, mentally and physically. Rajghat needed an explosion. But Rao Sahib was hesitant. Either he was not prepared passionately to locate the problem, giving it the one pointed energy the situation demanded, or he did not know how to tackle the problem. His mind, caught in structures, sought alternatives. He did not perceive that the negating of the existing situation would throw up the new. Energy, with its driving passion, and a cleaving vision were needed in Rajghat. Rao Sahib made friends, he was warm and affectionate, everyone loved him; Iqbal Narain Gurtu, the tough doyen of Rajghat, was his close friend. But something in his personal life, or his incapacity to abandon his ideals and live in uncertainty, made any creative action impossible. At the end of the year Rao Sahib returned to Poona, and Rajghat continued to be a mirror of the stagnation that had held Varanasi for centuries.

One morning in early 1949 a tiny, shaven-headed figure dressed in saffron robes rang the bell at the doors of Himmat Nivas. She gave her name as Chinmoyee. The servant who had answered the bell could

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**Bhai* means brother in Gujerati. It is a suffix attached to the name of an elder person as a term of respect. In Western India a first name is rarely used for a man or woman. In Gujerat, *bhai* is used with the first name for a man, *behen* or sister for a woman. It is the equivalent of the North Indian *'ji'*.

not tell whether it was a boy or a girl, and came to me to say that a swami was at the door. Knowing Krishnaji's special affection for the *sannyasi* and for the saffron robe, I told K and he met Chinmoyee immediately. She was to return again.

The story of her life symbolizes one important aspect of the Indian ethos, in which the revolutionary spirit and religion integrate. Chinmoyee, whose original name was Tapas, came from a family of Bengali revolutionaries. Her father and brother had died in jail. Her mother had worked in an educational institution and brought up her two daughters. According to a close friend of Tapas, "She was a brilliant mathematician and a keen student of astronomy."

After graduating, she was for some time headmistress of the Sister Nivedita School in Calcutta. She had always wanted to lead a religious life, and after her mother's death, at the age of thirty-four, she left home in search of a *sannyas* guru. She spent some time in the Ramakrishna Mission, and six months in Anandmai Ma's *ashram*. Life in these places did not satisfy her. She spent her time in Varanasi meeting scholars like Gopinath Kaviraj and Gobind Gopal Mookherjee.

It was at this time that she met the great scholar saint of Bengal, Anirvanji. He agreed to be her *sannyas* guru and gave her the name Chinmoyee. For the next four years she was with him, helping him first with his work of translating the *Vedas*, and then Shri Aurobindo's *Life Divine*, into Bengali. They were then living in Almora, in Uttar Pradesh. It was in connection with collecting funds for the publication of Anirvanji's works that she went to Bombay. A friend suggested she go to hear Krishnamurti, who was then giving talks in Bombay. She went to hear him and then sought an interview.

That interview seems to have changed her whole being—it certainly changed her whole life. Back in Almora, she proceeded to arrange affairs for Anirvanji; and as soon as she could hand over her duties to another, she left him. She resumed her original name, Tapas, and gave up the saffron robes.

Completely on her own, some inner urge prompted her to undertake a trip to Kailash and Manasarovar Lake in Tibet that first summer, sacred sites of pilgrimage. Kailash, a cone-shaped mountain, is regarded as the abode of Shiva and his consort Parvati. Manasarovar Lake is situated to one side of Kailash. The azure waters of this lake are calm, and mythical swans are believed to appear on its waters. The journey to Kailash is fraught with great dangers. (The route to Kailash from the Tibetan side has recently been opened to pilgrims by the Government of China.) Alone and unaccompanied, she set out on a most hazardous journey through passes over 18,000 feet high, joining a party of pilgrims only when she was no longer permitted to travel alone.

In 1950 she returned to see Krishnaji. She was unrecognizable: Wearing a white *kurta* and pyjama, her gray-flecked hair had grown shoulder length. She came to Krishnaji and said, "I have come." He replied, "Good"; and she slowly became part of his surroundings.

In the years to come she would travel to every part of India where Krishnaji spoke: in time she began to look after Krishnaji's wardrobe. She would slip into the house unnoticed and make herself invisible—even to the extent of hiding behind doors—unpack Krishnaji's bags, wash and iron his clothes, arrange them in the cupboard, and potter around. Though Tapas herself only wore white, she had developed a fine sense of color. It was she who got her friends to buy natural honey-colored cottons and textured bark-colored wild silks for Krishnaji's *kurtas.* She transformed his wardrobe with an unusual eye for the rare and beautiful. But she was fiercely possessive of her role. The slightest disorder in the room was corrected and the servants concerned were spoken to severely. They regarded her as a terror; but Tapas, being a *sannyasin,* wiped away all irritation or anger within them. They touched her feet and carried on. She sat through discussions but never participated, though her friends tell me that she had deep understanding of the teaching and used to speak to small groups wherever she went.

When Krishnaji was not in India she would disappear into the mountains alone, unafraid—in the centuries-old tradition, she was a wanderer. It was impossible to determine her age. In the twenty-five years I knew her she hardly aged. She eventually fell ill with an illness that could not be diagnosed. Her body gradually wasted away, and she died of a heart attack in 1976.

Nandini's problems with her husband, Bhagwan Mehta, were approaching crisis. A few months after meeting Krishnaji, she had told her husband she wanted to lead a celibate life. Inevitably, the situation exploded. Sir Chunilal Mehta was bewildered, torn between his son and his guru; for it was universally believed that Krishnaji's teaching had influenced Nandini and led her to cease her physical relationship with her husband. It was assumed that Nandini was immature and that her intention was born out of this immaturity. Sir Chunilal sought Krishnaji's intervention, hoping that Krishnaji would persuade Nandini to change her mind; or, given time and with Krishnaji's absence, Nandini's capricious decision would change. But the situation could not be defused.

It is not my intention to explore the marital incidents that were to lead to an explosion in my sister's home. The situation was made for whispers and gossip, and the "elite" in the vast metropolitan city were agitated. Men looked afresh at their wives, the clans closed in. The eyes of the dwellers of Malabar Hill turned to the huge, rambling house on Ridge Road, furnished with the trappings of a rich merchant prince, rich for generations, where women kept their heads covered and singing was taboo. Lady Chunilal, Nandini's mother-in-law, was a wizened old lady with a grim, tightly shut mouth and few words. She had told Nandini after her marriage that a woman's voice should not be heard, and that she was not supposed to laugh; she could smile, so long as her teeth were not seen. And above all, the eyes of the city turned to Krishnamurti.

On the night of the festival of Holi, when the fires had been lit, the situation between husband and wife exploded. Her children were taken from her, and Nandini fled. At midnight she came to my mother's house, hardly a hundred yards from the house of Sir Chunilal Mehta. Bruised in spirit and body, anguished by the loss of her children, the next morning she came to Krishnamurti.

Due to leave within the next few days, he told her, "Stand alone. If you have acted out of the depths of self-knowing because you feel in yourself that what you have done is right, then throw yourself on life. Its water will hold you, carry you, and sustain you. But if you have been influenced, then God help you. The guru has disappeared."

Nandini was penniless. Her children had been taken away from her and she had little support, for my father was dead. She had either to go back to her husband, or separate and face the consequences. My mother, struggling against events that were destroying her, went to Krishnaji and spoke to him of her burden she felt unable to carry. He told her to lay down her burdens. K said they were his responsibility. She wept, but his words had quenched her fears.

Aware of the consequences that would follow any move toward legal separation, I went to Krishnaji and told him that although Nandini had decided that she would not return to her old home, under no circumstances could we allow any legal action, which would be necessary to settle the question of the custody of the children. I said that as Nandini's husband had no other excuse, Krishnaji's name was bound to be brought in as having influenced Nandini in her action of renouncing sex. He looked at me a long time and then he asked, "Are you trying to protect me?" He then raised his two arms in a significant gesture. "There are far greater beings who protect me. Do not falter, do what is right for Nandini and the children. The children are important. It does not matter whether she wins or loses, if it is right, fight."

Soon Nandini filed a suit against her husband for legal separation and custody of the children, on the grounds of cruelty. Her daughter was nine, her elder son seven, and the youngest son three years old. The case came up for hearing in the autumn of 1949. By then Krishnaji had come back from Ojai—first to Madras, and later he was in Ceylon and then Rajamundry, Andhra Pradesh. Long passages from Krishnaji's public talks were quoted by Bhagwan Mehta's lawyers. Krishnaji had pointed out in the talks at Bombay and Poona the hypocrisy of Indian society, the moral stances of religious teachers and householders, the inferior position of the woman and her bondage to her husband and his family. Krishnaji had been passionate, earnest, deeply concerned. A number of women had sought interviews with him in Bombay, Poona, and Madras and had voiced their anguish, their sorrows, and their inability to break free.

The lawyers attempted to prove influence, and used these teachings to strengthen their case. It was a grotesque situation. A wife was suing her husband for legal separation and long passages from religious sermons were being presented as evidence.

Nandini's father-in-law, though he supported his son, was not prepared to say a word against his guru. When, during the cross-examination, he was asked whether he resented Nandini's association with Krishnaji, Sir Chunilal Mehta jumped from his chair and said in a loud voice, "Never, he is the greatest of the great."

According to him it was Nandini, aided and abetted by her sister, Pupul Jayakar, who were at fault. He pointed to Nandini's misbehavior in Poona. When questioned, he said that in Poona the sisters laughed a great deal and Nandini did not cover her face with her *sari* and had insisted on sitting to the right of Krishnaji. Her behavior, according to Sir Chunilal Mehta, had caused anxiety amongst the elders around Krishnaji.

But throughout the hearings not one word was said that was suggestive or improper. The emphasis was on influence and its role on a young immature mind.

The judge in the Bombay High Court listened to the arguments and the counterarguments in Nandini's plea for separation. Justice Weston was a Bombay civilian, and for him it was unthinkable that any violence could occur in the renowned family of Sir Chunilal Mehta, K.C.S.I.*

My father, who had lived his life in what was then the United Provinces, was dead, and his family little known in Bombay. The judge held that the plea for separation on grounds of cruelty was not proved in the High Court of Bombay, and the complaint was dismissed. The children, who were under temporary custody with Nandini, were taken away by her husband. We sent a telegram to Krishnaji, giving him the news. In his reply, he said, "Whatever will be is right."

Several queries had arisen amongst people close to Krishnaji whether he should speak during February and March of 1950 in Bombay. Nandini had appealed the dismissal of her suit by Justice Weston to the Bombay High Court, and the city was still astir with gossip.

It was finally decided in consultation with Ratansi Morarji that Krishnaji should speak in Bombay. He wrote from Madras on December 19. "So you can go and make necessary arrangements. If possible, not a hall, but an open space, *not* a rich man's house, this time. Isn't there some quiet open space, a pleasant spot, central and all that? Halls are terrible and I don't feel comfortable in them."

At the time, no open spaces were available. We arranged for his public meetings on the terrace of Sunderbai Hall, which was open to the sky. The number of people attending the public meetings had doubled, but the rich socialites and industrialists with their wives were conspicuously absent.

On his return to Bombay, Krishnaji met many of his old associates. There was no special sympathy in his attitude to Nandini. He met her alone several times, and refused to allow her space in the mind for self-pity. He was relentless in his demand that she face the fact that one life was over and she had to awake to the new. But his concern and compassion for Nandini's children was limitless. Whenever possible, Nandini—without the knowledge of her ex-husband—would bring the children to see Krishnaji. He would lay his hands on the eyes of the elder boy, who had been told by the doctors that he would never see normally, as the optic nerve of one eye had not developed. The eye improved and, in years to come, Ghanashyam Mehta was to take his doctorate in economics from the University of California at Berkeley, and would later teach in Australia at the University of Brisbane.

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*Knight Commander of the Star of India, one of the highest titles awarded by the British

Rao Sahib and Achyut were in Bombay and came every morning to Ratansi's house to see Krishnaji. The master was determined to kindle an awakening in Rao. One morning when we had gathered, Krishnaji said in the midst of a discussion, "Let us see whether we can stay in the pause between two thoughts." Rao Sahib looked skeptical, Achyut wary. Krishnaji began to challenge Rao's mind, refusing to let it escape into concepts. Krishnaji was pushing Rao, blocking the mind, forcing Rao to do nothing with it, to see "what is."

We were in the same stream as Rao; the refusal to let thought escape, or to change it, created an intensity of energy in the mind. On an instant, unable to wander, held by the energy of the question, the mind let go and there it was: the poise, the no-wandering, the end of thought, and of the sense of time as duration.

Rao's expression, which had been blank and stubborn in its refusal to be carried away by Krishnaji, suddenly lit up. His face relaxed and there was clarity in his eyes.

Krishnaji did this again and again; breaking through the frontiers of consciousness, through thought ending itself, finding no door through which to escape.

We took Krishnaji by motorboat to the Elephanta Caves. It was a night of the full moon; a night when the planet Mars was to vanish behind the moon for a minute; to reemerge with unsullied brilliance.

The rays of the setting sun penetrated and revealed the colors held in the rock. Out of the twilight of the cave loomed the face of the three-headed god, with eyes that were neither open nor closed; still eyes awake to the outer and inner. The lower lip was full and sensuous. Out of the rising sound of the archaic Sanskrit chants, the sculptor had created the meditation of the universe. Krishnaji stood before the sculpture, silent for a long time. He then turned and said he would have liked to have spent a night in the cave. Rao Patwardhan suddenly started to chant Sankaracharya's hymn to Shiva; that "Being" that is, when all qualities are negated. Krishnaji, deeply aroused by the quality of sound, was in a state of ecstasy. As we returned to the boat, he kept asking Achyut, where it had gone, the energy and creativity that had made manifest the Maheshmurti?* Why was India so dead to all creation?

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*The "Maheshmurti" (seventh century A.D.) is a soaring image in stone of Shiva as the great god, sculptured with three faces—the creator, the preserver, and the destroyer—symbolizing the three aspects of the supreme godhead. The Maheshmurti is carved within a vast cave and surrounded by sculptures depicting episodes from Shiva's myths. Sound and form become one to create this sublime manifestation.

The moon was rising as we walked back. Children from the village had gathered, offering us flowers and asking for money. Krishnaji tried to talk to them; showed them his empty pockets, turned to us and wished us to give them some money. He laughed with them and, taking the hand of a little child, walked with him to the boat. In the boat we all tried to glimpse Mars emerging from behind the moon. Krishnaji went on the top deck and at last saw it, a minute speck. "There it is!" he cried excitedly, like a child.

In the morning meetings Krishnaji probed deeper and deeper and we could move with him. The mind felt fluid. I heard the words without verbal responses—there was a flowing of sound, word, and content. I could actually have counted the number of thoughts that arose in those two hours we spent with Krishnaji every morning.

CHAPTER 15

"The Mind Operating as Part of the Whole Is Endless."

While Krishnaji was in Bombay, a small group of people consisting of Rao Sahib, Achyut, Maurice Friedman, the Honorable Mrs. Lucille Frost (an Englishwoman and a long-time student of Jung who had met Krishnaji while in Sri Lanka and accompanied him to India), Nandini, and I soon gathered to hold discussions with Krishnaji. From these discussions were to emerge the first of the series of Krishnaji's great Indian dialogues. A new dimension was being added to his teaching, a movement which in its momentum was to free the mind from its old grooves.

We had been discussing the mind and memory, and Krishnaji raised a question. He had awoken in the night at about three o'clock, feeling a surge of joy that exploded within him. It seemed to spring from the heart of silence. He lay in bed with it, and then consciousness arose and the experience had been named. The mind-consciousness remembered. How did the mind, which was absent in the experiencing of that state, remember?

It was suggested that the superior mind had experienced the joy and the silence. Krishnaji said, "Any postulation of a superior mind is but another projection of the mind. The suggestion is hardly adequate. Either that state of silence was false—a projection of the mind—or it was real." He paused. "How did the mind remember? The mind is cause and effect, it is caught in time, it has a beginning and an end. Mind can never experience that which is without cause, the timeless, that which has no beginning and no end. The state this morning was without cause. How did the mind, which is both cause and effect, limited, remember the causeless—the limitless?"

Someone suggested that what the mind remembered was not the experience, but the waking from it. Krishnaji said, "In silence what is there to experience? Silence can only experience silence. Can silence leave an imprint?"

Perhaps, then, what the mind felt was the glow of being dipped in the silence. Krishnaji said, "There is an experience of silence and the mind remembers the feel, the perfume, the essence; how does the mind remember? Consciousness is the thought of the moment before, or the moment after. Thought is always of the moment or many moments before. Thought is the result of a stimulus." He let his words sink in, let the mind of his listeners ponder, move with him.

"We live in cause and effect, constantly rearranging them. We reject our background, our past of yesterday and of thousands of years, without being even aware that the past we reject is an aspect that lies deep within. And so the background remains undiscovered and is always in conflict, in contradiction.

"Do we see that consciousness is never in the 'now,' that it is always a projection, a backward or forward movement? That it is never in the present."

He was asked, "How does man understand this?" "Understanding of the 'now' can never be through thought, through consciousness," Krishnaji replied. He looked at Rao Sahib. "What is the state of the mind when it sees this?"

"The mind refuses to accept it as a fact," said Rao.

"But it is a fact. The mind cannot understand the 'now' which is the new. It is a fact, like a wall is a fact. What do you do when you are faced with a wall? You do not say you cannot accept it as a fact. What happens when you see as a fact that the mind cannot understand the 'now?' What is the state of your mind?"

"It is silent—thought has ceased," I offered.

"Go into it. What happens when the mind sees the fact that thought has ceased and yet there is movement, a freedom?"

"I see it and thought has ceased, and yet I hear your voice, a sensory perception continues."

"I see you. I hear your voice. Mind as thought is not there and yet sensory perception continues, is present. Only identification has ceased." said Krishnaji.

The next morning we again discussed consciousness.

First comes the layer of everyday activity—eating, going to the office, drinking, meeting people, the conditioned habits that operate automatically. It is obviously a static state that conforms to a pattern.

When one's routine is disturbed, this surface layer ceases for an instant and what is below reveals itself. For convenience we will call this the second layer (of course, since consciousness is nonspatial, it cannot be accurate to use terms indicating layer or level). The thinking that emerges from this layer is still conditioned memory, but it is not as automatic as the surface layer. It is more active, more elastic; it has more nuances. Here thought need not conform so completely to pattern, it has more vitality. The next layer is conditioned by like, dislike, choosing, judging, identifying. Here there is the sense of the ego established and in focus.

At this point Krishnaji stopped and said, "How have you been listening? How do you enquire? How does the mind function?"

"I have been dramatizing it," said Rao.

"I have been watching my responses," I said.

Krishnaji's response was immediate. "No, you are wrong."

"Surely, what else can you do?" queried Rao. And then one grew aware of the intensity of Krishnaji's awareness, how he listened to every response; Krishnaji's mind sensed that our watching was another repetition, another memory. He simply knew whether the state one spoke of was born of insight or was another repetition.

Krishnaji said, "I have not been thinking about it. There has been no delving into the past, into memory to find the next response. The responses have arisen by the very perception of the fact." He pushed further.

"Next come the unconscious memories of the individual and the collective, the tendencies, the forces, the urges, the racial instincts; this is the whole network of desire, the matrix of desire. There is an extraordinary movement here. The ego is still functioning—ego as desire moving in its patterns of cause and effect. The ego as desire that continues. The ego with its unconscious tendencies that reincarnate. Let us push still further." He paused and pondered. "Can we push further? Is there anything further? Is it that the known dimension has ended? Is this the bedrock of the ego? Is this the structure of consciousness, of the mind and its content?"

Someone asked, "What sustains it?"

Krishnaji was silent. After a few moments, he said, "Its own movement, its own functioning. What lies below? How can one proceed, go beyond the matrix?"

"Shut off the mind," said Rao.

"Who shuts off the mind? He who is the mind?" Krishnaji responded swiftly. "Then what is the way? Seeing the fact of consciousness—not the word, not the theory, but the fact of it—is ending not possible? Again, whatever I do to move toward the other is of effort and so destroys it. I cannot desire it. I can do nothing except be indifferent to it. And concern myself with the ego, with what I am, and my problems."

One morning Krishnaji said, "Can we go into consciousness again? Yesterday we had gone into it from the point on the periphery to the center. It was like going down a funnel. Could we today go from the center to the point on the periphery? Could we move from the inward out? Could we approach consciousness from the center?"

"Is there a center?" asked Rao.

"The center is only when there is focusing of attention. The center is formed when periphery is agitated. The center is formed as a point on the periphery. These peripheral points are one's name, one's property, one's wife, fame. These points are constantly being strengthened. There is movement all the time at the peripheral points. There is a constant fear of the breaking of these points."

"Can I live without the formation of centers?" asked Rao.

"If I start from the center, to investigate, where is the center from which to start? There is no center, but only the field. Except for the periphery there is no center. The fences to the field create the center. I only know the center because of the fence, the periphery. The fences are the points of attention, the limits that create the center. Remove these fences. Where is the center?"

"Can one remove the fences?" I queried.

"If you move in the field, in the non-center, there is no memory. See what happens as you move from field towards fence. As you approach the fence, memory begins.

"So far we have been thinking from the periphery to the center. The thinking from this (non-center) must be totally different. I have to get used to the movement from within towards the periphery."

"What happens to the points?" I asked.

"It is like slipping under and through fences. The fences no longer matter. To see the point at the periphery is to see no point at all. What we do, however, is to jump immediately into the periphery, into the habitual. I cannot form a habit of that which has no center.

"To go from the periphery to the center is to stick in the center. When attention becomes identified it becomes the point. Thinking in habit is the movement of the periphery. There is no point from which I can recognize point. To know the center it must be related to point. I can only know it if I approach it from the periphery.

"The more I stay in the field, I see there is no center."

The next morning the discussion continued. We asked Krishnaji, "What is the periphery? How is it formed? How are fences made? Are they different material from the pointless center?"

"Why do you stay at periphery? Why cannot you stay in the field, seeing its flora and fauna, its perfume? Why are you concerned with the fence?" he responded.

"I have been torturing myself to find out. The whole thing seems un-understandable. Achyut told me that I should take it playfully," said Mrs. Frost.

"You are taking time, effort, why?" asked Krishnaji.

"Because my mind is like a stone wall."

"Why? What is wrong? Listen to what is wrong," said Krishnaji.

"My thoughts," Mrs. Frost responded.

"Which means you have a pattern in which you want it explained. Your words are hindering you. The stone wall of ideas, words to which you are accustomed. Why don't you let go?"

"I don't know how," Mrs. Frost protested.

"Why? To you, thinking is important. You are lost when you cannot think along your grooves. Forget all that, play with it. See if we can start, not from the stone wall but from the non-center. What is the difficulty?"

"I am perfectly aware we have not got to that stage." Mrs. Frost was agitated.

"There is no stage. Why do you hold on to the periphery and then want to go to the center? Wipe out the state. It is too full at the periphery. Let it go. Begin as if you were entering a new room. You see periphery and want to proceed to create center. You call it God and approach it. But there is no center without periphery. You cannot think apart from the thinking habit. You can never think anew. Difficulty lies not in the field, but with the periphery. It is the simple mind that sees this."

"From the periphery it is like seeing through a telescope. Being in the field is fluidity," commented Nandini.

"What is the point? Identified attention? What is the fence? What is the fence when you approach it from the pointless point? It is stoppage of movement. If there is the flowing field, is not the field of the same quality as movement arrested, as the fence? The stoppages of movement are points along the fence. I am still inside the field.

"Yesterday after the discussion I slept. As I was beginning to wake up, there was a coming from afar to a point of elaborate design. I lay watching design—it took me a long time to watch it. Then it disappeared and I came to. Movement when arrested forms design, becomes point from which I act. Sorrow is the result of stoppage of movement and the movement away from it. If I see that the point is of the same substance as the field, there is no struggle. If there is a living in the pointless center, the stoppage is the point. It is in fighting point with point that we strengthen it," said Krishnaji.

"What creates point? Is it that the same fluid crystalizes?" I asked.

"Is it subject to pressure—to a counterforce?" asked Rao.

"Is not your flow and my flow the same?" said Krishnaji.

Friedman asked, "Why does the impediment arise? Is it unreal, false?"

"Why does it happen? Twenty things are happening around me. Sometimes there is extensive seeing; sometimes it is limited," said Rao.

"No center meets impediment, nervous responses of the body. Why not? These may be just body reactions. You ask me a question and I answer you according to my conditioning—which arrests the flow. This conditioning is the result of the environment acting on the body and its responses. If the flow is arrested—I accept arrestation—life is like that," said Krishnaji.

"What is arrestation?" asked Rao.

"It is attention focusing. The river suddenly comes between two banks and the flow narrows down.

"The field has no point, no limit; it is vast and limitless. Focused attention is the narrowing down. Why do we stay there at the point? That is the question. The moment you ask me something, a point must form. But why do we allow it to crystalize?" He was silent and then spoke slowly, telling us to contact his mind.

"The vast field has no positive state. In solidity there is the positive. The non-center state is negation. This negation is challenged and there is positive action. This positive state creates its opposite."

"Has the positive state its own momentum?" asked Rao.

"The real solution lies in a field of negation. If we move away from this field we are lost. If we enter the point to examine it, we are lost. Look at it from the field of negation. Why does crystalization take place?" He paused, questioning himself. "Is this a wrong question? Crystalization is inevitable, a fact. My difficulty is, why does the mind stay in crystalization? When I see the negative approach I am free of crystalization, free of the point. I accept friction as inevitable and move on."

"Is it because we see our flow as separate that the trouble starts?" Rao asked.

"If negation was there it would have an answer. My problem is, why don't I stay in a state of negation? The danger is I am constantly weighing this with that. The fools enter the kingdom, not the cautious." said Krishnaji.

Krishnaji said, "What is the energy of the field? What place has energy in this we call consciousness? We know the activity of narrowing down. We know fear, want, sublimation, we know the various reasons and causes for identification.

"What is this energy? Obviously this energy has no enclosed space, no fence, no opposites. The field is energy."

"When we attempt to examine this energy the examiner becomes the point," said Rao.

"What is silence? Let us approach this energy differently. What is silence? Are you being silent? How do you find out what silence is? Are you being noisy? How do you know you are silent?"

"Silence is the pointless flow of the field," said Rao.

"Don't define it. Do I see silence? Do I experience it? Can I say as an observer, 'This is silence'?" asked Krishnaji.

"There is silence when I am not focused," said Rao.

"What do you mean by focused? Don't verbalize it. Just see what silence is and how you see it, how you experience it." Krishnaji was holding Rao's hand, moving with him into the pathless field.

"What is silence? How do you experience it? Don't do anything, just listen. Are you experiencing it or is there a state of silence which you are trying to describe?" He paused. "You see the difference? *See* what silence is."

"I am saying it is not a state to be got, so leave getting," said Achyut.

"You first make a picture, then fit things to the picture. Find out what silence is." Krishnaji was pushing.

"I can recollect times when there has been a state of silence," said Mrs. Frost.

"That is not silence. What is silence? I was asked what is energy, and I said there is a different approach to the problem. I say let us go into silence. That is the challenge. Now, what is silence? Do I have an image of it, or do I see it is there and because you ask me, I will communicate it to you?"

"Don't try to see or not see, just let go." Rao had touched the flow for an instant, was one with it.

"Leave your ideas and *see* what silence is." said Krishnaji. "Either I am imagining it or the state is there. I am not experiencing it. With you the mechanism operates immediately. Be simple, leave your mechanism. Why does it operate before silence?"

"The mind is so clever," said Achyut.

"That is no answer. Why does the mechanism come first? The moment I ask what is silence, your mechanism answers. How do you find silence? Surely not through the noise of the mechanism. So what do you do?"

"The fence begins with the mechanism," said Rao.

"Silence is there without end. I want to find out what energy is. It may be possible for it to function endlessly. But idea comes first and covers and frames silence. But silence has no end; things exist in it; they are part of it; they are not contradictory to silence. That child's crying is silence. When noise is within it, it is silence. If silence is extensive, noise is part of silence.

"Anything with its own mechanism contradictory to silence is not in silence. The mechanism as the observer looking at silence is contradictory to silence, is not silence. The idea of silence as exclusive is not silence. Anything separate may have its own energy, but is not part of expansive silence. By its movement separateness can create its own action and energy. The two energies are entirely different. The movement of a separate mechanism experiencing silence and noise in silence are entirely separate.

"Anything in silence that is not contradictory is extensive. Anything contradictory with its own energy is limited, and when the limited tries to find the extensive, there is no silence.

"I can live in silence and whatever I do is not contradictory, so long as I live in silence and do not resist it. Then everything is in it except resistance. It is resistance that creates its own whirlpool, like fire the flames leap to the skies."

"Is this silence the source of energy, without limit?" asked Rao.

"The moment it has limit, there is resistance," said Krishnaji.

"What is this state?" asked Rao.

"What is operating? In that state I smell these jasmines. I hear, I see. What is not in it? The exclusive, the contradiction, the idea which is always exclusive. Any form of resistance destroys this state.

"To me in silence, a cry is not exclusive, but the cry of the baby as an exclusive act is apart from the state of silence. Silence has no limit. When there is resistance there is exclusion; noise becomes exclusive, when the sensation forms a point which acts as a disturbance, it becomes a separate noise when you focus attention on it."

"This happens the moment a system of values begin to operate," said Friedman.

"The moment mind as idea operates it is contradiction. But this state needs extraordinary intelligence and integrity. Since this thing is limitless, it must be energy. Here it is limitless because there is no causation. The mind creates energy that has a cause and so an end. But silence is not of the mind, and so that energy has no limit." K stopped. Seeing our faces, he said, "Don't translate this to suit your mind. The mind cannot understand what is not of itself. But this is limitless. In this state everything is, but the things of the mind. In this state every noise is, and that is not noise. Then contradiction arises and mind arises and creates an exclusive pattern with its own energy."

Maurice Friedman said that he was experiencing a complete satiety. He felt that he was listening to Krishnaji through a mind that already knew what Krishnaji was going to say. He felt no newness. He felt he could not take it any more.

Rao Sahib said that though he did not feel satiated yet, he felt that he wanted to go away from Krishnaji. He felt that this sitting around was all wrong.

Nandini said she too felt the same. If she had understood Krishnaji, something must happen. She was waiting for it to happen and nothing was happening.

Achyut said he felt like Rao, and I said I felt dead, a complete sense of not functioning.

Krishnaji said, "It boils down to one thing. You are all waiting for something to happen. Some have technique but no urge, and they are waiting for the urge to act. Some have the urge but they have no technique, and so they too wait. Some feel dead, and they are waiting to be given life so that they can act.

"Why are you waiting and for what are you waiting? Are you waiting in order to act? You are not sure and you want proof before you act. How can you have proof? You have still not left the field of known action and known result.

"You want to be certain of the new before you act, and how can you be certain? You are not living, you are only waiting; that is not living. Rao has left his political action and is waiting; he is not living.

"So far you have been facing north, and I say to you turn round and face south. You want to face south without leaving the north.

"Why are you waiting? To be sure? Sure of what? That your action will be the new? But you are not living, waiting is death. Live, move, walk.

"I say to you, Rao, 'Look,' you have got it, walk.

"I feel something is happening. If I had a son I would like to share it. When you love you want to share, and I tell you Rao, hold out your hand. If you want it, you shall have it.

"When the little operates in the whole as part of the whole then the little is limitless. When it acts separately, then it is limited. The mind operating as part of the whole is endless."

"What is energy and can it be, so that it is continually free and operating—never limited?" Rao's face was aglow.

"If the mind does not limit it, then it is always limitless. Can action take place from there and not from the mind? What happens then to action? What is your action to the beggar on the street? Can you answer? No. But there will be action that will operate on him. As long as that operates there is no problem."

The next day Krishnaji was again to ask, "What is the problem? Instead of these flowers"—he pointed to a bowl of carnations before him—"put artificial flowers. You know which are real. These flowers have what nothing else has. What is the problem? What is missing between artificial and real?"

"They just are," said Rao.

"No, what is the central problem?"

"We refuse to see ourselves; becoming in our every breath," Achyut responded.

"I know all that, but what is missing? Take Rao, he is serious. He has the capacity to learn, to assimilate, he is capable of sacrifice. He has the faculty to gather facts, and he says, 'What am I to do? I am not the real flower.' Why has he become the artificial flower?"

"Why have I no song?" Rao spoke.

"Yes, why is there no flame? What is missing? We have no love, without it, do what you will, artificial will never make me real. We have cultivated intellect, which is the artificial flower. We have dug the real out from its roots. Now how is one to have love?

"Why haven't we got love? This demands extraordinary intelligence. Because I haven't got love I create temples and institutions." He pointed to the flowers before him. "That flower just opened; did you see it?"

Rao continued, "Love is missing and I keep on saying, I want a breath of it. I have not got love and I have spent my energy in making artificial flowers. What am I to do? Unless I have it, nothing else has meaning. Why don't I love?

"I know I exist on an artificial level. My brain can discuss anything, and yet I see I must have the other. How am I to get it?" asked Rao.

"What is the state of your mind when you say you see the artificial and are shocked? What is the state when you demand the other? There must be a way of unlocking the door. And there must be a way of receiving it. How? That is the real miracle. It cannot be put there. It must be something that cannot be undone. It is not a thing that continues. I cannot be concerned with it. I cannot create it.

"I can only act from the center, which is open to both cessation and the coming to be.

"I cannot try to hold it. The moment I say I must have an experience of it, it must always be there, I shut it out.

"I see falseness of the artificial, but I haven't got the real. What is happening to you when you see this? The moment I stop playing with the artificial, all efforts, all explanations have ended," said Krishnaji.

"All wanting, all yearning to do has ended. I feel relaxed, playful. I am not trying to catch up," said Rao.

"It means what, Sir? From what point of view are you seeing it? Is it free of reasoning?"

"To function without it is the only sin," said Friedman.

"So you are not going to play with the artificial. You may play with it, but you are out of it," said Krishnaji.

"We think that the first sign of sensitivity is to think, to reason. But to think is not have it. I act," said Rao. "My being feels conscious only when it is processed through thinking. This sucks away my vitality. I see this now very clearly."

Krishnaji said, "Can you be uncertain, hesitate between artificial flower and real? You will examine everything very carefully, you will be wary. It is only when you are not clear, that you will stumble.

"We began by saying we are dry. We carry with us a basket of the artificial. We have given the basket wrong values. You see this and put it aside. You are free of the basket, which is the artificial. What is your actual state?"

"All the inward wrinkles go. Inside one, the sense of getting at something goes. I am not dry," said Rao.

"You are not dry, which means you have a song. I want to know the state of inwardness, of being free."

"After three hours I see that it is the artificiality which is responsible for there being no warmth. In dropping artificiality, the scorching dryness has gone," Rao answered.

"It is difficult to communicate the quality that comes into being when in dialogue," I said. "There is an instant of understanding, of totally being one, a state where thought has ended and silence alone is awake."

Rao began, "Silence is not my normal consciousness, moments of silence are rare. A life based on action, response has not ended for me. I come on action which at the time I think is not a reaction. What is the difference between this action and action as challenge?"

Krishnaji answered, "The only test is whether it produces further reaction, whether there is continuity to it. If you are happy you would do the right thing. Action out of happiness is one thing. Action in a state of freedom from unhappiness has its own reaction; this is not the state of happiness. We don't know happiness which is not a reaction. We know happiness of reaction."

"I am unhappy and, having momentarily seen a state of being not unhappy, I am more unhappy. I want a mode of living which will free me," said Rao.

"Though I live in this world I want to live without unhappiness with its reactions. How am I to do it? I am not outside this pattern. I see it in all complexity. I live in that field. My problem is, I want to live in it completely anew, because I see the futility of pattern and its enlargement. I can't escape from it or run away from it. What am I to do in the pattern?" asked Krishnaji.

"The last few days my reflex actions are less. The urges and movements have died down. Voltage is so low. I have the feeling of not wanting anything. I want to sit by myself," said Rao.

"It is a feeling of shrinking," I added.

"The trouble is we are taken high and then we drop with a bang." This was Friedman's comment.

"Why do you soar and why do you shrink?" asked Krishnaji.

"Why do I come with a begging bowl? The begging bowl must go," said Rao.

"The begging bowl must go and I must live in the field with happiness. I will come to you, but I don't want to be dependent. What am I to do?"

"The voltage of life is so low, there is no joy," said Rao.

"Do you actually feel it, like a bucket that cannot hold water, which means you have no love? Why is it you haven't got it? Is it that emotionally your mind has lost its resilience, that you feel dead?"

"I am not dead. I still feel alive," answered Rao.

"Elasticity is there, but it is not reacting any more," said Krishnaji.

"There is the sense of an ebbing tide," said Rao.

"Is it that we have touched the bottom of things? Have you come to that, that you are nothing?" asked Krishnaji.

"You are saying that if there is no zest, you have reached the depth. The mind is so subtle. It will not see that," said Rao.

"Have you reached the bottom?" Krishnaji was pushing.

"In the darkness, I see a small ray of light, but it is still too dim to use," said Rao, hesitantly.

"Go with it," said Krishnaji.

"One is too aware to be anything of the old, but still one is not the new. Synthetic sensations have ceased, but happiness is not there."

"What are you to do? Let lie. It is like a field that has been sown and harvested, let it lie fallow now.

"I feel that there should be an explosion from within and not from outside. How am I to do it? I feel there is a clue to that mystery. If we can find it, we can pick it up. The last ten days something is happening to me, an extraordinary thing going on within me. I don't know where it is going. It is like a river moving. It is doing something physically. I haven't thought about it, and I ask why doesn't it happen in someone else? I have a feeling it is waiting. When I awoke something was happening. Why doesn't it happen to others? It is not a question of being clever or stupid. I know all the reasons that prevent you. But I say it is like going through something together. We have gone through this together. We can't do more. Now stretch out your hand and receive the certificate. It is really the same thing deeper down."

He turned to Nandini, "And I want to know why you don't pick it up. I say to you, bend down and pick it up.

"You know about the baby they have been bringing to me. The doctor had said its brain had not formed. It could not see, could not smile, could not recognize, and I have been touching it. Something is functioning very strongly in me.

"I feel a burning in my hand and the baby has begun to smile, to recognize people. You can do it. All you have to do is to pick it up. The thing that is operating in me will work with you as well, pick it up.

"It is no use saying you don't know how. I say to you, pick it up."

The dialogues ended, and Krishnaji prepared to return to Ojai. On March 10, at one of his last morning discussions, he spoke with great urgency of the need to penetrate the mechanics of his mind.

"I was thinking this morning if I could understand my own mind and the way it works, I could say to you, look carefully and you can have it.

"How does my mind work? Yesterday, when I spoke of meditation, was my brain working? If not, then what was working? My answers were logical. How did they arise? What happened? I said that the thought and the thinker were one. What was the mechanism that produced that thought? One can speculate and say it was the higher mind that was using me, Maitreya, that I am a sounding board; that would be a good Theosophical explanation. But that does not satisfy me.

"If I could show it to Achyut very clearly, he could have it. What is the thing operating? Yesterday, the moment Rao said 'point,' I said 'choice.' And who chooses? There is no step-by-step thinking, so what is operating?"

"This time I think I understand what Krishnaji is saying," said Rao. "Krishnaji is aware when people who listen to him are with him. But this would be the experience of any genuine person—with Krishnaji it is something more."

"To know an audience and to change, adjust, that is simple. Let us go a little beyond," said Krishnaji.

"What is the intellect that needs no books, no knowledge?" asked Rao.

"You are always new. There must be a creative source operating all the time. What is the nature of this source?" asked Friedman.

"You are in front of the wave, in front of consciousness. Are you conscious of that creative source?" said Rao.

"You are a trinity. There is Krishnamurti the man, just as he is; then he is the guru, pinching, coercing; then he is truth, the power 'which is.' They are not separate, but three aspects of the same truth. The question is, who is Krishnamurti?" asked Friedman.

"How would I set about getting this thing that is operating?" said Krishnaji.

Rao responded, "From the first day when you spoke of the movement, from pointless point, one saw that this state to you was a moment-to-moment reality. If one can remain there then conflict ends. If I see that, the quality of speaking is different."

"How does a man transmit the creative touch to another?" asked Krishnaji.

"This cannot be done except through identification," said Friedman.

"No, there is something operating through K which I would like to share. I know it is possible. I feel it is as possible as the sunshine," said Krishnaji.

"Are you drawing a current from a source not limited to you? If so, how can we tap the source?" Friedman was challenging Krishnaji.

"I feel from the beginning it was open to me. It has always been there. The distance getting clearer, clearer, closer—Why doesn't X get this? Would you have it if you kept near K all the time? I don't think so. I want to see how it works. I know how it works with me. This morning I woke with a feeling. There was no 'me' feeling. Tomorrow morning when I wake up there will be something new. It keeps going on all the time. When I talk it bursts out. There is never a storing up and then pouring out. With most people the storage is always the old. Here there is no storage, no safe. K wants you to have it. How is it to be done? Even if it is true that K was trained, that he is being used by Maitreya, that entity says to you, 'You should have it.' Admitting all the differences, that entity says, 'Come, you can have it.' He wants you to have it, therefore he abolishes all divisions. I feel that it is operating, I feel the field is open and some are in it.

"What is our problem? I have it, you don't, and I say you can have it. But if you ask, 'Have I got it? And what is the test? And is there a test? How can I know that I have it?'—then you are lost. For there is no test. You ask, 'Is this enough?' It is this asking for more that is the blockage.

"I say to Rao, 'Go out, try it.' I remember my first speech at Madurai. Dr. Besant said to me, 'My dear, your stance was alright, your gestures right, only you were too inexperienced. I know it is possible for you to have it. Go, start, speak, see what happens. Even if you make a mess, remain hesitant. With this you must be completely uncertain.' I say to you, you have got it. Go, open the door.

"This is so in my relationships. There is never a sense of coming back to a relationship. There are no anchorages, there is always a moving out.

"I have been told what I say today is different to what I said earlier and to what I was; and I will be different again. K is like that. K has no fixed points of return."

I met Krishnaji alone after the dialogues ended. He asked me how I was feeling. What had the five weeks of discussion done for me? I replied that I had been left with little self-volition. I was feeling very young within. It was like being reincarnated while still alive. I felt part of something that had to be. Things would happen to me, as was right and as they were meant to; there was little I could do.

I also told him of what had happened to me toward the end of the discussions on consciousness. The dialogue had generated an intense watching of the mind during the day; when I fell asleep, the observation continued. One night I had an explosive perception of the thinker and thought as one; there was blazing light and I fell into deep sleep. The second night the same watchful intensity and the perception of the observer and the observed as one, exploding light and deep sleep. The third night there was an instant when all thought was quenched, an immense light and then dreamless sleep. He heard me speak, but refused to give the experiences any importance. He said, "It is over, move." He then asked me what I was going to do. I said, "I do not know. I feel the urge to write. I also feel like doing nothing." He said, "Do nothing, see what happens."

Part 3

THE UNFOLDING OF THE TEACHING 1950–1959

CHAPTER 16

"Religion Comes When the Mind Has Understood the Workings of Itself."

On September 11, 1950, Krishnaji wrote to me from Ojai: "I have been here a good three weeks and need a long rest, as I have been talking for three years steadily. Also I have decided to go into complete retreat for a whole year without any interviews, public or private discussions or public talks. It will be more or less a silent year. So, I shall not be coming to India this winter."

His retreat was total. There were no meetings, no interviews. It was from Rajagopal that we heard Krishnaji was observing complete silence. From August 1950 to December 1951 Krishnaji's contact with India ended. Questioned later on what he did during this period, Krishnaji grew vague. The body was tired, he was inwardly drained, possibly some impurities, however subtle, still tinged the crystal clarity of his consciousness. And so, in keeping with the mystic tradition, he withdrew into himself.

In early spring of 1950 news of the dismissal of the case concerning Nandini's plaint for separation and custody of the children had exploded in the press in India. Even *Time* magazine in the United States carried a paragraph with the headline, "Revolt of the Doormat." It referred to Krishnaji as the Messiah and quoted Krishnaji's talks, in which he spoke with passion of the position of Indian women, that they were treated as doormats. It also linked Krishnamurti's name with Nandini's demand for separation from her husband. Rajagopal telegraphed to me to enquire whether this news that had appeared in *Time* was accurate. We replied, giving details and expressing our grave concern that Krishnamurti's name had been mentioned. On his return to Ojai later in 1950, Krishnaji faced a storm. Rosalind and Rajagopal questioned him on what had happened in India. Letters from Rajagopal's friends in India had spoken of Krishnaji's "new friends." Rosalind and Rajagopal were anxious and insisted on knowing more about these people. Krishnaji remained vague.

Rosalind and Rajagopal were united in their concern for the new Krishnamurti that was emerging. Aware of his sensitive, shy nature and the passivity of his personality, Rajagopal and Rosalind soon sensed the change in him. Krishnaji grew increasingly passive and silent, and withdrew within himself.

It was becoming evident to them, however, that the long spell in India, the people he had met, the freedom that had broken all the restrictions placed on him, had introduced entirely new elements in Krishnaji's attitude to people and situations. For the first time he had friends in India who were unrelated to his old connections. These people, who made no demands on him, sensed the vastness of the sacred manifest through him. They saw him with fresh, unburdened eyes, and brought to him a relationship of deep veneration, affection, and friendship.

Krishnaji returned to India in the winter of 1951, after an absence of nearly eighteen months. Rajagopal accompanied him. The many friends Krishnaji had made in the previous years thronged to meet him in Bombay. Krishnaji entered the room, greeted us solemnly, took our hands, but did not speak a word. He was still maintaining absolute silence. Rajagopal looked uneasy. We were meeting him for the first time, and we were wary of each other.

Krishnaji did not break his silence in Bombay, but went on to Madras, where he was to give twelve talks between January 5 and February 12. Nandini and I went to Madras and stayed in Vasant Vihar. We were living in a space that had been created by using cupboards to partition the veranda; we shared a bathroom with Madhavachari and ate our meals separately from Krishnaji, who ate in his room alone.

Rajagopal was very much in control. His relationship with Madhavachari was also slowly growing clear. Rajagopal treated him in a friendly manner, but did not reveal to Madhavachari what he had in his mind. Madhavachari was respectful, addressed him as Mr. Rajagopal, took his instructions, and carried out his wishes. Rajagopal was staying in the Leadbeater Chambers in the Theosophical Society, as the upper floor of Vasant Vihar had been rented and there was no other room suitable.

Krishnaji grew vague when questioned on the reason for his silent year, but spoke to Nandini and me of Rajagopal. He tried to make us understand how much Rajagopal had sacrificed for him. Krishnaji was apologetic, anxious that we become friends with Rajagopal; soon after dinner one evening a meeting was arranged, and we went to the Leadbeater Chambers to meet him.

Rajagopal was courteous; but his eyes, sunk in deep hollows in his somber, shadowed face, bore into us, trying to read nuances of meaning into every word we spoke. He was suspicious and inquisitive, and one needed an awake and alert mind to answer his seemingly innocuous questions. He seemed to be trying to catch us unawares. He hinted that Krishnaji could not be counted on as he was constantly changing his mind. Rajagopal had heard from Velu, a servant who had looked after Krishnaji in Sedgemoor, what had happened at Ootacamund. So Rajagopal grilled us for over four hours, wanting to know every detail of what had taken place. It was a trying experience and we were both worn out by the end of it.

Later we were to discover another side of Rajagopal. He appeared deeply attracted to us. He was warm and affectionate and we became friends. Years later he was to say to Nandini that it was such a pity that they were to meet under Krishnaji's shadow. He had an extremely intelligent and incisive South Indian mind. Sensitive to disorder and dirt of any kind, immaculately dressed in a starched white *kurta* and pyjama, he spoke and moved with elegant precision.

Krishnaji and Rajagopal were to leave for Europe and the United States by the spring of 1952.

By July 1952 Nandini's body, which had born the strain of five years of humiliation and the anguish of separation from her children, broke down. She was under pressure from many fronts: her ex-husband's arbitrary attitude toward when Nandini could see her children; the disapproving attitude of the elders around Krishnaji. She fell mortally ill with a fast-growing cancer of the cervix and had to be flown to England for an urgent operation.

I sent a telegram to Krishnaji giving him the news. There was no reply. It was as if he had vanished, and all relationship with us at the outer level had ended. However, his silent presence could be felt all through the period of our troubles, and with it came great strength and the capacity to face calamity.

Nandini was told in London of the devastating cancer that was destroying her body. Faced with the imminence of death, she received the news with deep silence. She told me that her brain became for some moments totally still and free of all thought or feeling. Right through the period of waiting for the operation in the hotel room, where she was to suffer a severe hemorrhage, there were few thoughts—no fear, no anxiety, no concern for tomorrow. On the eve of her operation she spoke by telephone to her children in Bombay with tenderness and concern for their well-being.

Later, she was to tell me that as she went under anesthesia she heard the sound of resounding laughter, which continued all through the operation. There was no blocking out of consciousness. She knew what was happening. She found herself walking in green fields, soft breezes played on her, and the sound of birdsong filled her ears. She felt a protective presence that surrounded her and held her. The protection was not to keep her alive, but to be with her in death or life. The protection, the presence, was in the surgeon's knife.

I was with her the next day, when she was told that the surgeon who had operated on her had suffered a stroke and was incapacitated. For two days she was without medical attention. After the operation, wherever she turned her face, the protection was there—to the left of her, to the right, above and below, she felt the touch of it. A few days after the operation she sat up in bed, cross-legged, and the breath of silence entered her. One day the young assistant doctor entered the room unexpectedly. Seeing her, he asked, "Are you a yogi?"

Like an underground spring of clear running water, unseen yet potent with life, Nandini's years have passed. Living with our mother in the 1950s, she chanced upon two tiny orphan girls of the neighborhood. Destitute, they lived with a distant aunt, but spent their life on the street. Deprived of her own children, Nandini had taken the girls in and started a tiny play school for them and for the other poor children of the neighborhood. Later, the school shifted to two nearby garages. Children of the surrounding areas soon started pouring in—today there are 150 children. Teachers and helpers have also come forward. The school, Bal Anand, provides to the child who wanders the street a creative space in an otherwise dreary landscape of concrete. Living alone for many years, Nandini has been the silent, nodal point of the school. The children sit round her and talk, laugh, and play. They are offered music, dancing, weaving, painting, language, dramatics, science, and a little arithmetic. After twenty-five years Bal Anand has become a part of the Krishnamurti Foundation, India, and

Nandini has become a member of the foundation. As her own children have come of age, they have returned to her, overflowing with love and protection.

Nandini remained a close friend of Krishnaji's, traveling with him to some of the centers when he was in India, and maintaining her contact through letters when he was away. Her hair is gray. She remains fragile, beautiful, anonymous.

As part of his Indian program it was decided that Krishnaji and Rajagopal would participate in a discussion group in Poona in the winter of 1952. Rao Sahib Patwardhan had arranged for a meeting of his friends at Vithal Wadi, where Achyut was living in a tiny cottage amongst forested hills, after his final break with the Socialist Party in 1950.

The people who gathered at Vithal Wadi for the discussions came from varied backgrounds. Professor Dhopeshwarkar taught philosophy at the University of Poona. S. M. Joshi was an austere, upright Chitpavan Brahmin, a Socialist and an active member of the Sarva Seva Sangh. He and Rao Sahib Patwardhan were close friends and had participated in many of the work camps with voluntary Sarva Seva Sangh workers. Mangesh Padgounkar, a poet, was one of the participants, along with Durga Bhagwat. Durga Bhagwat, a writer and anthropologist who had worked with Verrier Elwin in Madhya Pradesh, was a short lean woman with a tight bony face. Tough both physically and mentally, she had never married, had enormous energy, and felt strongly about problems of poverty in India. She was devoted to Rao Sahib. Madhavachari had come from Madras for the discussions, along with Padmabai and Sanjeeva Rao. Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu came from Varanasi and L. V. Bhave from Thana. I was the only other woman present.

Rao Patwardhan approved of me, and over two years he had become a close friend. His austere nature had responded personably and at depth to my totally alien background and attitudes. We discussed beauty, art, the Western mind, and the Indian creative matrix. For the first time I had established close contact with a traditional Brahminic intellect, a way of life that had no relevance to my early years as the daughter of a civil servant or to the life I led in the social milieu of Bombay.

Sunanda, who by then had married Pama, one of Rao Sahib's and Achyut's younger brothers, was not invited to attend the seminar. Nor was Nandini. Her astounding beauty, simplicity, and childlike quality combined with the fact that she had been married into a family of great wealth, made it difficult for Rao to accept the fact that she was serious. Sunanda had been asked by Rao to look after the arrangements for Krishnaji's food and other needs. Life was spartan, the rooms tiny; there were few amenities.

Krishnaji, sensing Sunanda's hurt at being left out of the group discussions, was most affectionate. He talked to her at length and walked with her in the woods. His attitude to her was of a much-loved daughter.

The discussions continued for over a week. Every morning and evening we gathered at Vithal Wadi. Krishnaji was dealing with tough minds entrenched and rooted in Marxian tenets of social service. The discussion kept impinging on poverty and the need for social action. This was understandable in a country of such immense poverty. But the minds that had gathered were intelligent enough to realize that at some point their approach was thwarted by their own inner conflicts, urges, and inadequacies. Slowly, with infinite patience, Krishnaji probed into the nature of mind, social action, thought and the thinker, and silence. He told the Socialists that the problem of food, shelter, and clothing could never be solved at an ideological level. It could only end when needs were not used for psychological purposes, but were dealt with on their own level. Though the hard-headed Socialists remained tethered to their perches, they were no longer secure in their positions.

At the end of the week we went our own ways. Of the group that had gathered, all drifted away except for the Patwardhans, Friedman, me, and the old friends of Krishnaji who had been with him from the Theosophical days. That the discussions had an impact on the tough minds of the Socialists and academics was evident. Professor Dhopeshwarkar wrote several books on Krishnaji's teachings. Many years later, S. M. Joshi was to say to me that Socialists in India since 1934 were dominated by Western thought and its dialectics. Marx became the central point from which all Socialist thought radiated. They could not see that when applied to Indian conditions, the Marxist position lacked a critical base. Western Marxism had no place for humanism. S. M. Joshi said his concern with socialism had always been with whether man could grow to his full stature. Therefore a moral element was integral to the Socialist stance. In 1948 the Socialists were profoundly perplexed and in a dilemma. They saw that ends justified means in Marxist thought. This was never quite acceptable to S. M. Joshi. While in jail, between 1944 and 1945, for a moment he had felt that perhaps ends did justify means; but this did not satisfy him and he was very confused. The discussions with Krishnaji had a liberating influence on him. He said they had "helped to clarify my attitude to injustice—helped me to face confusion and come through with clarity."[1]

While I was in Poona to attend the discussions at Vithal Wadi, I found myself watching with ruthless attention. I watched the movement of thought and feeling as they arose within me. I also watched what was outside me—people's faces, a leaf, a stone. While on a walk alone in the woods around Vithal Wadi, I suddenly found myself running. It was a still evening. The cry of one bird superimposed itself on other bird cries; the murmur of mosquitoes and chirping of crickets, a distant voice, the sound of my heartbeats poured piercingly into me, while sharp scent of neem, tulsi, and a multitude of jasmine swept through me like a strong wind. I was afloat in a sea of exploding color. The living green of peepul leaf, fresh fig green, new pink green of the mango shoot, the pale dawn green of a cactus bud, became one with sound; filling my nostrils, my ears, my eyes, my mouth. I found I was standing before a cactus bush weeping, unable to bear or contain the potency of that spring evening. The abundance of beauty, heavy like honey, lay in my eyes and ears for days. In seeing, beauty awakened; what was seen was unimportant. The intensity diminished as day followed day, but beauty taking over the sensory doorways, had generated a perception that seldom abandoned my eyes.

From Vithal Wadi in Poona, Krishnaji and Rajagopal went to Rishi Valley. The school had reopened with Pearce, the old Theosophist and educator, as principal. He had gathered a group of earnest young teachers around him. Rishi Valley was situated in the famine belt of Rayalseema in Andhra Pradesh. The land was barren. Miss Payne had dug wells, but trees had still to be planted—the thousands of trees that in years were to make this valley an oasis out of barren land. The surrounding hills were formed of rocks and boulders of immense size. Torn and gnarled by wind and time, they had assumed sculptural form; the huge boulders were balanced precariously on rocks, amongst the oldest in the world. The colors of sunsets and sunrises over the valley were palettes of saffron and amethyst; the air was clear and free of dust. In spite of the poverty of soil and sparse population, the area stretching from Anantpur on one end and Tirupati on the other was dotted with shrines to the *siddhas*.* Madnapalle was twenty kilometers from the site of the school.

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*The *siddhas* or *sittars*, as they were known in South India, included Buddhist alchemists

At the heart of Rishi Valley was a very ancient banyan tree, like a temple; its roots had formed pillars, its branches sheltered monkeys, and cobras dwelt in the hollow at its base. A stage had been built around the tree, where the children danced between the many trunks and hid in the hollows. There were few birds, for the trees that were to attract them were yet to be planted.

Only thirty children attended the school, but the problems of the place had been immense. The teachers held long discussions on the role of authority, freedom, and order. No solution was possible, for the problems were living, moving, in flux; and the observations of the participants had to move, query, observe—with the same swiftness as the problem and its many nuances. Meanwhile, reports had reached Krishnaji of the conflicts that were arising in Rajghat, and he sent a telegram to Achyut at Vithal Wadi, asking him to come to Rishi Valley to see him.

Achyut swiftly responded to Krishnaji's telegram and arrived in Rishi Valley. Taking him aside, Krishnaji suggested to Achyut that he work at Rajghat in Varanasi. The land across the river Varuna was lying unused. Acquired to start some projects on agricultural research, the absence of workers had led to the lands remaining barren. Sanjeeva Rao and Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, both close associates of Dr. Besant, who had left the Theosophical Society along with Krishnaji, had dominated the Rishi Valley Trust since its inception. They were growing old and a new initiative was needed. Krishnaji told Achyut that he would have to do a great deal of work, institutions would have to be built, the land had to be saved. But that was not and should not be the reason for Achyut to go to Rajghat.

Achyut's mind, Krishnaji said, was choked with the syndrome of social work. It was in his blood.

"Get it out of your blood. The deep movement of change has to be at the center. Unless the center changes, all social work is useless. Never lose sight of this, while you are at Rajghat. Don't let work overwhelm you and shadow your primary function, which is to change totally at the center. A watchfulness of mind has to be there."

Achyut agreed to go. The words of Krishnaji had soaked in. He saw the immensity of Krishnaji as a teacher; but to Achyut, with his Socialist background, Krishnaji's teaching could not be for the few. He felt that Krishnaji's presence had to permeate the soil of Rajghat. It

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and magic makers, awakeners of *kundalini*, with intimate relationship with plants and minerals In the face of invasions they had fled from the Buddhist monasteries of Vikram Sila and Nalanda, seeking refuge in Andhra Pradesh and Tamilnadu was sacred soil—the Buddha had walked there. Krishnaji had stood and watched the sunrise on the curve of the river, the sacred point where the Ganga started its journey northward—back to its source. This sacredness, that which lay behind the word of Krishnaji, the overflowing compassion, had to be communicated nonverbally to the villager, the fisherman, the weaver, the farmer who tilled the sacred Gangetic soil. The politically educated mind of Achyut saw that without this, there could be no stability in Rajghat and no work with the teaching was possible. Achyut's background and political life were legendary. Prepared to use violence to gain freedom, he had gone through all the inner and outer actions of the revolutionary. His name was resonant with the passion and fire of the freedom struggle. And now the *vira*, the warrior, had in spirit donned the saffron robe—a reversal of roles which intrigued Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, and many of his Socialist comrades. There could be no finer material than Achyut to work in the villages of India.

Achyut went to Rajghat. From the first moment, he was totally dissatisfied with the mediocre school for middle-class children run by the Trust; and so he decided to work towards establishing a rural hospital to cater to the needs of the villages of the surrounding area. This was Achyut's first social response to the building of a religious center. He told me that "it was a gesture of friendship unconditionally available to the poor and the needy." Later, Dr. Kalle, an F.R.C.S.* and a deeply compassionate human being, joined Achyut to work in the hospital.

Achyut, like all Indians, had an intense love of the earth. It was for him the mother. So Achyut's mind now turned to the land. The Gangetic soil was rich, the crops poor. Ravines and the absence of any care for the land was impoverishing the rich earth. It had been neglected and plundered. He formulated plans for starting the agricultural school for the sons of farmers—Sir V. T. Krishnamachari, vice-chairman of the planning commission, was most receptive to Achyut's approach. Soon the agricultural school across the river Varuna came into being, the land was contoured, wells sunk. Achyut lived there in a tiny cottage, without electricity and with primitive sanitation. His main companion was Dr. Kalle, who lived in a cottage across the road from Achyut. It was Dr. Kalle, with the support of Achyut, who was to establish the medical center and hospital for the poor who lived in the villages around Rajghat.

To Achyut starting the agricultural school was a symbolic act, bearing witness that the land, the sacred ancient land, the river, the cycle of the seasons, were alive, sanctity was reviving itself. Kasi, the most ancient and most sacred of the cities of India, was the soil in which the seed of renewal lay dormant. It had awaited the arrival of the Teacher for centuries. Krishnamurti's voice was heard again, and the dormant seed responded.

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*Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, a prestigious British degree

About this time Dr. Ram Dhar Misra, a mathematician who had been head of the department of mathematics in Lucknow University, was to join Achyut in his work. Ram Dhar Misra was a bachelor, and had decided to give up his profession to become a Buddhist monk. He had met Achyut, heard of the teachings of Krishnamurti, gave up his decision to take the robe, and came to Rajghat. He shared the small house with Achyut. And when Dr. Kalle started the hospital, Dr. Misra worked as his assistant, cleaning wounds, bandaging patients. No work was too menial; his role was to enable the rural hospital to function in every way. Austere, erudite in mathematics and in the sacred texts of India, he had a close affinity with growing things—trees, shrubs, or flowering grass. He was very fastidious about food and often invited his friends to a Varanasi breakfast of *jalebis* (luscious syrup-filled sweets), *kachoris* (wheat cakes stuffed with savory vegetables), and delicious fresh peas, which he cooked with delicacy.

It was about this time that Vinoba Bhave, one of Gandhiji's most trusted lieutenants, had started his Bhoodan movement. He had begun the *pada yatras,* a pilgrimage, walking on foot from village to village, asking landowners for gifts of land for the poor and the landless. The movement was in harmony with India's ethos, where quixotic behavior, sainthood, sacrifice, and gestures of righteousness were inextricably woven on the loom of tradition and social action.

Vast numbers of young people, shattered by Gandhiji's assassination and not knowing where to turn, followed Vinoba Bhave. "*Sarva bhoomi gopal ki,* all land belongs to God," sang his disciples. Vinobaji, the gaunt, bony, bearded ascetic, walked along the dust-filled paths of village India, eating frugally, demanding nothing for himself. Only in India was it possible to look as one pleased, without self-consciousness. In fact, eccentricity was considered integral to sainthood. For a time the Bhoodan movement exploded in India. Ripples were felt everywhere. Chief ministers and intellectuals, the poor and the affluent, walked on foot long distances, with the saint of Paunar, a village in Maharashtra where Vinobaji had his *ashram.* Rao Sahib and Achyut Patwardhan were deeply moved by the Bhoodan movement. They felt that Vinoba was introducing a new revolutionary, nonviolent attitude to poverty. From the earliest times the village of India had given of their bounty, their labor, and their skill to the city dwellers. The process, Achyut felt, had to be reversed.

In a sense Achyut was bridging, through his work at Rajghat, the impact of Krishnaji's teachings with his own conditioned responses to his social background and the immediate impact of Vinoba Bhave.

Krishnaji came with Rajagopal to Bombay in early 1953. They stayed with Ratansi Morarji on Carmichael Road. The affectionate atmosphere of the early days was over. Krishnaji was withdrawn and spent much time in his room, alone. His laughter was seldom heard, but the voice of Rajagopal in irritation and anger was often heard from Krishnaji's room.

Krishnaji was giving a vast number of interviews, meeting *sannyasis*, students, men and women burdened with sorrow and the isolation of old age. He was holding talks in the compound of the J. J. School of Art; small discussion groups had started, but he no longer came and sat in the living room every morning and evening. The chanting in which Krishnaji had participated also ended. Rajagopal appeared to be determining what Krishnaji could or could not do. At the time, Rajagopal was very friendly with Jamnadas Dwarkadas, who, with his ardent love and devotion for Krishnaji, reacted strongly and with anger to Rajagopal's insinuations. Jamnadas never told us what Rajagopal had said, but hinted that he had accused Krishnaji bitterly. Rajagopal was friendly to me, but we had long arguments on publications, organizations, and the like. At times we disagreed with passion. I was not used to secretive attitudes in public institutions. Rajagopal was arrogant and refused to answer questions. He wanted to know everything, but was not prepared to reveal anything. I told him that I could not work with him on these terms.

Krishnaji's public talks, however, bore no trace of the whirlpool that was revolving round Krishnaji at Ratansi's residence.

About this time an incident took place that was to release the arrow of causation which ultimately led to a complete break between Krishnaji and Rajagopal. Badgered by Rajagopal, with scenes taking place every day, Krishnaji was made to say something that affected Krishnaji's personal integrity. Having said it, Krishnaji awoke to its total implications. That is the only time I have seen Krishnaji in deep anguish.

He asked us to take him for a drive to Worli beach. We walked along the seashore; the tide was in and there was a strong wind. In those days the Worli beach was deserted. Krishnaji walked far ahead of us, completely silent, aloof. He stopped and waited for us. Turning to face us, he stood for a while, then crossed his hands across his chest and said, "Mea culpa." He knew that we understood. Then, as if from a long distance, we heard his voice. "The words have been said, the arrow has sped, I can do nothing about it. It will find its mark." He was never to refer to the incident again.

During the days that followed, the small discussions and talks started again. Krishnaji spoke of the necessity to be established in whatever state arose at a given moment—hatred, anger, greed, affection, generosity. "Is it possible," he asked, "to be these states completely without any movement of the mind away from them, without any movement either to change or strengthen them?"

Krishnaji said it was essential to ask fundamental questions; they rarely arose spontaneously. The mind, concerned with the trivial, seldom paused to ask the fundamental question. And when it did, it always had the easy answer arising from what it had already experienced.

"We have been educated to fight strong emotions, the resistance gave them strength and food. Is it possible to question, seek questions, without a movement of the mind? Could one ask the fundamental question and leave it in consciousness—remain with it—not let attention wander away from it? To hold the question or the problem so that it starts unfolding its petals, revealing itself—in the light of attention—so that, fully flowering, there is an ending totally?"

In 1953 Krishnamurti's nephew G. Narain came to see him in Bombay. The son of Krishnaji's eldest brother, Narain had finished his M.A. and qualified to be a lawyer. Krishnaji took Narain to his room. It was evening, and Krishnaji opened the windows so that the setting sun entered the room, lighting up Krishnaji's face. He asked Narain what he was going to do. Narain hesitated, and Krishnaji suggested that he should go to teach at Rishi Valley. Narain said he would think over it. That night, Narain told me that he felt his whole body covered with blue light, cool and beautiful. He struggled and pushed it away, but half an hour later it was there again. Narain felt that this experience had wiped away all his problems. He went to Rishi Valley in June 1953, first as a teacher and later as vice principal.

From Rishi Valley Narain went to Oxford to qualify for his M.A. in education. After a year he rejoined Rishi Valley, but later went abroad.

He taught at one of the Rudolph Steiner schools for several years. Deeply interested in Buddhism, he had contacts with many practicing Buddhists in England. On a request from Krishnaji, he returned to India in 1978 and took charge as principal of the Rishi Valley School.

Krishnaji went to Varanasi with Rajagopal in the late winter of 1953. Kitty and Shiva Rao were away in the United States, and Krishnaji wrote to ask me whether he and Rajagopal could stay in our rooms in the Delhi Gymkhana Club, one of the last remnants of Delhi's colonial past. Krishnaji and Rajagopal stayed there for a night on the way to Rajghat in Varanasi, where Krishnaji was to give fifteen talks to the children of Rajghat School.

The talks were a challenge to Krishnaji. He had to discover words in which he could express himself and be understood by children who spoke English haltingly. Complex problems of authority, fear, sorrow, and death were being communicated. Krishnaji's pauses, the intensity of attention, the inclusive perception, the affection contained in his words, touched the depth of the minds of the youngest child. Krishnaji's voice was gentle, his words hesitant; he smiled with his heart and his eyes and the children listened and were quiet.

Speaking on January 4, 1954, Krishnaji said, "Education is not till you are twenty-one, but till you die. Life is like a river, it is always in movement, never still. It is alive. If one holds to a part of the river and thinks one understands, then it is like holding dead water. For the river goes by and if we cannot flow with it, one is left behind. Can one watch the movements of the river? Can one see things happening on the riverbank, can one understand, be faced with what is life?"

Speaking of fear with utmost simplicity, he opened up its complexities. He went into the fears that crowd a child's mind. He spoke of the nature of fear and punishment, the need for intelligence. Seeing and sensing the conservative families from which the children came, he probed into the words "to conserve," to hold, to guard. He delved into the word "tradition." What was it to be respectable? "If," he said, "you go into it very deeply, you will see that it arises out of fear of making a mistake."

"Why not make a mistake?" he asked. "Why not find out? The old people have not created a beautiful world, they are full of darkness, fear, corruption, compulsion; they have not created a good world. And perhaps if you are free of fear in itself and can face fear in another, the world would be totally different."

"What is sorrow?" asked a child of ten. Krishnaji, with anguish, turned to the teachers and said, "Is it not a terrible thing that a child so young should ask?" Then to the child he spoke of understanding of sorrow, of fear. "You cannot avoid sorrow or run away from it. You have to understand it. And to help you understand is the function of the teacher."

A little girl asked, "What is God?" and Krishnaji said, "In answer to that question, we are talking to the little girl, and also to the old people, the teachers will kindly listen. Have you watched a leaf dancing in the sun, a solitary leaf? Have you watched the moonlight on the water and did you see the other night the red moon? Did you notice the bird flying? Have you deep love for your parents? I am not talking of fear, of anxiety, of obedience, but of the feeling, the great sympathy you have when you see a beggar, or a bird die, or when you see a body burnt on the river bank. Can you see all this and have sympathy and understanding for the rich who go by in big cars, and for the poor beggar as well as for the poor *ekka* horse that is almost a walking skeleton? Can we have the feeling that *this earth is ours—yours and mine* to be made beautiful?

"Then, behind it all there is something much deeper. But to understand that which is deep and beyond the mind, the mind has to be free, quiet. The mind cannot be quiet without understanding the world around you. So you have to begin near, begin with little things, instead of trying to find out what God is."

In one of the talks, he explained the necessity for the child to sit still. "The older people grow, the more nervous, fidgity agitated they become. They cannot sit gently."

He told the child how to prevent the mind from becoming imitative; how the mind creates for itself tradition which is the way of imitation. "Can the mind be free?" he asked. "Not free from experience, but free to experience. Freedom comes when the mind experiences without tradition."

In his last talk to the children, he spoke of religion. "Religion comes when the mind has understood the working of itself. When the mind is quiet, very still—the stillness is not the peace of death; this stillness is very active, very alert, watchful. To find out what God—Truth is, one has to understand sorrow, and the struggle of human existence. To go beyond the mind there must be a cessation of the self, the 'me.' It is only then, that which we all worship, seek, comes into being."

In Varanasi we asked Krishnaji what he would do to create a school that would reflect his teachings. He replied, "First of all there has to be an atmosphere of immensity. The feeling that I am entering a temple. There must be beauty, space, quietness, dignity. There must be a sense of altogetherness in the student and teacher; a state of floration, a sense of flowering, a feeling of extraordinary sacredness. There must be truthfulness, fearlessness. The child must put his hands to the earth, there must be in him a quality of otherness."

"How do you create this concretely?"

"I would go into the way of teaching, the quality of attention," Krishnaji responded. "I would enquire how to teach the child to learn without memory being predominant. I would talk about attention and not concentration. I would go into the way the child sleeps, his food, the games he plays, the furniture in his room; I would see that the child is attentive to the trees, the birds, the spaces which are around him. I would see that he grows in an atmosphere of attention."

CHAPTER 17

"The Mind Seemed to Expand without an End."

In March 1955 it had been decided that before returning to Europe Krishnaji would rest for a month at Ranikhet, a hill station in the Himalayas. During the years of British rule, Ranikhet, in the Kumaun ranges of the Himalayas, had been a cantonment—no civilians had lived there. The houses, like all the homes built by the English in the hill stations of India, were nostalgic copies of English cottages—nestled in gardens, filled with fragrant flowers and towering pines and deodar trees. The sharp scent of resin and smoke permeated the trees. Flower bushes had been planted along the roadside, and in the summer they were ablaze with blossom.

From Ranikhet lay the route to the sacred points of pilgrimage, deep in the Himalayan ranges—to Kedarnath and Badrinath, the Himalayan homes of Shiva and Vishnu; to the sources of the rivers Ganga and the Jamuna; and to Kailash and Manasarovar in Tibet. Kailash, the snowbound mountain home of Shiva after he had been accepted into the Brahminic pantheon, was cone shaped. On one side of the mountain was Manasarovar, the lake with azure waters wherein lived mythical golden swans, the *ham sā*. The sound of the name of the swan was resonant with the silences of the cosmos, and with the inbreathing and outbreathing of *prana* the life force. On the other side of the mountain was Raksasa Tal, a volcanic lake with dark, angry waters. The two lakes symbolized the two aspects of Shiva and of mind—the turbulence and the total stillness.

From Ranikhet one could see on a clear day a vast stretch of snow-tipped Himalayan peaks. They had sacred names—Trisul, Neelkanth, Nandadevi, Nandakhot. Sunrise and sunset, the blazing noonday sun, the full moon at night—all revealed changing light and shadow on their awesome, steadfast faces. They were the eternal seers, the guardians of the land and the source of the life-giving rivers.

Achyut had gone to Ranikhet and found a house, Ardee, for Krishnaji to live in. It was arranged that my husband drive Krishnaji up to Ranikhet from Delhi. Krishnaji had been in Bombay giving talks and discussions, and it was decided that he would leave for the hills on March 18. In Bombay, however, he fell ill with a high fever. Krishnaji was delirious; he could not bear noise and his bed had to be moved to the sitting room. Dr. Nathubhai Patel, an eminent physician, examined Krishnaji and determined that he had gotten worms from eating raw food. K's sensitive body had reacted violently, and the bladder and urinary tract were inflamed. With treatment, however, Krishnaji recovered rapidly. By the third week of March we were in Delhi, and on March 28 we were ready to leave for the mountains.

Kitty Shiva Rao had arranged for one of her servants, Diwan Singh, and Tanappa from Rajghat, to go ahead to Ranikhet and prepare the house for Krishnaji. The journey was a little over two hundred miles. As Krishnaji could not bear heat, we started the journey at 5 A.M.

Krishnaji sat in the front seat with my husband, who was driving, and Madhavachari and I sat at the back. The early morning air was cool, and we covered most of the journey to the foothills before the sun was too hot. Krishnaji had always been a very good driver. His extensive awareness could sense danger seconds before catastrophe struck. But as a back-seat driver he was very disturbing. Throughout the journey he instructed Jayakar to do this and not to do that; warning him of approaching dangers. Several times we suggested that Krishnaji sit with us in back, but he was intent on staying where he was.

Madhavachari and I began to discuss various problems connected with self-knowing. We had been climbing steadily; the view was of waterfalls and steep gorges and hillsides covered with rhododendron. We looked out at the changing vegetation, the rocks and precipices, the rushing streams. We were speaking of awareness, and splitting hairs as to its nature, when suddenly we felt a jolt. We paid no attention and continued our conversation. A few seconds later, Krishnaji turned round and asked us what we were discussing. "Awareness," we said, and immediately started asking him questions about it. He listened, looked at us quizzically, and then asked, "Did you notice what happened just now?"

"No."

"We knocked down a goat, did you not see it?"

"No."

Then with great gravity he said, "And you were discussing awareness." No more words were necessary. It was devastating.

The house in Ranikhet was overgrown with creepers, the garden smothered with weeds, but deodars and pines surrounded the house. The sharp freshness of resin permeated the rooms. It was intensely quiet with the silence that is found in lone houses situated in forests.

My husband and I returned to Delhi after staying overnight. Madhavachari had to go to Madras, and he accompanied us back. Achyut stayed with Krishnaji for a few days.

Krishnaji went for long walks alone. Amongst pine trees and deodar forests he became lost, but instinctively found his way home. The trees against the backdrop of the Himalayan peaks were a delight. He spoke of these peaks stretching from Nepal to the Badrinath caves: "They were sixty miles away from us, with a vast blue valley between them and us stretching for over two hundred miles. They filled the horizon from end to end. The intervening sixty miles seemed to disappear, and there was only that strength and solitude. These peaks, some rising over 25,000 feet, had divine names, for the gods lived there, and men came to them from great distances to worship and to die.

"The mind seemed to cover the vast space and the unending distance, or rather the mind seemed to expand without an end and behind and beyond the mind there was something that held all things in it."

He then questioned his own perceptions. "That which is beyond all consciousness cannot be thought about or experienced by the mind. But what is it then that has perceived and is aware of something totally different from the projections of the mind? Who is it that experiences it? Obviously it is not the mind of everyday memories, responses and urges.

"Is there another mind?" he asks himself. "Is there a part of the mind that is dormant, to be awakened only by that which is alone and beyond all mind? If this is so then within the mind there is always that which is beyond all thought and time. And yet that cannot be, for it is only speculative thought and therefore another invention of the mind.

"Since the immensity is not born of the process of the mind, then what is it that is aware of it? Is the mind as experiencer aware of it, or is it that immensity is aware of itself because there is no experiencer? There was only *that*, and that was aware of itself without measurement. It had no beginning and no word."[1]

In the evening Krishnaji sat before the fire and asked Achyut to teach him some Sanskrit. Achyut began reading the *Mandukya Upanishad* with Krishnaji. The *Upanishad* which unfolds the sound of *Ōm**—the total vowel sound in which there are no consonants—the *Ōm* sound that reverberates in the universe and in the caverns of the heart when all outer sound has ended.

Achyut asked, "What is wrong with the chanting of Ōm if the mind grows still?"

"Is your mind still?"

"For that second when we recited—the 'I' was not," Achyut said.

Krishnaji's response negated all anchors and props. "What you are doing involves time. That has nothing to do with time. Time can never lead to the other."

Achyut returned to the plains after a few days and Krishnaji stayed alone at Ardee. A series of letters to my husband reveals the meticulous care Krishnaji took of his clothes. He always had a passionate feeling for color and texture. Handwoven textiles enchanted him. In India he dressed with elegant simplicity, wearing a long *kurta* reaching below the knees and loose pyjamas. For warmth he wore a jacket or a *choga*. He had several of these beautiful woolens, given to him by Mrs. Besant, made of Kashmir *tus* wool, in warm honey-brown tones.

In 1948 and for some years following, he wore only white. But later his love of the earth colors of the mendicant prevailed. Friends brought him handwoven cottons and the heavy, handspun coarse linen-textured *kurtas* made from the waste that remains after silk has been reeled, in colors ranging from thick cream to burnt umber and the bark-dyed tones worn by Buddhist monks.

Living alone, with a cook to look after his needs, Krishnaji renewed himself. He went for long walks, conversed with the snowy peaks, looked, listened to the world within him and around him. He once told us a story of a large number of monkeys, the black-faced langurs which used to swing on the tree-tops surrounding Ardee. One morning he was writing in his room, the window was open. Suddenly, he had a feeling of eyes watching him intently. He looked up and found a full-grown monkey sitting on the windowsill and looking into the room with intensity. Krishnaji arose and walked towards the monkey. When they were face to face, the monkey put out its hand. Krishnaji took it and the monkey let him hold it. There was complete trust. Krishnaji describes the touch of the palm as strong, infinitely soft, despite callouses which had formed from climbing branches. For a few minutes they remained holding hands, then the langur tried to enter the room. Krishnaji pushed him back, gently but firmly, and closed the window.

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*Also, *Aum*.

CHAPTER 18

"Can There Be Action without Consequence?"

The winter of 1955 saw Krishnaji in Varanasi. He had come there with Rosalind from Sydney. His astonishing, awesome beauty was absent. The face appeared aged, the hair had started to turn grey.

He questioned himself aloud. "What is action without consequence?" For three days he probed into the question, refusing to allow any immediate response, letting the question unfold, letting it release the energy held within it. There was no leaving the question, and during the discussion meetings our minds probed with him. He refused to let us answer from the *Gita* or the sacred books. For him the question had to evoke its own answer. And yet every answer from the past was a consequence, from the present a consequence, and the projected future was also a consequence.

Krishnaji asked, "Can there be action without consequence? Can the past, future, be brought together in the present and extinguished? The past mistake was a consequence, my action on it is a consequence, my refusal to act on it is also a consequence, and yet there has to be action without consequence." He went on searching. He would take up the question, letting every intimation surrounding the question arise, perceiving the response without condemnation or justification and so negating it. All enquiry was tentative, there was a total absence of any assertive statement.

Then suddenly, on the third day, as if there had been revelation, he said, "Can one live without self-concept? Can one live without the reflected self-image? Only in that is there action without consequence."

"What does that imply?" we asked.

"To live without self-concept," he responded, "is to be aware of the constant projection of the self and seeing it to negate it."

Another morning he said, "We die through disease, old age, suicide. The dying is the sinking into the unknown, a sudden cutting away, an oblivion." Then he asked with great gravity, "Living, can one enter the house of death?"

Rosalind was visiting India after many years. She was meeting old friends from the days of her life in the Theosophical Society, and made new friends, among them Malti Nauroji and Kawji Dwarkadas, Jamnadas's brother and an old associate of Mrs. Besant. Kitty Shiva Rao was also in Varanasi, and they spent long days together. Sunanda Patwardhan had been working as Krishnaji's secretary from 1949, while Krishnaji was in India. She traveled with him around the country, taking shorthand notes, typing his letters, attending the talks and discussions. Rosalind liked her and gave her much affection. However, in Rosalind's relationship to Krishnaji, the tensions had accentuated. Like Rajagopal, her voice was often heard remonstrating with Krishnaji. Faced with her anger, Krishnaji was to tell us later, he became totally silent and passive. He listened with precision, deeply and extensively, but refused to react. Her inability to evoke a response from Krishnaji made Rosalind furious. It was a confrontation with no opponent. The other had vanished.

With an unending stream of questions, Rosalind sought to find the "influence" that underlay the seeming change in Krishnaji. For many years Rosalind had taken Krishnaji for granted, and now she found that there was suddenly no Krishnaji to contact or with whom she could establish a relationship.

Obstinately, Rosalind insisted that Krishnaji agree to travel with her to see the Ajanta and Ellora caves. Malti Nauroji and Sunanda accompanied them. It was very hot. The landscape was stark, the Deccan rocks molten in the sun. There was little green to relieve the eye. Krishnaji suffered, and when they returned to Bombay, the situation remained grim.

Krishnaji returned alone to Delhi in early October 1956. Beauty filled him. He was speaking again in the capital city after many years, under an open *shamiana*, a tent erected on the lawns of the Constitution Club. Diplomats, *sannyasis*, bureaucrats, clerks, professors, and a sprinkling of young people came to hear him.

The young were a handful. In spite of the massacres of partition, the euphoria of freedom continued at its zenith. The glitter and affluence generated by the skills and artifacts of science and technology were becoming apparent in India. The young minds, stimulated and responsive to vast new explosions of knowledge in the West and the opportunities being released by technology, were not interested in self-knowledge or the long perspective. It was the immediacy and possibilities of the new that fired their minds.

The older generation was still steeped in the sterility of dead traditions; with the death of Gandhiji, the Gandhians had turned to Vinoba Bhave. Intrigued by Rao Sahib and Achyut's total involvement with Krishnaji and his teachings, the Gandhians had started attending Krishnaji's talks. The small group discussions had commenced. Shankar Rao Deo and Dada Dharmadhikari, two very important members of the Sarva Seva Sangh were seen at every gathering.

Shankar Rao Deo, matured in the freedom struggle, was steeped in a tradition of austerity. Highly educated, he was one of the bare-bodied followers of Gandhiji, imposing on himself rigid disciplines of fasting and practice of *brahmacharya,* which involves a vow of total celibacy. He had gone to jail several times, had been placed in "C" class—the lowest class reserved for prisoners. Political prisoners placed in "C" class had to wear prison garments, eat prison food, and were not permitted newspapers or books. Revolted by the prevalent injustices, he had protested and gone on a fast. His refusal to break his fast had infuriated the prison authorities. He had been placed on the triangle and flogged and left jail with permanent scars. A wildness and passionate urgency for the unexpressed fired his eyes; he had curbed his senses with a harsh austerity; deep within were frustrations and unfulfilled desires, passions, and ambitions. In jail Shankar Rao Deo had come in close contact with Javdekar, a close friend of Tilak and Bhagwat,* and an associate of Mahatma Gandhi from 1920. Recognized as intellectuals in Maharashtra, they were steeped in the finest traditions of learning. With them, Shankar Rao Deo had read Krishnamurti's books. In later years Javdekar and Bhagwat had attended Krishnaji's talks, but had never come close to him personally. They felt strongly that Krishnaji was expressing, although in a new language, the entire Adwaita position of Vedanta.

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*Bal Gangadhar Tilak was a Brahmin intellectual, scholar, writer, and freedom fighter A highly revered and respected figure in Maharashtra, he was tried by the British government on charges of sedition and imprisoned in the Andaman Islands

Bhagwat was a philosopher, freedom fighter, and editor of an important Marathi newspaper, *Lok Sakti.*

In 1948 Javdekar and Bhagwat, in *Lok Shakti,* a much-respected Maharashtrian journal, wrote a six-column article in which Krishnaji was proclaimed a realized human being. The Maharashtra pandits accepted Krishnaji in 1948; it was late in the 1970s before the pandits of Varanasi did the same. With the acceptance of Krishnaji by Javdekar and Bhagwat, a stream of Maharashtrian thinkers and writers were drawn to him. They saw in him a teacher who, without contradicting the past, had shattered the tradition, transcending it. Through him they saw revealed the luminous, eternal truth.

In 1948 Shankar Rao Deo had been in New Delhi for the meetings of the Constituent Assembly. He had also participated in the small discussions Krishnaji had held at the time. At one of the first ones, Krishnaji had been discussing violence and nationalism. Shankar Rao Deo said of this, "To understand Krishnaji you had to understand the 'I.' Krishnaji had said, 'The understanding of the "I" involves time and space; understanding is, when time has ended.' "[1]

1956 was the year of the Buddha Jayanti, and the government of India invited His Holiness the Dalai Lama from Tibet to visit India and travel to the various sacred sites associated with the Enlightened One. Apa Sahib Pant, a senior officer in the Foreign Service who at the time was political officer in Sikkim, had been asked to accompany the Dalai Lama around the country. They traveled in a large, air-conditioned train accompanied by a vast entourage.

As religious and secular head of the Tibetan state, the life of the Dalai Lama was strictly bound by protocol. He had been a figure of mystery. In Tibet, rarely visible except to a few lamas, he lived a life of strict discipline and meditation. This would be the first visit of any Dalai Lama out of that mysterious land.

When he arrived in Madras in December, Apa Sahib Pant had suggested to the twenty-year-old incarnation of the divine that he visit Krishnamurti, who at the time was staying in Vasant Vihar. Apa Sahib had related the life of Krishnaji and the extraordinary nature of his teachings. The young monk had commented, "A Nagarjuna!"* and had expressed a keen desire to meet Krishnaji. Those around the Dalai Lama were most distressd. It was a shattering of all protocol. But the Dalai Lama insisted, and the meeting was arranged.

In Apa Sahib's words, "Krishnaji received [the Dalai Lama] simply.

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*A reference to the second-century Buddhist sage who taught adherence to the "Middle Path" as also the way of the great negation.

It was breathtaking to feel the electric affection that instantly flashed between them." The Dalai Lama gently but directly asked, "Sir, what do you believe in?" and then the conversation went on in almost monosyllabic sentences, as it was a communication without rhetoric. The young Lama was feeling on familiar ground as Krishnaji made him "coexperience." On the return journey to Raj Bhawan, the Dalai Lama was to say, "A great soul, a great experience."[2] The Dalai Lama also expressed a wish to meet Krishnamurti again.

From the mid-1950s Shankar Rao Deo became a familiar figure at Krishnaji's talks; every winter he would visit Varanasi and stay at the Sarva Seva Sangh headquarters, which had been built at the entrance to Rajghat. With Rao Sahib Patwardhan, I had often visited him there and had found him engaged in *shram dan*—the gift of work, which along with the gift of land, was part of the teachings of the hermit Vinoba Bhave. We would find Shankar Rao sitting for hours with a winnowing fan, picking tiny stones out of rice. It amused me to see him do this seemingly absurd activity, but his action appeared perfectly appropriate to Rao Sahib.

Shankar Rao used to come to hear Krishnaji's talks; he would attend the discussions and sometimes meet K alone. Krishnaji would banter with Shankar Rao, make him laugh, point to the river and the trees, speak of beauty, love, and the nature of compassion, and overwhelm him with affection. Shankar Rao would listen, powerfully attracted by Krishnaji, yet his whole background rebelled against K's words. He was incapable of comprehending Krishnaji's insistence on the need for love, beauty, and sensitivity. Krishnaji's attitude to the sense and to desire perplexed him. "Listen to desire as you listen to the wind amongst the trees," said Krishnaji. The Gandhian, nurtured on ideas that demanded the destruction of desire, did not know where to turn or what to say. Shankar Rao found it difficult to reconcile Krishnaji's teaching with Gandhian ideals.

Krishnaji's response to Shankar Rao's determined austerity and his harsh denial of the senses was later reflected in Krishnaji's talks in Bombay. In February 1957 Krishnaji was to say, "To make the senses insensitive to that which is tempestuous, contradictory, conflicting, sorrowful, is to deny the whole depth and beauty and glory of existence. Reality demands your whole being, a total human being, not with a mind that is paralyzed. There is a constant battle between 'what I am' and 'what I should be.' This is the web of sorrow on which man is caught. To curb your senses is the cultivation of insensitivity. Though you may be seeking God, your mind is made dull."

In the small discussions the nature of being and becoming were explored. Germinating in the dark recesses of the mind, "desire to become is the soil in which sorrow takes root." The mind, to be free, has to see itself as the result of time—only in the energy of self-knowing is true enquiry possible.

"There is an astounding movement in the stillness of discovery moment to moment, which destroys germination in the mind. Self-knowing is the understanding of becoming in oneself. The religious revolution is the ending of becoming." On his evening walks on the Worli beach he spoke of the act of listening as "unpremeditated and uncalculated. It is an action of truth, for in it is total attention," and of silence as "the source of all creation." Then he made a seminal statement, which was to find expression again in his talks. "Can there be a feeling without thought? Can you ride a feeling without directing it, seeking to change it, calling it good or bad? Try it," he said.

Shankar Rao was present at the talks and at the small discussions. His conflicts and his complex reactions seemed to intensify. Shankar Rao Deo was incapable of living life with both passion and austerity. In Bombay Krishnaji asked, "If you knew that you were about to die, what would you do? Can you live one hour completely—live one day—one hour—as if you were going to die the next hour? But if you die so that you are living fully in this hour, there is enormous vitality, tremendous attention to everything. You look at the spring of life, the tear, you feel the earth, the quality of the tree. You feel the love that has no continuity and no object. Then you will find in that attention that the 'me' is not. It is then that the mind, being empty, can renew itself."

In the winter of 1956 Vimla Thakkar, a young woman devotee of Vinoba Bhave, was to accompany Shankar Rao and Dada Dharmadhikari to see Krishnaji in Varanasi. She was a Maharashtrian, passionate of speech, learned in Sanskrit and the ancient Indian texts. From her childhood she was attached to a religious life, and had visions of Krishna and other mystical experiences. In search of a guru, for some years she had been a disciple of Tukroji Maharaj, an accepted saint of Maharashtra, and later had left him to join Vinoba Bhave. She had walked with him through the villages of India. Preaching came naturally to her. She saw herself as a woman of destiny; this gave her enormous energy, eloquence, and drive.

During discussions Krishnaji, sensing her self-image, said to her, "Don't try to experience truth through Shankara, Krishna, Gandhi, or Krishnamurti." She questioned him, but found that there appeared to be no relationship between the questions she asked Krishnaji and his responses. For his responses were a challenge to her mind and its assumptions.

Vimla Thakkar had been practicing intense yogic *sadhanas,** and she was suffering from a severe pain in the ear. The trouble in her ear persisted, and her friends had told her that it was due to the awakening of the *kundalini.* One morning when she, Shankar Rao, and Dada Dharmadhikari were discussing some aspect of the teaching with Krishnaji, Dada spoke of Vimla's ear trouble. He told Krishnaji that it was related to Vimla's yogic practices, but Krishnaji did not agree. He asked her to see a doctor, as he felt that it was not a mystical experience but a physical illness. She was distressed to hear Krishnaji say this, but later went to an ear surgeon and in 1960 was operated on in Bombay. The pain disappeared, but she became totally deaf in one ear.

In December 1960 she met Krishnaji again in Varanasi with Shankar Rao and Dada. During the conversation the deafness was mentioned, and Krishnaji suddenly said, "My mother used to tell me when I was very young that I had the power to heal in these hands." He said it shyly, as always when he spoke of himself. "Would you like me to see whether I can help you with your ear?" Vimla was taken aback. Brought up in a tradition which made her react strongly against all miracle makers, she said she did not believe in these things, and so the moment passed. Dada later chided her and told her that she should not have refused; Krishnaji was not like the ordinary *sadhu* living on miracles. After much discussion, she went back to Krishnaji and sought his help.

Krishnaji had a certain way of performing an act of healing. The sufferer sat on a chair, Krishnaji stood behind, and placed his hands on the head of the patient. Then, with a gesture, he seemed to throw off what had entered his hands. He would repeat this several times. Then he placed his hands on the patient's head for several moments, after which he asked the person to sit quietly for a while. Krishnaji invariably washed his hands afterward. In this way, for several days Krishnaji placed his hands on Vimla's ear, and slight hearing returned.

Vimla followed Krishnaji to Bombay, where he was giving talks. He asked her about her ear. She said she was hearing the sound of a flute in the deaf ear. He told her that she was translating the sound into her own imagery; he asked her to stop doing so and to use ice packs on the ear to cure the noise. She was later to follow Krishnaji to London—and then to Saanen in Switzerland, where he continued his therapy. From Saanen she wrote to Dada joyfully, "I am cured, and can hear clearly."

**Sadhana:* practice of austerity or discipline.

At an interview in Wimbledon, Vimla asked Krishnaji about his healing powers. He told her, "I am afraid you won't understand."

She followed him to Gstaad, Switzerland. Krishnaji was not looking well, and appeared to be under a strain. She asked him again about his power to heal, as she felt that the healing had affected her mind as well as her body. The deafness was cured, and the mind too had been released, freed from bondage. She felt "something inside let loose, can't stand frontiers." Krishnaji was to say to her very seriously, "Who told you that the two are related?" She again questioned him on the "explosion" within her. But he did not encourage her in her belief, and refused to accept that his touch had brought about deep psychic changes and release from bondage. She decided not to attend any more of Krishnaji's talks, but to start speaking of reality, on her own.[3]

Meanwhile, Shankar Rao's inner conflicts were intensifying. In 1962, in the midst of the Chinese conflict and the traumatic Bay of Pigs confrontation between Kennedy and Kruschev, Shankar Rao decided to lead a peace march to China. His friends tried to dissuade him, but he was adamant. So a small band started walking the dusty, overland trail. No one was very clear what route they were to take; frontiers were forgotten, but the spirit had decided and so they marched. Poet Allen Ginsberg and his friend Peter Orlovsky, founders of the Beat movement, with its revolt against the establishment and its questioning of all material values, were in India at the time. They were seeking Truth on the Varanasi *ghats*, along with ferocious Aghori Bawas and Nath Panthis. Delighted by Shankar Rao's act of lunatic humanity, they walked part of the way with him, chanting *bhajans* in their nasal American voices.*

The Central Bureau of Investigation (CBI) grew suspicious of these two dirty, long-haired, bearded foreigners. They refused to extend their

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*Aghori Bawas are amongst the most terrifying of the *sadhus* or holy men of India

Nath Panthis are followers of Gorakhnath, the author of the first treatise on hatha yoga Drawn from both Hindu and Muslim sects, they are wanderers, involved with magical practices and the worship of Shiva and Shakti. They are associated with many archaic legends all over Northern India.

Bhajans are devotional songs sung by groups of men and women visas. I received a telegram in Delhi from them which read, "CID [Criminal Investigation Department] harassment, visa extensions denied telegraphed Nehru, Gailbraith and Lord Ganesh arrive Delhi Monday—Allen and Peter." I explained the problem of these Western seekers to Viswanathan, a very sympathetic but cynical secretary of the home ministry, who told me that their telegram addressed to Prime Minister Nehru was before him, and that my name had been given to vouch for their integrity. Their visas were extended. Later, they rejoined Shankar Rao Deo's march. On March 16, 1963, they wrote:

Dear Pupul,

We went on elephant ride in zoo & then went out to Khurja and spent a day walking with Shankar Rao Deo & other marchers. They are making sense i e. confronting loudspeaker-hysteria with person-to-person calm. Spent night with them; they took us in & treated us fine and we touched their walking feet & left. I phoned your house when we got back to Delhi, your husband said you were still out. I guess he told you—

OK—
love, Allen.

Hollo Pupul & Babu Pa and Babu Ma,

It was a joy to walk with them day & night before the walk we slept with them in a one room house ashram all of us in the one room, sleeping next to me was a fellow name Jain from Madras who writes articles for a Budan [Bova's work] newspaper—also a young girl from Bangalore married to an Austrian Gandhian fellow both of whom are on the walk to Peking last name DADA was accompanying Shankar Rao for a few months walk & talking—DADA making jokes cheering everybody up—. I hope they make it into Peking—it would be great if Bhave & Nehru & Shankar Rao Deo could meet & walk with each other a day & talk about—

Love & Ganesh
- Peter -
What you reading now?
Just finished Dali Lama's autobiography.

Shankar Rao and his dusty pilgrims were stopped at the frontiers of Burma. They sat and waited, but the Burmese government was adamant. So the travelers had to turn back and disperse. The newspaper comments were satirical, the scoffers laughed, and Shankar Rao was deeply hurt.

In the winter of 1961 Rao had met Krishnaji in Varanasi and had spoken to him of the enormous fear that was consuming him. When

Krishnaji asked him what he feared, Shankar Rao had said, "Death." Krishnaji had gone into fear and death with the Gandhian, but later was to say that it was the forced repression of the senses that was destroying Shankar Rao.

After the peace march debacle, Shankar Rao tried to see Krishnaji again, but Krishnaji was not in India in the winter of 1962. Thwarted, fearful, not knowing where to turn, the years of abstinence and sensory denial were suddenly shattered and the violence within Shankar Rao expressed itself in an act of passion. Horrified with himself, holding a great burden of guilt, Shankar Rao went into deep depression and became totally dumb. His friends were enormously concerned and wrote to Krishnaji about him.

On Krishnaji's return to India in the winter of 1963, Rao Sahib Patwardhan and Dada Dharmadhikari brought Shankar Rao to Krishnaji. At first Shankar Rao refused to accompany Dharmadhikari and Rao Patwardhan, but suddenly he nodded his head and ceased to struggle. I remember the wild-looking, fierce-eyed, dark, thick-set, bare-bodied person wearing a high *dhoti* who was brought into the sitting room of Himmat Nivas in Bombay.

Krishnaji came into the room and said to Shankar Rao, "What have you done to yourself, my friend?" and embraced him. At Krishnaji's touch the wild, terrible eyes burst into tears. Holding him by the arm, Krishnaji took him to his room. An hour later they came out. Shankar Rao's face was calm, he spoke to Dada with affection, and said goodbye to Krishnaji. It appeared that Krishnaji had warned Shankar Rao not to touch politics again.

The news of the "miracle" spread through the Sarva Seva Sangh, and through them to the *ashrams* all over the country. People flocked to hear Krishnaji. According to Dada Dharmadhikari, this was the second miracle he was to witness, the first being the curing of Vimla's ear. At Krishnaji's talks at Bombay, crowds gathered as he walked to the car from the meeting, striving to touch his hand, to share in his benediction. These incidents (which Krishnaji for many years refused to have talked about) and the vastness of his silent presence impressed people tremendously. The teaching, though they all agreed it was grounded in a total nonduality, appeared too distant and too unattainable.

When Krishnaji and Rajagopal came to India in the winter of 1957, Krishnaji was in semiretreat and was not giving public talks.

Rajagopal had accompanied Krishnaji to India to settle matters relating to Vasant Vihar and Krishnaji's copyright. Krishnaji was vague about institutional structures, uninterested in his legal rights and reponsibilities, and agreed to whatever Rajagopal had suggested, although the signatures to the legal documents were finalized only in the winter of 1958. Krishnaji gave Rajagopal and Krishnamurti Writings, Inc. all rights on his copyright, and practically withdrew from K. W. I., of which he had been the president.

Madhavachari had become the secretary of the Foundation for New Education in 1957; he was also the K. W. I. representative in India. He had become Krishnaji's constant companion, his friend and his host. Madhavachari, retired from service, was living in Vasant Vihar. He was a tough South Indian Brahmin, and life in Vasant Vihar was spartan. Austerity was equated with a lack of concern for space or form, or for an ambience in which the creative could germinate. The spaces created by the genius of South India, to be found in temple shrines, in rural cottages, and the objects of daily use, had long been abandoned. Intimate laundry hung on clotheslines, over beds, and lithographs adorned the walls.

Vague feelings were arising in Krishnaji about the unkempt gardens and the general set-up in Vasant Vihar. The talks coincided with the Theosophical Society convention, and were attended by a large number of old people. Very few young people were in contact with the Vasant Vihar center or with Krishnamurti's teachings.

From Madras, Krishnaji and Rajagopal went to Rishi Valley and later returned to Madras. His work accomplished, Rajagopal returned to the United States. He was seen off at the Bombay airport by Sunanda and L. V. Bhave.

I had not been able to go to Rishi Valley or Madras, as my husband had had a very serious heart attack; I had to wait for Krishnaji in Delhi. My relations with my husband had been intensely difficult for some time; a Maharashtrian, he could not tolerate a wife who lived a life and had interests independent of his own. He struck out where he knew it would wound, but in the process the conflict shattered him and his body broke down.

Krishnaji, accompanied by Madhavachari, came to Delhi in early 1958. It was several years since I had met Krishnamurti the healer. I spoke to him of my sorrow and pain. His compassion contained me. He made me face the fact that no relationship existed between me and the man I had married. I was not prepared to see this. The pain came in waves, drowning me, making clear sight impossible. He put the two palms of his hands swallow-like round my face. He made me look into his eyes and see my sorrow reflected in them. He was the father, the mother, the friend, and the teacher, providing to my anguished spirit toughness and tenderness; but he would not let me look away. Like a pillar of fire, his seeing annihilated the memories, the loneliness, the lack of affection that were the root of pain. I was brought face to face with the emptiness of sorrow. A perception was generated that burnt away the scars of what had been. He gave abundantly of his love and it flowed through me, quietening the heart. If he healed me inwardly, to my husband too he gave of his abundance. Physically, healing the damaged heart, speaking to him with the same affection, healing his mind and spirit.

From Delhi, Krishnaji and Madhavachari went to Varanasi. I received several letters from Krishnaji asking me to come to Rajghat, but my husband's physical condition did not permit him to be left alone.

Krishnaji spent the summer of 1958 in India. He had been offered the M. E. S. bungalow at Chowbatia in Ranikhet, a spacious house situated at the highest point at Ranikhet, with a magnificent view of the snow-peaked Himalayas that lay enshrined before it. Again Krishnaji was in the sacred mountains of his ancestral past. In the evenings he sat and chanted the Sanskrit hymns he had relearned. He walked in the deodar woods, got lost, found the path that led homeward.

Speaking of these walks, he told of an evening when news came that a tiger had killed, not very far from Krishnaji's house. The next morning Krishnaji went for his usual walk, wandering farther and farther into the jungle. The many sounds of the forest—birds and rustling leaves, chattering monkeys—flowed through him. He came to a clearing and found that his body refused to move. Instinctively, he had sensed something, and the intelligence of the body had responded. All sound had ceased. Everything seemed in a state of abeyance—the breathing of nature had for an instant been suspended. Krishnaji stood for about two minutes, his mind totally alert, his body without movement. He could feel the watching. Then suddenly it was over, the birds called to each other, the monkeys sprang from tree to tree, the forest was alive, and Krishnaji came home. In the evening, reports reached the house that the tiger had been sighted in the forest.

Radhika, my eighteen-year-old daughter, and Asit Chandmal, my seventeen-year-old nephew, were to visit Krishnaji and Madhavachari at Chowbatia in May. They would later go abroad to continue their education—Radhika to Bryn Mawr in the United States, where she studied philosophy, and Asit to the Royal College of Science in London.

Krishnaji was happy to have two young people staying with him. Madhavachari gave them quantities of food, and Krishnaji taught them yoga *asanas*, postures. He showed them how to walk, how to stand, how to see from the back of the head. This was to let seeing flow backwards and to see from depth. He took them for long walks, observing, listening, and teaching them to see and listen.

"Pick up a leaf," he said. "Look at it—look far to the snow-clad peaks and let seeing flow beyond and then look very near and relate the looking to listening. Look in the Japanese way," he told them, which Radhika says is to bend the head and look at the world upside down. On one of the walks Asit recollects Krishnaji speaking of the sign of the cross, "The straight line being the 'I' and the vertical bar, the negation of the 'I.' "

Madhavachari was to leave for Madras before Krishnaji, and Murli Rao who had long been associated with Krishnaji, came up from Delhi to take Krishnaji down to the plains. Though the gardeners and the other attendants could not speak English, they had felt the silent, meditative presence of Krishnaji. The news of the great yogi had spread, and people arrived from all over the town to have a *darshan* and bid him goodbye. Krishnaji greeted them with smiles of affection, then before leaving he went round the garden and stood silently before the ancient gnarled deodar and pine trees. Later, Murli Rao asked Krishnaji what he was observing, and Krishnaji replied that he was bidding farewell to his friends. The trees had been his companions for the months he was there, and he had communed with them.

In Bombay, in January 1958, Rao Sahib Patwardhan brought a friend, P. Y. Deshpande—a lawyer, writer, and theoretical Marxist—to see Krishnaji. Disillusioned with Marxism, erudite, known for his intellect and his fierce temper, Deshpande came to meet Krishnaji in Bombay with his wife, Vimla Tai. Sorrow had shattered them; their son was dead and Marxism had no answers. He had turned to his Brahminical past, and he and his wife had studied the *Vedas* and the *Upanishads*. The Hymn to Creation of the *Rigveda* had evoked in them an instant of shattering perception. Deshpande had written a commentary on the hymn, through which he met Rao Patwardhan.

The Deshpandes met with Krishnaji at Himmat Nivas. Deshpande had a frail body, his face was lean and lined with sorrow, but his spirit had an amazing vitality. He told Krishnaji, "I am a Marxist and I want to have it out with you. I have to talk to you, with no holds barred. If what you say is true, I will drop Marxism and join you."

As Deshpande was to describe it later, he tried to wrestle with Krishnaji in words. He challenged Krishnaji but found no one to combat at the other end. This made him frustrated, angry. The stronger and more vehement his enquiry, the emptier the field he faced. Suddenly, all enquiry ended. Krishnaji spoke. "Marxism is not the problem, but the death of your child." The Deshpandes could not proceed further. "Let us speak of that, and of your sorrow," said Krishnaji.

They sat before Krishnaji in silence, while Krishnaji spoke to them on death. When words ended, the Deshpandes walked out with moist eyes. Seeing them, Rao asked, "Is all well with you?" Deshpande said, "All problems are over." They went back to Nagpur, packed up their belongings, and came to live at Sarai Mohana in a cottage on the bank of the Ganga. In later years Deshpande and his wife were to be connected with every aspect of the work at Rajghat.

CHAPTER 19

"To Speak with the Whole Head"

In early 1959 it was decided that Krishnaji would not return to Ojai, but would be spending his second year in India. He had been in the country since the autumn of 1957 and was not to return to Europe till the spring of 1960. It was the longest period that he was to spend in India since he left the country as a young boy.

In April, when the damp, hot weather became unbearable, Krishnaji decided to leave Bombay for Lonaula, a small hillside resort between Bombay and Poona. He stayed alone with a servant in the house of Amru Mehta, my youngest sister. Sunanda and her husband, Pama Patwardhan, were at Poona, which was only forty miles from Lonaula, and often came to visit him. He spent most days alone.

In May it had been arranged that he go to Kashmir via Delhi, accompanied by Madhavachari and a South Indian cook named Parameswaran. While in New Delhi Krishnaji insisted that a new woolen suit be tailored for Madhavachari. It gave him great delight to see Madhavachari well dressed, and he remarked, "Mamaji will look very smart now." On their arrival they stayed overnight on a houseboat in Srinagar. The next day they moved to a house located in a crowded part of the city, and in a letter to me Krishnaji expressed his unhappiness with the rat-infested house and its surroundings.

By May 26 Krishnaji and Madhavachari had left Srinagar and driven to Achebal, a *serai* or rest house built by Nur Jehan on the ancient road from Lahore to Srinagar. Achebal is mentioned in the *Akbar Nama** as a place of worship of the ancients; its abundant water, crystal clear and cold, arises from a torrential spring. Occasionally, the *Akbar Nama* goes on to say, a beautiful yellow-spotted fish would appear in the waters, and its appearance was regarded as very fortunate. For hundreds of years pilgrims had come to this sacred site because of the healing properties of the spring water, though myths of the *yakshis,* water and tree spirits who guarded the spring, had long disappeared.

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*Chronicles of Akbar's life and rule by Abul Fazl.

Nur Jehan had built a walled garden around the spring, enclosing an area planted with chinar and poplar trees. At one point in the enclosed area the spring that gushed torrentially from the earth fell as a sheet of water to lower levels of the garden. The huge branches of the chinar trees spread across the falling waters. Below the fall were pools and fountains, and channels had been laid to carry the water to distant parts of the garden. The channels were so planned that the rays of the sun created rainbows as they caught the spray of waterfall and fountain. Flowers had been planted, a trifle wildly, in areas where the chinar and poplar did not cast their shadow. Pavillions, originally built by the Moghuls, but later repaired and bearing little trace of their earlier exquisite proportions, were placed near the pool. The thunder of the waterfall and the sound of rippling water did not intrude to shatter the silences nor disturb the birds that rested in the wide-trunked chinar trees. The countryside was a vast carpet of sun-soaked green young rice fields, against a backdrop of snow-peaked mountains, which arose precipitously on the horizon.

Soon after their arrival Madhavachari had to leave for Madras, as one of his children was ill. But Parameswaran stayed on to attend to Krishnaji's needs. I joined Krishnaji at Achebal on June 6, and lived in a tiny hut next to Krishnaji's till the end of the month.

Before I came up to Kashmir, Krishnaji had written asking me to bring him a beginner's book of English, a copy of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of English Verse,* and a bottle of hair tonic. I had also brought up a parcel of alfonso mangoes, a fruit Krishnaji loved. There was no electricity in Achebal, and at night we used kerosene lanterns or a petromax.*

K woke at dawn and did his yoga *asanas* and *pranayama,* which he had learned from B. K. S. Iyengar, an eminent teacher of yoga from Poona. Krishnaji was trying to persuade me to learn the yogic *asanas,* but I am by temperament physically lethargic and my attempts to learn were futile. After Krishnaji's *asanas* were over, we had a South Indian breakfast of *idlis* and *sambhar* or *dosas,* savory rice-and-lentil cakes, with coconut chutney. I drank coffee, Krishnaji drank some herbal concoction.

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*Petromax: Before electricity was introduced in India, lamps fed with kerosene oil with special wicks and with a pump were used to produce a bright light. The petromax is still used at night in wedding processions

By then Krishnaji was ready for his long walk, and I joined him in climbing the surrounding hills. Walking through pine forests, we climbed steep slopes; Krishnaji was agile, exquisitely balanced, clambering over rocks and taking the most strenuous shortcuts with ease. I panted and sighed, but I was used to the mountains from childhood and managed to keep pace with him. He would climb swiftly, then look back at me, watching me struggle to negotiate a particularly difficult rock; sometimes he lent a hand and pulled me up behind him, across very steep slopes. From the top of the hill, which we reached after long and arduous climbing, the view was breathtaking. The walled garden and the cool green of rice fields flanked with poplar trees lay below, while the startling white of the snows surrounded us. Krishnaji was enchanted with the place.

In the afternoons, after resting, he would teach Parameswaran English. In the evenings we walked at a slower pace amongst the rice fields, or within the walled Moghul garden. The flowers were in full bloom and the light winds carried the fragrance of rose, lilac, and honeysuckle. Watercress grew along the bed of the stream, and we picked some for our evening meal. There was a trout hatchery, and Krishnaji spent time watching the swift movement of the fish.

Krishnaji was water's child. He delighted in falling, leaping, running water, or water flowing over lichen-covered boulders, or water with no ripple. The translucence and the freedom of water, its enormous turbulence, its stillness or its thrust through earth and rock, embodied him.

Krishnaji's mood was young; no storms raged. Laughter was on his lips and his eyes. He drowned me in compassion and affection. At times he was intensely serious and contemplative. Many of the insights that he was to explore later in the year, in his talks at Madras and Bombay, were arising. Like the tide, or the waxing and waning of the moon, his mind moved in its own rhythm. I saw this man of mystery, endowed with limitless beauty, comment on "the wholeness of sunlight," look up at a budding leaf, put his hands on a centuries-old tree, make friends with it, feel its bark, listen to the thunder of the sap as it flowed through the veins of a leaf. "The timeless is here, it lies under every leaf," he would say. I felt the earth on which we walked, talked, ate, and lived as the ground of an energy without limit. At times I felt intoxicated, as if fed on morning dew.

On a walk he asked me how I observed, and how I spoke. I was puzzled. He then said, "Is it possible to speak, sing, chant, not from the throat and mouth, not from the front of the mouth, but letting the words touch the back of the head, through the eyes, with attention held behind the eyes, and so speak? That is, to speak with the whole head."

We discussed at length the truly religious mind and the scientific mind as the only two minds that would exist in the years to come—a statement that he was to explore later in his talks at Madras. He spoke of death and ending as the source of creation and the release of an energy that did not dissipate. For him, listening was itself the miracle that transmuted and deeply penetrated, uprooting and destroying the hidden bonds of the mind.

On dark, moonless nights we would go out and watch the stars and the receding darknesses of space. He would point out the various constellations. He spoke of the journey into outer space and the pilgrimage within as the discovery of the endless. But a petty mind could not embark on this pilgrimage of eternity.

Every evening was a benediction.

At night, after an early dinner under the light of the petromax, he would recite poetry from the *Golden Treasury*. Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale" was his favorite. It was cold at night and we burned firewood and dry pine cones in the open fireplace. Occasionally, he would chant in Sanskrit. The sounds of his deep voice filled the room and resounded across the rice fields, reaching beyond the snows. Listening and seeing flowered in his pristine presence.

Krishnaji told me that on one of his walks he had met a group of monks walking, within the presence of the snow-clad peaks. They were passing through brilliant green rice fields, and the soaring, snowy peaks were aflame with the setting sun. In the seeing of the vastness was the essence of divinity. The monks, however, walked with their eyes narrowed and focused on the ground before their feet, totally unaware of the glory around them. However silent their minds became, he said, it would be the silence of the limited, of small spaces, and the vast expanding universe would have no place within it.

Every few days I would go to Srinagar by car and return in the evenings. Krishnaji had great feeling for the handcrafted, and I would bring back textiles and craft objects. He handled them with care and rejoiced in their colors, their textures, and the skill of the craftsman. I would also bring back fresh vegetables and fruit, for they were not available at Achebal.

In 1959 I had no knowledge that Achebal was an ancient site of pilgrimage, and that the waters of the spring were held sacred. The local inhabitants, who were Muslims, had erased all traces of their archaic past and the myths connected with it. Krishnaji, however, felt the pulse of the soil, the reverberations of the many pilgrims' feet that had walked on the path to the spring. He often spoke of the role of the pilgrim. I told him of an early text where the feet of the wanderer are likened to a flower. I also said that the pilgrims' route lay in Pahalgam, about forty miles from Achebal. But to no avail.

I grew aware of how difficult it was to live close to Krishnaji without growing insensitive. It was like living in front of a laser beam; one could so easily take the intensity for granted and so be scorched and shrivel. To live near him was to live in a field of observation and listening. One had to be immensely awake so that the spine straightened, the mind became alert, the body still. He was watchful of every movement, every thought; the way one walked, the agitated movements of the body; the way one spoke, the pitch of the voice, the silences. He listened to every response—was aware when the mind imitated, when it was alive with insight. Without a word said, one felt the listening and the observing. But the being who was near, who watched, who listened, was without judgment. It was like seeing one's face in a finely polished ancient bronze mirror.

A little distance from us lived a man who in his young days had taken *sannyas* and had later given up the robe. He was a constant visitor, bringing Krishnaji a vegetal brew he said was good for the kidneys. Krishnaji, instinctively a naturopath, delighted in herbs and drank the brew, insisting that it was good for his kidneys.

By the end of June I returned to Delhi. Madhavachari was soon to rejoin Krishnaji in Pahalgam, the main base camp for pilgrims journeying to Amarnath, one of the most sacred pilgrimages in India. At the Amarnath cave high in the Himalayas, a natural lingam of snow was formed and melted to the cyclic rhythm of the moon. The main pilgrimage was on the full-moon day of August when the lingam appeared in its perfect ovalid form, but from mid-June *sannyasis* and laymen journeyed to the cave. The journey was hazardous. The path lay across high passes and through precipitous gorges. Along the route was Sheshnag, a lake of limpid blue, against which towered high mountains. The full moon rising behind the highest peak, making luminous the eternal snows, was likened to the crescent moon resting on Shiva's matted locks.

At Pahalgam, Krishnaji stayed at a tourist hut set amongst pines. Through the valley, two rivers made turbulent by the massive boulders that lay along their bed, descended from the high places; the Lidar arising from the Kolahai glacier and the other, the Amarganga, sometimes called Sheshnag, along the banks of which lay the path to Amarnath.

Sannyasis and visitors from Srinagar came to see Krishnaji, and he talked with some of them. He was to refer to these *sannyasis* in his talks at Madras later in the year. He said, "The other day in Kashmir several *sannyasis* said to me, 'We live alone in the snow. We never see anybody. No one ever comes to visit us.' I said to them, 'Are you really alone, or are you merely physically separated from humanity?' 'Ah, yes,' they replied, 'we are alone.' But they were with their *Vedas* and *Upanishads*, with their experiences and their gathered knowledge, with their meditations and *japams*.* They had not renounced the burden of their conditioning. That is not being alone. Putting on a saffron robe does not mean renouncing. You can never renounce the world, because the world is part of you. You renounce a few cows, a house, but to renounce your heredity, your tradition, the burden of your condition, that demands enormous enquiry."

Most of Krishnaji's walks were alone through the thick forests of pine and fir that surrounded Pahalgam. On August 13 Vinoba Bhave and his followers came to see Krishnamurti.

Vinobaji said this was the first time he had seen Krishnaji. The Gandhian pilgrim asked, "How old are you?"

Krishnaji answered, "Sixty-four."

"So you are my younger brother. I have come to pay my respects and seek your blessings. Rao and Achyut Patwardhan, Dada Dharmadhikari, and Vimla have told me about you several times. But I am always on the move and so are you. So we have never met."

After the pleasantries were over Vinobaji asked Krishnaji to speak to him of his wisdom. Krishnaji appeared shy and was silent. A record of the discussions were kept by Nirmala Deshpande, who was present during the meetings and who took down notes as the conversation took place.[1]

Vinobaji said, "How do we start?"

"It depends on what you are interested," answered Krishnaji.

"Life," responded Vinobaji.

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*Repeated sound forms or *mantrams* meant to silence the mind.

"Everyone is interested in life. But discussion depends on words, and words are necessary," said Vinoba.

"Not too many words, otherwise discussion loses significance," K replied. "Discussion implies. . . ."

Before Krishnaji could proceed, Vinobaji said, "Sharing experiences."

"Yes, and also to penetrate deeply. Experience is limited—I distrust basing action on experience."

"Is that because experience conditions man?" asked Vinobaji.

"Yes," replied K, "that is why it is important to have a free mind a mind that is not full of experience, but free to see beyond experience. One has to die to experience every day. One is always translating experience in terms of the old. As a Hindu I translate it in terms of Shiva, Krishna—but they are just words."

"The division taking place as Hindu, Muslim, Christian has to be wiped out," said Krishnaji.

Vinobaji responded, "Yes."

"You say 'yes,' but it is a verbal statement. Do you cease to be a Hindu? In science, one drops past experience, to discover a new insight. From the very beginning one should be taught to be free of conditioning—as a Hindu, Muslim, Christian. None of us let go. We only pretend to do so.

"One has to cease to be Hindu or Muslim; one has to be a human being. But that is very difficult. Thinking about being free leads you nowhere.

"First, one must be free. Freedom first, not through thinking about freedom."

Vinobaji asked his comrades to ask questions, but they were hesitant. Vinobaji said to Krishnaji that most people don't want to question, but come for *darshan*. The discussion moved away from the serious, and Vinobaji asked Krishnaji, "How much time do you spend in India?"

"Six months."

"Do you take exercise?"

"A little, I walk."

One of Vinobaji's followers asked, "What is the meaning of self-realization?"

"What does it mean to you?" was the reply.

"Union with Brahman—with God," said one of Vinobaji's disciples.

"God is a phrase. To realize God, you must have a free mind, a good mind that does not follow anybody. A mind that has no guru, no system. Try it."

"How does one get such a mind?" came the reply.

"There has to be self-knowledge. Not knowledge of the Atman, but how one thinks, why one thinks—how one acts. What is the 'oneself?' I am not speaking only of the conscious self, but of the deep levels of the unconscious. What is needed is a revolutionary mind. You cannot have that by *sadhana*. If you see only through one window, your view is limited."

"Is it not possible for philosophy to be taught?" asked one of Vinobaji's followers.

"There is a right way of thinking. Does it matter who listens?" said Krishnaji.

"Perhaps he feels that you should come out as a preacher," Vinobaji intervened.

"Me, Sir! I am talking—that is my life. Do you want me to do it traditionally?"

"Perhaps you are doing in your way what he wants you to do."

"Sir, there is no my way, your way, his way. There is only one way." Krishnaji was uncompromising.

"I think in one way, you think in another. We mislead a whole generation. One has to be free, man has to be free to speak of God. The Communists say there is no God, you say God is. You are both conditioned. You are both saying the same thing. That is the calamity. There is no your or my way of meditation. There is only meditation."

"When you speak this way in the U.S.A., people must appreciate what you say," said Vinobaji.

"In the West the welfare state looks after minimum needs. People are turning to belief, to Christianity, as people here turn to Hinduism. What is the difference? In India economic reform has become all-important—reform and the welfare state is the function of government. But a reformer has nothing to do with religion. A religion is connected with reform and religion with something very different.

"Religion is the source of life, not reform. I am not against reforms. They are necessary. But religion is different.

"I know some Communists in Europe. They are very interested in me up to a point. So also Catholics, up to a point—so are Hindus, up to a point. That is why I am an outsider, whether I am in Europe, U.S.A., or India. Do you have anything in this country except politics? Why is there nothing deeply creative?

"Why have the majority of thinkers in India given themselves to reform? Reform is a small thing. In the small, the great can never be included. In the great, the small can be included. Wherever I come to India, people ask me why I am not concerned with poverty, corruption? I ask, Why don't we tackle these problems from a different angle? Surely it is the political approach that distorts.

"And why do so-called spiritual minds concern themselves with reform? Reform is not going to lead to deep revolution."

"What do you conclude from this?" asked Vinobaji.

"Not conclude, but observe," answered Krishnaji. "There is a deep contradiction in the Indian mind. We talk about ideals and do the opposite. We are inhibited from becoming something because we feel we should not be ambitious. So frustration leads to superficial reformation and we pursue that with passion. I say, act and observe the result. But tradition and the gurus say the opposite. In this country one sees frustration, contradiction, and the sense of being a very old race. We search for God, but we have not lived life. That may be the reason we turn to the superficial, which we call 'reform.' "

"Are you more appreciated in Europe?"

"I abhor appreciation."

"Do they grasp your thought more?"

"It is the same as in India," replied Krishnaji. "Some minds are serious. People take politics very seriously in India. Politics is most destructive. When people say they are working for peace, for reform, it is always the 'I' that is important. People who touch politics cannot have a fresh mind. The world needs fresh minds, clear minds, not minds that are conditioned by being Hindus or Muslims.

"If you are a Hindu, you can't love. Love requires freedom. The other day a *sannyasi* came to see me. He had been to Amarnath. He spoke of the various sects of *sadhus*. I asked him, 'What do they do?' He said, 'Nothing—but they know Brahman. They live alone. They meditate.' I said, 'With all their beliefs, the load they carry, they can never be alone.'

"But you have to be alone to find the real—totally alone. It is difficult in an old country with its stress on gurus, tradition."

Krishnaji pointed to the people who surrounded Vinobaji. "Are all these your followers? Too bad."

"I don't know why they are my followers," commented Vinobaji.

"In India there is a desire for the authority of a guru. They feel that with guidance, they will not fail to find truth. They are not prepared to make mistakes. It is all childish," said Krishnaji.

"But children, as they are, to be as children becomes them," was Vinobaji's comment.

"Then let Vinobaji deny the follower," swiftly came the reply.

"Every man thinks his search is unique." Vinoba was following his own stream of thinking.

"The search for God isn't linked to success. God may be a being without end. The mind abhors the sense of no ending," said Krishnaji.

"You mean there is no object of search? You cannot search to find God?!" Vinobaji was aroused.

"Yes, otherwise it would be a trivial God. People go to Amarnath to find God. What does it mean? We have banished love, beauty; banished individual thinking, every form of intellectual, emotional curiosity and replaced it with acceptance of authority, systems; denying the mind the space to enquire. What have we done with real creation? We say that to realize God we must don the saffron robe, deny sex, deny the senses, refrain from looking at the clouds, at nature. We say we must meditate. Such meditation is mesmerism."

"What is the place of religion in the progress of a nation?" asked one of Vinobaji's followers.

"What is a nation? What is society?—a relationship social, cultural? If that relationship changes, society changes." Krishnaji paused for a while, then said, "The discovery of reality and its relationship to our daily life is religion. There is no one today who says, 'I am not a Hindu, not a Muslim, but a human being, concerned with the whole problem of man, with the ravaging of the earth, with the atom bomb, with brotherhood.' These are very serious problems and there are not six people who are concerned about them."

"But I have found that the Indian mind has been ready as never before, to grasp new ideas, to shed nationalism and come out of a narrow life." Vinobaji was on the defensive.

"I understand. But, it requires more than that. The mind has become so mechanical. It needs and seeks a goal in life. We follow paths to a goal. We never question. We are too respectable. But one must have a free mind, not a mind burdened with tradition, with the past. Extreme freedom is needed. But the moment you think you are free, you are not free. One has to unearth oneself, unravel oneself, delve into the corners of one's mind—ignite the mind." Krishnaji was pushing further and Vinobaji, perhaps to counter the force of the energy generated, broke into the trivial.

"I am told that you have not given public talks for one year," said Vinobaji.

"Yes, I have not given public talks for one year. I have kept quiet. But that is not because I have taken any vows."

"I am glad I have seen you today. I have been longing for this. Do you know any Indian language?" The discussion was becoming casual.

"I tried to learn Hindi. My native tongue is Telugu, but I left speaking it when I was a boy."

"You are not too old to learn an Indian language," said Vinobaji.

"I am trying to learn Sanskrit—for the fun of it," Krishnaji responded.

"If you speak English, few people in India will understand," said Vinobaji.

"I know. But, if you use traditional words, they have traditional connotations and you cannot proceed."

"Connotations are attached even to English words," Vinobaji said.

"Break them," came the response.

"I find that when you translate Sanskrit words into English, you have to really understand. But if you translate Sanskrit into Hindi or Marathi, you can keep the same word without understanding its depth."

Krishnaji and Vinobaji parted with smiles and *pranams*, and the next day Krishnaji returned Vinobaji's call. Vinobaji spoke of his *Bhoodan Yatra* pilgrimage.* He said, "God, whom I seek, is everywhere—I am not going to Amarnath. People say I am not doing the right thing, I should go. Swami Vivekanand went there." The previous day's discussion had touched some instinctive responses. He said, "Yesterday, we had a very good talk. It was so illuminating. These thoughts have guided me for many years. It was long before I went to Gandhiji. I went to see him when I was twenty. I went to see and hear. He never told me or anybody to accept his thoughts."

"Quite," said Krishnaji.

"You also had an occasion to meet him?"

"Thrice—once in London with Dr. Besant."

"I get very little time to read. Still I read," said Vinobaji.

"I hardly read, except one or two casual books. You leave early in the morning?" The talk was again at the superficial level.

"Half past four. I walk ten miles a day," said Vinobaji. "You write books?" he enquired.

**Bhoodan*: "gift of the land", *Yatra*: "pilgrimage."

"Yes," replied Krishnaji.

"Who publishes these books?" asked Vinobaji.

"The talks and discussions are published in India."

"There are many people in the Bhoodan movement who have read your books," said Vinobaji.

"That is what Rao and Achyut tell me."

Vinobaji pointed to Mahadevi Tai. "She doesn't know English."

"Too bad. I don't know Hindi—so we can't converse," said Krishnaji.

"But you are learning Sanskrit—for the fun of it."

"It is very beautiful, a marvelous language," was Krishnaji's response.

"Every word in Sanskrit is based on some root word. Latin and Sanskrit belong to one family. Your word 'ignite' in Sanskrit is *agni*, as flame. The root meaning of both are the same."

They parted in friendship.

Later, on the evening of August 14, Vinobaji spoke to crowds that had gathered to hear him at Pahalgam. A different direction was present in his talk, and he acknowledged that this was the influence of Krishnaji's meetings with him. He said that men like Krishnaji were the sentinels—their voices and statements were warnings, and must be listened to with gravity. Some months later, a friend was to tell Vinoba Bhave that Krishnaji had remarked, "Vinoba says he agrees with me, but goes on doing his work as before. So his saying that he agrees has no meaning."

Vinoba responded, "Krishnaji is right."

Many years later Nirmala Deshpande told me that Vinobaji had said, "Krishnamurti may deny the role of the World Teacher, negate the church built for him, deny his role as the supreme guru, deny being the divine Krishna; but Dr. Besant could not be denied her role as Yashoda, the foster mother of Krishna, the divine cowherd."

Part 4

THE RIVERS OF INSIGHT
1960–1962

CHAPTER 20

"Through Negation There Is Creation."

By the middle of August Krishnaji began to feel unwell. His urinary tract was inflamed, he had a high fever, and was extremely weak. As medical facilities were rudimentary in Pahalgam, Madhavachari brought him down to New Delhi, where he was examined thoroughly by Shiva Rao's doctors. They found a kidney infection and prescribed antibiotics. Krishnaji's highly sensitive body, unused to strong drugs, reacted violently. Those were anxious days. I was away in the United States during his illness, and only heard about it on my return in the third week of September. Kitty and Shiva Rao nursed him with great devotion. After some days, he was better. He returned to Srinagar, to a lovely cottage on Dal Lake that belonged to Dr. Karan Singh (who would have been Maharaja of Kashmir if princely titles had not been abolished).

By the middle of September the fever was back. The damp climate had brought on an attack of rheumatism, and for ten days Krishnaji was racked by joint pain. Madhavachari nursed him, assisted by Parameswaran.

Krishnaji wrote to Kitty Shiva Rao on September 27, 1959:

My dear Kittyji,

I have never written to thank you and Shiva Rao for the care and trouble you took while I was ill in Delhi. It was not negligence but I haven't been able to write. You know all that has happened so I won't go into all that. It has been dreadful ten days and Mamaji has been very disturbed by it all. But everything is better. I can hold a pen and move about. All this has completely exhausted one and now, one must step out of all this. Sorry to have caused you concern and bother. Everything is under control and so things will be all right.

Madhavachari wrote to me with a report on Krishnaji's health. He said Krishnaji had been so weak in Pahalgam that he had to be carried to the bathroom.

On September 27 I received a letter from Krishnaji in which he wrote of the pain he had suffered. It had been agonizing, he said, and this was the first day he could hold a pen. He went on to ask Nandini and me to come to Srinagar and be with him in this quiet and beautiful place. He went on to say, "This has been a great trial for Mamaji." Krishnaji had been taking homeopathic medicines for his trouble, and in his letter of October 4 he asked me to consult L. K. Jha, who had been treating him. He wondered whether he should continue taking alfalfa tonic and beri beri vulgaris, and for how long. The homeopathic medicines seem to have suited him.

I wrote to Krishnaji, suggesting that he come down to Delhi and from there go to Bombay for a complete medical checkup.

On October 5 Krishnaji wrote that he was much better and that he did not think it would be necessary for him to go to Bombay for a thorough examination by doctors there. He also wrote that he was suffering from rheumatism, but felt that it was due to the almond milk he had been drinking. He expected to be in Srinagar till October 21.

Krishnaji recovered, and in early October he even began holding discussions with small groups of people who gathered to see him. Amongst them was a tall, erect *sannyasi* dressed in Kashmiri robes. He had a silent presence, a dignity and otherness that arose from deep inward enquiry. His name was Laxman Joo, and he was the last of the great living exponents of Kashmir Saivism, a school introduced by Abhinav Gupta in Kashmir in the eleventh century. Laxman Joo told me many years later that he had gone to hear Krishnaji in Karan Singh's cottage, and his words had filled him with a vast ecstasy.

Krishnaji came down to Delhi with Madhavachari in the third week of October. He often went for walks on the central vista in New Delhi. On one walk he spoke to Madhavachari and me of awareness as a state of being awake in the present; a state where seeing and listening operated fully and intensely, as in one stream. Where the mind had no shape, no contour of word and meaning; no limits to contain what was revealed. He spoke of a mind that was not concerned with judging, holding, or leaving, where there was "seeing, listening; listening, seeing." "There is," he said, "an explosive quality in listening." Speaking of the act of seeing, listening, he said that "it activates the senses. Seeing without word creates energy. It is a state of understanding of scientific spirit being religious spirit. Listening which receives small and great, ugly and beautiful. Which does not reduce everything to name, form and word. Such a mind is overflowing." He said that the night before he awoke from some great depth, with the word "Lord of the World" resounding in him. There was tremendous light, stronger than the sun.

Soon the fever recurred, but Krishnaji was well enough to travel with me by air to Bombay on November 4. Though he had been ill and was physically weak, the six months of relative solitude had recharged the mind. A vital stream of energy was flowing through him, the mind was wide awake. On the plane he told me of his meeting with Vinoba Bhave and what they had discussed. He said, "What is necessary is to further the mind, and the mind cannot be furthered if there is an end in view."

"What relevance has that to action?" I asked.

Krishnaji responded, "Don't you think that in furthering the mind you do act, but in a different way altogether? To be a revolutionary, you have to see further than the immediate. If you want to further the mind and have object in view, you are limiting the mind. Vinoba has drawn a circle round himself and he remains at the center of it."

In Bombay he was examined by Dr. Nathubhai Patel, who had treated him when he was ill in 1955. Dr. Patel found that there were still pus cells in the urine, and the urinary tract was again inflamed. He was a little worried about Krishnaji's loss of weight—he had lost twenty-five pounds since the beginning of the year. He had been on a very strict diet, and Dr. Patel asked him to give it up and start eating nourishing food—curds, butter, cereals, and ripe bananas. The doctor felt that the rheumatism was probably due to some viral infection, and prescribed some pills and injections. Krishnaji liked the doctor; in a letter to Kitty Shiva Rao he wrote, "Dr. Patel is very good, no fuss and unnecessary remarks. He says, I must put on weight."

From Bombay Krishnaji went with Madhavachari to Rishi Valley, where he recovered rapidly. By November 22 he wrote from Madras:

> My dear Kittyji,
>
> Thank you very much for your letter which was waiting at Bombay. I hope, you and Shiva Rao are well and that the new house is pleasant and quiet.

Mama and I have been talking about plans, the doctors seem to think that it would be wiser not to undertake big public talks. I think it is wiser too, so we can only have small, limited group discussions. Mama will let you know when we are both coming North, Mama and I.

You know these black shoes I sent from England, some months ago, are for Shiva Rao and they are not meant to be kept in the safe. Pupul is bringing another pair, brown, for Shiva Rao. She is coming back to Delhi next week I think.

Plenty of rains here, it must be cool and pleasant in Delhi.

With much love to you both.

Krishna

Over the years Sunanda had suffered three miscarriages. At Rishi Valley, she discussed once again her sorrow at her incapacity to have a child. Krishnaji said, "Motherhood is a primordial movement. It is not like the movement of ambition, of becoming. Motherhood is a natural instinct. Everything blooms in a woman—her body, her emotions. Has your body accepted the fact, or your mind?" he asked. "Has it left a mark on the body? If the body accepts it, then there is no conflict between body and mind." They had talked at some length. Sunanda had wept, and he had wiped her tears.

"How will you find out if any scar remains? Whether there is a yearning still lying dormant in consciousness? You have to bring it to the surface, allow it to speak to you, to communicate its intimations."

On walks, he would point to a baby, or a woman heavy with child, and say to Sunanda, "Observe the woman and the child. Don't feel ashamed of the feelings that arise. Don't be intellectual. Listen to your responses. Be awake to every response. See it through completely. Do it now."

She had listened, and commented that she had accepted the fact of remaining childless. He had refused to let her proceed. "Acceptance, adjustment, rationalization are escapes. They have no place. You are being self-defensive. Look at the fact without emotion or sentiment—otherwise you close the door of perception." After some time, he told her, "Listen to your loneliness, frustrations, comparisons. If you so listen, something happens, the ache of the denial of personal motherhood dies."

On November 22 Krishnaji went to Madras, where he was to hold seven discussions. Professors, students, and professionals, as well as members of the Theosophical Society, attended the discussions, which were held under ancient rain trees. The scent of pine, the thunder of falling mountain springs, the astonishing green of young paddy, and an ancient sense of pilgrimage permeated his words. They had a translucence, a lucidity and purity; insights sparkled, the sensory perceptions were tender with creation.

"What I would like to communicate to you is a total self-abandonment on the instant. For abandonment you need passion. Do not be afraid of the word. For, in seeing this, we may solve the one central problem 'of me and my urges.' "

He spoke of a tree with its trunk, its roots, its branches, its leaves, as a totality, and asked, "By some miracle, by some way of looking at the clouds, some instant of cleaving perception, could one see? Could the mind be extraordinarily sensitive to every movement of thought and feeling?

"The timeless is whispering around every corner, it lies under every leaf. It is open not to the dehydrated human being who has suppressed himself and no longer has any passion. But to the mind, which is in a state of meditation, moment to moment."[1]

In another discussion he said, "I think it would be marvelous if without words one could convey what one really feels about the problem of existence. I wonder whether it is not possible to go beyond the frontiers which the mind has imposed, beyond the narrow limits of one's heart and to live there; to act, feel, think; while carrying on one's own activities?"

When questioned on the need for regular practice, he said, "Practice for ten thousand years, you will still be within the field of time, of knowledge.

"The self, the 'me' is restless. Roaring down like a river, living, moving, being. Self-knowing is extraordinarily swift in its perceptions. Accumulation of knowledge gives birth to the 'me.' "

Questioned on death, he spoke of "death and life walking together." The fear of complete loneliness, isolation, of not being anything, is the root of self-contradiction. Creation is in ending, not in continuity.

"If there is a living coming to an end from moment to moment, there is an extraordinary state of being nothing. Of coming to the abyss of an eternal movement and dropping over the edge, which is death. I want to know all about death, because death may be reality, God, that extraordinary something that lives and moves."

In December 1959 Krishnaji went to Bombay. By then he had completely recovered and it was decided that he give eight talks. Like a fast-moving current, new insights of the teaching were flowing through consciousness, washing away the impurities, the problems and conflicts of everyday living. Krishnaji's language was tender, vast perceptions and depths were evident. Like the waters of the snow-fed springs and rivers of Achebal and Pahalgam, insights were generated that had to travel far, exploring, finding new channels, generating life. At the talks and in the small discussions he was to speak of the urgency that rested behind asking the right question. It was this, he was to say, that brings about right perception. "A perceiving mind is living, moving, full of energy.

"There are no answers to life's questions. The state of mind that questions is more important than the question itself." Speaking of conditioning and freedom from bondage, he said, "If it is a right question, it will have no answer, because the question itself will open the door. But, if it is a wrong question, you will find ways and means to solve the problem and so remain in bondage. For he who asks the question is himself the bondage."

He spoke of "efficiency, essential in technology; but in the within of man, in the world of the psyche, is tyranny." For when "means are used for ends, means strangle you."

At another talk he spoke of an exploration into the within. "To uncover is to discover, but to accumulate what you discover is to cease to discover." He was speaking in the tree-filled compound of the J. J. School of Art. Crows nested in the trees on evenings, and his words were interspersed with their harsh cries.

"Have you ever listened to the noise of a crow? Actually, listened to it without shutting it out as ugly. If you are capable of so listening, there is no division between the noise and what is being said. Attention implies a clarity of altogetherness, in which there is no exclusion." He dwelt on the altogetherness of a mind, a mind that had no past, no future; it was a feeling, a fullness with no center.

"I have nothing to offer," he continued. "If you are listening, you are already in that state." "No guru is going to tell you that you are doing well. That you may go to the next examination. You are listening to yourself and that is an art."

He saw that any change with motive was a seeking of power, and asked, "Can the mind, without motive, let go? That is real renunciation. Keep the mind clean, alert, watchful, observe every thought, see its significance without motive, urge, or compulsion, then there comes an energy that is not your own, which descends upon you. There is a limitless being, and in that energy is reality."[2]

A sense of flux permeated his words. He explored the nature of the verb as an unbroken movement, a total state containing past, future, and an active present. "We are not concerned with being, but with having been and becoming. There is an active present, a state of being, a living, active state."

He spoke of listening as a state of comprehension, of being, in which all time was included.

Then he asked, "With the understanding of the verb, let us examine the nature of the self. The self is me."

On January 10 he spoke of sorrow. To end it, sorrow has to be embraced, lived with, understood; one has to become intimate with sorrow. Running away from sorrow is what one knows; it is an escape from it. Understanding of sorrow is an explosion, a revolt, a tremendous discontent in everything. To understand death and sorrow one must have a burning urge, an intensity, and face the fact. Death is unknown, as sorrow is; but to know the nature, the depth, the beauty, and loneliness of sorrow, is its ending. "Benediction comes when there is a state of nonreaction. It is a benediction to know death because death is the unknown."[3]

Seeing the intense, sorrow-laden, tormented faces in his audience, he spoke on January 17 of learning to play with a problem. Unless you can play, you will never find out. If you don't know how to smile, not only with your lips but with your whole being, with your eyes, your mind, and heart, then you don't know what it is to be simple and take delight in the common things of life." And later, he laughed with joy and said, "Unless you are capable of laughter, real laughter, you don't know what sorrow is. You don't know what it is to be serious."[4]

Speaking of meditation, he said, "For most of us, what is explored is not important; therefore, it does not open up the capacity to enter into 'what is.' Life is an extraordinary thing—we call the past the time before, and the future as the time after; can one go into it through the present? Truth has no future, no past, no continuity. Meditation is the state of living in which the frontiers of the mind break down. There is no self, no center, and, therefore, no circumference."

He explored the nature of negative thinking. Positive thinking, as an assertion, is destructive to enquiry. "Through negation there is creation," he said. "Whatever is born of a mind, that is completely empty, is creation. Out of that arises negative thinking. Such an approach, based as it is on attention, can have no measure. The mind that goes into itself deeply enters on a pilgrimage of enquiry from which there is no return." For this one needs to be completely alone—no companionship, no dependence, no attachment, thought, or memories; a total denial of everything. "To open the door to the eternal, the journey into the self is the only way."

Krishnaji returned to Europe in March 1960. On reaching Rome, he felt very unwell and entered the Bercher Brenner Clinic in Zurich. There, after a detailed medical examination, they put him on a special diet.

Later, he went to Ojai, where he was scheduled to give eight talks. Suddenly, after the third talk, he announced that he would give only four.

CHAPTER 21

"The Mind That Goes into Itself Deeply Enters on a Pilgrimage from Which There Is No Return."

Krishnaji returned from the West in the autumn of 1960, having sensed the volcanic energies being released in the new scientific and technological mind. With the eye of prophesy, Krishnaji looked into the years that lay ahead. He perceived the accelerated pace of change that was to come about with the unlocking of the mysteries of nature, and the invention of tools and systems that would transform society and environment and generate enormous pressures on humankind. He also appeared aware of a rapid trend toward chaos and violence.

Madhavachari had come to meet him in New Delhi and was staying with me. In the evenings we took Krishnaji to the Buddha Jayanti Park, which he loved, and we walked amongst the rocks, trees, and bushes. One evening he began to speak of the nature of creation, of negation being the source of creation.

"Creation can only be when the mind is completely empty; whatever is born of that emptiness is negative thinking. It has no root, no source." He was to enquire into a state in which the frontiers of the mind broke down. So that in such a state there was no self, no center, and no circumference. "Most of us have never wandered into ourselves." He said, "Never look without calculations," and spoke of intelligence as the tool of enquiry: "The probing is with nothing into endless being."

In January 1961 Krishnaji was in Bombay, where he gave ten talks and held small group dialogues. Like the churning of the oceans of mind in the archaic myth of creation, jewels of insight were arising. With immense passion, Krishnaji said, "The world is becoming something totally new. Space is being conquered, machines are taking over, tyranny is spreading." Sensing the limitations of the minds that listened to his words, and their incapacity to comprehend the enormity of the winds of change, the growing inhumanity and callousness, Krishnaji sought to convey the urgency he felt.

"Something new is going on of which we are not aware. . . . You are not aware of the movement, the significance, the flow, the dynamic quality of this change. We think we have time. . . . There is no time, . . . the house is burning."[1]

"Wandering about the land [in India]," he observed an appalling death of human integrity. He spoke with passion of the demand for a new mind, "a good mind which held pity, affection, compassion. The old mind could no longer deal with the challenges that were so intricate, so subtle, so diffused." A new enquiry was needed. "Can one wipe out everything? And start anew?"

"How do you enquire?" asked Krishnaji. For him, there were three ways: "It is possible, it is not possible, it may be possible." The first two responses were an ending of enquiry, for they were limited by their certainties and so were held in time. It was only in a tentative delving into "the may be possible" that true enquiry was revealed. At his talks, in discussions, at the breakfast and lunch table, he spoke again and again of the need for a new mind; a mind that could only arise "out of the void, out of complete negation, in a state of revolution, when the mind is completely alone."

He spoke of exploration as a negative awareness in which there was perception without recording; a state of pure seeing without opinion, judgment, or conclusion. Moving away from the step-by-step observation and enquiry of the 1950s, he explored the new mind with its capacity to comprehend the whole; this was only possible "when the mind is not concerned with the particular; then comprehending the whole, it can play with the particular.

"One has to see inwardly and outwardly. That seeing brings an extraordinary energy. In that seeing, there is an awareness that there is no outer and inner, they are really one continuous movement. It is the tide going out and the tide coming in." Seeing that his listeners were perplexed, he said, "Time prevents perception. A mind that thinks of distance as space from here to there, as becoming, as achievement, such a mind cannot see a thing totally."

He was probing into "mind," discovering insights of the "new" as he observed. "The quality of going beyond itself belongs to the new mind, which is free of time; time as an inner psychological process. The time of the psyche brings about fear and so limits the flow. To understand the enormous pervasive nature of fear, to see the complexities in which mind is entangled, you must understand time. Fear and time go together." Perceiving the shadows on the faces of his listeners, Krishnaji said, "Fear is the destructive energy in man, it withers the mind."

Speaking to small groups, he had gone deep into the nature of the challenges facing humankind. He said that the crisis was of a different dimension to that faced earlier. In these talks in Bombay, Krishnaji was penetrating deeply into the nature of the scientific mind and the religious mind; the only two minds that could survive in the future. He asked himself, "Can the scientific mind with its logic, its investigation into matter, energy, enter into the religious mind?" and answered, "When the scientific mind breaks through the limitations of the known—then perhaps it approaches the religious mind."

He probed further. "The scientific mind with its logic, its precision, its enquiry, investigates the outer world of nature, but this does not lead to an inward comprehension of things; but an inward comprehension brings about an understanding of the outer. We are the result of the influences of the outer. The scientific mind is precise and clear in its investigation. It is not a compassionate mind, for it has not understood itself.

"What is the true religious spirit?" he asked. "Obviously, not the man who believes—who goes to temples and churches. Nor is the reaction to that the religious spirit. It is only when one denies all belief or nonbelief, when there is a seeing of the fact and the falseness of belonging and reaction, that the mind is in a state of negation, which means the mind is alone, it has no authority, no goal; therefore, it is not in a state of fear, which is reaction.

"The religious mind is not ritualistic. It is capable of thinking precisely, not in terms of the negative and positive; therefore, that mind has within it the scientific mind. But the scientific mind does not contain the religious mind, because it is based on time, knowledge; it is rooted in success and achievement.

"How does the religious mind enter the unknown?" He was questioning himself aloud. "It cannot come to the unknown except by 'jumping.' It cannot calculate and enter the unknown.

"The religious mind is the real revolutionary mind. It is not a reaction to what has been. The religious mind is explosive—creative . . . It is in a state of creation.[2]

"The religious mind is the only mind that can respond totally to the present challenge and to all challenges, at all times." He paused for a long time to permit the words to seek deep. "Can this mind be so solitary, solid in its aloneness, like fire?"

Again he questioned himself. "How can radical transformation from the roots of one's being come about? How can one recognize a religious mind? How does one recognize a saint? What does the word 'recognize' mean? To see again? Can one explode the pattern we have of a saint? You must explode the pattern to find the religious mind. Then there is no saint. He may be around the corner, unrecognized."

His questioning continued. "Can one observe without reaction? To observe without the center is the negative process. The mind is a slave to words. Can it be free of them?" Seeing the strained look on the faces of listeners, striving to reach the essence of his questions, he smiled, drawing the audience close to him. "Can you play with this a little?

"To find out whether there is God or no God, or if there is something more than thought, you must shatter the whole background, must you not? Seeing the truth that any conditioning is destructive to perception, can the mind break through without reaction? That breaking through opens the whole field of self-knowing."

In a public meeting he was asked, "How did the first mind come about?" His answer denied all theoretical speculation. "The fact is we are here. To investigate origins, you have to investigate what you are now. Is there a beginning and an ending? Do not ask what is the beginning. We started the discussion with time and the timeless; that brings us to existence, to living, to what we are. Can we be ruthless in our investigation of what we are? Can we understand what is the present? Then we will touch the beginning and ending of all things. To question rightly is to see that there is no beginning, no ending. To understand this extraordinary sense of timelessness, you have to understand the mind in the present. The human mind, as it is now, is the result of environment. The mind has to extricate itself from all influences to find the 'timeless.'

"To understand time, not put it aside, not create a theory about it, you have to investigate your own mind, grow aware of the extraordinary impact of influence. Time is the influence of a thousand yesterdays. There is not only chronological time, time by the watch, but there is time as memory, stretching backwards and forwards. This memory is unconscious, buried, hidden deep in the vast recesses of one's mind. There is time, from place to place, from here to there, and there is time as becoming. I am this and I shall be that. This reaching into the future to become introduces the permanent and the transient.

"There is time when you sow—time when you reap." He probed into inward time as memory, with its extraordinary complexity and subtlety. "Can we investigate into the self like the scientist?" he asked.

On another evening he explored the nature of the observer and the observed. The distance between the observer and the observed creates duality. "It is only when the mind observes itself as being conditioned that there is no observer. Can the mind observe itself as the observer? It is not a rare thing. When you are angry, passionate—in that state there is no observer, nor the observed as thought."

Speaking of the unknown, the void, from which alone the new mind could emerge, he said, "The mind cannot come to it; the mind that measures itself in time must wipe itself away and enter into that, without knowing that. You cannot know it. It has no color, no space, no shape. You cannot make a statement about it. All you can do is to jump out of the old, then you won't even know, for you are part of that extraordinary state."

He was holding the problem of the scientific mind and the religious mind in consciousness; his mind awake, listening to the intimations of the "new mind."

He was to discuss the question again and again. "What is needed is a new mind that functions wholly. The scientific mind is directive; the religious mind explodes without direction. Self-knowing is essential; because it is only a mind in self-knowing, because it is understanding itself, that it withers away, for the new mind to be.

"What is demanded is a fertile mind. Fertile in the sense of rich, in which a seed can grow, be nurtured, carefully watched over; a mind that is deeply enquiring, searching, looking, watching. Only that mind, exquisitely pliant, not tethered to anything, is sensitive. The fertile mind is empty, like the womb before it conceives. Can you take one thing? Take envy—understand it and go through it ruthlessly. Put your teeth into it and strip the mind of envy. Take stock of yourself, day after day, minute after minute, to ruthlessly penetrate this appalling thing—envy."

Like a shaft of fire, penetrating, his words dispelled shadows in the within. "The mind is a vast thing. It is not a spot in the universe. It is the universe. To investigate the universe demands an astonishing energy. It is energy greater than all rockets, because it is self-perpetuating, because it has no center. This is only possible when there is an enquiry into the inner and outer movement of the mind. The inner, the racial unconscious, in which are the urges, compulsions, the hidden dark fears, is the story of man. How do you observe? How do you listen? If the observation, the listening, is direct, then you are observing negatively. Then the mind has no conclusions, no opposites, no directives. In that looking it can see what is near and what is far away. In that there is an ending. Such a mind is the new mind. It has exploded without direction. Such a mind is the religious mind."

Then he opened up the nature of such a mind, a mind for which there has to be hard, arduous work. "But," he said, "you cannot watch from morning till night. You cannot be vigilant, never blinking for the whole day. So play with it. Play with it lightly. To question 'how am I to be aware' is to create conflict. But as you are playing, you learn.

"The mind that explodes without direction is compassionate, and what the world needs is compassion, not schemes.

"The new mind is not within the field of knowledge. It is that state of creation which is exploding. For that, all knowledge has to come to an end.

"The new mind cannot come into being with authority, with masters, with gurus. With a burnt-out mind, you cannot come to the new mind. You need a fresh, eager, live mind." He then held out the key. "What releases energy is direct perception. The greater part of the brain is the residuary animal and the remaining part undefined. We live our life in the very small part. We never investigate. Sensitivity arises when you watch a tree, bird, animal, ant. Watch how you walk, bathe, dress; watch yourself being important. If you so watch, if you so observe thought and every emotion, flowering, then the brain is very sensitive; out of that, the flowering of the mind begins. That is mutation.

"To watch, to observe everything, is to be aware of totality, never to limit any thought, to let everything flower. A mind that is completely quiet, without any reaction, is only an instrument of observation. It is alive, sensitive.

"Mutation is only possible when you have brought this about through awareness, without effort. The challenge of the present time and of every instant, if you are awake, is to respond totally to something that is new.

"Creation is not invention. The universe is not made of invention."

CHAPTER 22

"Be Awake."

Krishnaji left India for Rome in the middle of March 1961. A few days before his departure Nandini had been talking to him in his room at Himmat Nivas in Bombay. Krishnaji was sitting cross-legged on his bed, Nandini on the mat-covered floor close by. Suddenly, in the middle of the conversation, he stopped speaking; his straight back became still, his eyes closed, and like a swift moving tide, she felt it, pouring in through the doors and windows—rivers of silence that bathed her body, entering the pores of her skin, saturating her. She too became totally still and died to the world. She does not know how long it lasted. Suddenly, she heard the voice of Krishnaji and grew aware of her surroundings. She had felt the strength needed to hold this silent roaring wind, and commented on it.

For some time after that Krishnaji was far away. Krishnaji's long periods of rest and the silences of Ranikhet and Kashmir had triggered the awakening of these immense rivers of energy. Insights awakened and converged that were to flower in the "notebooks" Krishnaji was to start writing in the spring of 1961.

From the plane on his way to Rome on March 25, Krishnaji wrote to Nandini:

> Half an hour out of Bombay, at 35,000 ft., the sky was blue, so blue, so intense, so pale, so soft that it brought tears to one's eyes, at one time the blue was almost black; we were so high, the plane so steady and the sea so far below, there was a strange sense of peace and incomprehensible vastness from horizon to horizon, there was this cloudless dome of intense blue; at the horizon, the blue was almost tender green. It was a marvelous sight, something incredibly beautiful. In the cabin it was freshly cool, almost cold, which revived one after the heat. It took some time to come back to oneself and I am sorry if I made a nuisance of myself before leaving. It was bright and warm when we arrived but it has become cold and rainy.

Writing to Nandini from Rome, he said:

> Resting and doing nothing must have pushed the body to the limit and now it is flat. Hope you are well. Don't please do these exercises with any strain, if there's a strain, the exercises are not being done properly. Give complete attention and things will come right. Don't settle down, keep the flame alive It has been altogether strange and don't get lost in trivialities; don't let yourself be drowned; keep awake, be in a state of complete attention.

Signora Vanda Scaravelli, an old friend of Krishnaji's, was a remarkable woman, with the fire, eccentricity, quickness of mind and body of the fine-bred Italian. She met Krishnaji in Rome, and after a few days was to travel with him to Il Leccio, near Florence. Later, in Geneva, he underwent a complete medical checkup at the Bercher Brenner Clinic.

In May, Krishnaji was in London. Miss Doris Pratt, the representative of K. W. I. in England had arranged for his stay in a house near Wimbledon Common. She was there to look after him. He held meetings with and gave talks to a small group of specially invited people. In the evenings he went for long walks alone on Wimbledon Common. On May 12 he wrote to Nandini:

> The wheels* of Ooty are working, unknown to any, and other things are taking place. It is so extraordinary, and words seem so futile. Days are too short and one lives in a day, a thousand years. Keep alive, aware and don't let anything whatsoever smother the flame. Don't let a single thought escape without observing from where it came, its motives, and significance. Keep awake.

Another letter arrived from Wimbledon on May 18:

> As one grows older, as the mind gets more set and more mechanical, it is very important to break down every pattern of thought and feeling—to be aware of every movement of thought, to watch ceaselessly, never to allow moods to gather strength or allow the physical to cloud the clarity of the mind. Don't let the flame die down or let the smoke of everyday events smother it. Strangely the things that happened at Ooty are taking place, though no one knows about it—it is very strong. The wheels of Ooty are working powerfully. I am surprised

These references to Ooty were to occur again on June 1, when he wrote from London:

> Don't be smothered by mediocrity and by everyday events of nothing. Be

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*His use of the word "wheels" refers to the *chakras*.

intense and don't let the flame die. Everything is well here. The wheels of Ooty are working furiously and painfully.

Miss Pratt had noticed that Krishnaji was undergoing some mysterious experiences. In a letter to Rajagopal she described what was happening. She questioned Krishnaji, and he told her that there was nothing anyone could do except keep quiet, relaxed, and not worry; but he said not to let anyone touch him. She went on to say that she felt she was an onlooker at a most profound and tremendous mystery.[1]

Krishnaji flew to Ojai via New York on June 14. My daughter Radhika, who was working for her Ph.D. at Bryn Mawr, came to see him on June 16. In a letter to Nandini, Krishnaji said:

> Saw Radhika—looks well and we had a long talk. Life is short and there is so much to discover not outwardly but within. There are vast unexplored regions within and don't let a day go by without discovering something Be explosive inwardly and then the outer things will take care of themselves.

On June 17, the day before he left for Ojai, he began to write a record of his pilgrimage into the vast oceans of "otherness." The immense insights and the perceptions without horizons that he was to write about in the *Notebook* were unfolding.

The letters to Nandini started again in July from Ojai. On July 4, he wrote to her:

> You may remember that two days before I left, you were aware of that strange energy in the room. To stand it one has to be tremendously "strong." You used that word. Be of it. For that's here now and the wheels of Ooty are working. Don't get entangled, be aware of deep thoughts and feelings. Be direct simple and clear.

The letters continued. On July 19 he wrote from Gstaad:

> Fear really destroys and perverts all seeing. It breeds illusion; it dulls the mind, it destroys dignity. Search it out—be open to it. Don't find excuses for it. Go into it ruthlessly. Be aware of every form of fear and wash it away. Don't let it remain with you for a single minute. There is no innocency [sic] where there is fear, jealousy, attachment. Be burningly aware of it The wheels of Ooty have been working.

Signora Scaravelli, his hostess in Gstaad, has described Krishnaji's states of consciousness while he was at Chalet Tannegg.* They were similar to and yet different from what took place at Ootacamund. The intense pain was absent. The states of otherness and benediction arose in his walks, in the house, while he was awake, or as he awoke from sleep. Vanda Scaravelli sensed the sacred presence that was around and within him. She spoke of the face-changing and of an awareness, a simultaneous feeling of emptiness and fullness. All the time he was giving talks in Saanen. They were not independent of his states. All separation between these mystic happenings and his daily life appears to have ended.

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*Chalet Tannegg is in Gstaad, Switzerland Krishnaji lived there every year in the months of July and part of August till 1983 as a guest of Signora Vanda Scaravelli During this period he held talks and discussions in Saanen

On July 18, while in Gstaad, he wrote in the *Notebooks:* "Our eyes and brain register the outward things, trees, mountains, swift running streams; accumulate knowledge, technique and so on. With that same eyes and brain, trained to observe, to choose, to condemn and justify, we turn inward, look inward, recognize objects, build up ideas, which are organized into reason. This inward look does not go very far, for it's still within the limitation of its own observation and reason. This inward gaze is still the outward look and so there's not much difference between the two. What may appear to be different may be similar.

"But there's an inward observation which is not the outward observation turned inward. The brain and the eye which observe only partially do not comprehend the total seeing. They must be alive completely but still; they must cease to choose and judge but be passively aware. Then the inward seeing is without the border of time-space. In this flash a new perception is born."[2]

As far as we know, this was the last occasion when he was to experience such events. In later years other states of vastness and emptiness were to arise, he was to faint and be out of his body; but these processes appear to be of another nature.

K came back to Rishi Valley in the late autumn of 1961. Dr. Balasundaram was principal. The relationship between the students, the teachers, and the principal was warm and friendly; there was a living quality in the atmosphere. K sensed this and responded with passion and abundance. He had an immense empathy with the land and the surrounding hills. He could see Rishi Konda from his window, and the dialogue with the "sculptured" hill had commenced. To K the state of well being of the valley and its inhabitants was communicated in the intensity of the benediction that flowed from the hill. Local legends spoke of seers and sages who lived on Rishi Konda. At night inexplicable lights appeared and traveled across the slopes.

K continued to write his *Notebook.* A great benediction comes

Krishnaji at Rishi Valley School: addressing a gathering of students in the early 1970s; in discussion with a student in December 1982; listening to a music concert in December 1980 (Photo M. A. Hamid)

Krishnaji in November 1982, holding the hand of Maya, a Rishi Valley student Pointing to the pole that separates them, he comments "the eternal problem "

Krishnaji in December 1982 with G. Narayan, the principal of Rishi Valley School and Radhika Herzberger, the director of studies

Krishnaji in discussion with Pupul Jayakar and Achyut Patwardhan, Rishi Valley, December 1984

Krishnaji in December 1981 writing at his desk in his bedroom at Rishi Valley

Krishnaji in November 1982 with Palghat Mani Aiyar, a Master of percussion in residence at Rishi Valley School

Krishnaji and Asit Chandmal at lunch in a hotel at Gstaad, Switzerland in July 1982

Krishnaji at Rishi Valley School, December 1980, bidding farewell to Rajiv Gandhi and his mother Indira whom he was later to succeed as prime minister of India. (Photo M. A. Hamid)

Krishnaji with Achyut Patwardhan in New Delhi, November 1981.

Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya in Vasant Vihar, 1986.

Mahesh Saxena in Vasant Vihar, Madras, January 1986

Nandini Mehta in Bombay, January 1981

Krishnaji with Indira Gandhi and Pupul Jayakar at Rishi Valley School (Photo M. A. Hamid)

Vasant Vihar, the headquarters in Madras of the Krishnamurti Foundation India

Krishnaji listening to music after a Sunday talk in Bombay, February 1980. (Photo Asit Chandmal)

Krishnaji with the members of the Krishnamurti Foundation India, December 8, 1985. (from left to right, front row) R. R. Upasini, Dr. Parchure, Pt. Jagannath Upadhyaya, Krishnaji, Dr. Krishna, G Narayan, (second row) Padma Santhanam, Prema Srinivasan, Sunanda Patwardhan, Achyut Patwardhan, Radhika Herzberger, Pupul Jayakar, Nandini Mehta, Anantaswamy, (standing) Amarendra Roy, Mahesh Saxena, Pama Patwardhan, Dr Hiralal, Kabir, Asit Chandmal, Rajesh Dalal, Ahalya Chari, Sathe, Murali Rao, Meheralli, and to the extreme right is Parmeshwaran, Krishnaji's cook who served K and the Rishi Valley School since the early 1950s. (Photo Mark Edwards Copyright © The Krishnamurti Foundation)

A child approaches Krishnaji with a flower at the end of his last talk, which ends with silence (Photo Asit Chandmal)

The last talk in Vasant Vihar, Adyar, Madras, January 3, 1986 (Photo Asit Chandmal)

Krishnaji, January 10, 1986, on his last walk on the Adyar Beach—a strong wind sweeps his hair back like a comet's tail. (Photo Asit Chandmal) through his words. Whatever was in him and around him penetrated the soil of the valley and is still felt by many sensitive visitors. "For the otherness was there, and coming up the valley; it was like a curtain of rain but only there was no rain; it was coming as a breeze comes, softly and gently and it was there outside and inside."[3]

Radhika and I were with Krishnaji in Rishi Valley for the period he was there. K went for long walks alone or with Dr. Balasundaram and Radhika. The trees that had been planted in the late 1940s were now full grown; the wells had made possible the planting of paddy; the valley was alive with green, sap-filled shrubs; the paths were fragrant with white flowers shed by avenues of cork trees.

The children who had gathered on the hilltop at Astachal to witness the sun sink below the horizons felt the colors explode within them. They were silently aware of the stranger in their midst and the skies that were ablaze to welcome him. K later wrote in the *Notebook:*

> The earth was the colour of the sky; the hills, the green, ripening rice fields, the trees and the dry, sandy river-bed were the colour of the sky; every rock on the hills, the big boulders, were the clouds and they were the rocks. Heaven was the earth and the earth heaven; the setting sun had transformed everything. The sky was blazing fire, bursting in every streak of cloud, in every stone, in every blade of grass, in every grain of sand. The sky was ablaze with green, purple, violet, indigo, with the fury of flame. Over that hill it was a vast sweep of purple and gold; over the southern hills a burning delicate green and fading blues; to the east there was a counter sunset as splendid in cardinal red and burnt ochre, magenta and fading violet. The counter sunset was exploding in splendour as in the west; a few clouds had gathered themselves around the setting sun and they were pure, smokeless fire which would never die. The vastness of this fire and its intensity penetrated everything and entered the earth. The earth was the heavens and the heavens the earth. And everything was alive and bursting with colour and colour was god, not the god of man. The hills became transparent, every rock and boulder was without weight, floating in colour and the distant hills were blue, the blue of all the seas and the sky of every clime. The ripening rice fields were intense pink and green, a stretch of immediate attention. And the road that crossed the valley was purple and white, so alive that it was one of the rays that raced across the sky. You were of that light, burning, furious, exploding, without shadow, without root and word. And as the sun went further down, every colour became more violent, more intense and you were completely lost, past all recalling. It was an evening that had no memory.[4]

In his talks to the children and teachers K questioned the place of knowledge in the transformation of man. The minds of the children were alive, quickened by direct contact with K's presence, the benediction, an ocean in which he walked and talked. The clarity and depth of the insights revealed in the talks were startling. These talks were later to appear in *Krishnamurti on Education*. In the talks K emphasized the two instruments available to the human mind: knowledge, which enables one to gain mastery over the material environment; and intelligence, which is born of observation. To the child he said, "A new mind is only possible when the religious spirit and the scientific attitude form part of the same movement of consciousness." To K they were not separate movements that had to be fused, but a new movement inherent in intelligence and in the creative mind.

K denied all hierarchical relationships. To him right communion was only possible when the teacher and student functioned at the same level, communicating through question and counterquestion, until in the act of learning the problem was explored fully and understanding illumined the mind of the student and teacher simultaneously.

Speaking to the child of fear, K said, "When you see fear, enquire into it, face it, then it goes away." He explored with the child the complex problem of fear. He unraveled the enormous darknesses of fear and the nature of becoming with delicacy and lucidity. He spoke of time by the watch and inner time, which is created by the psyche, as becoming the "I shall be." Projection into the future is the root of fear.

A child asked him about death. "There are two kinds of death," he said. "Bodily death and death of thought." The body, the physical organism, has to end. "We are not afraid of that. We are afraid that thought as the 'me,' which has lived, acquired money, family, the 'me' that wants to become important, will end." He asked the child, "Do you see the difference between the physical dying and the 'me' dying?" Children listened, the seed of intelligence was planted, on rich earth or barren rocky soil—only the future would reveal.

He introduced the child to self-knowing and meditation. At the end of one talk, he said, "First of all, sit completely quiet, comfortably, sit very quietly, relax. Now, look at the trees, at the shape of the hills, and look at the quality, the color, of the trees. Do not listen to me. Watch and see those trees, the yellowing trees, the tamarind, and then look at the bougainvilleas. Look not with your mind, but with your eyes. After having looked at the colors, the shapes, and the shadows of the trees, of the hills, the rocks, then from the outside move to the inside. Close your eyes, close your eyes completely. You have finished looking at things outside, and now with your eyes closed, look at what is happening inside. Watch what is happening inside you. Do not think, but just watch. Do not move your eyeballs, just keep them very very quiet. There is nothing to see now, you have seen all the things around you, now you are seeing what is happening inside your mind. And to see what is happening inside your mind, you have to be very quiet inside. And when you are quiet, do you know what happens to you? You become very sensitive, you become very alert to things outside and inside. Then you find that the outside is the inside. Then you find out that the observer is the observed."[5]

He spoke with the same directness to the teacher as he did to the child. He spoke of the urgency and necessity to have a long vision, in which the little things are contained. He explored with tactile subtlety the many darknesses of the mind.

K's final talk, "On Flowering," is perhaps one of the most daring and explosive of any talk on education.

"Can frustration flower?" he asked. "How do you question so that frustration unfolds, so that frustration flowers? It is only when thought flowers that it can naturally die. Like the flower in a garden, thought must blossom, it must come to fruition and then it dies. In the same way, thought must be given freedom to die. And the right question is whether there can be freedom for frustration to flower and to die?"

A teacher asked what he meant by "flowering." Krishnamurti answered, "Look at the garden, the flowers in front over there! They come to bloom and after a few days they wither away, because it is their nature. Now, frustration must be given freedom so that it blossoms.

"Your question was: 'Is there a momentum which keeps moving, keeping itself clean, healthy?' That momentum, that flame which burns, can only be when there is freedom for everything to flower—the ugly, the beautiful, the evil, the good, the stupid—so that there is not a thing suppressed, so that there is not a thing which has not been brought out and examined and burnt out. And I cannot do that if through the little things I do not discover frustration, misery, sorrow, conflict, stupidity, dullness. If I only discover frustration through reasoning I do not know what frustration means."

The teachers were unable to understand, and questioned further. "You see," responded K, "to you flowering is an idea. The little mind always deals with symptoms and never with the fact. It does not have the freedom to find out. It is doing the very thing which indicates the little mind, for it says, 'It is a good idea, I will think about it,' and so it is lost for it is then dealing with idea, not with fact. It does not say, 'Let it flower, and see what happens.' Then it would discover. But it says, 'It is a good idea, I must investigate the idea.' "

He told the teachers that most people were prisoners of little things. Then he asked, "Can I see the symptom, go into the cause, and let the cause of flower? But, I want it to flower in a certain direction, which means I have an opinion on how it should flower. Now, can I go after that? Can I see that I prevent the cause flowering because I am afraid I do not know what will happen if I allow frustration to flower? So, can I go into why I am afraid? I see, that so long as fear exists there can be no flowering. So I have to tackle fear, not through the idea of fear, but tackle it as a fact, which means, can I allow fear to blossom?

"All this requires a great deal of inward perception. To allow fear to blossom—do you know what that means? Can I allow everything to blossom? This does not mean I am going to murder, rob somebody, but can I just allow 'what is' to blossom?"

Seeing that they still did not understand, he asked, "Have you grown a plant? How do you do it?"

A teacher replied, "Prepare the ground, put in manure. . . ."

K continued, "Put in the right manure, use the right seed, put it in at the right time, look after it, prevent things from happening to it. You give it freedom. Why do you not do the same with jealousy?"

"The flowering here is not expressed outside like the plant."

Krishnamurti said, "It is much more real than the plant you are planting outside in the field. Do you know what jealousy is? At the moment of jealousy, do you say it is imagination? You are burning with it, are you not? You are angry, furious, why do you not pursue it? Pursue it not as an idea, but actually. Can you take it out, look at it, and see that it flowers? So that each flowering is a destruction of itself and, therefore, there is no 'you' at the end to ask who is observing the destruction? In that is real creation."

The teachers again asked, "When the flower blossoms, it reveals itself. What exactly do you mean, Sir, when you say that when jealousy blossoms it will destroy itself?"

Krishnamurti said, "Take a bud, an actual bud from a bush. If you nip it, it will never flower, it will die quickly. If you let it blossom, then it shows you the color, the delicacy, the pollen. It shows what it actually is, without your being told it is red, it is blue, it is pollen. It is there for you to look at. In the same way, if you allow jealousy to flower, then it shows you everything it actually is—which is envy, attachment. So, in allowing jealousy to blossom, it has shown you all its colors, it has revealed to you what is behind jealousy.

To say that jealousy is the cause of attachment is mere verbalization. But, in actually allowing jealousy to flower, the fact that you are attached to something becomes a fact, an emotional fact, not an intellectual verbal idea. And so each flowering reveals what you have not been able to discover; and as each fact unveils itself, it flowers and you deal with it. You let the fact flower and it opens other doors, till there is no flowering at all of any kind and, therefore, no cause or motive of any kind."[h]

Seeing the look on the faces of the teachers, Krishnaji said, "In the very act of your listening, the flowering is taking place."

Krishnaji's relationship to the schools was undergoing deep change. He saw the school as an oasis where the teaching could be cherished and kept alive, whatever the disorder and violence in the world. A new generation, the new mind, had to come into being; and for that not only had the teacher and the taught to have listening minds and eyes that could see with a long vision, without identification and fragmentation, but the ground had to be ploughed and the seed sown, the land made holy with benediction.

Radhika and I traveled with Krishnaji in the car from Rishi Valley to Madras. Aldous Huxley and his wife were in India, and were to visit Madras as Krishnaji's guests later in the month. I had promised to help make their stay in Vasant Vihar, a spartan household, comfortable. The furniture in the rooms at Vasant Vihar had to be rearranged, and some sophistication brought into the serving of meals. On reaching Madras, however, there was a telegram awaiting me; my husband had fallen ill, and so Radhika and I left immediately for Delhi.

Krishnaji arrived in Delhi later from Madras with Madhavachari. Devastated by personal sorrow, I went to see Krishnaji. He overwhelmed me with his affection, held my face so that my eyes could not escape the intense depth of his eyes, and repeated the facts of my bondage and the illusions and hopes that refused to be allayed. Suddenly, it was over. Some blockage within me was swept away in the rivers of energy that flowed from him. In the following years I was to meet him several times alone, they were meetings regarding the schools or concerning the teaching; it was very seldom that I was to raise a personal problem.

Later in 1962, the decision taken by Radhika, my only child, to marry a young philosopher from the United States had shattered me. I was deeply attached to her, and my response to the proposed separation was inevitable. My body and mind were ravaged. I could not bear to accompany her to America, where she was to marry. I saw her to the airplane and then fled from the rest of the family, seeking to be alone, away from everything familiar.

From Calcutta I went to Birbhum, and on my return read the newspaper headlines. Emergency had been declared in India. China had broken through India's defenses and was at the gateways. The eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation of Kennedy and Kruschev over the Cuban missile crisis had shaken the world. The point of no return had been reached. I looked at the headlines, and the ground collapsed under me. I had to face the fact that I might never see my daughter again.

I sat through the whole night holding the anguish, letting the agony flood consciousness, refusing to turn away with hope. Anxiety, despair, memories arose; the sense of forever; the terror of the word paralyzed me, but I saw it arise and let be. By the morning the love for my daughter was still as deep, but the pain and anguish that arose at the thought of the possible ending of the relationship was quenched. Attachment had lost one peg to which it was rooted. Now there remained only my dependence on the guru, and that also was soon to be challenged.

Radhika met Krishnaji in Gstaad on her way to the United States in November 1962. Krishnaji wrote to me from Chalet Tannegg that he had met Radhika and gone for a long walk with her. "It was good that we met," he said. Knowing what her going would mean to me, he wrote, "It must be a great trial to see Radhika go away."

CHAPTER 23

"Happy Is the Man Who Is Nothing": Letters to a Young Friend

Between 1948 and the early 1960s, Krishnaji was easily accessible and many people came to him. On walks, in personal meetings, through letters, the relationships blossomed. He wrote the following letters[1] to a young friend who came to him wounded in body and mind. The letters, written between June 1948 and March 1960, reveal a rare compassion and clarity: the teaching and healing unfold; separation and distance disappear; the words flow; not a word is superfluous; the healing and the teaching are simultaneous.

Be supple mentally. Strength does not lie in being firm and strong but in being pliable. The pliable tree stands in a gale. Gather the strength of a swift mind.

Life is strange, so many things happen unexpectedly, mere resistance will not solve any problem. One needs infinite pliability and a single heart.

Life is a razor's edge and one has to walk on that path with exquisite care and with pliable wisdom.

Life is so rich, has so many treasures, we go to it with empty hearts; we do not know how to fill our hearts with the abundance of life. We are poor inwardly and when the riches are offered to us, we refuse. Love is a dangerous thing, it brings the only revolution that gives complete happiness. So few of us are capable of love, so few want love. We love on our own terms, making of love a marketable thing. We have the market mentality and love is not marketable, a give-and-take affair. It is a state of being in which all man's problems are resolved.

We go to the well with a thimble and so life becomes a tawdry affair, puny and small.

What a lovely place the earth could be, for there is so much beauty, so much glory, such imperishable loveliness. We are caught in pain and don't care to get out of it, even when someone points a way out.

I don't know, but one's aflame with love. There is an unquenchable flame. One has so much of it that one wants to give it to everyone and one does. It is like a strong flowing river, it nourishes and waters every town and village; it is polluted, the filth of man goes into it but the waters soon purify themselves and swiftly move on. Nothing can spoil love, for all things are dissolved in it—the good and the bad, the ugly and the beautiful. It is the only thing that is its own eternity.

The trees were so stately and strangely impervious to man's tarred roads and traffic. Their roots were deep down, deep in the earth, and their tops stretched to the skies. We have our roots in the earth, which we have and must have, but we cling or crawl on the earth; only a few soar into the skies. They are the only creative and happy people. The rest spoil and destroy each other on this lovely earth, by hurt and likewise gossip.

Be open. Live in the past if you must, but don't struggle against the past; when the past comes, look into it, not pushing it away nor holding to it too much. The experience of all these years, the ache and the joy, the sickening blows and your glimpses of the separation, the far-away sense, all these will add enrichment and beauty. What is important is what you have in your heart; and since that is overflowing, you have everything, you are everything.

Be alert to all your thoughts and feelings, don't let one feeling or thought slip by without being aware of it and absorbing all its content. Absorbing is not the word, but seeing the whole content of the thought-feeling. It is like entering a room and seeing the whole content of the room at once, its atmosphere and its spaces. To see and be aware of one's thoughts makes one intensively sensitive, pliable, and alert. Don't condemn or judge, but be very alert. Out of separation, out of the dross comes pure gold.

To see "what is," is really quite arduous. How does one clearly observe? A river when it meets an obstruction is never still; the river breaks down an obstruction by its weight or goes over it or works its way under it or around it; the river is never still; it cannot but act. It revolts, if we can so put it, intelligently. One must revolt intelligently and accept "what is" intelligently. To perceive "what is" there must be the spirit of intelligent revolt. Not to mistake a stump needs a certain intelligence; but generally one is so eager to get what one wants, that one dashes against the obstacle; either one breaks oneself against it or one exhausts oneself in the struggle against it. To see the rope as the rope needs no courage, but to mistake the rope for a snake and then to observe needs courage. One must doubt, ever search, see the false as the false. One gets power to see clearly through the intensity of attention; you will see it will come. One has to act; the river is never not-acting, it is ever active. One must be in a state of negation, to act; this very negation brings its own positive action. I think the problem is to see clearly, then that very perception brings its own action. When there is elasticity there is no question of right and wrong.

One must be very clear within oneself. Then I assure you everything will come right; be clear and you will see that things will shape themselves right without your doing anything about it. The right is not what one desires.

There must be complete revolution, not only in great things, but in little everyday things. You have had that revolution, don't settle back, keep at it. Keep the pot boiling, inwardly.

I hope you have had a good night, pleasant sunrise out of your window and you were able to see the evening stars peacefully before you went to sleep. How little we know of love, of its extraordinary tenderness and "power," how easily we use the word love; the general uses it; the butcher uses it; the rich man uses it and the young boy and girl use it. But how little they know of it, its vastness, its deathlessness, its unfathomability. To love is to be aware of eternity.

What a thing is relationship, and how easily we fall into that habit of a particular relationship, things are taken for granted, the situation accepted and no variation tolerated; no movement towards uncertainty, even for a second, entertained. Everything is so well regulated, so made secure, so tied down, that there is no chance for any freshness, for a clear reviving breath of the spring. This and more is called relationship. If we closely observe, relationship is much more subtle, more swift than lightning, more vast than the earth, for relationship is life. Life is conflict. We want to make relationship crude, hard, and manageable. So it loses its fragrance, its beauty. All this arises because one does not love, and that of course is the greatest thing of all, for in it there has to be the complete abandonment of oneself.

It is the quality of freshness, of newness, that is essential, or otherwise life becomes a routine, a habit; and love is not a habit, a boring thing. Most people have lost all sense of wonderment. They take everything for granted, this sense of security destroys freedom and the wonderment of uncertainty.

We project a far distant future, away from the present. The attention to understand is always in the present. In attention there is always a sense of imminence. To be clear in one's intentions is quite an arduous task; intention is as a flame, ceaselessly urging one to understand. Be clear in your intentions and you will see, things will work out. To be clear in the present is all that one needs, but it is not quite so easy as it sounds. One has to clear the field for the new seed and once the seed is planted, its own vitality and strength creates the fruit and the seed. Outward beauty can never last, it is marred always if there is no inward delight and joy. We cultivate the outer, paying so little attention to the thing inside the skin; but it is the inner that always overcomes the outer. It is the worm inside the apple that destroys the freshness of the apple.

It needs great intelligence for a man and woman to be forgotten, to live together, not surrender to each other or be dominated by one or the other. Relationship is the most difficult thing in life.

How strangely one is susceptible to an atmosphere, one needs a friendly tension, a sense of warm attention in which one can freely and naturally blossom. So few have this atmosphere; and so most are stunted, physically as well as psychologically. I am very surprised that you have survived without being perverted in that peculiar atmosphere. One can see why you were not utterly destroyed, spotted and twisted; outwardly you adjusted as rapidly as possible, inwardly you put yourself to sleep. It is this inward insensitivity that saved you. If you had allowed yourself to be sensitive, inwardly awake, you couldn't have stood it and so there would have been conflict and you would have broken down, been marked. Now that you are inwardly awake and are clear, you have no conflict with the atmosphere. It is this conflict that makes for perversion. You will always remain unscarred if you are inwardly very alert and awake and warmly adjust to things externally.

Substitutes soon wither away. One may be worldly even though one has a few things. The desire for power in any form; the power of the ascetic, the power of a big financier or the politician or the pope is worldly. The craving for power breeds ruthlessness and reemphasizes the importance of oneself, the self-expansive aggressiveness is in essence worldliness. Humility is simplicity, but the cultivated humility is another form of worldliness.

Very few are aware of their inward changes, setbacks, conflicts and distortions. Even if they are aware they try to push them aside or run away from them. Don't you do it. I don't think you will, but there is a danger of living with your thoughts and feelings too closely. One has to be aware of one's thoughts and feelings, without anxiety, without pressure. The real revolution has taken place in your life, you should be very much aware of your thoughts and feelings—let them come out, don't check them, don't hold them back. Let them pour out, the gentle as well as the violent ones, but be aware of them.

Occupied with what are your desires, if you have any? The world is a good place, we do everything to get away from it through worship, prayer, our loves and fears. We don't know whether we are rich or poor, we have never gone deep down into ourselves and discovered "what is." We exist on the surface, satisfied with so little and made happy and unhappy by such small things. Our petty minds have petty problems and petty answers, and so we spend our days. We don't love, and when we do it is always with fear and frustration, with sorrow and longing.

I was thinking how important it is to be innocent, to have an innocent mind. Experiences are inevitable, perhaps necessary; life is a series of experiences, but the mind need not be burdened with its own accumulative demands. It can wipe off each experience and keep itself innocent—unburdened. This is important, otherwise the mind can never be fresh, alert and pliable. The "how" to keep the mind pliable is not the problem; the "how" is the search for a method, and method can never make the mind innocent; it can make it methodical, but never innocent, creative.

It began to rain yesterday afternoon and how it poured last night. I have never heard anything like it. It was as if the heavens opened. There was extraordinary silence with it, the silence of weight, a great weight pouring itself on the earth.

It is always difficult to keep simple and clear. The world worships success, the bigger the better; the greater the audience the greater the speaker; the colossal super buildings, cars, aeroplanes and people. Simplicity is lost. The successful people are not the ones who are building a new world. To be a real revolutionary requires a complete change of heart and mind, and how few want to free themselves. One cuts the surface roots; but to cut the deep feeding roots of mediocrity, success, needs something more than words, methods, compulsions. There seem to be few, but they are the real builders—the rest labor in vain.

One is everlastingly comparing oneself with another, with what one is, with what one should be, with someone who is more fortunate. This comparison really kills. Comparison is degrading, it perverts one's outlook. And on comparison one is brought up. All our education is based on it and so is our culture. So there is everlasting struggle to be something other than what one is. The understanding of what one is uncovers creativeness, but comparison breeds competitiveness, ruthlessness, ambition, which we think brings about progress. Progress has only led so far to more ruthless wars and misery than the world has ever known. To bring up children without comparison is true education.

It seems strange to be writing, what seems so unnecessary. The thing that matters is here and you are there. The real things are always alike, so unnecessary to write about or talk about; and in the very act of writing or talking something happens to pervert it, spoil it. There are so many things that are said apart from the real thing. This urge to fulfill, which burns so many people, in small ways and big ways. This urge can be satisfied in some way or the other, and with satisfaction the deeper things fade away. That is what happens in most cases, does it not? Fulfillment of desire is such a small affair, however pleasant; but with its fulfillment, as it keeps on satisfying itself, routine, boredom sets in and the real thing fades away. It is the real thing that has to remain and the wonder of it is, it does—if there is no thought of fulfillment but just seeing things as they are.

We are so very seldom alone; always with people, with thoughts that crowd in, hopes that have not been fulfilled, or are going to be—recollections. To be alone is essential for man to be uninfluenced, for something uncontaminated to take place. For this aloneness there seems to be no time, there are too many things to do, too many responsibilities and so on. To learn to be quiet, shutting oneself in one's room, to give the mind a rest, becomes a necessity. Love is part of this aloneness. To be simple, clear, and inwardly quiet, is to have that flame.

Things may not be easy but the more one asks of life, the more fearful and painful it becomes. To live simply, uninfluenced, though everything and everyone is trying to influence, to be without varying moods and demands is not easy, but without a deep quiet life, all things are futile.

How clear the blue sky is, vast, timeless and without space. Distance and space is a thing of the mind; there and here are facts, but they become psychological factors with the urge of desire. The mind is a strange phenomenon. So complex and yet so essentially simple. It is made complex by the many psychological compulsions. It is this that causes conflict and pain, the resistance and the acquisitions. To be aware of them, and let them pass by and not be entangled in them, is arduous. Life is as a vast flowing river. The mind holds in its net the things of this river, discarding and holding. There should be no net. The net is of time and space, it is the net that creates here and there; happiness and unhappiness.

Pride is a strange thing, pride in small things and big things; in our possessions, in our achievements, in our virtues, pride of race, name and family; in capacity, in looks, in knowledge. We make all this feed this pride, or we run to humility. The opposite of pride is not humility—it is still pride, only it is called humility; the consciousness of being humble is a form of pride. The mind has to be something. It struggles to be this or that, it can never be in a state of nothingness. If nothingness is a new experience, it must have that experience, the very attempt to be still is another acquisition. The mind must go beyond all effort only then . . .

Our days are so empty, filled with activities of every kind, business, speculation, meditation, sorrow, and joy. But in spite of all these, our lives are empty. Strip a man of position, power, or of money, what is he? He had all that show, outwardly, but he is empty, shallow, inwardly. One can't have both, the inner and other riches. The inner fullness far outweighs the outer. One can be robbed of the outer, outer events can shatter what has been carefully built up; but the inner riches are incorruptible, nothing can touch them, for they have not been put together by the mind.

The desire to fulfill is very strong in people and they pursue it at any cost. This fulfillment, in every way and in any direction, sustains people; if fulfillment fails in one direction, then they try in another. But is there such a thing as fulfillment? Fulfillment may bring a certain satisfaction, but it soon fades away and again we are on the hunt. In the understanding of desire the whole problem of fulfillment ceases. Desire is effort to be, to become, and with an ending to becoming the struggle to fulfill vanishes.

The mountains must be alone. It must be a lovely thing to have rain among the mountains and the rain drops on the placid lake. How the smell of the earth comes out when it rains and then there are the croakings of many frogs. There's a strange enchantment in the tropics, when it rains. Everything is washed clean; the dust on the leaf is washed away; the rivers come to life and there is the noise of running waters. The trees put out green shoots, there is the new wild grass where there was barren earth; insects by the thousands come out from nowhere and the parched earth is fed and the earth seems satisfied and at peace. The sun seems to have lost its penetrating quality and the earth has become green; a place of beauty and richness. Man goes on making his own misery, but the earth is rich once again and there is enchantment in the air.

It is strange how most people want recognition and praise—to be recognized as a great poet, as a philosopher, something that boosts one's ego. It gives great satisfaction but it has very little meaning. Recognition feeds one's vanity and perhaps one's pocket, and then what? It sets one apart and separation breeds its own problems, ever increasing. Though it may give satisfaction, recognition is not an end in itself. But most people are caught in the craving to be recognized, to fulfill, to achieve. And failure is then inevitable, with its accompanying misery. To be free of both success and failure is the real thing. From the beginning not to look for a result, to do the thing that one loves, and love has no reward or punishment. This is really a simple thing if there is love.

How little attention we pay to things about us, to observe and to consider. We are so self-centered, so occupied with our worries, with our own benefits, we have no time to observe and understand. This occupation makes our mind dull and weary, frustrated and sorrowful, and from sorrow we want to escape. As long as the self is active there must be weary dullness and frustration. People are caught in a mad race, in the grief of self-centered sorrow. This sorrow is deep thoughtlessness. The thoughtful, the watchful are free from sorrow.

How lovely a river is. A country without a rich, wide, flowing river is no country at all. To sit on the bank of a river and let the waters flow by, to watch the gentle ripples and hear the lapping of the ripples on the bank; to see the wind on the water making patterns; to see the swallows touching the water, the water catching insects; and in the distance, across the water, on the other bank, human voices or a boy playing the flute, of a still evening, quietens all the noise about one. Somehow, the waters seem to purify one, cleanse the dust of yesterday's memories and give that quality to the mind of its own pureness, as the water in itself is pure. A river receives everything—the sewer, the corpses, the filth of the cities it passes, and yet it cleanses itself within a few miles. It receives everything and remains itself, neither caring nor knowing the pure from impure. It's only the ponds, the little puddles that are soon contaminated, for they are not living, flowing, as the wide, sweet-smelling flowing rivers. Our minds are small puddles, soon made impure. It's the little pond, called mind, that judges, weighs, analyzes, and yet remains the little pool of responsibility.

Thought has a root or roots, thought itself is the root. There must be reaction or otherwise there's death; but to see that this reaction does not extend its root into the present or into the future is the problem. Thought is bound to arise, but to be aware of it and to end it *immediately* is essential. To think about thought, to examine it, to play around it, is to extend it, to give it root. This is really important to understand. To see how the mind thinks about thought is to react to the fact. The reaction is sadness and so on. To begin feeling sad, to think of the future return, to count the day, etc., is to give root to the thought concerning the fact. So the mind establishes roots, and then how to root them out becomes another problem, another idea. To think of the future is to have roots in the soil of uncertainty.

To be really alone, not with yesterday's memories and problems but to be alone and happy, to be alone without any outward or inward compulsion, is to let the mind be uninterfered. To be alone. To have a quality of love about a tree, protective and yet alone. We are losing the feeling for trees, and so we are losing love for man. When we can't love nature, we can't love man. Our Gods have become so small and petty and so is our love. In mediocrity we have our being, but there are the trees, the open heavens, and the inexhaustible riches of the earth.

You must have a clear mind, a free untethered mind; this is essential, you cannot have a clear, penetrating mind if there is fear of any sort. Fear clogs the mind. If the mind does not face its own self-created problems, it is not a clear, deep mind. To face its own peculiarities, to be aware of its urges, deeply and inwardly, to acknowledge all this without any resistance, is to have a profound and clear mind. Then only can there be a subtle mind, not merely a sharp mind. A subtle mind is a slow, hesitant mind; not a mind that concludes, judges, or formulates. This subtlety is essential. It must know to listen and to wait. To play with the deep. This is not to be got at the end, but this quality of the mind must be there from the very beginning. You may have it, give it a full and deep chance to flower.

To go into the unknown; to take nothing for granted, not to assume anything, to be free to find out, and then only can there be depth and understanding. Otherwise one remains on the surface. What is important is not to prove or disprove a point, but to find out the truth.

All idea of change or the truth of change is seen when there's only "what is." The "what is" is not different from the thinker. The thinker is that "what is," the thinker is not separate from that "which is."

It's not possible to be at peace if there's any kind of want, any hope for some future state. Suffering follows if there's any want, life is generally full of want; even to have one want leads to endless misery. For the mind to free itself from that one want, even to know that one desire needs attention, and that is quite an affair. When found, don't let it become a problem. To prolong the problem is to allow it to take root. Don't let it take root. The one want is the one and only pain. It darkens life; there's frustration and pain. Just be aware of it and be simple with it.

Through this estate runs a stream. It is not quiet water running peacefully to the big river, but a noisy cheerful stream. All this country around here is hilly, the stream has many a fall and at one place there are three falls of different depths. The higher one makes the noise, the loudest, the other two are not valuable but are on a minor key. All these three falls are spaced differently, and so there is a continuous movement of sound. You have to listen to hear the music. It's an orchestra playing among the orchards, in the open skies, but the music is there. You have to search it out, you have to listen, you have to be with the flowing waters to hear its music. You must be the whole to hear it—the skies, the earth, the soaring trees, the green fields and the running waters, then only you hear it. But all this is too much trouble, you buy a ticket and sit in a hall, surrounded by people, and the orchestra plays or someone sings. They do all the work for you; someone composes the song, the music, another plays or sings, and you pay to listen. Everything in life, except for a few things, is second-, third-, or fourth-hand—the Gods, poems, politics, music. So our life is empty. Being empty we try to fill it—with music, with Gods, with love, with forms of escape, and the very filling is the emptying. But beauty is not to be bought. So few want beauty and goodness, and man is satisfied with second-hand things. To throw it all off is the real and only revolution, and then only is there the creativeness of reality.

It's strange how man insists on continuity in all things; in relationships, in tradition, in religion, in art. There's no breaking off and a beginning new again. If man had no book, no leader, no one to copy, no one to follow, to example, if he was completely alone, stripped of all his knowledge, he would have to start from the very beginning. Of course this complete stripping of himself must be wholly and fully spontaneous and voluntary, otherwise he would go mad, force himself into some kind of neurosis. As only a few seem to be capable of this complete aloneness, the world carries on with tradition—in its art, its music, its politics, its Gods—which everlastingly breed misery. This is what is happening in the world at the present time. There is nothing new, there is only opposition and counteropposition—in religion the old formula of fear and dogma continues; in the arts there is the endeavor to find something new. But the mind is not new, it is the same old mind, ridden with tradition, fear, knowledge, and experience, endeavoring to search the new. It is the mind itself that must denude itself, wholly, for the new to be. This is the real revolution.

The wind is blowing from the south, dark clouds and rain, everything in putting forth, reaching out and renewing itself.

The farmer about here had a beautiful rabbit, alive and kicking. His woman carried it to him and one of the women said, "I cannot look," and the man killed it, and a few minutes later that which was alive, with a light in its eyes, was being skinned by the women. Here they are used to killing animals, as elsewhere in the world, religion does not forbid them to kill. In India where for centuries, children are told, at least in the South among the Brahmins, not to kill, how cruel it is to kill, there are many children who when they grow up are forced by circumstances to change their culture overnight. They eat meat, they become army officers to kill and be killed. Overnight their values change. The centuries of a particular pattern of culture is overthrown and a new one taken on. The desire to be secure, in one form or another, is so dominant that the mind will adjust itself to any pattern that can give it security and safety. But there is no security; and when one really understands this, there's something totally different, which creates its own way of life. That life cannot be understood or copied; all that one can do is to understand and be aware of the ways of security, which brings its own freedom.

The earth is beautiful and the more you are aware of it, the more beautiful it is. The color, the varieties of greens, the yellows. It is amazing what one discovers when one is alone with the earth. Not only the insects, the birds, the grass, the varieties of flowers, the rocks, the colors and the trees, but thoughts, if one loves them. We are never alone with anything. With ourselves, or with the earth. It is easy to be alone with a desire, not to resist it by an action of will, not to let it run away into some action, not to allow its fulfillment, not create its opposite by justification or condemnation; but to be alone with it. This brings about a very strange state without any action of will. It is that which creates resistance and conflict. Being alone with a desire brings about a transformation in the desire itself. Play with this and discover what happens; don't force anything, but consider it easily.

Education? What do we mean by it? We learn to read and write, acquire a technique necessary for a livelihood, and then we are let loose on the world. From childhood we are told what to do, what to think, and inwardly we are deeply conditioned by social and environmental influence.

I was thinking, can we educate man on the outside but leave the center free? Can we help man to be free inwardly and be always free? For it is only in freedom that he can be creative and so be happy. Otherwise, life is such a tortuous affair, a battle within and so without. But to be free inside needs astonishing care and wisdom; but few see the importance of this. We are concerned with the outer and not with creativity. But to change all this, there must be at least a few who understand the necessity of this, who themselves are inwardly bringing about this freedom. It is a strange world.

What is important is a radical change in the unconscious. Any conscious action of the will cannot touch the unconscious. As the conscious will cannot touch the unconscious pursuits, wants, urges, the conscious mind must subside, be still, and not try to force the unconscious, according to any particular pattern of action. The unconscious has its own pattern of action, its own frame within which it functions. This frame cannot be broken by any outward action, and will is an outward act. If this is really seen and understood, the outward mind is still; and because there is no resistance, set up by will, one will find that the so-called unconscious begins to free itself from its own limitations. Then only is there a radical transformation in the total being of man.

Dignity is a very rare thing. An office or a position of respect gives dignity. It is like putting on a coat. The coat, the costume, the post gives dignity. A title or a position gives dignity. But strip man of these things, and very few have that quality of dignity that comes with inward freedom of being as nothing. Being something is what man craves for, and that something gives him a position in society which it respects. Put a man into a category of some kind—clever, rich, a saint, a physicist; but if he cannot be put into a category that society recognizes, he is an odd person. Dignity cannot be assumed, be cultivated, and to be conscious of being dignified is to be conscious of oneself, which is to be petty, small. To be nothing is to be free of that very idea. Being, not of or in a particular state, is true dignity. It cannot be taken away, it always is.

To allow the free flow of life, without any residue being left, is real awareness. The human mind is like a sieve which holds some things and lets others go. What it holds is the size of its own desires; and desires, however profound, vast, noble, are small, are petty, for desire is a thing of the mind. Not to retain, but to have the freedom of life to flow without restraint, without choice, is complete awareness. We are always choosing or holding, choosing the things that have significance and everlastingly holding on to them. This we call experience, and the multiplication of experiences we call the richness of life. The richness of life is the freedom from the accumulation of experience. The experience that remains, that is held, prevents that state in which the known is not. The known is not the treasure, but the mind clings to it and thereby destroys or defiles the unknown.

Life is a strange business. Happy is the man who is nothing.

We are, most of us at least, creatures of moods and a variety of moods. Few of us escape from it. With some, it is caused by the bodily condition, with others it is a mental state. We like this up and down state, we think this movement of moods is part of existence. Or one just drifts from one mood to another. But there are few who are not caught in this movement, who are free from the battle of becoming, so that inwardly there is a steadiness, not of the will, a steadiness that is not cultivated, nor the steadiness of concentrated interest, nor the product of any one of these activities. It comes upon one only when the action of will ceases.

Money does spoil people. There is a peculiar arrogance of the rich. With very few exceptions, in every country, the rich have that peculiar atmosphere of being able to twist anything, even the Gods, and they can buy their Gods. Riches is not only of wealth, but the capacity of being able to do things. Capacity gives man an odd sense of freedom. He also feels he is above others, he is different. All this gives him a sense of superiority; he sits back and watches other people squirming, he is oblivious to his own ignorance, the darkness of his own mind. Money and capacity offer a very good escape from this darkness. After all, escape is a form of resistance, which breeds its own problems. Life is a strange business. Happy is the man who is nothing.

Take things easily, but inwardly with fullness and alertness. Don't let a moment slip by without being fully aware what is happening inwardly and about you. Often this is what it is to be sensitive, not to one or two things, but to be sensitive to everything. To be sensitive to beauty and to resist ugliness is to bring about conflict. You know, as you watch you will perceive that the mind is always judging—this is good and that is bad, this is black and that is white—judging people, comparing, weighing, calculating. The mind is everlastingly restless. Can the mind watch, observe, without judging, calculating? Perceive without naming and just see if the mind can do that.

Play with this. Don't force it, let it watch itself. Most people who attempt to be simple begin with the outer, discarding, renouncing, and so on; but inwardly the complexity of their being remains. With inward simplicity, the outer corresponds to the inner. To be simple inwardly is to be free from the urge for the more, which does not mean to be satisfied with "what is." To be free from the urge for the more is not to think in terms of time, progress, getting there. To be simple is for the mind to free itself from all results, is for the mind to empty itself of all conflict. This is real simplicity.

How can the mind battle between the ugly and the beautiful, clinging to the one and pushing away the other. This conflict makes the mind insensitive and exclusive. Any attempt on the part of the mind to find an undefined line between the two is still part of the one or the other. Thought cannot, do what it will, free itself from the opposites; thought itself has created the ugly and the beautiful, and good and the bad. So it cannot free itself from its own activities. All that it can do is to be still, not choose. Choice is conflict and the mind is back again to its own entanglements. The stillness of the mind is the freedom from duality.

There is so much discontent and one thinks an ideology, communism or other, is going to solve everything, even banish away discontent, which of course it can never do. Communism or any other organized religious conditioning can never do away with discontent; but one tries every way to smother it, to shape it, to give it content, but it is always there. To be discontented, one thinks, is wrong—normally not right, and yet one cannot do away with it; it has to be understood. To understand is not to condemn. So really go into it, watch it without any desire to change it, to channelize it. Be aware of it as it operates during the day, perceive its ways and be alone with it.

Freedom comes when the mind is alone. Just for the fun of the thing, keep the mind still, free of all thought. Play with it, don't make it a very serious affair, without any struggle, be aware and let the mind be still.

There is frustration as long as one is seeking fulfillment. The pleasure of fulfillment is a constant desire and we want the continuity of that pleasure. The ending of that pleasure is frustration in which there is pain. Again the mind seeks in different directions fulfillment and again it meets frustration. This frustration is the movement of self-consciousness which is isolation, separation, loneliness. From this the mind wants to escape again into some form of fulfillment. The struggle to fulfill brings the conflict of duality. When the mind sees the futility or truth of fulfillment, in which there is always frustration, then only can the mind be in that state of loneliness from which there is no escape. When the mind is in this state of loneliness, without any escape, then only is there freedom from it. Separation exists because of the desire to fulfill; frustration is separation.

No shocks must ever take place now, even the fleeting ones. These psychological reactions affect the body, with its adverse effects. Be very strong inwardly. Be firm and clear. Be complete; don't try to be complete, be complete. Don't depend on anyone or on anything or on any experience, or memory; the dependence on the past, however pleasant, only prevents the completeness of the present. Be aware and let that awareness be intact and unbroken even if it be for a minute.

Sleep is essential; during sleep one seems to touch unknown depths, depths that the conscious mind can never touch or experience. Though one may not remember the extraordinary experience of a world that is beyond the conscious or the unconscious, it has its effect on the total consciousness of the mind. Probably this is not very clear, but just read it and play around it. I feel there are certain things that can never be made clear. There are no adequate words for them, but nevertheless they are there.

Especially with you this is important, to have a body that will not be subject to any illness. You must easily, voluntarily put aside all the pleasurable memories and images, so that your mind is free, uncontaminated for the real thing. Do, please, pay attention to what is written. Every experience, every thought must end each day, each minute, as it arises; so that the mind does not put out roots into the future. This is really important, for this is true freedom. Thus there is no dependence, for dependence brings pain, affecting the physical and breeding psychological resistance. And as you said, resistance creates problems—to achieve, to become perfect, and so on. In seeking is involved struggle, effort, endeavor; this endeavor, this struggle, invariably ends in frustration—I want something or I want to be something—in the very process of getting there is the craving for the more, and the more is never in sight and so there is always a sense of being thwarted. So there is pain. So once again one turns to another form of fulfillment, with its inevitable consequence. The implication of struggle, of effort, is vast, and why does one seek? Why does the mind everlastingly seek and what makes it seek? Do you know or are you aware that you are seeking? If you are, the object of your search varies from period to period. Do you see the significance of search, with its frustrations and pain? That in the finding of something that is very gratifying there is stagnation, with its joys and fears, with its progress and becoming? If you are aware that you are seeking, is it possible for the mind not to seek? And if the mind does not seek, what's the immediate, actual reaction of a mind that does not seek?

Play with this, find out; don't force anything, don't let the mind coerce itself into any particular experience, for then it will breed for itself illusion.

I saw someone who is dying. How frightened we are of death; what we are frightened of is living; we do not know how to live; we know sorrow and death is only the final sorrow. We divide life, as living and dying. Then there must be the ache of death, with its separation, loneliness, isolation. Life and death are one movement, not isolated states. Living is dying, dying to every thing, to be reborn every day. This is not a theoretical statement but to be lived and to be experienced. It is will, this constant desire to be, that completely destroys the simple "being." This "being" is totally different from the sleep of satisfaction, fulfillment, or the conclusions of reason. This being is unaware of the self. A drug, an interest, an absorption, a complete "identification" can bring about a desired state, which is still self-consciousness. True being is the cessation of the will. Play around with these thoughts and experiment happily.

It is a cloudless morning, very early, the sky is so pure, gentle and blue. All the clouds seem to have gone, but they may come up again during the day. After this cold, this wind and this rain, spring will burst forth again; spring has been gently going on, in spite of the cold winds, but now every leaf and bud will rejoice. What a lovely thing the earth is! How beautiful are the things that come out of it—the rocks, the streams, the trees, the grass, the flowers, the endless things that she produces—only man grieves, he alone destroys his own species, his own kind; he alone exploits his neighbor, he tyrannizes and destroys. He is the most unhappy and most suffering, the most inventive and the conqueror of time and space. But with all their capacities, in spite of his lovely temples and churches, mosques and cathedrals, he lives in his own darkness. His gods are his own fears and his loves are his own hates. What a marvelous world we could make of it, without these wars, without these fears. But what is the use of speculation; it's no use at all.

The real thing is man's discontent, the inevitable discontent. It is a precious thing, a jewel of great worth. But one's afraid of it, one dissipates it, uses it or allows it to be used to bring about certain results. Man is frightened of it, but it is a precious jewel, without value. Live with it, watch it day after day, without interfering with its movements, then it is as a flame burning away all the dross, leaving that which is homeless and measureless. Read all this wisely.

The rich man has more than enough and the poor man goes hungry, looking for food and struggling and working all his life. One who has nothing makes of his life or allows life to make itself rich, creative, and another who has all the things of this world, dissipates and withers away. Give one man a piece of earth, he makes it beautiful, productive, and another neglects it and allows it to die, as he himself dies. We have such infinite capacities, in every direction, to find the nameless or to bring about hell on earth. But somehow, man prefers to breed hatred and enmity. It is so much easier to hate, to be envious, and as society is based on the demand for the more, human beings slip into every form of acquisitiveness. And so there is everlasting struggle, which is justified and made noble.

There is the unlimited richness of a life without struggle, without will, without choice. But that life is impossibly difficult when our whole culture is the outcome of struggle and the action of will. Without the action of will, for almost everyone living, there is death. Without some kind of ambition, for almost everyone, life has no meaning.

There is a life without will, without choice. This life comes into being when the life of will comes to an end. I hope you don't mind reading all this; if you don't mind then read it and listen to it with pleasure.

The sun is attempting to break through the clouds, probably it will manage to break during the day. One day it is spring and the next day it is almost winter. The weather represents man's moods, up and down, darkness and temporary light. You know, it is strange how we want freedom and we do everything to enslave ourselves. We lose all our initiative. We look to others to guide us, to help us, to be generous, to be peaceful; we look to the gurus, masters, saviors, meditators. Someone writes great music, someone plays it, interpreting it in his own way and we listen to it, enjoying it or criticizing it. We are the audience watching the actors, football players, or watching the cinescreen. Others write poems and we read; others paint and we gape at them. We have nothing, so we turn to others to entertain us, to inspire us, to guide or save us. More and more, modern civilization is destroying us, emptying us of all creativeness. We ourselves are empty inwardly and we look to others to be enriched and so our neighbor takes advantage of this to exploit, or we take advantage of him.

When one is aware of the many implications involved in looking to others, that very freedom is the beginning of creativeness. That freedom is true revolution and not the false revolution of social or economic adjustments. Such revolution is another form of enslavement.

Our minds make little castles of security. We want to be sure of everything, sure of our relationships, of our fulfillments, hopes, and of our futures. We build these inward prisons and woe to anyone that disturbs us. It is strange how the mind is ever seeking a zone where there will be no conflict, no disturbance. Our living is the constant breaking up and the rebuilding, in different forms, of these zones of safety. Our mind then becomes a dull and weary thing. Freedom consists in having no security of any kind.

It is really astonishing to have a still and a very calm mind, without a single wave of thought. Of course, the stillness of a dead mind is not the calm mind. The mind is made to be still by the action of will. But can it ever be profoundly, right through its whole being, silent? It is really most amazing what happens when the mind is, thus, silent. In that state all consciousness, as knowing, recognizing ceases. The instinctual pursuit of the mind, memory, has come to an end. And it's very interesting how the mind begins to do its best to capture that worldless state, through thinking, verbalising, perfecting symbols. But for this process to come to an end, naturally and spontaneously, is like dying to everything. One does not want to die, and so there is always an unconscious struggle going on, and this struggle is called life. It is odd how most people want to impress others, by their achievements, by their cleverness, by their books—by any means to assert themselves.

How is everything? Are your days swifter than a weaver's shuttle? Do you live in one day, a thousand years? It is strange, for most people boredom is a very real thing; they must be doing something, be occupied with something, an activity, a book, the kitchen, children, or God. Otherwise they are with themselves, which is very boring. When they are with themselves they get self-centered, crochety, or become ill and ill-humored. An unoccupied mind—not a negative blank mind, but an alert passive mind, a totally empty mind—is a sweet thing, capable of infinite possibilities. Thoughts are wearisome, uncreative, and rather dull. A thought may be clever, but cleverness is as a sharp instrument—it soon wears itself out, and that is why clever people are dull.

Let there be an unoccupied mind without deliberately working for it. Let it happen rather than cultivate it. Read this with awareness and let it take place. Hearing it or reading about the unoccupied mind is important, and how you read and how you listen.

What is important is to have the right kind of exercise, good sleep, and a day that has significance. But one slips so easily into a routine, and then one functions in the easy pattern of self-satisfaction, or in the pattern of self-imposed righteousness. All their patterns invariably lead to death—a slow withering away. But to have a rich day, in which there is no compulsion, no fear, no comparison, no conflict, but to be simply aware, is to be creative.

You see, there are rare moments when we feel this, but most of our life is made up of eroding memories, frustration, and vain efforts, and the real thing goes by. The cloud of dullness covers everything and the real thing fades away. It is really quite arduous to penetrate through this cloud and to be in the simple clarity of light. Just see all this and that is all. Don't try to be simple. This trying only breeds complexity and misery. The trying is becoming and the becoming is always desire, with its frustrations.

How important it is to free oneself from all emotional, psychological shock, which does not mean that one must harden oneself against the movement of life. It is these shocks that gradually build up various psychological resistances that also affect the body, bringing various forms of illness. Life is a series of events (wanted and unwanted), and as long as we pick, choose which we shall keep and which we shall discard, there must inevitably be a conflict (of duality) which is the shock. These series of checks harden the mind, heart; it is a self-enclosing process and so there is suffering. To allow the movement of life, without choice, without any particular movement, desirable or undesirable, to take root needs enormous awareness. It is not a matter of trying to be aware all the time, which is wearisome, but seeing the necessity of the truth of awareness, then you will see that the very necessity operates without your forcing yourself to be aware.

One may travel, be educated in the best of schools, in different parts of the world; have the best of foods, instruction, climate; but does all this make for intelligence? One knows of such people, and are they intelligent? The Communists are trying, as others, like the Catholics, to control and shape the mind. The very shaping of the mind does have certain obvious effects—more efficiency, a certain quickness and alertness of mind—but all these different capacities do not make intelligence. The very learned people, those who have plenty of information, knowledge, and those who are educated scientifically, are they intelligent? Don't you think intelligence is something entirely different? It is really the total freedom from fear. Those whose morality is based on security, security in every form, are not moral, for the desire for security is the outcome of fear. Fear and the constraint of fear, which we call morality, is really not moral at all. Intelligence is the total freedom from fear, and intelligence is not respectability, nor is it the various virtues cultivated through fear. In understanding fear there is something which is wholly different from the formulations of the mind.

It is good to experiment with identification. How do we experiment with anything? From the most simple to the most complex. We say this is mine—my sandals, my house, my family, my work, and my god; with identification comes the struggle to hold. Containing it becomes a habit. Any disturbance which might break that habit is pain, and then we struggle to overcome that pain. But identification, the feeling of the mine, belongs to something that continues. If one really experiments with this, just being aware, without any desire to alter or choose, one discovers so many astonishing things in oneself. The mind is the past, the tradition, the memories which are the foundation of identification. Can the mind, as we know it now, function without this process of identification? Find out, play with it; be aware of the movements of identification with the common daily things, with the most abstract. One finds out odd things, how thought fades, how it plays tricks upon itself.

Let awareness pursue thought through the corridors of the mind, uncovering, never choosing, ever pursuing.

It is especially difficult, as one is placed, not to desire, crave for certain things, happenings; not to compare. But whatever the condition, desires, cravings, comparisons continue. We always crave for more or for less, for continuity of some pleasure and the avoidance of pain. What is really quite interesting is this: Why does the mind create a center, within itself, round which it moves and has its being? Life is a thousand and one influences, innumerable pressures, conscious and unconscious. Among these pressures and influences, we choose some and discard others, and so we gradually build up a center. We don't let all these pressures and influences pass by, unaffected by them. Every influence, every pressure affects us, the effect is called good or bad, we don't seem to be able to watch, to be aware of pressure, and not take part in it one way or the other, resisting it or welcoming it. This resistance or welcome makes for the center from which we act. Can the mind not create this center? The answer can only be found through experimentation, not through any form of assertion or denial. So experiment and find out. With the ending of this center there is true freedom.

One does get agitated, anxious and sometimes frightened. These things do happen. They are the accidents of life. Life is a cloudy day. It was clear and sunny the other day, but now it is raining, cloudy and cold; this change is the inevitable process of living. Anxiety, fear suddenly comes upon one; there are causes for it, hidden or fairly obvious, and one can with a little awareness find those causes. But what is important, is to be aware of these incidents or accidents and not give them time to take root, permanent or temporary. One does give root to these reactions when the mind compares; it justifies, condemns or accepts. You know, one has to be on one's toes all the time, inwardly, without any tension. Tension arises when you want a result, and what arises again creates tension which has to be broken. Let life flow.

It is so fatally easy to get used to anything, to any discomfort, to any frustration, to any continued satisfaction. One can adjust oneself to any circumstances, to lunacy or to asceticism. The mind likes to function in grooves, in habits, and this activity is called living. When one sees this one breaks away from all this and tries to lead a life which has no meaning, no moorings, no interests. Interests, if one's not very alert, bring us back to a pattern of life. In all this you will see the will, the directive, is functioning, the will to be, to achieve, to become and so on. Will is the very center of the chooser and so long as will exists, the mind can only function in habits, either self-created or imposed. Freedom from will is the real problem. One can play various tricks upon oneself, to be free from will, the center of the me, the chooser, but it will go on under a different name, under a different cloak. When one sees the real significance of habit, of getting used to things; choosing, naming, pursuing an interest and so on; when there is an awareness of all this, then the real miracle takes place, the cessation of will. Experiment with this, be aware of all this, from moment to moment, without any wish to arrive anywhere.

Southern skies and northern skies are so extraordinarily different. Here, in London, for a change, there is not a cloud in the tender blue sky and the towering trees are just beginning to show their green. It is spring here, just about beginning. Here it is grimy, the cheer in the people is not there, as in the South.

A quiet mind, but very alert, watchful, is a blessing; it is like the earth, rich with immense possibilities. When there is such a mind, not comparing, not condemning, then only is it possible for the immeasureable richness to be.

Don't let the smoke of pettiness smother you and let the fire go out. You have to keep going, tearing away, destroying, never taking root. Don't let any problem take root, finish with it immediately and wake up every morning fresh, young, and innocent . . .

Be wise and definite about your health; don't let emotion and sentiment interfere with your health nor belittle your action. There are too many influences and pressures that constantly shape the mind and heart, be aware of them, cut through them and don't be a slave to them. To be a slave is to be mediocre. Be awake, aflame.

Face the fear, invite it, don't let it come upon you suddenly, unexpectedly, but face it constantly; pursue it diligently and purposefully. Hope you are well and don't be scared by all that; probably it can be cured and we will go after it. Don't let it frighten you.

Deeply, inwardly, there may be a slow withering away; of this you may be unconscious or, being conscious, negligent. The wave of deterioration is always on the top of us, it does not matter who it is. To be ahead of it and meet it without reaction and be out of it requires great energy. This energy only comes when there is no conflict whatsoever, conscious or unconscious. Be very awake.

Don't let problems take root. Go through them rapidly, cut through them as through butter. Don't let them leave a mark, finish with them as they arise. You can't help having problems, but finish with them immediately.

There has been a distinct change in you—deeper inward vitality, strength and clarity—keep it—let it function—give it an opportunity to flow extensively and deeply. Don't, whatever happens, be smothered by circumstances, by the family—by your own physical condition. Eat properly, exercise, and don't become slack. Having come to a certain state, keep going, don't stay there—either go forward or you retrogress. You can't be static. You have ridden on the inward wave for so many years, withdrawn, inward, but now from that inward movement you must go out—meet more people—expand.

Have done a great deal of meditation and has been good. I hope you are doing it too—begin by being aware of every thought—feeling—all day, the nerves and the brain—then become quiet, still—this is what cannot be done through control—then really begins meditation. Do it with thoroughness.

Whatever happens don't let the body shape the nature of the mind—be aware of the body, eat right, be by yourself during the day for some hours—don't slip back and don't be a slave to circumstances. Be tremendous—be awake.

Part 5

CHANGING HORIZONS
1962–1977

CHAPTER 24

"People Who Are without Creativity Build Dead Institutions."

Krishnaji left India in March 1962. One period of his dialogue with the land of his birth and his friends was over. He would never be the same again. The Krishnaji who had laughed with us, walked with us, been overwhelmed by the beauty of the land; who had looked at the poor and the rich with compassion; listened to the voice of thousands; healed inwardly; taken the hand of a friend and led him through the labyrinth of the mind, pointing out, discussing, taking over the burdens of pain and sorrow—this Krishnaji would vanish. A new Krishnaji would emerge—stern, impatient, questioning. All personal relationships would undergo transformation. He would be compassionate, but he would also be the teacher, demanding answers to fundamental questions. All great laughter and play had ended.

From Bombay he flew to Rome. He was met by Signora Vanda Scaravelli. On his arrival Krishnaji fell seriously ill, first with fever and then with an attack of mumps and kidney trouble.

The discontent and the distance between Krishnaji and Rajagopal and his friends in Ojai was increasing. A new group of people vitally interested in Krishnaji and the teaching had come together in Europe. The first Saanen gathering in Switzerland, which Rajagopal reluctantly permitted to be organized in 1961, had drawn people from all parts of the world. Krishnaji sensed a new movement in the West, and his response to the situation was total.

He was not to return to India in the autumn of 1962. In his talks with Vimla Thakkar at Gstaad and later in Rome, he had spoken of his deep apprehensions about India. That the Chinese attack had distressed Krishnaji deeply was apparent from his letters. He was worried about India. After the talks in Saanen, Krishnaji was ill again. He wrote to me of being worn out, traveling, speaking, meeting people. His system, the muscles and the membranes, needed toning up. So he decided not to return to India in the winter of 1962, but to stay on through the year in Italy, resting, regaining his vitality, and conserving his energy. In the traditional language of India, he went into retreat, generating *tapas*.*

Krishnaji returned to Delhi on October 21, 1963, after eighteen months in Europe. In the car on the way from the airport, he spoke of not being in contact with people. While abroad, India had rarely been in his consciousness. On his arrival in India, one sensed that the spontaneous flow of feeling that India evoked through the years was missing. He seemed distant.

Madhavachari was in Delhi, and every evening we walked with Krishnaji in the Buddha Jayanti Park. I asked Krishnaji why various people could follow his teaching up to a point and not further. He said, "That is so," and appeared very grave as he walked ahead of us; on his return we carried on from where we had left the conversation. He felt that man lacked an energy that knew no conflict; energy that knew the discipline of attention and of total denial. He said it was necessary to deny at the very depths of the self.

During later walks he began questioning the fact of Krishnamurti. How did it happen? Why was the vacant, stupid boy not conditioned by the Theosophical Society and its rituals; or by life in the West? I asked him whether he knew when illumination took place. He said, "No. But how did it happen? Is it what the Theosophists say, that the body of Krishnamurti is the vehicle of Lord Maitreya? Is it reincarnation? Why did Krishnamurti's mind work innocently, directly? Why did he question everything?"

In the early 1960s Buckminster Fuller met Krishnaji in India. "Bucky," as his friends called him, was a designer who had revolutionized structures and designed for a future culture and way of life; he was at once a philosopher, a scientist with vision, creative vitality, and a holistic view of people and their needs. I knew Bucky well, and he telephoned me when he heard Krishnaji was in Delhi to suggest a meeting with "that marvelous, beautiful, wise person." I arranged a dinner at which both men were present. Bucky entered the room bouncing a yo-yo. Krishnaji was shy and a little withdrawn, his response in those days when he met a formidable intellect. Bucky started to talk. He talked before dinner, he talked at dinner, he talked after dinner. Krishnaji listened, hardly saying a word. Still Bucky talked. After Krishnaji left to return to Kitty Shiva Rao's house, where he was staying, Bucky turned to me and thanked me for the meeting and commented, "What a marvelous, wonderful, wise person Krishnaji is."

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*Tapas severe austerities; also, the generation of an energy that does not dissipate.

From Delhi Krishnaji went to Rajghat, Varanasi. Achyut, who had worked at Rajghat for several years, spoke to Krishnaji while he was there of Vinoba Bhave and his work of Bhoodan, the distribution to the landless of gifts of land, in the villages of India. Achyut felt immense sympathy for the direction and ethos of Vinoba's work; to him work for the poor and oppressed was integral to a religious life and could not be separated. Krishnaji's response, however, shook Achyut deeply.

Krishnaji said, "After all these years, how can you be such an ass? Why are you fooling around? Look, my boy, if you were not to have met me, you would be in '*sarvodaya*,'* cleaning the bottoms of village children. It may be right to do that. But you are not in Rajghat to do that. You are self-righteously trying to change society. But deep change must start with man."

Achyut said he could not understand what Krishnaji was saying. Annie Besant had told Achyut, "If you don't understand Krishnaji put what he says on a shelf, but never reject him." Achyut had learned from the seer never to say yes to anything unless he actually perceived the truth of it. So he took six months off from his work in Rajghat and went to the Himalayas, to Lohaghat, Pithoragarh, and asked himself, "Am I too attached to Krishnamurti and Rajghat?" He also explored his motives for work amongst the poor. He began writing down his thoughts every morning, and soon found a direct perception of mind and the movement of thought. Perception brought freedom.

Achyut returned to Rajghat in 1964. That winter he met Krishnaji again and discussed his insoluble conflicts. Krishnaji said, "Nothing is happening to you in Rajghat, so you should go. Rajghat is not helping you to flower." Achyut left Rajghat in 1965 without bitterness. He went into retreat, observing total anonymity. He lived in an isolated house

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***Sarvodaya* *Sarva* means "all"; *udaya* arising. Therefore *sarvodaya* is the awakening or arising of humankind It was a movement initiated by Gandhiji to eradicate poverty in village India and so lead to a regeneration of the people of India on the outskirts of Bangalore, wandered from place to place, trying to cut away at roots.

His brother, Rao Sahib, was very upset. He felt Achyut had been let down. Thirteen years of Achyut's life had been dedicated to Rajghat and to Krishnaji's work, and Rao Sahib felt Achyut had come away empty-handed. Rao Sahib was slowly moving away from Krishnaji. Deeply devoted to him personally, with a passionate, emotional response and a need to be near Krishnaji, he stubbornly denied himself. He was aware that something had awakened within him, but refused to acknowledge any insight into the teaching. Caught in conflict, he withdrew, tended his roses, and refused to acknowledge his confusion. But one could sense the deep hurt and pain. The tensions were to affect his health, and he developed high blood pressure, and heart disease.

By 1963 Krishnaji was expressing a general dissatisfaction with India. He had started asking questions which were to persist for many years. Krishnaji felt the need for action and was ruthlessly questioning himself and those around him. He said that he had been speaking in India for thirty years and nothing had happened. "There is not one person who is living the teaching." He appeared impatient with the old and felt the need for young people around him. Krishnaji was critical of Madhavachari, who was stubborn and refused to change his ways of functioning. The circle of people around Krishnaji was limited. Madhavachari ran the foundation like a sergeant major. Madhavachari, Achyut, and Rao Sahib were increasingly in conflict.

In December 1964 I was in Madras, staying at Vasant Vihar. Krishnaji very often had supper with us. Achyut Patwardhan, Madhavachari, Nandini, and Balasundaram were present. Rao had not come from Poona. A discussion began after supper. I asked, "What is the one action necessary for there to be a breakthrough in the mind? The exploration that had to be done, has been done. There is self-knowing awareness, the eyes are open, the ears listen, the mind is awake. Yet there is no totality of perception and compassion. One total action appears needed to break through." Krishnaji said it must be so. He felt it was a good question and we should go into it, discuss it.

Again, the next night, we tried to discover what is that one action. Krishnaji said, "Perception—can perception and the movement of the heart be one?"

"Perception that is rich with essence—how does it arise?" I asked.

Krishnaji said, "It must be an act of tremendous simplicity." He was quiet. The very discussion created an atmosphere of energy in the room. Like a flame, it seared through the corridors of consciousness. There was deep, limitless silence. It was too much for the body. We had been sitting straight-backed, cross-legged around Krishnaji. My body could not bear the intensity in the room and sought the support of the wall. Krishnaji sat erect, his back straight, his head unmoving. We sat, and time ceased.

In 1963, amongst the many people who had gathered at the Rajghat camp, was a tall, rather solidly built but good-looking young man named Alain Naude, a South African musician. He had attended Krishnaji's talks in Saanen in the summer of 1963 and had met Krishnaji several times. Soon afterward he severed his connection with South Africa.

Naude had followed Krishnaji to India in the winter of 1964 and 1965, and soon Krishnaji spoke to some of us of the possibility of Naude taking over as his secretary, traveling with him round the world, dealing with his correspondence, encouraging young people to listen to Krishnaji, and so forth.

By the autumn of 1965 Naude joined Krishnaji as his secretary while Krishnaji was in Europe; and when Krishnaji came to India in October 1965 he was accompanied by Mary Zimbalist, Naude, and George Vithoulkas, a homoeopath from Greece, who in later years was to become very well known. Krishnaji was to give talks in Delhi and from there travel to Varanasi.

The Rajghat visit proved disastrous. Krishnaji had written to Madhavachari, and in his innocence had suggested that Madhavachari arrange for the stay of Mary Zimbalist, Naude, and George Vithoulkas on the campus of Rajghat, as they were his personal guests. Madhavachari's concept of comfort was antedeluvian, and so were his aesthetics.

In India the toilet has always been regarded as a focus of pollution. Orthodox Hindus were expected to bathe each time they used the bathroom. Achyut Patwardhan told us that he could remember a time in Varanasi when Brahmins used to carry an extra *dhoti* with them when they left the house, and a bath would follow in case they needed to visit a friend's facilities. Through the years I had remonstrated with Madhavachari about the need for minimum amenities in the toilet, but to no avail. To him a flush or a washbasin were unnecessary luxuries;

a bucket and a metal water pot had sustained Indian needs for centuries, and he saw no reason to change.

In the 1960s at Rajghat minimum facilities were available only in the house where Krishnaji lived. Mary Zimbalist, a product of New York society, reared in the most rarified of atmospheres and used to luxurious living in the homes of her father and her husband, was put into a room where the toilet had no flush, the bathroom had no basin, and the freshly whitewashed room had paint splashed on the window panes. Krishnaji had come personally to see the rooms arranged for his guests, and there was an explosion. He was horrified. Mary Zimbalist moved to a room in Krishnaji's house, but Madhavachari was unruffled.

The relationship between Krishnaji and Madhavachari grew increasingly difficult.

Since the 1960s Krishnaji's attitude to the schools, people, and work had undergone a major change. He was demanding a continuous revolution. He saw a rapid decline in India; the schools had to awaken from their lethargy. The stagnation he sensed had to end. No strong current of creative change was visible. "Move," he kept saying to the members of the Foundation and to the teachers of the schools. "If you stay where you are, you will decline, grow crystalized." There had to be continuous movement within oneself and so in one's work. In one of his letters to us he wrote, "Having come to a certain state, keep going, don't stay there. Either go forward or retrogress. You can't be static." An explosion was necessary in Krishnaji's institutions, changes had to take place. In India the mountains move when the energy of a single person is awake.

I visited Krishnaji in Gstaad in the summer of 1965. Krishnaji had been given a Mercedes for his use. He took me for a drive; in spite of lack of practice, he drove round the hairpin turns with a masterly control and stability. It was marvelous to observe him handling the machine.

I was again in Gstaad in the summer of 1966 on my way back to India from the United States. Krishnaji spoke to me of the young people who were being drawn to the talks in the United States. Naude had arranged for Krishnaji to speak at some of the great universities. The young were in revolt against the existing American culture and wanted "instant Nirvana." Electrified by Krishnaji's presence, they flocked to hear him. Then, unwilling to accept the austerity and rigor of self-knowing, and denied psychedelic experiences of consciousness, they drifted away to more amenable gurus who promised them bliss. In Saanen, a large number of young people initially came to the talks; but it was a casual crowd, few of them seriously delved into themselves or joined Krishnaji's work. But the Saanen gatherings were soon to become a meeting place for serious people from Eastern and Western Europe; people concerned with the enormous challenges to humankind and who sought a new way of life.

Naude continued to accompany Krishnaji on his visits to India, and was with him in the winter of 1966. Each visit saw a deterioration in the relationship between Krishnaji and Madhavachari, and a widening of the gulf between Krishnaji and the Indian foundation. Krishnaji had been told in Europe that the Indian foundation was supporting Rajagopal in his stand against Krishnaji. That the Indian Foundation was parochial, narrow, arrogant, self-satisfied in its outlook.

In India, he continued to question sternly. He had been speaking for thirty years and what had happened? He refused to compare it to other countries or situations. A new question had emerged. "What will happen when I die? Who is there to hold these places?" There were no answers. An enormous pressure was building up amongst all of us.

The situation was very strange. This great teacher, who on the platform spoke with passion about a mind that knew no conflict, who himself was free of pressure, was posing questions that generated enormous pressures amongst his close associates. It was to be some years before we were to understand the nature of Krishnaji's question, and the energy generated by deep listening and holding the question in consciousness.

In January 1967 a major clash took place at Rishi Valley between Alain Naude and Madhavachari. Krishnaji was very disturbed. He spoke to me at length of his deep concern.Vasant Vihar in Madras seemed a dead place. There was little activity, and few people came to read or discuss. "People who are without creativity build dead institutions," he said.

That winter, Naude did not accompany Krishnaji to India. Since 1963 Krishnaji had been having discussions with Madhavachari, pointing out to him the major changes that were necessary in the functioning of the Foundation. On reaching Madras in the winter of 1967, he asked Madhavachari to share the work of the Foundation with Galloway, a Scotsman, who had recently retired from the chairmanship of Binnys, one of the more important British companies operating in India. He also suggested that Madhavachari take the assistance of Smt. Jayalaxmi in maintaining the garden and the house at Vasant Vihar. Madhavachari's response was noncommittal.

Smt.* Jayalaxmi, a South Indian Iyengar Brahmin with a remarkable business acumen, especially in real estate, and an equally remarkable knowledge of South Indian classical music, had begun visiting Vasant Vihar in the early 1960s. She was steeped in the Iyengar Brahmin tradition, a red *tilak* on her forehead, she wore her deep emerald or *arakh* red *saree* in the Iyengar style, draped across the body. She was soft-spoken, but tough in her responses and actions. She would drive Krishnaji to the beach every evening when he was in Vasant Vihar, and wait in the car while Krishnaji went for his walk on the Adyar beach.

For us in India, 1967 was a year of gloom. Krishnaji appeared agitated and critical. There was a sense of flux in his words; a feeling was evident that major changes were in the offing. Addressing the Foundation for New Education in Bombay on February 9, 1967, Krishnaji had spoken with passion of his apprehensions regarding the Foundation in India. We who listened felt choked and could hardly speak.

Krishnaji said, "I want to say certain things, and what I am going to say is in no spirit of criticism or condemnation. I really do not have, in my heart or mind, any sense of judgment. So, that must be clearly understood from the beginning.

"I have been talking now for over forty-five years. Rishi Valley and Rajghat came into being with one intention. These two places were to have been the center of the teachings and, if I may use the word without being misunderstood, holy places. I think it about time we took stock of what is actually happening; whether these two places are the centers of these teachings. And whether there is that sense of 'otherness' in these two places.

"I have used an expression which may have given rise to misunderstanding. I have said that the schools 'must be saved' as an oasis in this country; saved from the chaos that is going on all around. Because I really feel most profoundly and I get rather stirred up about it, so forgive me if I speak hesitatingly, I feel that the flowering, after all these years, is still not taking place.

"And, I may never come back, I may die. If I do come back, as I was telling Mama [Madhavachari], it will be for a short time, not for these five months at a time. Physically I cannot do it any more, because I am not sleeping very well and I am getting too tired.

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*Smt. is the shortened form of *srimati* or "auspicious one." It is used as a prefix to a married woman's name.

"So, you will have to consider that I am gone. Anything can happen. I can die. The decision may be taken, not by anybody else but by me, alone, never to return, or to return for very short periods. I do not know what is going to happen in the future, and I really mean this.

"So, can these two places be saved? You understand? Not saved from Balasundaram, or someone else, or from corruption or things like that, but saved as an oasis?

"As I was telling Kittyji this morning, and also Pupul at lunchtime, we have to do something very very drastic. I do not know what you are going to do. My days are limited, probably ten years more or less, and I want to concentrate everything I have and not waste my energy. I am speaking sanely, unemotionally, not sentimentally.

"So, what are we going to do to 'save' these places? Please understand what we mean by that word 'save.' To save in the sense of making them [an] oasis in this mad world. And, if I do not come back, if I die, what is going to happen?

"After forty years, what have we produced? You all have given a great part of your life to this—and what has happened? If you say, 'we are doing our best' or 'we are doing everything we can,' then somehow that is not good enough any more. I am not saying what you are doing is right or wrong. I do not feel that way, but what are we going to do?" There was a long pause.

"The same thing has happened at Ojai. You may know that there is a disturbance between the K. W. I. as it is now, and myself—and there is trouble. We all started out together to build something deep, something lasting, something worthwhile *there* as well as *here*. But there it is not flowering either.

"So, what can we do here? What can we do to save these places so that they become an oasis for these teachings? How can we make it into something really worthwhile? I have talked to Mama many times about this, for several years, and I say to myself now, 'What are we going to do?' "

Madhavachari was interrupting Krishnaji with explanations and excuses, but Krishnaji was not prepared to listen to him.

"I understand all that you are saying," he continued. "We have discussed this together several times at Rajghat, at Rishi Valley. For seven years now, we have discussed this. I am asking what are we going to do now? Forget the past, forget that I said this and you said that, forget that 'we are doing our best.' The *only* question is, 'What are we going to do?'

"Take it, Mama, I may die tomorrow, I don't intend to, but if I die, what will happen? Will you carry on just as before? Put it to yourself, Mama."

Madhavachari said, "I think when a great crisis like that comes . . ."

"It is *here*, Mama." Krishnaji said.

On Krishnaji's return to Europe in early 1968, we heard that a new group had formed around him. Krishnaji sent a telegram to Madhavachari, asking him to hand over Vasant Vihar to Galloway. Madhavachari replied that although he held a power of attorney from Rajagopal, he had no legal rights to hand over Vasant Vihar to Galloway. He said Krishnaji might have the moral authority, but the legal rights rested with Rajagopal. Krishnaji was very distressed with Madhavachari's response.

Balasundaram was in Paris, and soon was to go to Saanen to meet Krishnaji. Kitty Shiva Rao had written to Krishnaji that if Krishnaji so wished, she would get all the members of the Indian Foundation to resign. Krishnaji had not responded.

By the time Krishnaji met Balasundaram, a formal announcement had been made at the Saanen gathering in which Krishnaji stated that he was severing all connections with K. W. I. in Ojai, and that a new Foundation was to be formed in Europe, to carry on his work.

By now Brockwood Park in England had been purchased and the Krishnamurti Foundation was soon to be registered in England. Balasundaram found Krishnaji critical of the Indian Foundation; Naude was present at Krishnaji's meeting with Balasundaram, taking notes. After some discussion, it was finally decided that Balasundaram would be secretary, and that I should be asked to take over as president of the Indian Foundation.

Balasundaram returned to India soon afterwards. By late August 1968 he and I went to Vasant Vihar and asked Madhavachari to hand over Vasant Vihar either to the Foundation for New Education or to Smt. Jayalaxmi. Madhavachari refused. He left Vasant Vihar, sent back his power of attorney to Rajagopal, and handed over Vasant Vihar to Rajagopal's attorneys.

In October 1968 we received a bewildering letter from Krishnaji which shook the Foundation to its roots.

Members of the Foundation,

When Dr. Balasundaram came to Gstaad this summer, we spoke at great length about the necessary changes that have to take place in the Foundation for New Education, before it can be associated with the Krishnamurti Foundation in England, and thereby linked to the work which we are doing throughout the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Moorhead also came to Gstaad and we went over the same points with them, and we were all very clear as to what was needed. It would seem that there is now some misunderstanding in the Foundation about these points, and so we thought it would be useful to put them down again.

The Krishnamurti Foundation was formed in London on the 28th of August, this year, to direct and coordinate the diffusion of the teachings throughout the world. We worked for many months on the statutes of the Krishnamurti Foundation to make quite sure that it would respond exactly to our needs, that no one person or group could seize control of it now or later, and that it was entirely responsible to me and subject to my wishes.

I would like to make it clear that the Krishnamurti Foundation is simply an office, simply an efficient instrument to do material things. It is not in any way an "organisation" in the sense in which I use that word so often when I speak against organisations. It is not a psychological organisation. Belief and following are not involved, nor hierarchy. It is simply a committee responsible to me which will see that the teachings, publishing, etc. are diffused according to my wishes. It is an international committee, and the members on it all feel that they represent every country and not simply their own country.

If the work in India and in particular, the work of the Foundation for New Education is to be associated with the work throughout the world, certain conditions must absolutely be fulfilled. This is perhaps not the right occasion to go into a lengthy list of mistakes made in the past, but as I have said often, the Foundation for New Education has not functioned as I wished, nor has it really done what I wanted it to do. Therefore, we drew up a list of requirements with Dr. Balasundaram and I have seen this list and prepared it with him and others, and it is accurate and authentic. He will show it to you if he has not already done so.

The main thing on it is the absolute necessity that the Foundation for New Education be comprised exclusively of these people who do, actively and intensively, give their work, their energy, and their time to the schools, people who actually work at the schools and do the job. No personalities are involved in this, nor is any criticism intended against anybody in particular.

We feel sure that all those to whom the teachings mean something will implement this. If this means that they resign, this too will be an act of intelligent cooperation.

With much affection,
J. Krishnamurti "

An urgent meeting of the Foundation was called by us in Rishi Valley. Rao Sahib Patwardhan, Achyut Patwardhan, and Sunanda Patwardhan had already resigned; their letters were placed before the meeting. Madhavachari tendered his resignation, and Balasundaram was appointed secretary along with his role as principal of the Rishi Valley School. Kitty Shiva Rao, unable to bear the pressure being generated, also resigned, and I was elected president. Although Kitty Shiva Rao and all the remaining members signed the reply to Krishnaji, it was left for me to draft it. It was a difficult letter to write. He was the teacher, loved and evoking great devotion amongst all of us. But the challenge his letter posed left us with no alternative. It was necessary in the light of our intelligence to communicate our love and yet refuse to be placed in the impossible situation the letter demanded. We wrote:

My dear Krishnaji,

The F. N. E. in its meeting considered with deep gravity the points sent by you through Dr. Balasundaram and Mr. Moorhead and also your letter to the Foundation. In keeping with the spirit of these points and as an expression of our own deep concern that the F. N. E. should reflect your teachings and provide a fitting situation where your teachings can take root and flower in the minds of the young; a reorganisation of the structure and operation of the F. N. E. has been evolved and accepted. It will be implemented.

For many years, the F. N. E. has been associated with you and your work. Its members have sat with you, and with joy and devotion and attention have listened to what you have had to say. That they have failed to put through the teaching in the field of education is a measure of their inadequacy but not of their lack of interest and devotion to you and the teaching. The two places, Rishi Valley and Rajghat, were set up for the purpose of implementing your teaching in the field of education—the F. N. E. has not at any time deviated and will not deviate, from this intention.

There are however some points arising out of your recent communications which have caused deep hurt to the members of the Foundation. The implication seems to be that the present F. N. E. is inadequate to be associated with the Foundation set up for your work, and that the reorganised F. N. E. will have to achieve some grade before it can be associated with the Krishnamurti Foundation and your work. Who will apply this test?

We extend to the Krishnamurti Foundation our cooperation in the work of the dissemination of your teachings; a cooperation based on complete equality, with F. N. E. functioned as a free and independent body. In saying this, we would like to express to you once again our deep and unwavering intention to do whatever possible to see that these two institutions fulfill the purpose for which they were intended.

With affectionate regards,
Yours

We had assured Krishnaji of our deep ties with him, but refused to accept the judgment of any organization on our right to be associated with Krishnamurti's work.

The links with the guru were under strain, and a new relationship had to emerge. There was no reply to our letter, but we were to soon learn that a Krishnamurti Foundation had been registered in England with Krishnamurti as the president, and a Krishnamurti Center set up in Madras with Smt. Jayalaxmi as the Indian representative of Krishnaji in India, responsible for Krishnaji's work throughout the country.

For me, it was a period of deep inward search. In June of that year I went to the United States and had written and later telegraphed to Krishnaji at Brockwood that I would like to see him. I received no reply. I passed through London enroute to the United States, and while in New York heard from friends that Krishnaji had been in London for a day while I was there. Deeply hurt, I faced the fact that the guru had disappeared. My dependence on him was revealed in the intensity of the pain the incident evoked. I faced the fact that the guru had indeed disappeared. Abandoned, in darkness the seed of the teaching sustained me. I received no answers, but as I observed relentlessly, I felt the muscle and tone of my brain gain resilience and strength; still capable of holding impossible questions.

As president of the Krishnamurti Foundation India I wrote to Krishnaji in late December 1968, inviting him to speak in India. He wrote back on January 16, 1969, from California thanking me for officially inviting him to India. He asked Kitty Shiva Rao and me to be responsible for the talks and for the bulletin which he wanted to be brought out in India. He said he would be in India from December 1969 through February 1970.

Not a trace of the letter of 1968 and its content was to appear in Krishnaji's subsequent letters. The letter from Ojai was the first I had received since September 7, 1966. On June 2, 1969, Krishnaji wrote again of the need for India to raise funds for two return tickets—Naude's and his from Europe to India; Ojai could not provide the tickets because funds were low.

The news that Krishnaji had severed all connections with Naude reached us in India in late August 1969. It was a major surprise. It was unbelievable that a few months earlier, Naude could have had such influence, and yet had disappeard from the scene with such immediacy.

I had last seen Rao Sahib in late spring 1969 in Poona, where he was living. He was mortally ill, but waited for me at the door of his house—wearing, in his inimitable way, his white starched cap at a slant. Seeing me he smiled, picked a parijataka flower, and gave it to me.

Suddenly, towards the end of August, Rao Sahib Patwardhan suffered a severe cerebral hemorrhage. Achyut had warned me of the seriousness of his illness, and I was prepared for the news of his imminent death. But I found myself unable to see him in a coma, with tubes stuck into him. I knew his immense pride; he would have been devastated to have been so exposed. He lingered for two days, dying on August 29. I went to Poona, reaching the day after his death and cremation. His death left me desolate. He had been a beloved friend, warm, affectionate; it was the end of a precious relationship, and I mourned for him. One chapter of my life was over.

CHAPTER 25

"It Is Necessary to Ask Questions to Which There Are No Answers."

While I was in Poona I had asked Achyut and Sunanda again to rejoin the Foundation. Sunanda agreed. Achyut, though he did not formally join, agreed to help in every way.

Achyut, Sunanda, Nandini, and I met Krishnaji at the airport in the winter of 1969 when he arrived in Delhi. Rao's absence made the occasion particularly poignant. Krishnaji looked at us and said gravely, "So you have not all deserted me."

We held discussions with K on the future of the Foundation for New Education and its relationship with the Krishnamurti Center in Madras. Jayalaxmi was with us in New Delhi, and here too Krishnaji hesitated. It was finally decided that the Foundation for New Education would be renamed the Krishnamurti Foundation of India. This was necessary to reflect the nature of change in the work. The Foundation was no longer to be a body concerned only with schools and other educational institutions, and with holding and protecting the land, but would take over the work of the spread of the teaching. The change of direction would determine change of membership and function. In England Krishnaji had agreed to be president of the Krishnamurti Foundation; we strongly opposed this in India. To be head of a foundation was to accept total responsibility for its functioning, legally and morally. We felt Krishnaji was the great teacher and should not be so burdened. Our discussions were incomplete and were to continue later.

Krishnaji went to Bombay enroute to Madras. While in Bombay he stayed at Himmat Nivas. One night at supper, at which Nandini, Asit

Chandmal, and I were present, Krishnaji started talking about the Theosophical Society and Annie Besant. This was the first time in twenty-one years that he had spoken to us at length of the Theosophical Society.

Krishnaji was exploring the mystery that surrounded the discovery of the boy, Krishnamurti. He was probing delicately, tuning the ear to intimations and insights that might arise in discussion. His statements on the Theosophical Society were clear and precise. He made no comment as to whether they were true or illusion. Sensing the "otherness" in Krishnaji, we listened, asking few questions and letting him speak.

Krishnaji said that the Masters had told C. W. Leadbeater to find a boy who was a Brahmin, who came from a good family, and who had a "face as described." It was the duty of the Theosophical Society to protect the body of the child, and to provide an atmosphere of complete security for two years. If the body was prepared and ready, Lord Maitreya would give the boy the mind. When Leadbeater saw Krishnamurti on Adyar beach, he perceived that there was no selfishness in the boy's aura.

Krishnaji asked himself how it was that the boy remained unaffected in spite of being given everything he wanted—from orange juice to a Rolls Royce—and in spite of being treated by the people around him in a special way. Nobody was allowed to sit on his seat, or touch his tennis racket; tremendous care was taken to see that the body remained sensitive. He was not allowed to drink alcohol or eat meat or meet people who were coarse or unrefined. Krishnaji then advanced several theories to explain how the boy remained untouched. Was it that, through birth and rebirth, the child had evolved to perfection? Or had the Lord Maitreya protected the body till it was mature? Had the boy been born without a formal character or personality, allowing him to remain vague, untouched by his earlier years with his father, the school, the doctrines of the Theosophical Society, the luxury of the life he lived in England?

He then spoke of the Theosophical Society hierarchy—the highest was the "Lord of the World," then the Mahachohana, then the Buddha. The Bodhisattva Maitreya was considered equal to the Buddha. Below them were the Masters; each with a different name—one a Tibetan Lama, another an Indian aristocrat, another a Polish count.

The boy, who was totally innocent and unaffected, still had to be protected so that evil could not touch him, could not enter him.

Suddenly, in the middle of the conversation, Krishnaji stopped speaking. He said, "We are speaking of dangerous things. It can bring it into the house." The voice of Krishnaji was strange, his body gathered itself together. "Can you feel it in the room?" The room was pulsating. Strong forces were alive and in movement. Krishnaji was silent for a long time. When he started speaking again, the atmosphere in the room was transformed; there was silence, an active quality of goodness.

Krishnaji continued. Mrs. Besant had insisted that two initiates accompany Krishnaji all the time. She said, "Since you are always alone within, you must never be physically alone." There was a reservoir of the good in the boy that should not be contaminated. He said he needed protection even in 1969, for his character was still unformed. "The other night, while meditating, I could see that the boy still existed exactly as he was, nothing had happened to him in life. The boy is still as he was. The body still needs to be protected from evil." He paused again, and said, "I still feel protected."

He then spoke of the early years, when the boy Krishnamurti's body had to be completely protected and given security for two years; but the mind was not to be touched, for "the Lord would give him the rest." There were long silences between his sentences. K said the body had to go through a lot of pain (as in Ojai and Ootacamund) because there were still imperfections in the brain.

We then asked Krishnaji about the many undesirable people who through the years had come around him. Asit Chandmal asked, "How does the good allow evil in the form of a human being to come near?"

"I can't push away anybody or anything," K said. "I can't say 'go away'; it has to leave me. Isn't it strange that it does?" He then asked, "What is the force which completely protects something so that it is innocent and unaffected. You must be extremely careful if you open the door; evil or good can enter. Evil finds it easy to enter, the good much more difficult. Evil is not the opposite of the good," he repeated. "There is no relationship between the two."

Krishnaji then went on to speak of the initiations he had gone through in the Theosophical Society. According to the secret doctrines of the Society, there were three initiations. After two, things could still go wrong. But, after the third, the being could not be affected by anger, sex, money. They were all too trivial.

It was nearly midnight before Krishnaji went to bed.

From Bombay Krishnaji went to Madras. In his public talks and discussions there he raised a fundamental question: Is there such a thing as an individual, or is man merely a movement of the collective?

Insights into the nature of the collective revealed that it was made up of tradition, beliefs, knowledge, and the experience of the book. Krishnaji said that to be an individual, there had to be a revolution in the collective as revealed in knowledge and tradition. And so man had to discover his own incorruptibility.

"It is necessary to ask questions," Krishnaji said. "Questions to which there are no answers. So that the question throws man back on himself and the way the structure of thought operates. The hand that seeks to throw away or reject is the same hand that itself holds."

Later, during a walk in Bombay, he said that "the act of seeing and listening activates the sense. Seeing, without the word as thought intervening, creates energy."

He also spoke about the urgency "to know the self as it is, not as one wishes it to be, which is illusion, an ideal and fictitious. It is only that 'which is' that can be transformed, not that which you wish to be. The understanding of what you are—ugly, beautiful, wicked, evil—understanding without distortion is the beginning of virtue. Virtue alone gives freedom."

Krishnaji's interest in exploring the traditional Indian approach to liberation was evident from the autumn of 1970. He was in Delhi, and on our walks and in discussions he spoke of the tenacity of the Hindu mind, which despite conquest and repression had kept alive the ancient teachings.

We talked over the ancient role of the Brahmin; there was arrogance, evident in his refusal to accept money for giving knowledge. His gift of teaching had to be a free gift. As a Brahmin, he would not accept *dakshina*, charity. He felt he had a right to be supported by the state. Poverty was his birthright; so was learning. In time this pride had led to great Brahminic arrogance and corruption and with it degeneration.

Indian myth delighted Krishnaji. He often made me repeat the legend of Narada, the semicelestial musical mendicant and busybody who traveled ceaselessly, carrying the gossip of the world of the gods from one god to another.

Narada, anxious to learn the secret of Vishnu's *maya*, came on Vishnu as he rested in a grove of trees. After the salutations were over, Narada asked the god of the blue waters the secret of his *maya*—the web of illusion that covered the world of man and his actions. Vishnu agreed to teach it, but told Narada that as he was thirsty, would he first fetch him some water. Narada wandered into the forest seeking a homestead. After some time he came to a house and knocked at the door. It was opened by a ravishingly beautiful young woman who smiled at him with her large lotus eyes as she turned to fetch the water. Narada was infatuated, and lingered for days in her company.

Time passed. Narada married his love and, as year followed year, children were born. Narada lived in bliss with his wife and children. A year came when it rained incessantly, the waters of the rivers overflowed their banks and a gigantic flood swept away Narada's house and the surrounding trees. Holding his wife by one hand, clutching a child with the other and with yet another child perched on his shoulder, Narada waded through the waters to reach higher ground. But soon the waters reached his chest, and then his chin. One by one the children who clung to him were swept away, until only his wife remained. It was night and the darkness added to the terror that engulfed him; the waters continued to rise and his wife, unable to hold on to his arm, was separated from him and the waters claimed her. Then Narada, alone, lifted his arms and cried out to the gods. Suddenly, a voice was heard. "Ten minutes have passed. Where is my glass of water?"

We were meeting in the home of B. Shiva Rao in Lodi Estate. Every morning we discussed Indian traditional thought; Tantra, the awakening of *kundalini*, yoga and energy, beauty, perception, and the "backward-flowing movement." One of the discussions was on death. Shiva Rao was critically ill on the day of the discussion, and the doctors were with him. Krishnaji had sat with him for some time, holding his hand. Shiva Rao's heart was failing, and he was not expected to survive.

That morning in the discussion Krishnaji was very serious. When we started speaking of death, he said that Shiva Rao would not die, but would recover. Without attaching much significance to his remark, he went on to say that no one had ever died under the same roof while he was living in the house. As he was then seventy-five years old, the statement was staggering.

The discussion on death started with a query. "There must be a way of learning how to die?"

Krishnaji said, "We put death beyond the walls, beyond the movement of life. It is something to avoid, to evade. The question is, What is living and what is dying? The two must be together, not separate. Why have we separated the two? Can one learn about living and so learn about death? Learning is always in the active present. Unless the brain perceives directly, it can never understand. But there is nothing to learn. There is no death when the mind is free of the known.

"Death says, you cannot touch me, you cannot play tricks with me—the mind is used to tricks—carving something out of experience. Death says, you cannot experience me—death is an original experience—a state I do not know—I am starkly frightened."

The discussions continued, and when K went to Madras another group gathered to meet with him. One of the participants was George Sudarshan, a young physicist teaching at Austin University in Texas. They discussed, in Sudarshan's words, "the Second Law of Thermodynamics." Krishnaji spoke of time, and of how the observer and the observed were one.

"The observer separates himself through images, conclusion, and so creates space and time. That is one of the major fragmentations. Can the observer look at 'what is,' without the observer, who is the maker of time, space, distance? The observer is time." George Sudarshan found that he could not immediately connect with Krishnaji and the special meaning he gave to words. George Sudarshan still had to grow familiar with Krishnaji's language, but he had been deeply moved by Krishnaji and had felt an overflowing sacredness in his presence.

I had a car accident near Madras and suffered a cracked vertebra, so I could not go to Rishi Valley, where Krishnaji was to continue his discussions. I was carried by air on a stretcher to Bombay, where I was in bed for three weeks. But I insisted on participating in the Bombay dialogues. When Krishnaji met me in Bombay his response to my accident was totally unexpected. He caught me by the shoulders and shook me, saying I had no business to be irresponsible with my body. I took a deep gulp and girded myself for our discussion, which would cover topics of immense diversity and depth. The way of dialogue and the energy generated by serious enquiry was being revealed. After two hours of discussion, I would go to my bedroom and collapse with pain. Krishnaji must have noticed it, but made no comment.

Krishnaji was happy with the quality of our dialogues; he had sensed in them a new approach to the teaching. He took a copy of them back with him when he left India, as he felt that they should form the basis of his new book. The dialogues were corrected in India and published under the title *Tradition and Revolution*. It was the first major book of Krishnaji's dialogues. There was a recognition in the book of the importance of dialogue in awakening the questioning mind, and an awareness that there were no answers to life's fundamental problems. There was only awakening of intelligence and the constant asking of fundamental questions.

By the spring of 1971 tensions between India and Pakistan had built up. Like a tidal wave, lean, dark-skinned, liquid-eyed, men, women, and children refugees poured over the border from East Pakistan into West Bengal. The sheer weight of their numbers had led to a collapse of all civic amenities, and by October, ten million refugees were flooding the Eastern countryside. It was a disaster for India.

In June 1971 I had gone abroad. Before leaving, I had met my old friend Indira Gandhi. She said, "If people in the U.S.A. ask you of the situation, tell them that Indira Gandhi says, with all solemnity, that in one year there will not be a single refugee remaining on Indian soil." The threat of war was a reality, the situation grim.

Krishnaji was to have come to India from Rome towards the end of October. But on October 19 he wrote from Paris that the local newspapers were full of the possibility of war between India and Pakistan, and he had been told that with the hysteria of war flooding the country he would not have the freedom to speak in India. He asked us to consider seriously whether he should come. Letters from Rome soon followed. In a letter dated October 28 Krishnaji wrote that the newspapers reported that in India the smell of war was in the air. He reminded me that, "You have, as you said, taken the responsibility of protecting this body and I also have a responsibility towards its protection. All this may jeopardize the work in India. So Pupul, consider all this and a wise decision must be reached by us all."

I wrote him a letter, assuring him that even if there were a war he would have no problem leaving India. On November 3, he wrote from Rome:

> . . . war or no war, the situation is this and I haven't written to you before about it as I was hoping there would be a change for the better. Eve[r] since this summer after Gstaad, my body is getting more and more tired. It has reached a point of exhaustion. Since I have been here I have been vomiting every day, little sleep and spend most of the day in bed and had to cancel two talks here that they were planning. Add to this, the body has become hypersensitive. It needs total and complete rest. If I come to India in this state, I am sure it will fall ill which would be no good to anyone. My teeth have been troubling too. I was hoping very much that things would improve during these three weeks in Rome but unfortunately it has not, if anything more worn out. So it is wiser that I don't come to India this winter. I am very sorry not to, but there it is, this body must be kept going as long as possible. It is, I feel, our responsibility.
>
> From here I shall go back to Brockwood and then on to California. Mrs Zimbalist is with her family in America. I have to write to find out if she can have me at Malibu. I want to go somewhere where the body can be at rest

> and quietly "disappear." I hope you understand I will keep in touch with you, dear Pupul.

Nandini and I were deeply concerned about his health, and on November 8 we spoke to him on the telephone. Soon rumors started in India that K was very ill and in hospital. We telephoned to Malibu, where K was resting in Mary Zimbalist's house, and got a reassuring reply.

In the autumn of 1971 I had an attack of cardiac insufficiency while I was in Bombay. It was accompanied by high blood pressure, and I was in bed for several weeks. Meanwhile my husband, who was in Delhi, again fell seriously ill. His lungs were very weak and he suffered from severe emphysema. We took him to Bombay for treatment, but his condition continued to deteriorate. I was traveling constantly between New Delhi and Bombay.

On July 23, 1972, his condition suddenly grew critical. That night I rested in the corridor outside his room. At a little after midnight I was called in. Jayakar was semiconscious; he was speaking, but one had to bend near to catch his words: "Help me, hold my hand, help me." I do not know whether he recognized me. I had taken his hand. Nandini had come into the room and she took the other hand.

The body had grown still and the voice silent, but the pressure of his hand was still there. The room was totally still, so was the mind. In the enormous silence one felt a presence take over, carrying him gently across the threshold. Suddenly, the hand grew slack. The worn face lost its look of intense suffering; he looked young, beautiful, untouched by his disease. Who was I to mourn? My daughter Radhika had come into the room. She saw him "sleeping," and it was a moment before she realized that death was our companion. The silence that had awakened that night stayed with me in the days that followed. Later I came away to Delhi, and the quietness rested in me.

One night in October I awoke, fear exploding within me. My window was open and in the darkness I felt a presence waiting outside. I was choked with fear. I put on the light and stayed up all night, afraid to close my eyes—for with darkness, the presence was there. For ten days this continued. I would fall off to sleep and awake to a torrent of fear, the presence waiting outside in the darkness. No observing within was possible. The intensity of fear was annihilating me; I was a wreck and I could not sleep for over a fortnight.

Krishnaji came to Delhi in the autumn of 1972, and I went to see him. He asked me in great detail of the manner of Jayakar's death, the moment of death and the state of my mind. We talked of it, we sat quiet with it, but after that day he never mentioned the fact of Jayakar's death again. One aspect of my life was over, I had to be free of the past and move on. Later I spoke to him of the fear that had awakened in me and was destroying me. He listened with gravity, held my hand, and made me sit silently with him. We sat for a long while.

The discussions had started, and one of the discussions was on fear. Krishnaji said fear existed when there was a feeling of complete isolation, of utter helplessness. I responded that one could deal with conscious fears, even allow them to flower and end. But one appeared helpless with unconscious fears, with the primeval darkness that lay at the root of existence.

"Does the unconscious hold these fears?" asked Krishnaji. "Does the unconscious invite these fears or does it gather them from the environment? Are they in the inherited genes?" he asked. "Why do we consider the unconscious as the storehouse of fear?"

"Fear is always there, it is in a crisis that you become aware of it," I said.

As discussion flowed, it reflected the dark, nameless fears that lurked as shadows in the brain. Sensing this, Krishnaji asked, "Is it that the whole structure of the cell is frightened of not being? Is fear part of human existence? Is it part of the tiniest living thing, the minutest cell? If so, why should I have to create a crisis to deal with fear?" There was silence.

"A gesture, a thought, a word, a look, a whisper brings about fear. Fear is here, in the without and the within." As he spoke, it was there around us and within us. "Why don't we contact fear before the challenge?" he asked. "Is the conscious mind frightened to face fear?" Then, sensing the atmosphere and seeing the enormity of the problem, he said, "Let us go slowly, we are tracing a rocket.

"What is required," he said, "is real simplicity, not analysis. Fear of not being is a part of our blood cells. It is our inheritance. I say it is there under the carpet, lift it and look. It is there. When the conscious mind is awake in itself, it is not frightened. Why should I be frightened if fear is part of my being?"

There was little we could say to contribute to the discussion. Suddenly, he spoke. "Can the mind be completely motionless? Then let fear come, let it arise. When the mind is awake, what then is the central root of fear?" As he spoke, there had been deep ending of the rising spiral of fear. The brain was still, so was the body.

"Has this state ever arisen to you, Sir?" I asked. Again he was silent.

"Several times, many times, when the mind is completely stable, without any recoil, neither accepting nor denying, nor rationalizing nor escaping, when there is no movement of any kind. We have got to the root of it, have we not?"

I had listened. I came away seeing that freedom from fear was not in any action from within or without, but could only be when the brain was totally still. The quietness generated by dialogue remained with me, and I slept that night without fear. Cataclysmic, primeval fears have not arisen within me since that dialogue. The few fears that have arisen have been at the surface level of consciousness and so possible to deal with.

In the days that followed K was to speak to me of the nature of loneliness. It was an extraordinary state of being, completely isolated. It was the essence of the self—the "me" with its web of words in which the mind is caught. He asked me to face complete inward loneliness; only in that was there freedom from fear.

"To be free of fear is to be free of time" he said. I received those words and held them close.

CHAPTER 26

"Love Does Not Suffer."

The war with Pakistan in 1971 and the formation of Bangladesh had been a traumatic experience for the subcontinent. Krishnaji, on seeing us in 1972, had spoken with passionate concern about the war. He asked us why we did not protest strongly against war, which was the ultimate act of violence; whatever the circumstances, war could not be countenanced. We tried to explain the presence of 10 million refugees on Indian soil, the pressure generated, and the problems inherent in the situation. But Krishnaji would not waver from his position.

At his talks and small discussions we noticed that his language and use of words had changed. He was going into the root meaning of words, drawing clear distinctions between brain, mind, and consciousness. In one of his talks in Delhi he said that the brain cells had been conditioned for thousands of years, and that unless there was a breakthrough in that conditioning disaster was inevitable. "The world is afire. Can the brain, the whole human structure, undergo a tremendous revolution, a great mutation? Can there be a holistic living rather than the fragmentary?"

There was a great sadness in Krishnaji. On November 19 in New Delhi, he said, "It is one of the greatest sorrows in the world that one wants to convey something tremendous with one's heart and mind and you don't receive it. That is sorrow not only to the speaker, but to you who listen." Sensing the increasing violence that lay in the future, Krishnaji spoke of man as being caught in the corridor of opposites—hate and love, violence and nonviolence. But the truth was in "what is," which is violence. He investigated thought and its structure; thought was the past as memory, thought was time.

"Now can the mind, the brain cells themselves which are the product of time as evolution—can the brain cells themselves and the total mind, that is the body the movement of desire, the movement you know as thought, the whole thing—be completely still? And it can only be still when you have understood the value of thought where it is important and where it is unimportant. Without understanding the structure and nature of thought you will not come upon this silence naturally.

"And silence is necessary. When you look at a cloud and the beauty of the light in that cloud, if your mind is chattering, wandering, speculating, verbalizing, it cannot see the beauty of the cloud. The mind must be quiet and it will be quiet when you have denied or put aside control, authority; all the things which man has put together in order to find truth or enlightenment, things which are the fabrications of man, therefore caught in time. And to find that which is not of time, which has no measure, which is not nameable, the mind must be completely still. That means can that brain—please follow this—the brain which has demanded absolute security, otherwise it cannot function freely, effectively—can that brain be completely secure, so that it can operate without friction?

"When you see that, then there is clarity in observation and learning, which is the act of intelligence. In observing that which is false the brain cells become quiet, and with that the mind naturally, easily, sweetly—without any effort—is extraordinarily quiet. And in that stillness of mind there is no time. It is not a question of, 'Can the mind sustain or maintain or continue in that silence?' That question is a desire of thought, which wants to pursue that silence as pleasure.

"In that silence there is no observer, no experience, but only that quality of complete and total silence. In that silence the door is open. What lies beyond the door is indescribable, it cannot be put into words."

In the summer of 1971 I was in the United States. After my official work was over, I spent a holiday with my daughter in California. She was to tell me of a very unusual lecture she had heard in Toronto. The speaker was Ivan Illich. He had been ordained into the Jesuit order and had spent several years in South America. Differences had arisen between him and the church in Rome and he had, after great travail, left the Jesuit priesthood and started living in Mexico at Cuernavaca. There, as he was to explain later in India, he established a center, an empty space where people could meet.

His Toronto lecture had been on "Deschooling Society," and Radhika gave me a copy of the book. Its originality and intensity intrigued me, and on my return to India I gave the book to Indira Gandhi. She read the book, thought it relevant to the Indian situation, and arranged for Illich to be invited to India. He was to tell me later that he hesitated before responding to a government invitation, but ultimately agreed. We had a common friend, Dorothy Norman, and he brought me a letter of introduction from her.

Illich came to dinner at my house in Delhi in the late autumn of 1972. He had a remarkable presence and I responded eagerly to the challenge of his words. Soon we established a rapport and became friends. Indira Gandhi had asked me to help plan his programs and I had suggested that he visit Rajghat and meet Krishnaji.

On November 27, Ivan Illich was in Rajghat. He was staying in the room over the guest house; the river Ganga in all its majesty lay before it. He was having his meals with Krishnaji and the first meeting between the two took place in the afternoon. It was a seminal meeting of two minds; Krishnaji with an observing mind, alive, perceptive, and Ivan Illich, erudite, rational, rooted in the finest traditions of Western thought, yet prepared to listen. The river Ganga listened to the dialogue as it had listened through the centuries to the sound of voices questioning, listening, and counterquestioning.

Although the minds of Krishnaji and Illich flowed as two distinct streams, they came together in their shared passion for transformations and the need to free man from illusion.

I introduced Illich to Krishnaji, and spoke of his criticism of modern society and his concern with restructuring society and its tools. Krishnaji and Illich discussed the chaos and corruption of contemporary education in the world. Illich spoke of his concern with liberating the individual from the illusions about what he owed society. Krishnaji had been listening, trying to contact the man behind the words. Sensing that the minds were not meeting, Krishnaji pointed to the river. "There lies the Ganga. It is flowing and all human beings are being driven by the flow of the stream—surely the individual is one who steps out of the stream. The word 'individual' means one who is not divisible, who is whole—not fragmented."

The river was soon to become the shifting metaphor, around which the dialogue moved; voices coming together and moving apart.

Illich too was trying to establish contact and to feel his way into the new relationship. He said he had spent some hours on the riverbank, watching people bathing, praying, living in the same river, below the burning *ghats*. He had witnessed people come out of the river to sit quietly on its banks and had felt the resignation that arose within them, an acceptance that the river would carry them away again, one day. He mused on modern technological society to which India was becoming slowly a slave and so losing its touch with life, and the pervading feeling in the world that technology could rechannel the river.

"But the river could not be rechanneled," said Krishnaji. "Will it not be the same water? There is only one action for the human being to step out of the stream, to never go back or form another stream." Illich's response was to quote a poem from Mexico written in the Navajo style, the first line being repeated and meditated upon:

> Only for a short time have you loaned us to each other.
> Because it is in your drawing us that we take shape.
> It is in your painting us that we get form.
> It is in your singing to us that we get voice.
> But only for a short while, have you loaned us to each other.
> Because even as lines drawn in crystaline obsidian disappear
> and as the green color of the Quetzalcoatal feathers fade
> and as the waterfall subsides during the summer—so we
> too disappear.
> Only for a short while have you loaned us to each other.

On the banks of the Ganga, Illich had witnessed an affirmation of life which he felt could not be recreated in modern terms. He had sensed the weight and depth and rootedness of a civilization of which the river was a symbol.

There was a great anguish in Illich for the loss of ancient traditions. Modern man, industrial man, whose values had been institutionalized, felt that he could take people from the old stream and insert them into a new stream. But the stream into which he hoped to place people was a lifeless one. It was illusory and abstract. That was the great corruption. He spoke about modern education which tried to create a new consciousness, the illusion that you can step out of the river of tradition, to create a new kind of current; a current that would create a new humanity.

For Krishnaji, the river symbolized all traditions, modern as well as ancient. To him traditions, however noble, however ancient, conditioned man. "If I had a son, for I feel they are my sons whether in England, France, or here, I would feel responsible to help them to get out of these two streams or those seemingly running parallel to each other." Was it not necessary, he asked, for young people to be free of all streams?

Krishnaji and Illich shared a sense that compassion was essential and that it did not demand of people that they change into "this or that." Illich had sensed the rootedness of Indian women and remarked on it, and the danger of their losing this contact with tradition and life. He felt grateful for his own roots in certain traditions. He did not want to let go of the great help and discipline that traditions sometimes give.

To Krishnaji, however, all discipline, control was violence. It is only when man felt responsible that he was free, compassionate. Freedom and compassion were one thing. "We have tried for the last fifty years to see if a few could get out of the stream, get out without motive." He spoke of learning as the essential factor for freeing of mind, a learning that creates its own momentum.

Along the riverbank, a dog had started to bark and the sounds of the outer world of Varanasi entered the room.

Krishnaji developed the theme of compassion. He asked Illich whether he saw that freedom and compassion and the sense of not belonging went together. Illich said yes, for to belong gave people the feeling of power; not to belong meant powerlessness. Krishnaji felt that to belong gave people the sense of changing, producing, acting. "Can one say, Let me not belong, and see what happens? Most people are Catholics, Buddhists, Hindus, and the tradition of that is destroying them." Illich discussed the possibility of setting up enclaves, communities outside the stream; but they agreed that historically such communities have not worked. Krishnaji spoke of the terrible things happening in the world. He asked, "What can we do?" Illich felt that possibly it was because the world's elite lived on belief in the "better"—better education, better health. To him the concept of the "better" was a falsification of consciousness.

"You see, Sir, we are second-hand human beings—all knowledge is second-hand. To be free of the second-hand is not to belong to a thing—not to accumulate knowledge," said Krishnaji.

Illich asked whether not accumulating knowledge meant immediate experience. Krishnaji set experience aside. To him experience was dangerous. "When the mind is totally awake, why do you need experience? The whole world is concerned to experience, to acquire knowledge, to be attached within the stream and so to belong."

But Illich felt committed to the little streams, those rich traditions that have given form to human life, forms that if permitted to "become gods or hierarchies" could be as destructive as other destructive streams. In that sense of belonging he was prepared to be second-hand. He felt a responsibility to help people become critical and felt ashamed of affirming a rootedness in those little traditions, even if it meant being partially second-hand.

"Wait, wait," said Krishnaji. "Let us go slowly. One belongs to something because, in oneself, one is lonely, afraid. The whole psychological phenomenon is going on inside the skin, it makes one belong to something, the big stream or the little stream or the latest *ashram*—the latest guru. Do you follow? One goes back to the church or to Buddhism or whatever. It is only when you see this inwardly, with clarity, that you don't belong to anything and therefore you have rejected all the things that man has put together—ideation—formulas—concepts—beliefs—because they are all part of the stream."

Krishnaji turned to what for him was the central issue. "There has to be right perception. I would like to say to people, 'Look, just look, don't argue, don't translate, don't say this is right, that is wrong. Don't ask how shall I live, if I don't belong. Just look—have an eye that has no corruption in it.' "

Illich's concern was to show people what they could not do. To Krishnaji to know what not to do, was to do the right thing.

Illich perceived this instantly. A new movement had started. He felt responsible for translating in extremely lucid terms what they were talking about into concrete knowledge. To Krishnaji, that came later. It was first necessary not to belong to any society, any nation. The mind had to extricate itself. It had to be free to look and that freedom was action. The very seeing was action.

Krishnaji said that nationalism divides man. But Illich's response to this was equally intense. He again emphasized the need for roots, which meant much more than being held in nationalism. Krishnaji said he too had roots because he was born in India into the Brahminical fold. That root—it might be thousands of years old—was his conditioning, but so long as the mind was so conditioned it was not free. It was the past as thought that essentially divided man. Thought was knowledge. "If I want to live with you in peace, thought must come to an end. That in which I have my roots prevents my relationship with you."

To Krishnaji, observation without the introduction of thought was necessary; that alone was total action. Illich said he had begun to understand. The problem was one of language. But to him the danger was that the younger generation had lost the capacity to distinguish and to deny the false.

Drawing the strands of the discussion together and responding to Illich's concern with roots, Krishnaji said, "When I step out of that stream, I am not fragmented—not contradictory—I am whole—the whole has no root."

Illich felt the intense need for roots, he was not prepared to let go.

Krishnaji felt that without a solution of this central problem, there could be no flowering of man. The flowering had to take place. Illich felt there was little hope of solving the central problem. He was prepared to accept and live and die with something short of perfection. Krishnaji and Illich had come to a parting of ways.

For Krishnaji, Illich's response was not good enough. Suddenly he started to speak of the central issue as an ending to suffering. He could not visualize life as meant for perpetual suffering.

To Illich, suffering had to be accepted. "Why?" asked Krishnaji, "Should human beings suffer psychologically?"

"Because God accepted it," said Illich.

Krishnaji was merciless in his enquiry. "Why should man suffer?" For man to accept suffering psychologically was the essence of his ignorance. Why should human beings suffer? Because they were ignorant? Because they were in conflict? Because they were contradictory in themselves?

Illich was equally passionate. He said that he believed suffering was the human condition.

"Ah, that's it," said Krishnaji.

Illich felt the need to recognize his conditioning fully, lucidly, and sensitively, and be shaped by this conditioning. But Krishnaji refused to accept that sorrow was essential to the human condition.

The two minds were face to face. Illich asked, "What does compassion then mean?"

Like a rush of water came the reply. "Compassion means passion for all; love, Sir, does not suffer."

They parted. As we walked silently to his room, Illich plucked a jasmine flower and gave it to me. It was an eloquent gesture. The next day he was to meet Krishnaji again, but I was not present.

CHAPTER 27

"The Observer Is the Observed."

In June 1973 the first international meeting of the Krishnamurti Foundation was held at Brockwood Park. Achyut, Sunanda, Balasundaram, and I represented India. While introducing us to the members from the American and the English Foundations, Krishnaji said of Achyut, "How shall I introduce Achyut? He was one of the people responsible for driving the British out of India."

We discussed the question of copyright and publications. There was a major difference of opinion where the copyright should vest. Ultimately, it was decided that while the copyright continued with the English Foundation, the Indian Foundation would have the right to publish from Krishnaji's talks and discussions in India, as well as bring out an international publication once in three years.

Krishnaji had no possessions save his clothes and his watch. However, he had indicated in his will that his body after his death should be cremated wherever he died, and no monument built over his ashes. At this point, seeing the sadness on our faces, Krishnaji joked, "If I die in England, you can cremate me in 'Golders Green and scatter my ashes there.' "

I felt I was choking. I told him not to be flippant, that his body was sacred and no feet should tread where the ashes of his body had fallen. "We shall take the ashes and scatter them in the rivers of India." He immediately became very grave, turned to the others and affirmed, "This body is sacred." It was so decided, that his ashes be sent to India and would ultimately flow in the rivers to the ocean.

On November 17, 1974, Krishnaji arrived in New Delhi on his way to Varanasi. I had arranged for a pass to meet him in the lounge within the customs enclosure. I saw the Maharshi Mahesh Yogi standing nearby; he was garlanded and surrounded by his disciples. Sitting in the lounge awaiting Krishnaji's luggage I asked, "Was the Maharshi with you on the plane?" Krishnaji smiled. He had boarded the plane at Rome, and as he walked to his seat he had passed a bearded figure sitting cross-legged on a tiger skin. K vaguely recognized the man, but he could not quite place him. Some time later the hostess had come to him holding a rose and asked whether he was J. Krishnamurti. When Krishnaji said he was, she had handed him the rose saying that the Maharshi, who was in the plane, had sent his greetings and the rose. Krishnaji conveyed his thanks. A few hours later he had gone to the toilet and, returning, had passed the Maharshi's seat. The Maharshi sprang to his feet. After they had folded their palms in *namaskaras* to each other (the traditional form of greeting in India between friends, strangers, young, or old people), the Maharshi pointed to a seat next to him and suggested that they talk for a while. So Krishnaji sat down. After a few pleasantries, the Maharshi said that he was going to Nepal to announce a world revolution in consciousness and suggested Krishnaji accompany him and join him in his work, as together he felt they could change humanity. Krishnaji had politely declined, saying that he had a number of engagements and so begged to be forgiven. Maharshi had continued to urge him, as he felt that what he was doing was more important. The conversation had continued for an hour, after which they parted and Krishnaji returned to his seat.

In November 1974 Krishnaji was again in Varanasi. At a small discussion held on November 19 in his sitting room overlooking the Ganga, I asked, "Could we identify the main elements in the teachings?" We had heard him for twenty-five years. Many of us could give substance to the whole field of self-knowledge, but the question remained: "What is the teaching?"

Krishnaji was taken by surprise; he was quiet, letting the question unfold. Finally, he said, "I don't know. I can't put it in a few words, can I? I think the idea of the teaching and the taught is basically wrong, at least for me. I think it is a matter of sharing rather than being taught, partaking rather than giving or receiving. And so, can we share something which is not in the field of time, thought, and direction? Can we share, or are we all so conditioned that we don't know what it means to share?"

We then discussed at length the question of participating, sharing, and receiving. Krishnaji said, "There is no teacher and the taught. Is it a matter of compassion?"

Then, as the energy generated by dialogue intensified, Krishnaji suddenly commented, "You were asking, 'what is the teaching?' Right? I say, the teaching says, 'Where *you* are the *other* is not.' "

We listened, the mind silent with the purity of K's insight. Then the ripples of thought started again. We discussed the quality of listening and the maturing of the mind.

"Would you say," K asked, "that the mind must be free from any movement as accumulation, as knowledge, as direction, as will? Movement implies time. Time is movement. I am asking—is time necessary to see? Or, is it not necessary? Then how does a mind, the whole structure of the mind, which is evolved through time, see that which is not of time? You see the paradox?" he queried. "So can you die to all the things you have acquired—pleasure, pain, hurt?"

"Do you go through that exercise?" I asked.

"Of course not. Those exercises, practices are trivial. The mind, the brain, is evolved through time. It is recorded in time. Can that mind see that which is not time? Obviously not. Then, what is it that perceives something which is not of time? Find out."

Some days later we held the first of the discussions with the Buddhists. Amongst the group that had gathered was Rimpoche Sandup. A *bhikshuk* (monk) from Tibet, clad in red ochre, with a grave demeanor and an ageless face, he was the director of the Institute of Tibetology at Sarnath. Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya of the Sanskrit University, a Socialist and a scholar of Nagarjuna, other pandits from the Sanskrit University, and Krishnaji's companions participated.

Describing it later, Rimpoche Sandup said that when he had asked Krishnaji a question, Krishnaji had negated the question and in turn challenged the Rimpoche. He was bewildered, he could not comprehend Krishnaji's approach. At the end of the discussion, and later, as he heard Krishnaji over the years, the lama came to realize that fundamental questions had no answers, but still had to be asked. "Krishnaji," he said, "never provides an answer, never puts anything into a person. But his challenge touches a germinating point within, which enables the listener to awaken and for 'what is' to unfold."

Rimpoche Sandup said, "If you feel the compassion that flows from Krishnaji, you will see there is no limit to him. Most teachers have a limited approach, but Krishnaji's approach is without limit." He was deeply touched by Krishnaji, his presence and his words. "The more one has insight and tries to touch Krishnaji, the further he recedes; the greater Krishnaji's insights. You can never hold him, never get near him. For there is no end, no limit to him."

Rajesh Dalal, a young technocrat who had just graduated from the Indian Institute of Technology, Kanpur, came to Rajghat to hear Krishnaji speak. Attracted by the depth and relevance of Krishnaji's teaching, he was the first of the young academics and professionals to turn away from a career and join as a teacher in Krishnaji's schools.

Krishnaji's visit to Rajghat in November 1976 led to Rajesh's first meeting with him. He went to Krishnaji's room, rather excited, a little nervous at the idea of meeting the "great one." Krishnaji met him at the door, took him by the hand, and led him to the veranda overlooking the Ganga and the garden. They sat on a divan, and Krishnaji said, "Sir, please don't feel shy." He started to ask about Rajesh's life, where he was born, the house he lived in, his parents, his school. His presence was so reassuring that Rajesh rambled on, talking about himself; in his words, "forgetting who I was talking to. It was like talking to someone who was an intimate close friend. When I told him that in school and college I had always played with objects, people, ideas, numbers, words, and so on, he seemed to be happy and said, 'That is good.' "

Krishnaji suddenly became very quiet and serious. Rajesh grew acutely conscious of the silence and was deeply affected by it. He became aware of the sun setting and "the radiance of the pink gold of the ripples in the water." He perceived the movement of the peepul leaves as the breezes played through them and listened to the sound of the peacock's call. They sat about four minutes without a word. Rajesh looked at Krishnaji once or twice, expecting him to break the silence, which he was finding too much to bear. He was beginning to realize the immensity of the person sitting beside him, and the intimacy which they had shared gave way to a feeling within him of immense awe. He saw Krishnaji as part of the river, of the peepul tree and the birds flying over it. "It was the awe which you feel when you are face to face with something unknown—something very profound."

Suddenly, he heard Krishnaji's voice. "Look Rajesh, the world is in darkness. It is mad. The violence you see all around you is crazy. And these places—Rajghat, Rishi Valley, Brockwood Park, and Ojai—have to become centers of light. The older people have messed everything up. They have not done it. And the new people, young people have to do it. You understand? I hope you have not come here to experiment for a year or two but are committed to this." When Rajesh assured

Krishnaji that this was the only thing that truly and deeply mattered in his life, there was a gentle yet enigmatic smile on Krishnaji's face.

By then it was time for Krishnaji to go for his walk. Krishnaji stood up swiftly and went into his room to get his shoes. Rajesh watched the way he stood, sat, wore his shoes, climbed down the stairs, and walked. He saw a very alert man, eighty-one years of age; by contrast, Rajesh could not help observing how sloppy and careless he was—and he was only twenty-three. Rajesh suddenly grew aware of all that he had to learn from this man. And as if he had sensed Rajesh's thoughts, Krishnaji said, "We will meet more often. I will see that you are with us in Madras and Rishi Valley."

To Rajesh it was a downpour of affection and blessing. He experienced a quiet alertness and went back to his room very aware of everything around him—the roses, boats on the river, and squirrels playing with each other. The mind was more alive than it had ever been.

In 1979 Krishnaji was to hold discussion with the teachers of Rishi Valley. Rajesh Dalal participated. Krishnaji spoke of the need to create trust in the student. Rajesh, sitting to K's right, was particularly attentive that day. The whole question of the student having deep trust and confidence in the educator was, Krishnaji said, "central to the process of education." He kept challenging his audience, throwing problems back to them, forcing them to enquire and respond from depth.

Rajesh told me, "I was alert, watching and listening. When suddenly Krishnaji turned to me and asked, 'Rajesh, what do you say?' I kept quiet, not feeling the need to respond. Again, after five or ten minutes, he said to the teachers, 'Sirs, will you come down from your platforms and tell your students that you are just like them—that you have fears, jealousies, hurts, and so on and that you don't know what to do. They will then see that you are honest and trust you. Will you do this?' Perhaps I had been waiting to hear something more profound than this. Also I felt I already had such a relationship with my students. So, I spoke out and my voice was charged with emotion. 'Sir, I have done that. But, that is not good enough. You can't keep saying I am confused and have fear. You have to be free of fear, if the student is to trust you.' "

Rajesh continued. "He turned to me, held my hand, and said, 'Rajesh, do it now.' His gaze and his words were like a noose choking me. It was a strange experience. The intensity of it stunned me and I could not speak. He immediately realized it and, turning his gaze away from me, began to discuss with other teachers. But he kept on gently and affectionately stroking my hand, as if to say, 'My boy, I understand what you have been through.' "

Seeing that Rajesh was living a life of total abstinence and chastity, and sensing the tensions that were arising, K spoke to him of sex. Krishnaji said, "Sex is like a tender flower, an intense flame, delicate and rare. It has to be nurtured and cherished. You have to be specially watchful when it is not operating as nature intended. To let sex function freely is to dissipate energy; to suppress it brutally is to destroy something delicate and intensely beautiful. So watch it with warmth, nurture it, let it discover itself and unfold—neither denying it nor succumbing to it."

Krishnaji kept telling us, "Challenge me. Take. Your challenge is not great enough."

We were in Madras and he had started discussing the rapidity of change that was taking place in the world. In the West, from the middle of the 1960s, a reaction against growing materialism and consumerism had led to an immense ferment amongst the young. An appalling emptiness was permeating all aspects of life. The pressure being generated by the ravaging of the environment and the unlocking of the mysteries of nature and their reckless use as toys of technology could not be sustained by the existing resources of young minds and bodies. The abnormal was becoming the norm.

Like a wave, confusion and chaos were overtaking adolescent boys and girls, who were in revolt. Vast numbers of these "flower children" had taken to the road; like the fakir or the mendicant, they were the new barefoot wanderers of the earth. They homed for India, meeting from all over the world in Nepal, Varanasi, Goa. They were sowing the seeds of a new culture, however abnormal, seeking to reestablish their communion with nature and man. They sought it in drugs, in music, in yoga, in sex. Antiwar, anticompetition, antihypocrisy, anti the "more" of acquisitive society, they were concerned with loving and being. Striding continents, even in their failures they had brought to the human situation a gentle, anguished interval. But they were a lost generation.

We discussed the cultural revolution in China. The experiment of millions of young people invading the environment had been awesome. It was an action bereft of all compassion, and the element of ruthlessness inherent in it was terrifying. It too had failed and left behind disaster and destruction.

Krishnaji asked us what was happening to the young in India. We told him of the Naxalite movement. It had started in rural West Bengal, but had rapidly penetrated universities, drawing into its ambience the young student, the unemployed intellectual, as well as boys and girls from affluent families in revolt against the status quo. Young, ruthless, violent, their concerns were with the destruction of existing values and economic structures. Ironically, young academics and professionals from the same milieu, dazzled by the explosions in science and technology and the unlimited opportunities that appeared on the Western horizon, were turning West, seeking to share in a seemingly limitless pot of gold.

In rural India one felt the immense winds of change. Power was passing into the hands of new caste groups, the so-called backward were coming to realize the power of the vote. In cities a growing corruption was taking over.

A general destructive violence, a fragmentation at all levels, and a growing lack of sensitivity was permeating the landscape of India. Krishnaji said he had seen this coming. As he traveled round the country he noticed the general decline in values and the tendency to shirk responsibility. "One observes this not only in the newspapers, but from what is happening around us socially; what is happening at the periphery of life, but also from what is happening inwardly. One sees disintegration, overpopulation, callousness, a growing indifference to man and environment." His passionate demand for a revolution in the ground of the mind was unallayed.

While in Madras Krishnaji, in his public talks and discussions, raised a fundamental question: Is there such a thing as an individual, or is man merely a movement of the collective? Insights into the nature of the collective reveal that it is made up of tradition, belief, knowledge, and the experience of the book. Krishnaji said that to be an individual, there has to be a revolution in the collective as revealed in knowledge and tradition; and so man has to discover his own incorruptibility.

It is necessary to ask questions: "Questions to which there are no answers. So that the question throws man on himself and the way the structure of thought operates."

From Madras Krishnaji went to Bombay. Perceiving that for millennia man has searched for freedom in the outer and inner, Krishnaji probed into the whole problem of living, learning, and observing. He said, "To learn is to observe and to act." Like the scientist observing through the microscope, he asked the audience "to observe, to watch things as they are, not twist them to suit inclinations or prejudices." He spoke of man's quest to be free of sorrow and violence.

Man had pondered over this question of violence for millions of years—violence as opposed to peace, aggression as opposed to compassion, goodness as opposed to evil. Human beings had lived with this question. "Why?" he asked. "We must answer this question, not verbally, but in our own hearts, not explain it away or justify it, but see that we are not violent, in our speech, in our gestures, in our activity.

"If you observe," Krishnaji said, "man lacks a sense of beauty—beauty as sensitivity not only physically, but also of the heart and mind. To be sensitive is to be intelligent. Can one be aware of the extraordinary beauty of the earth, the richness of a rice field, the beauty of a face, of a smile, and the sadness of tears? Without such understanding not only the beauty that the eye sees, but the beauty of clear unspotted perception, man can never be free of violence. To understand violence, one has to be free of the word. And one cannot be free if there is no sensitivity to the beauty of everything about you. There must be freedom to find out what love is. You know, the word freedom is a dangerous word. Freedom for most people means to do what they would like to do, a freedom from social restrictions, social morality.

"Freedom from something is one thing, and freedom for itself another. Only in negation is there freedom. By learning about disorder, there is order. To learn about fear and violence needs a very subtle mind. With the dying is the living. You must die to yesterday, to live today, and then there is love. You have been given a piece of earth and what are you to do with that earth? To grow plants on it, you must have energy, passion, drive, intensity. If you live this way, then the treasure you have discovered becomes clear, vibrant, alive.

"To live in the present is to see in the microscope, not according to your wish or my wish, to see in the microscope how the past flows through the present and explodes into the future. But as long as the mind is caught in the image of the past, how can the heart live in the present? And love is the present, not the tomorrow."

As he spoke, the mind, listening with great intensity, was one with his words.

"What have you done with your life?" he asked. "Don't say, 'I am going to fulfill next life.' There is only the present, the beauty of the present, the richness of the present. You have had this life, this extraordinary thing called life in which there is sorrow, pleasure, fear, guilt and all the tortures and the loneliness and despair of life and the beauty of life. And what have you done with it? A life was given to you, the most precious thing in the world, and what have you done? You have distorted it, tortured it, torn it to pieces, divided it, brought about violence, destruction, hatred, lived a life without love, without compassion, without passion.

"The question is asked and the answer lies only in the present, not in tomorrow or in the past, which raises the question, what are you doing 'now' with your life? And if you can answer this, you will find out what love is." The passion, the intensity of his concern was as a breeze that enveloped us as we listened, quickening the brain cells, making innocent the mind.

Krishnaji was also holding his small group discussions. He asked us, "Has religion failed in India? In India *sannyas, ashrams,* have become a form of religious revolt. Go to the moon, live under the sea, transplant the human heart; without compassion the problems of human existence continue. Could we observe with eyes that have never been spotted, made narrow with callous indifference? For this, to see the whole, a different quality of mind was needed."

In the discussions we were exploring the nature of the observer and his relationship to the observed, a central point of K's teaching. Krishnaji said, "In the very act of observing object there is the process of naming which clogs perception. In this very act, nature of what is observed, is undergoing change."

He spoke of insight as born of the observing mind. It is when the mind, heart, body are made one in attention that the division between religious perception and scientific truth disappears. "Freedom from the known exists within the brain cells. When grooves cease to exist, the brain is alive. In this state there is a physical transformation."

In his discussions Krishnaji denied his role as teacher and his listeners as disciples. He spoke of "learning," a state where the relationship of the teacher and the disciple undergoes a total change. Learning needs energy and intense curiosity and a freedom to explore. This comes with observation, a state in which all authority and all hierarchy in terms of the psyche ends. He spoke of himself as a mirror in which the listener sees himself, with a vision that is not distorted or conditioned.

"The act of learning is the act of living. Learning is a quality of mind, an attitude that is more important than what is learnt."

In his talks he elaborated on the discussions. Speaking of the brain and its need for security, he said, "The brain demands security and order, it also demands harmony. Without harmony, there is no security. Harmony means order, and the brain lives and it has lived for thousands of years in disorder, which means contradiction. Therefore [it is] in conflict not only within, but outwardly; and in this conflict, both inward and outward, it has found some kind of security. It accepts conflict as a way of life, and in that it has found security. Though it brings great disorder, though it brings destructiveness to itself, it has accepted this chaos, this confusion, because it doesn't know what to do. That brain which has been conditioned for millions of years to accept values that really bring disaster to itself, is conditioned that way, and it accepts that conditioning and lives in that conditioning as security.

"Look," Krishnaji continued, "you have accepted nationality, haven't you? But if you observe, that security brings war. When you accept nationalism, and you accept it because you have found security in it, that security is completely destroyed because nationalism invariably divides; and where there is a division there must be conflict. So your nationalism, in which the brain has found security, is bringing about its own destruction.

"Our brain, the brain cells, have themselves been conditioned for thousands and millions of years. And if there is no breakthrough in this conditioning, there will always be disaster, there will always be sorrow, there will always be confusion, there will be no harmony.

"And the world is afire. The house is burning and you have to respond to it with a fresh mind. Not according to your own conditioning. Therefore the question is, can the brain, can this whole human structure, undergo a tremendous revolution, great mutation, so that it is a fresh mind?" He paused.

"Watch this very carefully. You have taken the ideal of nonviolence. It is one of those extraordinary tricks you have played on yourself and all the teachers and the mahatmas have taught endlessly about it. Now watch it, go into it, learn about it, put your heart and mind into it. You want security; that is the very basis of the brain. So you seek security in an idea or in an ideal of nonviolence. So there is a division between violence and the ideal, and therefore contradiction, therefore hypocrisy, therefore disorder and pretension. When the real thing is violence, you are pretending there is nonviolence. So the brain cells seek out of this incapacity to deal with violence, an ideal, and therefore division follows and there is contradiction and conflict.

"So, you see there is security only in the truth that life has no security, but is a constant movement. That is the truth, and in that truth there is security.

"Have you learnt?" he asked. "In that learning about truth, the whole structure, the whole response of the brain cells undergoes a tremendous change. It lives in a total dimension of movement, a whole movement, not a fragmentary movement. Order, which is harmony, has no blueprint. Order, which is harmony, comes only when there is freedom from disorder. Order comes only when there is understanding, learning about the disorder. And out of the learning about disorder—not the learning how to bring order into disorder, which you can never do—out of that learning comes order, naturally."

Krishnaji explored the words "watch," "observe," "learn." "Is the observer, the one that learns, is he different from the thing he is observing or learning from? The fact that there is always the observer and the observed, in essence is division, disorder. As long as there is the observer, the experiencer, the thinker, the one who says 'I am learning' and divides himself from the observed, the experiencer and the thing from which he is learning, as long as there is this division, it will invariably bring about conflict, as all divisions do, and therefore confusion and therefore disorder."

Then he asked his listeners whether they observe disorder as an outsider looking in, or do they see that there is no observer at all? "Do you see that you are disorder?" He was speaking with pauses in between. "If you are the observer, watching the disorder in yourself and round about you, you are separate from the disorder; and therefore you who are watching, to bring about order, and therefore you are bringing about disorder because there is separation.

"So how you look at disorder matters enormously. If you look at it from the outside as though you are independent of it, as though you have nothing to do with it or as though you are going to bring about order, the 'you' is a fragment of other fragments. Is the 'you' who are looking at disorder different from disorder? You are part of that disorder; otherwise you wouldn't know it; otherwise you wouldn't recognize disorder. You are part of that disorder, you the observer are the creator of that disorder.

"If you see the truth of it, you are free. Because it is only the truth, which has nothing to do with pleasure or pain, the learning and seeing the truth, [which] frees the brain cells from their conditioning, therefore the brain is then a new brain.

"Do you see the beauty of this? You know, just as to see the beauty of a palm leaf in the clear sky, to see it, not as an observer with all his peculiar knowledge and impotence, but to look at it without the observer, to see the extraordinary movement of that palm leaf—so in the same way, to look is to learn. And in the learning is the total movement of life in which there is no fragmentation, and therefore it is a life of great harmony, and harmony means love."

CHAPTER 28

"The Pebble in the Pond"

In 1977, with the defeat of Indira Gandhi, I had resigned from the chairmanships of several government boards and societies and returned from Delhi to Bombay, where I was to live in an old, rented flat on Malabar Hill. I had been actively working in many organizations since long before independence, and this was the first time in thirty-five years that I found myself with nothing to do. I was still president of the Krishnamurti Foundation, but I sensed a breath of discontent amongst several of my colleagues.

From early 1978 I grew aware of an ebb of energy within me. The acuteness and altogetherness of my senses were blurred and losing vitality. I had started writing, but words came with difficulty.

I wrote to Krishnaji in California at Malibu, where he was staying. His reply was immediate.

My dearest Pupul,

Since you have written about yourself, may I point out certain things and I hope you won't mind.

I don't think it's old age that deteriorates the mind but you have had many psychological shocks. You have been deeply hurt and if I may point out, you haven't healed them, seen beyond that. Consider what I am writing seriously.

Now, you have to become deeply aware, not intellectually. Aware of your body; you have let it go; aware of what you eat and how much you eat; exercise, etc. Train that body, you have neglected it; then its own intelligence will take over.

You have, if I may point out, cultivated the intellect, with its arrogance and neglected the other side of it which is love, compassion. Naturally, one cannot and may not cultivate love but one must be wholly aware of this. If one may point out, give your complete and therefore choiceless attention to all this.

Of course, there's old age, with all its troubles but they are normal and natural. But these should in no way interfere with the mind and its beauty, though they are interrelated, the mind is infinite.

Sorry to write like this! I wanted to put it in as few words as possible. You will understand all this and with what love one's writing this. Be well, Pupul and see you fairly soon.

With love,
J. K.

Krishnaji arrived from England in the late autumn of 1978. He traveled directly from Delhi to Varanasi, accompanied by Mary Zimbalist. I followed him to Rajghat, Varanasi, where I was to stay in a small cottage on the edge of a cliff, overlooking the Ganga. The river was low, revealing banks planted with brilliant yellow mustard. Sunsets and sunrises intoxicated the waters; birds nested in the overhanging trees and sounds of Tulsidas's "Ramayan" floated down the river. But the passion that the river had awakened in me in earlier years was absent. When I talked with my colleagues I again felt a discordant chord.

Krishnaji had been warm and affectionate when he met me, but with him too I felt a distance. After a few days I went to see him. I was hesitant at first, but after some time I told him that I felt I was ageing, the brain was losing its edge and its capacity to penetrate and delve. There were few fresh insights. He was sitting at some distance from me. For some time after I spoke, we sat silently. Then he said, "I have noticed over the last two years that you have not been to see me."

I was close to tears. I looked up and found his eyes mirroring me. "When the brain cells deteriorate, they can never be renewed," he said. "When a relationship is broken, it can never be restored." He stopped speaking, perhaps listening to my unspoken response. Then he continued. "But a new cell in the brain has to be born, a new relationship come into being. In that is the renewal." I listened. There was no reaction, no protest. Not a thought arose nor the need to question him further. I sat quietly, then went to my room.

I spoke little during those days at Varanasi. Soon, in early December, I left Varanasi to go to Rishi Valley.

My brain had rested. There had been no immediate clarity or energy, but the chaos within the brain, the feeling of an ebbing tide, had ended. I could look again at trees; observe the shape of boulder against boulder changing color in the sun, listen to the distant sounds of children, look at the butterflies that swarmed over wild flowers in the valley; but the distance between my colleagues and me continued.

One morning I awoke from a deep sleep. Krishnaji had been ill and was resting in his room. I went to him and found him lying in bed. I said, "Krishnaji, I have been pondering over what you said to me in Varanasi. I have also been going into my being president of the Krishnamurti Foundation, and I feel deeply from the bottom of my heart that you should be the president. I opposed your being president since the early 1970s, as I felt that you would have to bear the responsibilities, legal and otherwise, if you were president. This burden I felt should not be placed on you. But I feel now that it would be right for you to be the head of K. F. I."

He closed his eyes, placed the palms of his hands on his breast, and lay silent for sometime. "You feel it from the depths of yourself?"

"Yes."

"Then leave it alone, the answer will come," he said, his eyes still closed.

Later, he gathered the members of the Foundation present in Rishi Valley and said, "Yesterday Pupul came to me and said from the bottom of her heart that she felt K should be the president of the K. F. I. I have not answered but left it, for in my own peculiar way, an answer will come." But, he said, he would like to make his position clear.

"In 1928 K dissolved the Order of the Star and said all organizations condition man; spiritual, political, or connected with social reform; organizations do not bring freedom. Man has become more and more an organized man.

"What shall I do?" he asked. "I am not an organization man. I do not conform to a pattern. So what is our relationship? Must the K Foundation exist at all? The schools have taken over the Foundation. The Foundation has not taken over the schools. What is the function of the Foundation—are we clear—why should the Foundation exist? Its purpose was to hold the lands and to see the schools keep in the right direction.

"Pupulji pointed out that for years she had opposed my being the president—I understood. She says that I should now accept and I ask what is my function and my relationship to the whole setup in India—and what do you all think is my responsibility? Bear in mind, K dissolved all organizations with which he was connected. He says no organizations will help the world. Rajesh said the Krishnamurti Foundation in India was not an organization, but it was also not a directing force in the right sense.

"So if K becomes president, what will happen? Bearing in mind that I will be in this country only for three months. I can't say carry on and come back and say, 'It's not moving in the right direction.'

"What is your relationship with me? Do we trust each other, that we will do the right thing in all circumstances?"

I said that each one of us had a relationship with Krishnaji, and because of that we had a certain relationship to each other. We were responsible to Krishnaji. But when Krishnaji was away, we did not feel responsible to each other.

Achyutji said, "We are responsible to the teaching, which is the source."

"I feel his being president might resolve the impasse that exists in the Foundation," I said. "There are barriers. The impasse has to be broken."

Krishnaji said, "Break it. Where does K come in?"

We then discussed the nature of cooperation—to work together in cooperation, not for an ideal, not about something, but simply to work together, to cooperate. The discussions were to continue for the next two days.

After the meetings I went to his room; my eyes were alight, free of burdens. I said to him, "Do you realize, with my ceasing to be president of the Krishnamurti Foundation India, I am completely stripped of everything?"

He said, "Yes, I know," and was silent.

Without a word said, a new relationship of trust and a limitless friendship with Krishnaji was born. Speaking to me of the nature of trust, he said, "It is only possible when the brain sheds its burdens, is free." Soon I was to start writing a book on Krishnaji. I spoke to him of my intention, and he had responded with warmth.

In connection with the book I was writing, one morning at Rishi Valley in December 1978 I asked Krishnaji whether I could explore his mind and unravel the way it operated. He readily agreed. I asked him questions, he listened with intensity to the question, and out of that intensity the response arose. One could feel the strength and density of the mind and the depth from which he spoke.

I said, "I have heard you for over thirty years. You say there is no way to truth, no method involved. But as I observe you, a certain process has revealed itself. I would like to explore your mind because I feel that the probing of your mind, and the way it operates, may reveal the nature of right observation and enquiry. And that is where we are getting bogged down. Now, how do you receive a question which is put to you? Could we go into the state of the mind that receives a question?"

"Right. How does K receive a question? How does K, when a question is put to him, proceed with the answer? I think he would say, first there has to be innocence. That is to say a listening without any conclusion, without any barrier and because there is no hindrance, the mind is . . . could I use the word empty? The mind is empty, in the sense that in it there are no preconceived answers, no remembrance of previous answers, and therefore no further recording of those answers."

I pressed on. "Now in that state, what is the function of attention? There is a function of attention, which is that of searching. If attention does not search, what happens to the question? The mind may receive the question in emptiness, but what actually happens to the question? Because you do respond." I was challenging him.

K answered, "When a question is put, there is a hearing of it, not only with the ear, but also the hearing of it without the usual process of hearing. It is like a seed put into the earth and the earth then acts upon the seed and the seed acts upon the earth and gradually out of that comes forth a plant, a flower, and so on. So, when a question is put, it is heard with the ear and there is also a state in which the hearing is not with the ear and out of that there is the answer."

"When one observes you, one feels that your eyes are participating in the listening process," I said. "You have a listening eye, if I can so put it. Now, you have said there is a listening with the ear and there is a listening without the ear. Is it that a new instrument has come into being? An instrument, not in the sense of a physical growth in the brain cells, but a new capacity?" I had started probing.

"I think so, Pupulji. I would like to answer this by bringing in another word, 'insight.' Insight is a state of mind in which there is no remembrance, there is no conclusion, there is no sense of anticipation, there is no quality of reaction, and a great deal more is involved in that word. Now when you ask a question, there is a hearing with the ear and there is also a hearing with the non-ear, which means the mind is in a state when there is no remembrance, no conclusion, no previous record of that question and therefore there is no reply to that question according to previous memory. That not being there, there is insight into the question." Krishnaji was exploring his mind.

"Does the hearing with the non-ear come into being with the very ending of the process of the mind? Or is it something else?"

"When there is insight of that kind, the brain cells themselves undergo a change. When there is insight, that insight transforms the brain cells." He was perceiving his mind as he spoke.

"You have said there is hearing with the ear and there is a hearing with the non-ear, and that insight brings about a change in the brain cells. Does insight arise because of the hearing with the non-ear? Can you open up this non-ear hearing?"

"Let us see. First there is the hearing with the ear, which we all know; and the hearing with the non-ear, which is a state like that of a tranquil pond, a lake that is completely quiet and when you drop a stone into it, it makes little waves that disappear. I think that is the hearing with the non-ear, a state where there is absolute quietness of the mind; and when the question is put into the mind, the response is the wave, the little wave. I don't know if I am making it clear."

"Is the pond the matrix of the mind?" I asked.

"What do you mean by matrix?"

"Is it 'mind' only?"

"I don't quite see that," said Krishnaji. "I will have to go into it. When you say is it 'mind' only, what do you mean?"

"Is it the totality of what has been? You have said earlier that consciousness is its content."

"Yes." Krishnaji was listening intensely.

"The receiving into . . . "

"Now wait a minute. Look at it. Consciousness is fragmented; and when you put a question to that fragmentary consciousness, the answer will be fragmentary."

"When the question is put, and is received as in a pool, is it the totality which receives?" By now my mind had caught the stillness, and the questions I asked were arising out of Krishnaji's responses.

"I think that is really quite interesting, and we should go into it. Can the mind be so extraordinarily receptive that it has no barriers and the past does not enter into it?"

"The past being the fragment?" I sought clarification.

"Yes, the past is the fragment. And can the past not come into it at all?"

"You say there is a listening with an ear and there is a listening with the non-ear. Has that listening the same quality as the listening we know? Or is it of a different nature?"

"Of a different nature, obviously."

"What is the difference?" I was pushing.

"Listening with the ear or hearing with the ear, and the response from that listening to a question will necessarily be fragmented. Right? That is obvious. But when there is a listening with the non-ear, that state of listening is not fragmented. Listening with the ear implies a recording and a remembrance from past knowledge. It is experience answering the question. In the other, there is no past involved at all. Therefore it is not a fragmentary answer. I think that is right."

"Is that non-ear listening different from that which receives?"

"I don't quite follow," said K.

"A question is put, it is received with the ear, but there is also a non-ear listening. Now is that non-ear listening, the same as the state which receives?" All anchors within me had ceased.

"Yes, must be, of course. A pond is absolutely quiet, a question is dropped into the pond, the pond is pure water without all the pollution that man has put into it, which is the past. The pond is clear, clean water, and into that water a question is put as a pebble and the reply is the wave. I think that is how it functions."

"As there is a non-ear listening, is there also a non-eye seeing?"

"Yes," said Krishnaji. "You are using the word 'eye' in the sense of the visual, the optical? Yes."

"Can we go into the nature of that?"

"Let us see. The hearing with the non-ear and the seeing—the visual seeing without the past interfering with the seeing—are the same. The hearing without the ear and the seeing, the visual seeing, the optical seeing, are both the same." Krishnaji was clarifying as he responded. "What is important is the non-remembrance without the past interfering."

"Sir, tradition maintains that the outward movement of the eye is the movement of naming. The optical movement which turns back, breaks through the naming process, breaks the naming process, dissolves the naming process. Is that so?" I was back to memory, to a process familiar in yoga.

"Let us see if I have understood the question rightly. Are you saying there is the optical vision going out and then the coming back from the outward movement to the inner movement?"

"No," I said. "There is the movement, outer, which we all know, which is the movement of seeing, registering, focusing, etc. Then there is for the *sadhaka*, that is for the man who is seeing, a movement in which the very optical seeing is thrown within, breaking the naming process, the divisive process. It is a backward-flowing movement."

"The forward movement and the backward movement?"

"It is not the forward movement turning backwards, but the optical sense which moves out, and another movement in which it does not move out."

"I understand. It is not like a tide which is going out and coming in. There is only a going out."

"And another movement altogether, which is optically drawing in."

"So that is what tradition says. What do you say?" asked Krishnaji.

"The looking-out focuses."

"By looking out, you mean the looking at the tree?"

"The looking within ends focusing, ends the very instrument which focuses." I was trying to reveal a state of perception.

"I must understand this very clearly," said K. "You say this looking within is not with the movement of the eye which looks, observes the external world, but a looking within, which is not the ebb of the tide. There is the seeing, going out and the coming in. But is this an entirely different way of looking inwards?"

"The looking inward is not the tide," I responded.

"Is not the tide?"

"But the looking inward can be a tide."

"Of course. That is the danger of it. The tide goes out and the tide comes in."

"You can look with the same . . . "

K broke in, "I know it can be the same water. Whereas this going out optically and the looking within are two different, entirely different processes. Is that so? You see, I question this whole thing. I wonder if there is a looking within. Can we explore that?" He paused. "Does looking within imply a movement of thought?"

"No, Sir."

"Then if there is no movement of thought, then what do you mean by looking within?" The instruments of enquiry were very subtle.

"Looking within is the seeing of 'that which exists' at a particular instant. There is no within and without in that state."

"That is the whole point. Now let us be very clear. What you are saying is that the outward-looking and the inward-looking are not the tide going out and the tide coming in. The inner-looking is not the reaction to outer-looking. The inward-looking is entirely different from the outer-looking. You are saying that inward-looking dispels the whole structure of thought. That is what you are saying." He paused. "I question that." He paused again. "I question whether there is an inward-looking at all. Let us go easy. Wait, I am just exploring, Pupul. I am not saying it is so or not so. What is it to look inward? One can look inwardly from what you have said, into the whole movement of thought. Right? Is that inward-looking?"

"I would say it is inward-looking, because in it there is a physical looking."

"Yes, in the outward seeing."

"And a nonphysical looking. That is, the looking is physical, but what is seen is nonphysical. Thought is not a thing which can be seen."

"All thought is a material process," Krishnaji said with precision.

"But it cannot be seen."

"Yes. But it is a material process—the remembrance, the recording of knowledge; all that is a material process."

"Yes, that may be so, but there is a difference between the state of seeing the microphone and seeing the flashing movement of the mind."

"But the flashing movement of thought is still a material process." Krishnaji was adamant.

"Yes, all right. It is a material process. Is its existence in a dimension which we call the within?"

"Within? I question the whole thing." A new element had entered, revealing the illusion of outer and inner.

"It is somewhere, Sir."

"Yes, but why should it be within or without?"

"Because it is not without, it is not something visible 'without.' "

"It is not visible as one's face is visible in the mirror. Thought cannot be perceived with the eye as you perceive your face in the mirror. So, is that which is not perceivable in the mirror what you call the inner?"

"Yet it exists," I said.

"Yes, but I would question whether it is the inner at all."

"You can take away the word inner and substitute another word." I was forcing the challenge.

"No, no."

"Where is it?"

"I am going to tell you something. I believe the Eskimoes, when they use the word thought, they mean something outside."

"Yes."

" . . . Look at it carefully, look at it. Think about it."

"I understand, Sir. I see what is something outside. It is a physical seeing. The nature of thought itself I can never see with the same optical . . . "

"That is very simple. I can see my face in the mirror. I cannot see thought in a mirror. That is simple."

"Where do I see thought? What is this 'seeing,' then?" I asked.

"That is it. I don't think there is 'seeing' at all."

"But you have kept on saying there has to be 'seeing.' "

"Seeing? Seeing the flower," said Krishnaji.

"Seeing also anger."

"No, I only said 'seeing.' "

"You said something just now. You said, 'I don't think there is a seeing at all.' Can that be investigated?"

"I must be very clear on this point," said Krishnaji. "First there is a hearing by the ear and there is a hearing without the ear, which is a state like a mill pond that is absolutely still without a single movement. There is no air that ruffles it. And when the question is put in it, it is like a piece of stone thrown in a still pond. The waves are the answers."

"Which the question itself throws up?"

"Yes, that is what we said from the beginning. When you approach the question afresh, the very throwing of the question into the mill pond produces the answer. There is no entity that answers. That is very important. Now bearing in mind that the seeing of the face in the mirror is clear, but the seeing of thought is not possible, what is 'the seeing of thought?' "

"What is it that actually takes place?" I asked.

"That is what we are going to find out," answered K. "First let us be clear. There is no 'seeing' of thought. For that implies that there is a seer and thought as separate. The seeing of the face in the mirror is clear. The mirror cannot reflect thought. 'The seeing' of thought implies that there is a seer and thought. But the seer is thought. So there is only thought, which cannot be seen in the mirror. So for me there is no inward looking."

"Then what do you mean when you talk of 'seeing of' what is?"

" 'Seeing of what is' is not only to observe with the visual, optical eye, optical nerve, but also to hear 'what is' without the ear; 'what is' implies all that, 'seeing,' 'hearing.' "

"But you say thought cannot be seen." I pressed him.

"No. Thought cannot be seen with the inward look."

"By what then is thought seen?"

"Thought cannot see. . . ."

"It is not seen by the inward look, it is not seen as you see in the mirror and yet you say there is a 'seeing.' "

"No, I wouldn't use the word 'seeing,' " said K.

"Then what word would you use?"

"I would say, 'thought being aware of itself.' "

"Thought being aware of itself?" I asked.

"Of its own activities."

"But you have been talking, all these years, of 'seeing what is.' "

"I spoke of seeing what is happening, actually, inwardly, not the observation of 'what is' happening with an optical eye or with another thought. When you say 'seeing,' it implies that."

"What is that state?" I queried.

"That is what we are enquiring into. If you say 'seeing' inwardly, I say that you are bringing a dual state into that which is seen. Right?" Krishnaji's mind was piercingly subtle.

"Can there be 'seeing' without a dual state?" I asked.

"Yes, this 'seeing' implies a state where there is no opposite."

"Because such seeing has the same quality as the lake."

"Yes, that is why when you speak of inward looking, there is something artificial in that approach. Thought itself has to be quiet. I think it works like the lake. And when you put a question from that, the question is answered from the lake."

"But, Sir, anger arises, or jealousy arises. It is a material thing?"

"Absolutely."

"I grow aware and it is already over. Because I cannot 'see' that which is over."

"Look, you say jealousy arises and there is the watching of it."

"Can there be a watching of the actual state of jealousy arising? If so, it would not arise."

"No," answered K. "The fact is, jealousy arises. Jealousy is a reaction which we name. Before you name it as jealousy, can that reaction be watched? Not as a watcher watching. You understand what I am saying? But the watching in which there is no opposite? Can I just see the reaction? By the 'seeing' of the reaction I mean the 'seeing,' 'observing' without the eye or the ear. The observation of the arising of that reaction is the non-hearing, is the hearing without the ear, the seeing without the eye. Does it sound crazy?

"Now, let us be clear," he continued. "We are saying, a question is asked and that question is like a stone dropped into a mill pond and the mill pond is absolutely quiet. The very answer is the dropping of the stone into it, otherwise the pond is quiet.

"Now what we are talking about is not the tide going out, the tide coming in. But of an observation of 'what is' without a previous remembrance associated with 'what is.' That's all."

"Then it is neither optical nor auditory."

"Absolutely."

"But yet you have used the word observing . . . "

"Observing in the sense that in such observation there is no remembrance of the thing which is being observed. I am right in this, let me go slowly. In the process of observation, there is no center from which it is being observed, the center being memory, various conclusions, hurts. There is no point from which 'it' is being observed. Right? And in this observation there is no conclusion, there is no association with past events, which means the 'seeing' is as quiet as the mill pond. The 'what is' is the challenge, and can the mill pond which is quiet respond as the challenge drops into it?" The ripple of the mill pond was responding.

"The ripple is the response?" I asked.

"The ripple is the response. That is a marvelous thing."

I asked, "Now, I have observed you listening to your own response, with the same awareness as you listen to a question. Do you listen to your responses?"

"I listen to it to see if what is said is accurate."

"You listen to your own responses; and to you, your responses and the responses of another person are at the same level."

K said, "But if you are talking seriously and you are listening to the questioner and responding, there is an act of listening—in both directions—not the listening to your or my response, there is only listening."

"You listen," I responded, "and if what is said is not so, you move away. There is a total flexibility, if I may so put it. There is no taking of answer and holding to it."

"You see if the pebble is very light, the ripple is a tiny wave," explained K. "But if it is a small rock which is thrown, there are a great many waves. So, the act of listening is not only to the person challenging but also a listening to the answering. It is a total state of listening to the questioner and the person who replies. When the person's reply is not quite as it should be, because there is listening, there is a withdrawal from that. And then you change and you move. So I have discovered something. There is no inward looking or listening. There is only looking and listening."

"I have to go into this at depth. I am just taking it in." I paused. "What is the mill pond?"

"First of all," K asked, "whose mill pond? The mill pond of your mind, K's mind, or the mill pond of a person who is agitated?"

"We are talking of Krishnaji's mill pond," I said, "because what is being attempted is to see how far one can go into investigating your mind."

"I understand. You are asking what is the state of the mill pond that apparently K has. I don't think K is aware of this mill pond."

"What are you aware of?"

"It is important to understand that if K is aware of it, it is not a mill pond. Wait, wait. Yes, that is right."

"Now, if I may ask, what is the inner nature of yourself?" I was challenging K's mind to see how far he would reveal its nature. There was a pause. Then, from a great depth, Krishnaji spoke. "I have never asked myself what is the mind, the inner nature of K. If I reply 'nothing,' which means 'not a thing,' would that be acceptable? There is nothing. Would you comprehend the state of K's inner being, which is nothing, which is absolutely nothing? It is like measuring the immeasurable. I am not saying my mind is immeasurable—but it is like measuring the immeasurable."

My eldest sister had died of a heart attack in 1976. My mother could not contain the shock. Her body and mind broke down, and she suffered a minor stroke. She was devoted to Krishnaji and had acted as his hostess on many occasions. He wrote her a note enclosed in a letter to Nandini in which he asked after her well being, sent his love, and expressed his gratitude for the hospitality and affection she had given him over the many years. We read the letter to her, and she managed to smile. She recovered but remained very weak.

In January of the following year, when Krishnaji was in Bombay, he came to see her. She was in bed, life was gradually ebbing away; but she had bathed before Krishnaji came and her white muslin *sari* covered her head. Seeing him, her face and eyes filled with life. He held her hand for over an hour and spoke to her with unbounded attention. She said to him, "My daughter is dead."

"I know, Amma," he replied. "We all have to die." Her mind had become quiet, and although she never recovered, her inward suffering ended. She died gently, without disturbing any of her children who were sitting in the next room. She was alone when she slipped away.

The Krishnamurti Foundation in the United States had arranged a seminar for scientists and philosophers in the spring of 1976 at Arya Vihara in Ojai. Sunanda, her husband, Pama, and Krishnaji's nephew Narayan were there. Balasundaram, who was also to go, developed jaundice and had to cancel his travel arrangements.

Krishnaji spent time in Ojai with Sunanda; they went for walks together, he talked to her at length, discussing the work at Vasant Vihar; giving of himself in full measure. She came back to India aglow with his benediction.

On June 3, 1976, I had written to Krishnaji about my mother's health and my meeting with Sunanda:

> I have been in Bombay for the last two weeks because of my mother's illness. It has been a very difficult period. She had a urinary infection with complications in the lungs and for the last week has been unable to speak or take any nourishment or water by mouth. The doctor feels it may be a partial paralysis of the throat. She is receiving nasal feeding and for the last 24 hours appears to be better. She has started forming words which though indistinct yet are recognizable. She has forgotten the immediate past and keeps asking for Moon. There is a certain desperation in her questions.
>
> I met Sunanda and Pama when they were passing through Bombay and we had a long talk. I am deeply happy that they are going to Vasant Vihar and I hope that everything will be well there with them and that the work in Vasant Vihar will flower. I am going to Madras on the 6th for a meeting of the Krishnamurti Trust. On an earlier visit Radha and I had gone over the repairs to be done as suggested by you, and I think work on that must already have started.
>
> I feel one with you that the Secretary of the Krishnamurti Foundation India should not be the same as the Principal of Rishi Valley School. This had been decided when you were here over a year ago. After Balasundaram met you abroad last year you had written to me that Balasundaram had explained to you that the Secretaryship was just a technical thing and that in your view all activities of the Foundation should be shifted to Rishi Valley, which should become the centre of the work. I do not have the letter with me here, but when I return to Delhi I will send you a copy of your letter. I had sought clarification from you whether in the light of what you felt the Secretary and Principal should be one and you had clarified the position and said that they should not be one. At the meeting of the Foundation last year when the matter of appointing the Secretary came up, it was found that Balasundaram would have to continue for a year as Secretary till the case was over as he was the principal plaintiff in the case and the Powers of Attorney were in his name To make a change in midstream would cause many complications. All the Foundation members had agreed to this. Legally the Secretary of the Foundation is appointed every year at the annual meeting which is held in Oct Nov. I had discussed the matter with Balasundaram and he had himself suggested that he should not continue as Secretary. I have always felt that Pama is the right person to take over the Secretaryship, and it is with this in mind that I had persuaded him to join the Foundation.

By December Pama Patwardhan had taken over as Secretary from

Balasundaram, and Sunanda and Pama went to live at Vasant Vihar. The house was in shambles, there was no money, and they faced a herculean task to build the place anew. Sunanda was to take the responsibility for the work of publications and soon a bulletin was to appear. In the years that followed, Vasant Vihar, the headquarters of the Krishnamurti Foundation in India, became a center for K. F. I. publications, the archives, and the teachings. *Tradition and Revolution, Krishnamurti on Education,* various talks, and Indian editions of Krishnaji's works were published.

CHAPTER 29

"Riding the Back of a Tiger."

I first met Indira Gandhi in 1931 at Anand Bhawan, her family home at Allahabad. I was sixteen, she fourteen. I was in love, igniting fires in that ancient town; but I remember Indira as fragile, withdrawn, an austere young girl living in enclosed spaces of fantasy. I continued to meet her over the years at the home of her aunt Krishna Hutheesing. It was there in Bombay that her son Rajiv was born on August 20, 1944. In 1955, after I came to live in Delhi, Indira and I became friends. She was the official hostess of her father, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, and they lived at Teen Murti House, the residence of the Commander-in-Chief prior to independence.

Indira continued to hide behind an aloof exterior; a sensitive, eager human being, she tuned to the unusual, to people and to events in the outer world. Krishnaji and his teachings were part of my waking existence, and I often spoke to her of self-knowing and perception. She would listen intently, but was guarded in her responses. It was only when barriers were lifted that she began to ask me of the nature of self-knowing and of an observation that was free of the observer. She shyly spoke of her own finely honed perceptions. While young, she found herself watching herself speak; saw things behind her; was aware of events she could not possibly have seen; had often experienced exalted sensory perception. "You know Huxley's doorways of perception?" she said. "I saw the world with the same fierce intensity, but hid my perceptions, as people laughed at me and did not understand."

From childhood she felt she could "drown in color." For years a certain color would overwhelm her. Strong reds, oranges of all tones, and dusty pinks evoked deep responses. Yellow and green awakened energy, blue was alien.

When she became prime minister in 1966 her vulnerability lessened.

Indira's first meeting with Krishnaji was at dinner at my house in the late 1950s. Indira appeared shy and hesitant to speak. Krishnaji was also shy, but soon started relating anecdotes. One Zen tale in particular delighted her. Two Buddhist monks came to the bank of a river and found it flooded and difficult to cross. A woman was waiting on the banks and she begged them to help her across, as her children were alone and hungry. One monk refused, the other picked her up and crossed the stream, holding her on his back. When they had crossed and were on their way again, the first monk protested vehemently. He was horrified that a monk should touch a woman, let alone carry her on his back. The second monk turned to him and said, "You mean you still carry the woman in your mind? I left her behind on the riverbank long ago."

In the winter of 1970 Krishnaji came to dinner at my flat. Indira Gandhi, Karan Singh of Kashmir, my sister Nandini, G. Parthasarthi,* and Jim George, the high commissioner for Canada, were present. The talk at the table turned to the youth of the world. The young in the West were in revolt, had refused to accept the mores of their fathers, had denied all security, and become wanderers—traveling to distant countries, sharing, smoking hashish, breaking all taboos, seeing and tasting the world. Someone at the table asked, "Why are the youth in India so concerned with security?" K spoke of a growing materialism in India; we discussed the fact that the young in India seemed to be losing their roots, turning to the affluent West for their outer and inner needs. Krishnaji asked, "Why is there deterioration in India at all levels of society?"

Indira listened, but seldom spoke. Karan Singh was in a mischievous mood, and asked Krishnaji, "Is it true that no politician can perceive truth?" Indira was listening, and later wrote to me:

> Thank you for the interesting evening.
>
> As usual the food was delicious. I broke my rule of having only salad at night and ate far too much!
>
> I was very glad of the opportunity of meeting Krishnaji again. His views are always stimulating. After a while it seemed as if we were all questioning at him. But can the situation of the young rebels in the United States or France be equated with the situation here? In these countries, many of these young people belong to the richer families and can well afford the time to sit on the beach and meditate. In India, the compulsions are many—earning one's living, supporting one's family. Because of my family and the special circumstances

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*G. Parthasarthi was then a friend of Indira Gandhi. A senior diplomat, he has held very important assignments in Russia and the United States In 1986 he was advisor to Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi.

in which I grew up, my personal experience is also entirely different to that of others. But if I say so, it might seem as if I am setting myself apart. This is just loud thinking.

Indira had apparently made no special impact on Krishnaji. He did not comment on their meeting.

I left India for Europe and the United States in early June 1975. While I was in Paris I learned of the decision of the Allahabad High Court that Indira Gandhi's election had been declared null and void on what appeared to be a technical point, and that she had been debarred from seeking election for six years. The *Times* in London, commenting on it, had compared it to a "parking offence." The unbelievable had happened and no one could foretell what lay ahead.

While in England I went to stay at Brockwood Park with Krishnaji. He was very concerned for the future of India. We had long talks. Indira Gandhi had appealed the judgment and had been granted stay of the order; she could continue to hold the office of prime minister but could not vote in the Lok Sabha,* as she was no longer a member. The British press was seething with speculation as to whether she would resign before the appeal was heard.

The day after I reached New York, a state of emergency was declared in India and the news of the arrests reached us. Far away, with little access to accurate information, we heard rumors that civil war had begun. I went to the Indian Permanent Mission and tried to phone through and speak to Indira Gandhi. To my amazement it was possible to reach her, and she came on the line. I told her of the rumors and the total absence of accurate information. She tried to reassure me; a state of emergency had been declared, she said, and many people, including Jai Prakash Narain and Morarji Desai had been detained. She told me that there was a threat of widespread violence, and stressed that the emergency was for a short period of time.

I did not go to Gstaad to see Krishnaji on my return journey, nor did I phone him from London. I was very confused and knew that Krishnaji would be greatly distressed by events in India.

In New Delhi many people spoke to me about the emergency—a few in support, a large number in anger and with passion. Fear and tension were growing. I met Indira at Parliament House, where I spoke of the prevailing atmosphere and my sorrow that this should happen in a government of which she was the head. She listened intently and

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***Lok sabha* is the Hindi word for parliament replied that I could not know the extent of the violence inherent in the situation nor of the dangers, internal and external, that faced the country. She spoke of the railway strike the previous year, which had triggered violence and instability.

She also referred to Jai Prakash Narain's Total Revolution movement, around which a large number of young people rallied. At first nonviolent in its approach, by 1975 it had been infiltrated by many undesirable elements. Jai Prakash, she said, was an idealist and appeared totally unaware of the danger. But if these forces were allowed to strengthen their position, the country would face disaster.

I expected emergency to be lifted on August 15—Independence Day—and went to the Red Fort* to hear her speak. But just before she appeared on the ramparts she received news of the assassination in Dacca of the prime minister of Bangla Desh Mujib-ur-Rehman and his family, including his very young son. All her dormant fears and anxieties were awakened. She was certain that the murders were part of a major plot to destabilize the subcontinent and that she, her sons and her grandchildren were the next target. The emergency continued with traumatic results for both ruler and ruled.

Soon after, I received a letter from Krishnaji:

> I am writing to you about a very serious matter, not only to you personally but also as the President of K. F. India. From the various reports in the American, English and French papers it appears that India has become a "totalitarian state," thousands are being put in prison, freedom of speech and freedom of the press is almost gagged. I do not know what your position is? The Foundation is not political and is in no way connected with any kind of political group, left or right. I want to ask you what is K's position if and when he comes to India, knowing that he will talk about freedom at all levels, which K has been doing in all the talks here, freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of expression. And if he addresses public meetings they are bound to ask him certain questions and he will have to answer them. He feels he cannot modify what he says for any reason whatsoever, to suit any government or any group of people. He has not done so in the past, he cannot limit himself to the dictates of any group, political or otherwise. He cannot allow himself to be put in prison or be prevented from leaving the country once he comes. I would also like to point out that K will not accept special favours or have an exemption made in his case . . . [He ended his letter with the words:] Please Pupulji, this is a sacred matter and your responsibility must be equally sacred.

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*The Red Fort is a monument built in the seventeenth century by Shah Jahan From its ramparts the prime ministers of India address the nation on Independence day, August 15.

In my reply, I gave him an accurate account of the situation in India, but assured him that he could never be jailed in India. The culture of this country made the voice of the truly religious teacher a light that could not be extinguished. By August 20, I received a second letter. His extreme concern was evident, and introduced a new question: "What is the purpose, the value, and the benefit of my coming to India?"

> Apart from personal feelings and affection which has [sic] its own significance, as the physical organism is now over 80 I have been considering how best the next 10 or 15 years should be spent. As I have repeated and can repeat it again without boredom, I have spent more time and given more talks in India than anywhere else. I am not concerned with the results, what effect the Teachings have in India, how deep the roots have penetrated, but I think one has the right to ask and should ask, as I am asking, why there is not in India after all these years one person totally and completely involved in these Teachings, living them and dedicated entirely to them. I am not in any way blaming any of you, but if I may, I would urge you to give your most serious attention to this.

He went on to ask me if I would indeed retire from my other work by March 1976, as I had told him. He ended the letter with these words:

> As it may become more and more difficult to speak freely in India, you have to consider how best K can spend the rest of his life most usefully for the Teachings. I am also pointing this out to the group in America and in England. All this should in no way be construed as a personal matter but as what is right and good for the Teachings as a whole. The whole thing, I am afraid, in India is being worked out at personal convenience and it is too bad this is happening after 40 years.

I was overwhelmed by the letter. To me, at the time, it seemed evident that Krishnaji had rejected India and the people who had been his companions for many years. In Bombay I spoke to Nandini, and she felt as I did that Krishnaji's dialogue with India was over.

I wrote back to Krishnaji expressing my deep distress. I said I was stunned by his letter. Balasundaram, who was with Krishnaji in Brockwood when my letter reached him, wrote to me that Krishnaji was puzzled and kept on asking, "What has stunned Pupul?" Krishnaji had been holding detailed discussions with Balasundaram on what was needed to be done in the Indian Foundation. Soon it became clear that Krishnaji had finally decided not to return to India in the winter of 1975. He had also canceled his annual visit to Rome, but was to return to Malibu in California.

I received a long letter from Krishnaji dated November 10 from Malibu, where he was staying at the home of Mary Zimbalist. Like a child he asked, "You wrote from Delhi that you were stunned by a long letter which I had written you in which, among other things, I said that it was all run in India on personal convenience. In all your letters you do not say what stunned you. I would like to find out why you felt that way." I replied that the first impact of his letter was that he had abandoned India and did not intend coming back. There were many questions which needed to be answered, but there appeared to be no point in going into details and seeking clarification. It was the first impact of the letter that was crucial.

The emergency had been on for over a year and though I was aware of the strain and anguish it had caused Indira, I also knew she had been tough, turning a blind eye to many happenings reported to her. As the emergency gathered momentum, for the first time in her life she lost her intuitive contact with the people of India. She was isolated and suspicious and would not countenance any criticism, even when her close friends brought her concrete evidence that officials had overstepped their authority. It was only by the autumn of 1976 that the anger and fear felt by people started to reach her.

It was about this time that I spoke to Indira about the possibility of Krishnaji speaking in India in the winter of 1976. She said, "He is most welcome to come to India and he can speak freely." She knew of Krishnaji's passionate concern for freedom; he was a religious revolutionary, and for him life without freedom was death. Krishnaji arrived in India in October 1976 and stayed with me at 1 King George's Avenue.

On October 27 Indira arrived at my home for dinner at 7:30, wearing a sari printed in soft pinks. The other guests included Achyut; Nandini, her daughter Devi, and her granddaughter Aditi, a young and exquisite dancer; Sunanda and Pama Patwardhan; and L. K. Jha. Indira told us it was her birthday according to the Indian calendar. She expressed a desire to speak with Krishnaji, and was with him in his sitting room until nine.

At dinner she was very silent, hardly aware of what was happening around her. Achyut, who had been passionately critical of the emergency, was silent, even grim. L. K. Jha and Krishnaji did most of the talking. Krishnaji did not look at Indira or talk to her throughout dinner. He sensed that she was vulnerable, and did not wish to intrude.

During dinner Krishnaji, to lessen the tension, started relating his many anecdotes of Saint Peter and heaven. I remember one in particular. A very rich man who had given to many charities died. When he approached the gates of heaven, he met Peter guarding the doorways. The man gave his credentials, and Peter said he could enter the gates; but before he did so, would not he like to see what it was like down below? The rich man said, "Sure, is it easy to get there?" Peter replied, "Just press the button and the elevator will take you down." On going down, the gates to the underworld opened and the rich man saw a flower-filled garden with running water and beautiful women waiting to receive him with choice wines and rare foods. After spending some time in the most wonderful surroundings, he returned to Peter to tell him that the underworld was a better place, more fun, and he had decided to go there. Peter said, "Sure, I thought you would feel that way." So the rich man pressed the button and went back to the underworld. When the door opened, the garden had vanished and two hefty bullies were waiting for him and started beating him up. The man tried to stop them; in between the blows, he gasped, "What has happened? I came here only a few minutes ago and I was met with open arms!" "Ah," said the ruffian, administering another blow. "Then you were a tourist."

Everyone laughed, and even Indira could not help smiling—though she seemed preoccupied and far away. Then Indira joined the conversation and told a story of the astronauts who, on their return from outer space, went to visit Kruschev, and were asked by him in secret, "When you were up in the heavens, did you see mysterious lights, strange beings? Did you see a great, mysterious white-bearded figure surrounded by light?" The astronauts said, "Yes, comrade, we did," and Kruschev said, "I was afraid so." Then he warned them, "This is between ourselves, don't tell a soul." Later, the astronauts went round the world and visited the pope. After their devout formalities were over, the pope took them aside and said, "My sons, when you were up there, did you see lights or come upon a vast figure with a white beard?" They replied, "No father, we saw no lights nor did we see a bearded figure." And the pope said, "Ah, my sons, I thought so. But on your soul don't tell this to anyone." Everyone at the table laughed, but L. K. Jha looked embarrassed—for Krishnaji had told him the story, he in turn had repeated it to the prime minister, and now it had come back to Krishnaji.

After dinner, when everyone had left, Krishnaji took me to his room and told me that Indira was going through a very difficult period. For a long time after they met, they had sat silently. He could feel that she was very disturbed. She told him that the situation in India was explosive. Krishnaji had sensed something very fine within her, which politics was destroying. He also hinted at a current of violence that surrounded her.

The next morning the prime minister wrote to me to say that Krishnaji had promised to meet her again, and she wanted me to arrange a suitable time. I had telephoned Seshan, her special assistant, when suddenly at eleven o'clock a car arrived at the door with Indira in it. There was no security, and it was only some time later that her escort car with its anxious security personnel arrived.

Indira spent over an hour with Krishnaji. She came out of the room visibly moved, and tears were streaming down her face. When Indira saw that my grandniece Aditi was in the sitting room, she quickly took control of herself, asked Aditi what she was reading, and spoke to her for a few moments. I saw Indira quietly to her car.

During the months Krishnaji was in India, he held Indira in his consciousness. He asked me many questions about her and her early life. He had been deeply touched by her ability to listen and her refusal to react or defend herself. He told me that she was possibly the only person in her position who was prepared to listen. Most people were either arrogant in their positions and so could not listen, or broke under adversity and cracked up. She appeared different. He was to write to her before he left Delhi.

Years later, after her son Sanjay's death, I asked Indira whether she cried easily. She thought for a while then said, "No, sorrow does not bring tears. But when I am deeply moved, especially by great beauty, I weep." She said she had cried when she met Kamakoti Sankaracharya of Kancheepuram* and that she had wept copiously when she came to see Krishnaji at 1 King George's Avenue in November 1976. "I sobbed and could not stop my tears. I have not cried like that for years." She also told me something of what happened during the conversation. Krishnaji and she had spoken of the events in India over the last few months, and Indira had said, "I am riding the back of a tiger, but I do not know how to get off its back." Krishnaji replied, "If you are more intelligent than the tiger, you will know how to deal with the tiger." She had asked him what she should do. He refused to tell her, but said that she should look at the conflicts, the actions, the wrongs as one problem, and then act without motive. He said he did not know the facts, but that she should act rightly, without fear of consequence.

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*The Kamakoti Sankaracharya of Kancheepuram is in the direct line of successive teachers or preceptors going back to Adi Sankara, the first Sankaracharya, who taught in about the eighth century A.D. Kamakoti is the name of the village in Kancheepuram district of Tamil Nadu, South India, where his religious center is located.

In later years she told me that it was on October 28, 1976, the day she met Krishnaji for the second time, a frail movement had awakened in her, suggesting an end to emergency, whatever the consequences. She had mulled over this feeling, talked to a few people close to her, and finally took the decision to call for elections.

Krishnaji was in Bombay, about to leave for Europe, when the announcement was made that Indira had ordered the release of people held under the Maintenance of Internal Security Act, and had also announced elections. Krishnaji was very happy and spoke to me at length. He told me that he would have liked to have seen her before he left India. He was even prepared to go to Delhi, but I dissuaded him, knowing that she would be greatly preoccupied with the coming struggle. The day before he was to leave, he asked me to keep him informed about Indira. Then suddenly he asked, "What happens if she loses?"

CHAPTER 30

"She Is Very Vulnerable."

Krishnaji heard of Indira's defeat while in Ojai, California. In his letter to me dated March 22, he wrote, "She is out of the political world now and I wonder what she is going to do. When you see her, please give my love to her, will you?" On March 31 he wrote again. "I have received your letter after the election. I am glad you were with her when the news came. I feel somewhat responsible in this event. As I told you in Bombay, she may be defeated. Anyhow, please give her my love." In the letters that followed, he continued to enquire about her.

I stayed on in Delhi until late May, though I resigned from all the positions I held with government. Indira had shifted from the prime minister's residence to 12 Willingdon Crescent. The pressures and tensions were mounting. I would find her sitting alone in the darkness on the veranda on a hot summer evening, looking out into the summer night of an Indian garden. I would sit with her, but few words were said. Sometimes I would share her frugal meal and go home.

One evening I found her looking unduly exhausted. I knew she had been to call on one of the leaders of the new government. I asked her whether she had felt great hostility when they met. "Yes," she said. "I got a terrible allergy, while he was talking—the insides of me got swollen. I hadn't enough handkerchiefs, my nose was running."

On some days she would suddenly arrive at my house "to sit quietly." She appeared totally unafraid for herself, but was extremely anxious for her son, Sanjay. She had been told by the few people who remained with her that he would be arrested and tortured in jail. I did not know how to comfort her.

I left for Bombay in early June, as I had nowhere to live in New Delhi. Soon after I left, Indira was arrested. She spent a night in the police lock-up, but was released by the magistrate the next morning.

Krishnaji heard the news of Indira's arrest in London on BBC, and he immediately wrote to me to enquire of her well-being. With the pressures mounting against her and Sanjay, Indira wrote to Krishnaji; but with no staff to assist her, the letter was understamped and went by surface mail. When I met her in August, she said she had not received a reply to her letter. Knowing that Krishnaji would have replied, I wrote to him enquiring whether the letter had reached him. His response was immediate; her letter had not reached him. It only reached him much later, when he returned to India; the letter had been redirected to him from Brockwood. Her letter to him of June 21, 1977, read as follows:

> Respected Krishnaji,
>
> Pupul has sent me your address.
>
> I want to write but I don't know what.
>
> I thought I had acquired a measure of quiet within myself but it is obviously not sufficient for the sort of pressures that I am now experiencing. I have smiled through the longstanding campaign of calumny against me and my family. This continues. In addition we are constantly watched, followed and harassed.

She went on to speak of Sanjay and the threats of criminal charges being made against him. The letter ends, "Sanjay himself, though subject to such hardships and humiliations—raids on his premises, CBI questioning and the actual case, is behaving with dignity and equanimity."

People who had been close to her when she was prime minister began to abandon her, and she was deeply hurt. She did not know what the future held for her. She was aware the Janata government sought revenge and would go all out to humiliate and persecute her. She was apprehensive for Sanjay.

Krishnaji arrived in India in early November. From Bombay he was to go to Varanasi, but an acute water shortage there made him cancel his visit.

My ground-floor flat in Dongersey Road, Malabar Hill, where Krishnaji was to stay in Bombay, was in a horrendous state of disrepair. The day before his arrival part of the plaster from the roof had fallen near my bed, barely missing my sleeping body. It was impossible to get it repaired before he came. To add to my despair, on the morning of his arrival workmen started digging up the road in front of my gate, and no telephone calls to the Municipal Corporation could stop them. No one could even advise me as to who was responsible, and I was helpless. So Krishnaji came to a house in which the plaster was falling, and a ditch was being dug in front of the gate. A plank had been placed over the ditch, and wooden poles supported the portico and the back veranda to save them from collapsing.

Soon after he arrived, K started asking questions about Indira. He told me that before he left India in February 1977, he had a sudden perception in which he foresaw Indira's defeat. He went on to say that she would face travail, tribulation, and violence in the years ahead.

A few days after his arrival I had a telephone call from Delhi that Indira was to come from Bangalore to Bombay with the sole purpose of meeting Krishnaji. It was to be a private visit. She came to the house and walked out of the car, amused at having to "walk the plank" to enter the house where I lived. She spent over two hours with Krishnaji, while the director general of police, who was there for reasons of security, waited in the corridor. When she came out she took me aside and told me that Krishnaji had asked her to stay another day, and she had agreed. Could she stay? She hoped it was not too much trouble.

I immediately agreed, though with inward trepidation, and began to plan the details. When the director general of police heard this, he was horrified. He told me it was impossible to provide adequate security to protect this flat. It was on the ground floor, with a number of windows opening on to the road. He begged me to persuade her to go back to Delhi. He was very nervous and genuinely afraid. By then several Congress leaders started coming to see her. They were all crowded into the third bedroom, while Indira met them individually in the sitting room.

It was finally arranged that she go back to Delhi. By then people had come to know that Indira was in the flat, and crowds had gathered outside. Before she left late in the evening, Indira enthusiastically ate cucumber sandwiches and *patodi*, a succulent Gujarat savory made with graham flour. I drove with her to the airport—the plane was several hours late.

In the spring of 1978 I traveled around Karnataka with Indira, seeing temples and visiting *maths* or monasteries. We had stopped for lunch at Mulabidri, an ancient Jain religious center. A vast collection of Jain *tirthankara* images carved out of emerald, ruby, sapphire, crystal, obsidian, jade, agate, and other semiprecious stones had been brought out from the strong rooms to be shown to the ex-prime minister. From the tenth century, merchants trading in the Far East brought back with them treasures carved in the form of the standing Jain images to offer at this ancient shrine.

We ended our journey at Mercara in a rest-house nestled amongst gardens and huge trees. Here Indira was to write her book *Eternal India*. She would discuss the book with us and spend the morning writing; at times she would relax and talk. Writing the book had awakened many memories, and had also helped her to investigate herself. She told me, "When I go for a trip, I observe everything that takes place, everything that passes my car. The car often has no springs and is uncomfortable on *kuccha* or mud track roads. I watch the villages, the way people dress, their faces, their expressions. I have always watched. As a child, I was full of curiosity, I was interested in everything: birds, insects, animals." She loved to walk barefoot, especially when she was in the mountains. She said, "Gandhiji used to say, 'Walk barefoot because the poor have no shoes,' but to me walking barefoot is to feel the earth, the touch of it."

Krishnaji returned to India in early November 1978. He did not stop in Delhi on his way to Varanasi. From there he went south to Rishi Valley via Calcutta. While in Rishi Valley I got a phone call from 12 Willingdon Crescent in New Delhi that Indira was proposing to visit Rishi Valley and hoped to meet Krishnaji. She had never been to the valley, and thought a few days there would be restful. She had just won the fiercely fought election at Chikmagelur, and tensions were mounting as the date for the opening of Parliament drew near.

The day before she was to arrive, I received another phone call to say that the privilege motion to expel her from Parliament and jail her was gathering momentum, and the next few days would be critical; naturally, she had to abandon the trip. I came down from Rishi Valley and flew to New Delhi and was present in the Lok Sabha when the battle was fought. She was arraigned by Parliament, expelled, and sent to prison until Parliament adjourned. She was in Tihar Jail for a week. From there she wrote me this note, scribbled on a crumpled and stained piece of paper:

Pupul dear

You looked positively ill the other day and I have been worried about you. You are anxious about me—but why? Physically and mentally I am well. My cough and cold are much better. I am e[n]sconced (it sounds a good word but the spelling escapes me for the moment) in a large barracks all by myself with two matrons taking turns to look after me. It is fairly clean but indescribably ugly, the fittings unfunctional and badly made. They have made a bathroom for me and I had hot water in the morning. It is quiet and peaceful. I am reading and if the mood comes, may be able to write. I have brought an odd selection of books—all birthday gifts.

Love
Indu.

Have finished hastily as my food has come.

Soon after she was released, she decided to visit Krishnaji in Vasant Vihar, Madras. Elaborate arrangements had been made for her security. She was to have lunch with Krishnaji, stay the night at the State Rest House, and return to Delhi next morning.

The airport was a seething mass of people who had come to receive her. She came out of the plane looking a little tired. She was coming from Karnataka where the opposition parties had organized some violent stone-throwing.

Krishnaji was at the porch and took her to his room on the first floor of Vasant Vihar. I waited in a nearby sitting room. Some time before she left, he called me in. Indira had distressed eyes, but smiled when she saw me. After a while she said, "Krishnaji has been asking me to leave politics. I have told him I do not know how. There are twenty-eight criminal cases against me." She turned to Krishnaji and said they had brought a criminal charge against her for having stolen two chickens, and a summons was being issued against her, demanding that she appear to answer the charge. She paused, searching for the right words. "I have told Krishnaji that I have only two alternatives, to fight or to let them destroy me like a sitting duck."

I took her to my cottage, where she had a wash and relaxed before lunch and told me of her life in jail. She would wake up at five in the morning, exercise, drink cold milk that had been brought to her by her daughter-in-law Sonia the evening before, and go back to bed until seven. She then bathed, and after that read. Ironically, she had been given the same ward that had been used by George Fernandes.* There were two matrons with her all the time. The ward was ugly. Sonia brought her meals cooked at home. The jail authorities only allowed her a limited number of books, a situation she found irritating. She had no self-pity of any sort.

Towards the end of the conversation she said, "When I saw Krishnaji in Delhi in 1976, he asked me if I realized that, if I acted rightly, I would have to face the consequences? They would try to destroy me."

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*George Fernandes, a socialist, was one of the most aggressive opponents of Indira Gandhi. He was a member of Parliament for several years and was a minister in the government of Morarji Desai, after Indira Gandhi and the Congress were defeated in 1977.

By one o'clock we had gone back to the house for lunch. Besides Indira and Krishnaji, there was Mary Zimbalist. Krishnaji played the host. It was heart-warming to see the exquisite courtesies with which he filled this role; he was attentive to what she said, watched the way the food was served, discussed international affairs, spoke of the problems facing humanity.

During lunch Mary Zimbalist asked Indira, "What was it like in prison?"

"Not comfortable," came the prompt reply. Indira went on to say that they had provided a wooden bed, but no mattress. She had used the blankets to keep out the light from the barred windows. She had received two telegrams while in jail, from unknown people. The first said, "Live frugally"; the other advised her to count the bars in the window. She had actually counted them.

M. S. Subbulakshmi, one of the best-known singers of the carnatic music of South India, a woman whose melodious voice is in harmony with her dignity, was to give a concert for Krishnaji at Vasant Vihar that evening, and he invited Indira. She replied that she had several meetings in the evening, but would try and come if she could get away.

A large number of people had come to hear the music. Krishnaji was sitting on the floor slightly behind the first few rows, and there were chairs against the wall. Subbulakshmi was singing when Indira came, and sat down on an empty chair near the door. Seeing her, I got up and sat in the chair beside her. I could see that everyone in the room was aware that she was there and were watching her closely. Krishnaji had noticed her presence, but sat without movement. After about an hour, she got up and quietly slipped out by the side door. I followed her and found him waiting. He had seen her leave and had swiftly moved to the porch, to bid her goodbye. He was very affectionate, took her hand, and said, "Au revoir, Madame. Be well. We shall meet again."

The repression and harassment against Indira and her family in 1979 were to become counterproductive. After emergency, the people of India had rebelled against her, but they were not prepared to see Indira humiliated. To them she was Jawaharlal's daughter, courageous beyond measure. One evening after her defeat, she had told me that she was a survivor. Life had been so tough in her childhood that traits necessary for survival had developed within her. She could bear hardships, deprivation, and live a life of austerity. This instinct for survival made her shed what was unnecessary and develop the faculties needed to meet danger; it enabled her to sense the change of mood amongst people in India. With the Janata Government* breaking up, shrewd and insightful politician that she was, she was quick to act. She toured the country vigorously, speaking at small and large gatherings. The three years of severe persecution, of isolation, of seeing people betray her out of fear or for gain, of being hunted and having to use all her senses to protect herself and her son, had left her wary and watchful. By the time Krishnaji returned to India at the end of 1979 elections had been announced. She wrote a letter to him, expressing her inability to meet him, as she was traveling continually.

I was on the plane to Delhi when the election news came in: She had won with an overwhelming majority. I went to her next morning. Barricades had been put up around 12 Willingdon Crescent and huge crowds were milling around. She embraced me and tears brimmed over. Although she had known the tide was in her favor, the shock of victory took some time to register.

I went to Bombay, and Krishnaji arrived there the next day. We spoke of Indira and her future. One morning he called me to his room; he was grave and silent. We sat quietly. He then told me that Indira would face great sorrow in the year to come and I should be in Delhi as much as possible. He said, "It is a strange coincidence that you should be so close to an outsider like me and also be a friend of the prime minister. By very watchful of yourself. Such situations just don't happen. Be deeply aware of every thought and action." His words penetrated deeply, though I could give him no reply. I was aware that he sensed some darkness overshadowing Indira, but he did not speak of it.

I started going to Delhi regularly beginning in February, though I did not take up any work in the government until late September. I was in Kashmir in June, staying with Governor L. K. Jha, when the news came by phone that Sanjay had been critically injured in an airplane accident. I took a plane to Delhi immediately. On the plane I

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*After the emergency ended, the opposition leaders came together to form a single party under the name of the Janata Party. *Janata* means "people." The Janata Party was inspired by the most respected Gandhian leader, Jai Prakash Narain; the new party fought the elections in 1977 against Indira Gandhi and the Congress Party. The Janata Party was victorious and a new government was formed under Morarji Desai, the veteran leader of Gujarat. Most of the members of the Janata Party had earlier been members of the Congress, many of them had fought in the freedom struggle against the British, but broke away from the party.

met Dr. Karan Singh, who told me that he had confirmation from Delhi that Sanjay was dead. Krishnaji sent a telegram, which I later gave to Indira.

I had written to Krishnaji giving him news of Indira and the catastrophe. He wrote back immediately from Gstaad: "It must have been a terrible shock for her and I hope she is recovering." I had suggested that he write to her on how to face death. He replied, "I have just answered that question in the public meeting. I feel it would not be right to send her a message on meeting death. I could talk to her, which would be totally different from a written message. I hope you understand this."

As days passed Indira's body, which had stood the shock of Sanjay's death with a straight back and dry eyes, started to express its anguish. Her lips, which in the early years had contradicted the warmth of her eyes, lost all toughness. Her hair became unruly, brushed back from her forehead; her step was heavy.

She began to receive all manner of telegrams and letters containing astrological forecasts of disaster and danger to Rajiv. Some astrologers claimed to have actually forecast the day of Sanjay's death, several months earlier. It was obvious that the fresh astrological forecasts were sent to break her spirit. I suggested that she throw the letters out of the window. She hesitated. Then with anguish she said, "If I had died, it would have been right. I am over sixty and have lived a full life. But Sanjay was so young." We were at dinner; Rajiv was grim, Sonia in tears, Sanjay's young widow Maneka absent. Indira got up, saying she had four more hours of work that night. As she walked to the door, her shoulders were bent, her body drooped, she looked aged and bone weary.

Krishnaji arrived from Brockwood in early November 1980. From Madras he went to Colombo, Sri Lanka, where he was to give four talks. By the fourth week of November, Krishnaji was in Rishi Valley. The members of the American and British Foundations had come to the valley for the joint meeting that was to take place later in Madras. In December I got a message that Indira Gandhi was coming to visit Krishnaji at Rishi Valley with Rajiv and Sonia and their children Rahul and Priyanka. Krishnaji was puzzled that a prime minister would come such a long distance to visit him and see the valley. He spoke to me of the special quality of the feelings he had for her. It had been nearly two years since he had first met her. During that time she had known great triumph and the devastating sorrow of the sudden loss of her son.

The prime minister had issued instructions that it was a private visit and that she did not want the ministers and other representatives of the state legislature to crowd the campus. She had also told the security staff to keep off the campus, as she realized that Krishnaji would be sensitive to guns and uniforms. The collector of the district and the police officials were in a state of despair. Police had to be there, but they had to be located so that they became invisible. It became a game of finding a suitable bush behind which to hide—one stout inspector of police even tried to hide behind a slender eucalyptus tree. Nearly five hundred security personnel were hidden on the campus.

Indira's plane landed at an airstrip some miles from the campus. I climbed into her car and we drove to the gates of Rishi Valley, where the villagers, children of the school, and teachers had gathered, with garlands. She stopped the car, got out, and mingled with them.

I took her to see Krishnaji, who was waiting on the doorstep of the old Guest House. They spent a few minutes together; then, while Krishnaji returned to his room, we drove her round the campus. We showed her the school buildings, the farm, the rice fields, the village school. She was very watchful, observing the trees, the lush crops, and workers' homes. We stopped at a small children's hostel and she went in and spoke to the children. She did not comment, but I could see that she was impressed. At the end of the drive we reached the assembly building, where she and Rajiv planted ficus bengamina trees.

After the tree planting, we entered the assembly hall. Krishnaji came in silently and sat next to Indira. There was absolute silence. Then, with perfect intonation, the children chanted Sanskrit *slokas*. As they ended, Krishnaji turned to Indira and asked her to speak. She said she could not do so before Krishnaji. So he went and sat cross-legged on the low platform and spoke a few words to the children. When he finished, she took off her shoes and went on to the platform, sat down, and gave a short, simple talk.

She then walked with Krishnaji to the old Guest House. I followed with her family. Tea, *dosas*, and *jalebis* were served in the large open space near Krishnaji's room. Rishi Konda was hidden by the tall trees, the branches of which framed and even entered into the open room. Parameswaran, the master chef of Rishi Valley, was famous for his *dosas*, and Indira and the family ate them with enthusiasm. Krishnaji noticed that she needed to wash her fingers and asked Parameswaran for a finger bowl. No such vessel was available, so a soup plate with water was brought in which Indira washed her hands. Krishnaji looked at me; Indira noticed the look and smiled.

She then asked whether she could speak to Krishnaji, and he took her to his room. Rajiv and Sonia went to see the school, while Rajesh Dalal took the children hiking. Indira was with Krishnaji for some time. Later, they went for a cross-country walk. The security police were hidden behind bushes on the route they were to follow. They walked through mango groves, towards Rishi Konda; the sun was setting behind the hill, and the sky was molten. Indira kept pace with ease and Krishnaji was walking fast.

In the evening there was a concert under the banyan tree and later a moonlight dinner. Indira was relaxed, told anecdotes, and joined freely in the conversation. I had arranged her room with some care—a window opened onto Rishi Konda, which was visible through plants and wild flowering grass. She noticed the plants and the hill and the atmosphere created in the room, and commented on the peace and infinite quiet in the valley. Next morning, she had breakfast with Krishnaji.

In the eighteen hours she had been in Rishi Valley, an unwavering compassion had flowed from Krishnaji, enveloping her. I do not know if she was aware of the timeless energies that emanated from him, healing body and mind. A *Rig Veda* text speaks of the place "Where Oshadies or herbs and plants are found, there the wise man is the healer, of evil and disease."

I accompanied her back to Delhi. She slept deeply on the plane without waking. It seemed to be the sleep of healing.

Indira had brought away within her the silences and the compassion of the valley. It soon became evident that her senses were quickening. A young, vulnerable look was replacing the ravaged face. Her step had grown light and her shoulders straight.

CHAPTER 31

"Don't Hold Memories of Her in Your Mind, that Holds Her to the Earth. Let Her Go."

Krishnaji returned to Delhi by Lufthansa on October 26, 1981; he had been ill and was very weak. Asit accompanied him. The president of India, Shri Sanjeeva Reddy, a former student of the Rishi Valley School, had sent a message through one of his aides that he would like Krishnaji to stay with him when he was in Delhi. The problem of his doing so had been explained to the president and it had been decided that he would host a lunch for Krishnaji when he was in Delhi.

The day after his arrival, Krishnaji began to talk to me about Indira. He wanted to know what kind of mind she had. Was there in her the sense of the global? Was she aware of the crisis facing humanity? I had answered that I felt she had a sense of the global and could see problems in a totality. Krishnaji then asked if she could cease to be national. I said, no, she could not do that and remain prime minister. He then started talking of the arms race. He was greatly disturbed at the dangers facing humanity. He also had forebodings about Indira. There was increasing corruption and violence in India, and the violence would accelerate. "Could she act and control it?" he asked. "She is very vulnerable."

I then asked him, why, for the past several years, he had been so concerned about Indira. What did he find in her? He pondered, questioned himself, and said it was a new question; he appeared intrigued by it. He had held her in his consciousness for some time. He felt he could silently commune with her. We were interrupted, and the discussion remained unfinished.

Indira had invited Krishnaji to tea, and was waiting for him on the porch. They were together for two hours, at the end of which she came into the dining room, where I was waiting with Sonia and Maneka, and asked for the time. When she heard it was seven thirty, she laughed and said she had lost all track of time and had missed a meeting. She took the children into the room and they were introduced to Krishnaji. A little later, Indira came to the door to see us off. Krishnaji was very silent on his return. Later, he was to tell me that he had felt great tension in the house; strong, suppressed emotions and some latent hatred. He had asked Indira whether there were problems in the family, and she had replied, "The usual quarrels, as in all families." But Krishnaji was not satisfied. He felt that there was violence and something very wrong in the atmosphere.

On November 2 we went to lunch at Rashtrapati Bhavan, the president's residence. Achyut, Narayan, Nandini, and I accompanied Krishnaji, who wore a red-bordered *dhoti* and a *kurta* made of a rough, bark-toned handspun *tussar.** An *angavastram* rested on his shoulder. Tall, straight-backed, silent, with grave demeanor and liquid, compassionate eyes, it was a luminous sage who entered this symbol of imperial splendor. The president, Sanjeeva Reddy, received Krishnaji with great respect, as is the tradition of this country. S. Venkataraman, who had known Krishnaji for several years, started a conversation. Indira came in a few moments later. Like a nimble girl, her eyes sparkling, she ran to greet Krishnaji.

At lunch, she insisted on speaking to Krishnaji in French. Krishnaji's French was perfect, and there was a sophistication in him that delighted Indira. She was aware that the president was intrigued and very curious. He kept bending over to listen and appeared frustrated, as he could not understand what was being said. After lunch Krishnaji was seen off at the door of Rashtrapati Bhavan by the president. It had been a memorable, though amusing, interlude.

Krishnaji returned to Delhi from Varanasi in early December 1981. Indira came to dine at the house. It was the day of the Qutub Minar tragedy; a stampede in the dark spiral staircase of the Qutub (a tower of victory built by the twelfth-century ruler Qutbudin Aibak) had trapped a school party, and forty-five children had been killed. She had come straight from the scene of the accident, from the horror of mutilated bodies and hysterical, grieving parents. Her face was taut and grim, her eyes shadowed. Krishnaji had heard of the disaster and met her at the door. She was with him for over an hour. When they came out for dinner, her face had softened, though the eyes still held the agony of what she had seen.

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*A non-mulberry silk; the cocoons of *tussar* are reared on trees and gathered by tribal men and women to be sold in tribal markets

The conversation at dinner turned to the extrasensory, magical happenings in India. Krishnaji told a story of the early 1920s, when he and his brother Nitya were in Varanasi. A very poor man had walked into the compound where they were staying. After talking to them for a while, he had asked for a newspaper and placed it at some distance. He had then asked Krishnaji to keep watching the paper. K watched as it grew smaller and finally disappeared. The magician refused any money for this feat, and walked away.

L. K. Jha said that in Darbhanga, where he was brought up, there was a tantric who was the family guru. After a theft the guru had called L. K., who was a young boy, and put the eyewash *kajal* (collyrium) on his thumb. He asked him to look intently at the *kajal*. As L. K. looked, the black vanished and he saw a man walking toward a haystack to hide something. The man turned, and the boy saw the face clearly. Later, he had described the face to the guru, the thief was apprehended, and the object discovered in the haystack.

Indira told the story of what happened at 12 Willingdon Crescent. Narain Dutt Tiwari (who is at present chief minister of Uttar Pradesh) had brought a man dressed in a simple *dhoti* and *kurta* to see Indira. He was known as "Balti Baba" or the "Bucket Sage." He asked for a bucket of water and suggested that Indira write a question on paper. As she was hesitant, Narain Dutt Tiwari wrote out the question in Hindi, folded it, and placed it below the bucket. Balti Baba then asked for another clean sheet of paper and some milk. The paper was placed in the water within the bucket and milk was poured over the water and paper. They waited for about two minutes. The paper was then taken out of the water. Writing in Hindi had appeared on both sides of the paper. Though smudged, it was easy to read and had given a relevant answer to the question. Balti Baba said this capacity or *siddhi* had come to him without his having performed any meditative practices. It was the will of the goddess and could disappear as easily as it was given to him. He was humble about his powers and reiterated that he was in no way responsible for what had happened.

Soon it was my turn. I recounted the strange happenings in Himmat

Nivas, Dongersey Road, when Krishnaji was staying there as my guest. One morning two men dressed in saffron robes knocked at the door. One was old and walked with the aid of a stick; the other was young. The young man said that they had come from Rishikesh and were going on a pilgrimage to Rameswaram. As they were walking along Ridge Road in Bombay, the older *sannyasi*, who was renowned for his insights, had felt the presence of a profoundly great Being in the neighborhood. He had come to this house, the presence of the Being illuminating his way. He told me he wanted to meet the Mahatma who dwelt within. Knowing Krishnaji's attraction for the saffron robe, I asked them to come in and spoke to Krishnaji, who immediately came out of his room and sat with them on a mat.

Krishnaji held the hand of the old *sannyasi*. For a while they sat silently, then the old man turned to me and said, "Daughter, get me some water." I brought a bottle of water and some glasses. He then asked me to get a *thali*, a metal container, and to pour the water over his hands so that it collected in the vessel. He then asked us to sip the water. To my amazement, Krishnaji sipped it; the *thali* was passed round and everyone had a sip. It was plain water. Then the *sadhu* asked me to throw away the water and repeated again the pouring of the water over his hands into the vessel. He again asked us to sip; and when I tasted the water, I found it had the fragrance and taste of rosewater. No one commented.

The old *sannyasi* then turned to me and said, "*Dakshina do*, Give me alms." I felt annoyed; but as Krishnaji, who was observing closely, was present, I felt I could not refuse. So I gave him 50 rupees. He said, "No, give me a hundred." By now, I was quite angry and felt I was being duped; I saw that Krishnaji was watching me. So I gave the old man 100 rupees. As I handed it over, the *sannyasi* handed back the money, saying, "Take it back, daughter. I was testing you." Immediately, my Indian background responded. I told him that once *dakshina* had been given, it could never be taken back.

The old *sadhu* said, "I am pleased with you, ask for whatever you wish." The offer was terrifying. I said, "There is nothing I want." The old man blessed me, then turned to Sunanda. "You have no children—ask for a child." It was true she had longed for a child, but she too replied, "Swamiji, I do not wish for anything." He then turned to Balasundaram and said, "You too don't have a child. Ask." Balasundaram was dazed and shook his head. Krishnaji had been watching with great intensity.

And now the old *sannysasi* turned to Krishnaji, bent low, asked for his blessing, made his *pranams,* and said he would resume his journey. After the two saffron-robed swamis left, Krishnaji turned to me and said, "Did you taste the rosewater?" All of us said we had felt its fragrance and its taste. Krishnaji said, "How did the old boy do it? I was watching him closely. He could not have introduced anything into the water."

Indira lingered after dinner, loath to leave. But it was late, and soon she said goodbye to Krishnaji and went home. He was smiling and happy for her.

Indira wrote to Krishnaji in June 1982. The letter went astray, and she wrote again in July.

Dear Respected Krishnaji,

Pupul has sent me your letter of the 21st June. I am sorry that my previous one did not reach you. Apparently, the British do not live up to the image of their efficiency which they have propagated in India.

There was nothing much in the letter. Just my deep appreciation of your concern and I am deeply in need of it just now. This is a depressing time. Has the world come to a dead end? More and more people are realising what is wrong and what can be done. Yet, we drift in the opposite direction. A handful of people have the power to affect the lives of all other millions who inhabit this earth. The few are too wrapped up in themselves and what they consider their immediate interests in terms of place and time, and the many are willing to be pushed along in the illusion that they are free and guiding their own lives. The world needs your spirit of compassion and direction to look within themselves and the courage to act accordingly.

With warm regards,

Yours sincerely,
Indira

Indira was to visit the United States. Before she left she had gone on a short holiday with the family to Kashmir. The wave of despair had been dissipated. She wrote to me, "I took the family up to Kashmir for a couple of days. Actually, there was only one full day of what can be called rest and relaxation but it was wonderful change. We stayed out at Dachigam—a sanctuary, did a lot of walking and stalked wild bear in the forest. Besides, the beauty of the valley is in itself a tonic. I had two brief meetings with Pandit Lakshmanjoo. The first time, he offered me his usual Paratha and several Bulbuls came to sit on my shoulder and knee to share it."

By early November 1982 Krishnaji was back in New Delhi. He was to meet Indira again at dinner at 11 Safdarjung Road. Rajiv had accompanied his mother. Earlier she had told me that, for the last few weeks, she had not been able to sleep and was waking between two and three every morning, with a feeling of great uneasiness. There were rumors in Delhi that her opponents had been indulging in all manner of plots and black magical rites to destroy her. For three nights she had dreamed of an old, hideous hag who wished to harm her but could not succeed, for a luminous being with a beard was protecting her.

Indira wanted to see Krishnaji once again before he left Delhi three days later. The meeting was difficult to arrange, as Krishnaji was giving his public talks on the next two days. It was finally decided that he would go to her residence to meet her after his last talk on Sunday. We were very surprised, as he never went anywhere after a talk.

Indira was waiting for him that Sunday evening. During their conversation, she said that the uneasiness that woke her at night had disappeared and so had the dreams. She was sleeping soundly. The atmosphere in the house had grown quiet. Krishnaji was to comment on it to me later. During the meeting, Krishnaji asked her whether she was securely guarded. She replied there were vast numbers of guards, but she was certain that very few of them would risk their lives to protect her.

Krishnaji soon left Delhi for Madras. Indira wrote to him, questioning him on the nature of truth and reality. He had responded immediately. I do not know whether the correspondence went any further, but it was clear the inner enquiry that had been dormant in Indira for years was reawakening.

For Indira, 1983 was a year of destiny. She was to play a vital role on the world stage; but within India, storms were gathering. The countries bordering on India were in ferment. As Indira's horizons extended, the burdens and responsibilities increased; and with it came extraordinary demands on her time and energy. To meet this challenge, from June 1983 she had imposed a rigorous discipline on her body, eating frugally to strip herself of every extra ounce. Her energy was legendary—her work day stretched to over eighteen hours. Exquisitely groomed, two silver streaks of hair swept back from her forehead, giving the slim, taut body dignity and elegance.

Her speech reflected her ever-extending concerns. Aware of the unprecedented crisis that threatened to annihilate the world, there was a passionate urgency in her call for total disarmament. From insights gleaned in solitude, she voiced her concern for those essential links needed to bind the world and its resources into one unfragmented whole.

Humanity, heritage, ecology were words that had acquired for her a new and poignant meaning. The protective walls that she had built around her in her childhood had been broken; she was vulnerable and awake.

By the winter of 1983 it was apparent that the country was to face grave dangers. The problem of Punjab was becoming increasingly serious. Krishnaji had met Indira in early November, and they had talked at length. At Rishi Valley he gave me a letter to give to her, along with a parcel of custard apples. She replied on December 26, 1983:

Respected Krishnaji,

Pupul brought your greetings and the custard apples. Sustenance for the soul and the body! Thank you for the thought.

I don't know what to write because I am so full of anguish. I have the feeling that I have strayed onto an unknown planet. Advice and the desire to dominate have been with us since the world began, or rather since the human race began, but never on this scale and at such peril. Yet, how many care for anything but the immediate and they do not even try to understand that. So many people come to your lectures but what do they do afterwards? At home or at work? It is indeed difficult to keep hope or faith.

I had meant only to let you know that I had received your message and how much your thoughts mean to me. I'm sorry, I've rambled on, at the same time there are few people to whom one can talk and with you one does not need to talk.

I treasure our brief meetings.

With warm regards and good wishes,

Indira

With the inevitability of epic tragedy, her life was moving towards its destiny. Deeply aware of the direction and flow of events, Krishnaji reached out to her to convey the depth of his feeling and concern. He offered to come to see her at any time, if it would help.

My dear Indiraji,

I was so glad to get your letter which Pupulji brought a few days ago.

I am very sorry indeed that you are disturbed and distressed. The world is upside down, terrible things are happening; threat of nuclear war, murder, torture, and all the unspeakable things that are taking place. It is all becoming more and more insane, and I am most concerned that you are involved in all this.

As you will not be able to read my handwriting, I hope you will not mind my resorting to a typewriter.

If it is in any way, "in any way," helpful to you, I'll come to Delhi. Pupulji and I have talked the matter over. I am leaving India on the 15th of February. Pupulji can always give you my programme.

I hope you are well.

Please accept my love.

J. K

I took the letter to her. She put it aside to read later and we talked for a while. Her energy was at an ebb and she spoke of the dangers that lay ahead. She had premonitions of disaster and spoke of forces seeking to destabilize the country.

Outwardly, she was calm, and I commented on it. She replied, "At times the sea has no ripple, but deep within it are stormy movements."

She had not seen her grandson Varun for nearly a year, and I was aware of the sorrow the separation had evoked in her. After Sanjay's death, for the twenty months Varun had spent in the house, he had slept in his grandmother's room; I had sat with her when she played catch with the child, acted the grandmother, cuddled him, and spoke baby talk with him. She refused to admit it, but the decision of Maneka to deny the child all visits to her after March 1983 had wounded her deeply.

She wrote to Krishnaji on January 29, and I took the letter with me to Bombay.

Respected Krishnaji,

Thank you so much for your letter.

It is most considerate of you to offer to come to Delhi. I am truly overwhelmed. Meeting you is a special experience, but I would feel guilty asking you to interrupt your programme in Madras to come here when we are in the midst of a cold wave. I should certainly have found time for you but these two months are particularly rushed ones for me with many formal functions and visitors.

No day goes by without some news which adds to one's concern for the future. The American scientist, Prof. Morrison has been explaining to me in greater detail the implications of the "nuclear winter."

I shall be in Bombay for a Naval function on Sunday, the 12th and Monday, the 13th February. If it is convenient to you, I could drop in on the 12th after 8.00 p.m. or on the 13th after 6.00 p.m.

I hope you are keeping well.

With warm regards,

Indira

Krishnaji was staying at Sterling Apartments, Peddar Road, Bombay, where Indira came to see him on the evening of February 13. She spent a little over an hour with him. He came down in the lift to see her to her car, and held her two hands as they parted. This was the last time they were to meet.

The situation in Punjab, already murky, soon exploded. Threats to the life of Indira Gandhi and her son Rajiv had started pouring in. By February, with the murder of Atwal, a senior police officer, as he was leaving the Golden Temple after offering prayers, the situation became critical. By early April I was in Washington, D.C.; Krishnaji had arrived in New York, where he was to give talks. I told him over the phone of developments in India.

He asked me whether he should speak to Indira Gandhi on the telephone. My nephew Asit Chandmal was in New York with him, and finally, after much difficulty, he got through to her. Krishnaji had never learned to speak on the telephone, and the conversation did not proceed very far; but he sent Indira his love and she responded with deep emotion. I spoke to her shortly afterward; she thanked me over and over and over again.

I was to head a delegation to Delphi, Greece, to attend a seminar on culture to be held there in early June. The night before my departure, I heard Indira speak on television. From the supreme gravity of her speech and the tone of her voice, I sensed that the country was to go through fire in the near future. I asked my secretary to cancel my departure to Athens, as I felt I should not leave Delhi. The next day I had a phone call from Dhawan, Indira's personal assistant. He said the prime minister wanted to know why I had not gone to Athens. I said I would explain when I saw her that evening.

When I met her, she was insistent that I go. "Everything is all right, Pupul," she said. "Go." She had a letter which she had written to the president of Greece, and asked me to deliver it to him with her personal greetings. I met her again the evening before my departure. She was detached and quiet. I had a feeling that the critical decision had been taken; having taken it, she had stepped back, for the future was no longer within her control. I sat in her room and we spoke of Greece—its art, its transforming light, and the beauty of its landscapes. Later, I had dinner with the family. When I reached Rome the next day, it was to hear that troops had entered the Golden Temple.

October is a tender month in Delhi. The damp heat wanes and morning dew ushers in the winter. Warm shawls emerge from clove-scented wrappers, and festivals celebrate the harvests of the fields of the vast countryside.

I saw Indira several times during October 1984, the last month of her life. We sat together in her study, she was at peace with herself, had laid aside her burdens and barriers. During the last few weeks she had once again been meeting physicists, philosophers, and poets and, on November 3 she was to lunch at my house with Krishnaji and the Dalai Lama. For her, this month was an interval, an in-between month, a period for renewal; for, by November, preparations for the election would commence. That evening we discussed symbols, and I told her of the Bhadrakali Shrine in North Canara (the local name for the west coast of Karnataka and North Kerala), where there was no image or icon. The great Mother as energy was symbolized within the shrine as a highly polished bronze mirror in which the worshiper saw his or her own face reflected, igniting a journey into the pathways of self-knowing. A journey of austerity and aloneness; for there was no other, neither god nor guru.

The symbolism aroused her. She was quick to respond, refreshed from exposure to a new movement; a fresh spring. Awake to intimations, a memory arose and she started speaking of a day in her life when she felt an overwhelming surge of joy. It had no cause, but the explosion was of such intensity that she felt the earth would open and swallow her up. The ecstasy had transformed her face, and people commented that she looked radiant. When she felt that she would disappear into the earth, it was not a death wish. She said she had never been afraid of dying at any age. "I have felt it as a natural process, a part of life. One lives a certain number of years, and then you die"—she was not afraid. She spoke of a need to return to roots; of Indian thought that maintained "light is within you," and the need to find a way to discover it.

I saw her for the last time on the evening of October 26. She was to visit Srinagar the next morning. She had never been there in autumn, and she was eagerly looking forward to seeing the chinar leaves change color. She wanted to lie in the sun and see the green of the leaf turn rust, vermilion, and gold; the brown of a falling leaf. Perhaps it was the end of life in the leaf that made her pursue the question of death. For as she mused she said, "My father loved rivers, but I am a daughter of the Himalayas and I have told my sons"—for a moment she appeared to have forgotten that Sanjay was dead—"that my remains should be scattered on the snow-tipped Himalayas." As I was leaving, she called out to me, "Remember what I said, Pupul, remember."

Krishnaji, with Mary Zimbalist, arrived late that night. He was scheduled to give one public talk on November 4, on the same platform as the Dalai Lama. News of this talk had traveled to many Buddhist centers in India and abroad, and a large number of Buddhist monks were expected to attend. On the evening of October 30, Krishnaji, after an early supper, insisted that the book I was writing about him be read aloud. Mary Zimbalist read part of the book, which dealt with the early years of his birth and childhood. Later, I took over.

Krishnaji had been totally still during the reading. He only interrupted once when he heard me read the passage on Alcyone, in which I had said that the word Alcyone meant "kingfisher," the calmer of storms. He interrupted to correct me. "No," he said, "it means 'the brightest star in the Pleiades.' " As the reading continued, the room awoke as if there was a presence there, listening. As I continued, the feeling of presence was overpowering, and soon my voice stopped. Krishnaji turned to me, "Do you feel It? I could prostrate to It?" His body was trembling as he spoke of the presence that listened. "Yes, I can prostrate to this, that is here." Suddenly he turned and left us walking alone to his room.

Indira Gandhi was shot by two of her security guards October 31 at 9:20 A.M., as she was walking from her residence to her office. Riddled by bullets, she fell mortally wounded to the earth, surrounded by growing things. She fell close to the grove of kadamba saplings she had planted that rainy season, after the June tragedy in Punjab.

On hearing the news I rushed to her house only to find barriers going up. Indira's grandchildren Rahul and Priyanka were alone with a friend. They did not quite know what had happened, but I was told that Sonia had rushed Indira to the hospital. The atmosphere in the house was turgid with an undercurrent of violence and fear. Sharada Prasad, her Principal Information Adviser, was in the office, and he told me what had happened. Before going to the hospital, I sent a message back to Krishnaji that Indira had been shot. I returned home late at night and found Krishnaji waiting up for me. Seeing me, he took me to his room and asked for the details of what had happened. My family said that on hearing the news, Krishnaji sat through the day in my sitting room overlooking the garden; he had watched the trees and birds, hardly speaking and eating little. At four in the afternoon he had felt Indira's presence and had commented on the need for silence within the mind to enable her to be at peace. I could see that he was deeply moved. Late the next night he was to say, "Don't hold memories of Indira in your mind, that holds her to the earth. Let her go." His hand made a gesture towards space and eternity.

Part 6

THE SUMMATION OF THE TEACHING 1978–1985

CHAPTER 32

"Can You from Today Look at the Thirty Years as the Past? Not from the Thirty Years Look at Today?"

In the early summer of 1978, I was in England at Brockwood Park. While there, I held two dialogues with Krishnaji. From around 1970 I had felt a change in Krishnaji's teaching. His contact with the scientific community, in discussions and seminars, had introduced into his vocabulary a greater precision. He was examining the root meaning of words; carefully defining his use of the words brain, mind, consciousness. He was no longer exploring step by step into thought or into problems like fear, jealousy, anger. The expressions he had used in the late 1940s and 1950s—"the thinker and thought are one"; or "the need to observe thought, see it arise, see it disappear, to pursue it till it ends"; or "to listen and perceive the crucial instant of the arising of thought"—were not evident in the talks after the mid 1970s. By 1978 he was speaking of a totality of seeing, a holistic seeing.

I told him that I had listened to him for thirty years, and I felt that there had been a change in the teachings. "Could the holistic arise without step-by-step observation of consciousness?" I asked. "Have you moved away? Has there been an unfolding or a change?"

Krishnaji pondered my question, then said, "Unfolding would be correct; the teaching is in the same direction, it is holistic rather than an examination of detail. It is direct, simple, and comprehensive."

I asked whether the total immobility of the mind he now spoke about was possible without the earlier observation, questioning, examining? Krishnaji was listening carefully, as he always did in dialogue. He said, "Total ending of thought is immobility, is silence; thought as time has to stop."

I asked him, "If time is the movement of becoming, without the observation of that movement of becoming in consciousness, could becoming end? Without the thirty years of listening, observing the outer and the inner, could there be an end to becoming? Is there not a fundamental change in the teaching?"

Krishnaji's response was startling. He said, "Can you from today look at the thirty years as the past? Not from the thirty years look at today?"

For a moment, I was puzzled by the distinction—"Without the yesterday, can one look back at yesterday?"

"When you look from today to yesterday, you look with a different mind, with eyes in which you don't hold yesterday," he said.

"I had a yesterday," I said. "Therefore, from today, I can look back at the yesterday."

"How do you look at the past from today?" Krishnaji asked. "Inbuilt is holistic seeing. That seeing and listening from today to yesterday is immobility. The present holds the totality of the past. Is that so?" Krishnaji questioned. "And what do we mean by the present? Is it possible to apprehend, have an insight into the whole immediately?" Krishnaji was questioning himself as his responses arose.

"Without the step-by-step, self-knowing, exploration, examination into consciousness, how is it possible?" I refused to move away from my position. Then, suddenly, I saw it. To see from today to the thirty years was to end the linear, the sequential. It was to see with depth into depth. To see back, or to see from the thirty years to today, was to see step-by-step, to see with time as the measure.

"Now, how shall we explore?" asked Krishnaji.

"Thirty years ago you took us by the hand and explored into consciousness; today, you have taken away your hand," I said.

"We are more mature," Krishnaji said.

"What has brought about that maturity? The thirty years?" I asked.

"No—no—no."

I said I saw three distinct periods in the teaching. The early days, when Krishnaji spoke of self-knowing, of the thinker and thought as one, of freedom from judgment and condemnation. In the 1960s he had moved to a denial of the individual as separate from the stream of humanity; from the step-by-step approach Krishnaji had moved to the urgency for a revolution in the human stream. He had stopped speaking of any specific problem like greed or hatred. In the past he had used words such as brain, mind, thought, consciousness interchangeably, as the past, as memory. In the 1970s his terminology had become more precise. He was probing into the nature of observation and the illusion that underlay the division between the observer and the observed. By 1978 he appeared to be concerned with universals, and with a holistic perception.

"When Krishnaji says that holistic perception is possible 'now,' what triggers it? What gives maturity to the eye and the ear to listen, without the past of thirty years?" I asked.

"How can a blind man see light?" asked Krishnaji. "Without preparation, can there be a holistic view? Without detailed exploration, can one see the totality of all existence? Can one see the wholeness of consciousness? I say, yes, it is possible."

"Was the position of thirty years ago, then, not true?" I asked.

"No, I won't say that," said Krishnaji. "The position then was true."

"Was the perception of the thinker and thought as one a total perception, as true as this today?" I questioned.

"But I question whether K went through all that. What he said then was out of totality as what he says now. That detailed examination was born from a totality of perception," Krishnaji said.

I was not satisfied, and pursued the enquiry. "Can the person who comes to the teaching for the first time understand becoming, without seeing becoming as a movement in consciousness?"

"You are asking whether you have to go through school, college, before your final examination?" Krishnaji responded.

"I know you will say process is time. But I say it was total then as it is now. If you say that one can journey straight into holistic seeing as you showed us then, can you show us now?" I challenged Krishnaji.

Krishnaji asked, "Can one observe without the past? Can one have insight without the weight of yesterday? Insight is instantaneous. Perception of totality is an instant perception. If that is so, what is the need for preparation?" One could feel the tautness of the still mind. "Insight is possible only in the instant. The instant is not contained in time. X cannot see that. He says, 'Tell me what to do?' K says, 'Observe the thinker and the thought as one.' Is X listening, or is a process of abstraction taking place, which puts X away from instant perception?"

"You may deny the thirty years, but it is there. The mind that has listened for thirty years is capable of receiving what you say today."

Krishnaji asked, "What is listening? Why haven't people seen when this person says, 'Insant perception is totality?' "

"It is like asking you to 'give me insight,' " I responded.

"Nobody can give another insight. You ask, can you give it to me? What is your reaction to the statement, 'No time, no evolution can give it to you?' "

"Yes, that is so," I said.

"To that K says, 'Listen, nobody can give it to you.' If you listen, it must have a tremendous effect. Your whole attention is gathered in listening. In listening, there is no time."

"Do you think it is possible without delving, without enquiry, to so listen?" I asked.

Krishnaji was speaking with great urgency and passion. "Delving won't bring listening. What has happened to your mind when you listen? It means I have to abandon everything. The whole dependency I have cultivated for millennia."

"Do you say there has been no change in the teaching?" I asked.

"None at all," said Krishnaji.

There was silence in the room. "Has there been an inner change in you during these years?" I spoke with great hesitation. There was a long pause. Krishnaji appeared to be looking within, going deep into himself.

"Let me observe. I have never been asked this question. From the beginning or from thirty years has there been an inner change? No," Krishnaji said, "I think there has been no fundamental change. That is immobility."

For some time again there was silence. Then Krishnaji turned to his personal physician, Dr. Parchure, and G. Narayan and asked them, "What do you say to this statement that perception of the total is immediate? That time is not necessary. Preparation is not necessary. Do you ask, 'What am I to do? What is the next instruction?' To which the reply would be 'listen.' Have you listened accurately to that statement? Time, preparation, the whole process of evolution is unnecessary. If you so listen, you have the whole perception."

He turned to me. "So, Pupulji, the fact is, our whole attitude is based on evolution—becoming, growing, achieving, ultimately reaching. I think that basic assumption is radically false."

"I see the truth of that. I can listen to that without a ripple in consciousness," I said.

"If you so listen, what takes place?" Quietness flowed. Out of great depth, Krishnaji spoke. "What takes place if the Buddha says to me, 'Ending of sorrow is the bliss of compassion'? I am one of his audience. I don't examine this statement. I don't translate the statement into my way of thinking. I am only in a state of acute total attention of listening. There is nothing else. Because that statement has enormous truth, tremendous truth. That is enough. Then, I would ask the Buddha, 'I am not capable of that intense capacity of listening, so please help me,' and the response is, 'First listen to what I am saying. There is no outside agency that the mind or thought have invented.' But I am frightened, for I see it means giving up everything that I cling to. So, I ask, 'How am I to be detached?' The moment I say 'how,' I am lost. He says, 'Be detached,' but I am not listening. I have great reverence for him, but I am not listening. Because attachment has a tremendous place in my life. So, he says, 'Throw it out, throw it out, in one instant.' " He paused for a long time. "The moment you have perception into the fact you are free of the fact."

"Is it a question of seeing the totality of that statement of the Buddha, 'Be detached,' without the words?" I asked.

"Of course, the word is not the thing. The statement, the flowering is not the thing. There must be freedom from the word. Intensity of listening is the crux of it," Krishnaji said.

"What is it that gives one that intensity?" I probed.

"Nothing." The statement was absolute. "Our whole way of thinking is based on becoming, evolving. It has nothing whatsoever to do with enlightenment.

"The mind is heavily conditioned. It does not listen. K says something totally true. Something immovable, irrevocable, and it has tremendous weight, like a river with volumes of water behind it. But X does not listen to that extraordinary statement. You asked a question: 'Has there been a fundamental change in K from the 1930s, 1940s?'

"I say, no. There has been considerable change in expression. Now, if you are listening with intensity, then what takes place when a statement is made—that time, process, evolution, including knowledge—has to be abandoned. Will you listen to that? If you do, you are actually abandoning them. After all, listening, seeing totally, is like thunder or lightening that destroys everything. To go through the whole process is not to deny this instant thing."

"That's it—you have now said it."

"What?" asked Krishnaji.

"It means going through the whole thing, without denying the instancy," I said. "That doesn't mean time is involved."

"But man translates it as time," said Krishnaji.

The next day at Brockwood we discussed the possibility of defining his terms so that confusion did not arise amongst his listeners. Through the years many of his words had changed meaning. We began with the words consciousness, thought, brain, and mind. We discussed consciousness, and he asked, "How do you define it?" I said that consciousness was the sense of existing, of being. The sense that one "is." We then explored the relationship of thought to consciousness. "Thought is not concerned with the totality of consciousness, but with parts of it," Krishnaji said.

"But is it through thought that consciousness reveals itself? The part is revealed in the 'now' as the fragment," I responded.

"Does thought reveal the part? Thought is a fragment. Can thought, which is a fragment, see the whole of consciousness? 'I am hurt'—that feeling is a part of consciousness. Thought is a broken piece in movement. That fragment, that thought, cannot see the whole. Thought does not see it is hurt; it says, 'I am hurt.' " Krishnaji was elaborating.

"But that is a thought formation," I said.

"The name—the form—the environment are the structure of the 'I.' Thought does not say it is hurt."

"Who says it?" I queried.

"Look at it factually," said Krishnaji. "I am hurt—in explaining that hurt, thought thinks it is different from the structure it has built, which is hurt. Thought can never be aware of the total content of consciousness. It can only be aware of the fragment. What is the total content of consciousness? You say consciousness implies existence—what will give holistic meaning to consciousness?" Krishnaji asked.

"Has it a holistic meaning?"

"Consciousness is the totality of life. Not only my life, your life, but the life of the animal, the tree; the totality of all life," said Krishnaji.

"You are using the word consciousness very differently to what you said in the early 1950s."

"Yes, I am moving away from what I had said earlier," Krishnaji said.

"Is consciousness the totality of life?" I enquired again.

"I am feeling around. I am asking, is consciousness the totality of life? I think consciousness can be global, but it is still limited." Krishnaji was probing.

"What you say is very new. Can we pursue it? Consciousness is the totality of life. Is it different from my experience of life?"

"Your experience of life is the experience of every human being. It may have different colors, but it has the same direction. Your life is the life of man, of humanity, basically you are not different from mankind. Your consciousness is the consciousness of mankind. Mankind goes through travail—Doesn't everything go through travail—the animal, all nature?"

"Do you mean consciousness is the whole phenomenon of life—of existence?"

"What do you mean by phenomenon?" Krishnaji was still looking into the question.

"That which can be perceived by the senses."

"That is only part of it," said Krishnaji.

"What is the other part?" I asked.

"All accumulated knowledge, experience, the psychological agonies of man which you cannot touch or taste. Psychological turmoil, anxiety can affect the organism of man and plant. That is the process of mankind. It is global. It is the common fate of man."

"How can thought be aware of the totality of consciousness?"

Krishnaji paused to let the question sink in. "If thought cannot be aware, then what perceives the totality? There must come into operation a factor that sees the totality. If it is not thought—Is it the mind? Is it the brain cells?"

"As they exist today, the brain cells carry memory. The brain as it is, cannot perceive the totality of consciousness," I answered.

"As thought cannot see it. The movement of the brain cannot comprehend totality. Can the mind perceive totality? Then what is the mind? Pupulji, let us be more tactile. Find out whether there is a movement beyond consciousness. Do we understand the movement of thought as an activity of the brain? Is it that a part of the thinking within the brain fabricates a perception that is beyond this consciousness? I don't think it can see that as it is 'now.' " He paused. "What is the mind? Is the mind intellect? Part of it is, of course, the intellect. Can the intellect perceive?"

"Is intellect separate from thought?" I asked.

"It is not. Intellect is the most extraordinary thing we have. We worship the intellect, but can it perceive the totality of consciousness? The intellect is the product of thought. Can the mind perceive the totality?" Krishnaji was still probing.

"You are using mind as if it were an instrument. You say it can perceive. Is the mind an instrument or a field?"

"Is the mind the field? Is it the whole field—or part of the field?"

"Does the mind include intellect, and what part do the senses play?" I asked.

"I don't think emotions—sensation—can possibly bring about a perception of the whole."

"Would you rule out the place of the senses as such?"

"No, I don't rule them out."

"Are they being wrongly used?" I asked.

"When thought identifies itself with sensation, then it becomes the 'me,' " said Krishnaji. "You say the mind is the field, the matrix. A field circumscribes. The mind includes the brain, thought, emotion, intellect. Is time part of the field—part of the mind?" Krishnaji was extending the area of investigation. "If time is not part of my mind, is sensation part of mind?"

"Are we discussing senses identified with desire building up the structure of the self, or have the senses any other role?" I asked.

"Yes. I see the germ of what it is. To observe with all your senses—in that there is no identification. The question is, can you look with all your senses awakened?"

"Can you look and listen in one instant of time?" I asked. "Is it possible to observe with all your senses, and in that state is there any movement of thought at all?"

Krishnaji continued to probe as he questioned. "When there is movement of thought, then it is one particular sense operating. Can I find out if there is a totally different dimension? A state where consciousness as we know it ceases?"

"You have examined and negated all the known instruments we have. The only instrument you do not negate is the movement of the sensory."

"How can I negate the senses?" Krishnaji spoke.

"It is the senses that may have the capacity to free from illusion."

"This is only possible when the sensory as identification with thought is understood. Then the senses do not produce the psychological structure, as the 'me.' The movement of thought, emotions, as fear, hate, attachment, are going on in the brain endlessly. We want to bring about order in it. What instrument or quality is necessary to move out of this enchaining circle of consciousness?" Krishnaji asked.

"The last question is very valid."

"I am trying to convey that there must be total order for the cosmic to be. I see that there is total disorder in everyday life. Order is necessary. What will bring order?"

"There is only one instrument which has a possibility of being free of taint."

"The senses?" asked Krishnaji.

"Otherwise you have blocked every instrument the brain has."

"Have we not also blocked the senses?" asked Krishnaji.

My daughter Radhika had been abroad since 1957—first as a student and, after her marriage, as a resident in the United States and later in Toronto, Canada. Her roots were deep in India and in Krishnaji's teaching, whom she had listened to from the age of ten. The essence of what he had said had been held within her through the years with a simplicity and a childlike quality. She had occasional meetings with Krishnaji in India and the United States, but in a gesture of self-protection she had kept away from him, to conserve the way of life to which she was committed. Married to a professor, she had lived in a world of scholarship and books. But, deep within her, she was aware of the mediocrity of her life and values; an immense nostalgia for the luminosity which she was letting go by was deep within her.

In December 1978 she came with her two daughters to Rishi Valley to be with Krishnaji, and returned in the winter of 1979. She met Krishnaji several times; he overwhelmed her by his attention and she was profoundly moved by his presence.

In 1980 and 1981 her husband, Hans Herzberger, accompanied her to India, and she lived and taught in Rishi Valley. It was during this period that she discussed with Krishnaji the possibility of her return to India and to Rishi Valley. I kept out of the talks, as I did not wish my attachment to her to cloud her decision. Her husband, comprehending the goodness in Radhika and sensitive to the atmosphere that emanated from Rishi Valley, agreed to work on the modalities of her coming to India. Krishnaji did not influence her, but spoke to her at length of her life and the teaching. Radhika and her family went from Rishi Valley to Oxford, where her husband was a visiting Fellow at All Saints College. She visited Brockwood Park several times, meeting Krishnaji. Her decision to return to India was firm. By the spring of 1982 she had completed her Ph.D. in Sanskrit and Buddhist Studies, and by the autumn of 1982 she was in Rishi Valley. Her husband had come to an arrangement with his university to teach for one term and to spend the second term doing research in his own field, which was philosophy.

In the last four years a number of young, highly qualified people have joined the schools—Rishi Valley; the Valley School in Bangalore; Rajghat Varanasi; The School in Madras; and Bal Anand, the school for underprivileged children in Bombay, which Nandini has run for the last thirty years. A new awakening is evident.

CHAPTER 33

"Energy Is Cosmos, It Is Also Chaos. That Is the Source of Creation."

Krishnaji returned alone to India in early November 1979. We were at the threshold of a pivotal decade. In the 1980s the world was to change traumatically. A revolution was taking place in the environment and in the minds of humankind. The search for artificial intelligence was soon to become a central concern of technological research; microchips would become cheap to produce, leading to a revolution in communications; genetic engineering and cloning were to make rapid advances, clouding the future of man, yet promising great benefits to mankind. The tools for untold good or evil were available.

I joined Krishnaji in Madras. Asit Chandmal was there, so were the Patwardhans, Radha Burnier, and Ahalya Chari, a well-known educator who left her government post in the 1970s to join the Krishnamurti Foundation. The instant we saw Krishnaji we felt the power of his presence and the endless energy flowing from him. His mind appeared to have weight and density and an immense immobility. I had seen the emphasis of his teaching change over the years. The urgency had shifted from individual transformation, to the questioning of the fact of individuality, and a positing of a stream of human consciousness in which deep revolution had to take place. To him the individual was one who stepped out of the stream.

Now perception had swept aside all limitations, to include the universe and its boundless energy.

Even though he had flown nonstop from London via Delhi to Madras, he did not appear fatigued, but was eager to begin discussions with us. That afternoon at lunch, we started to talk.

The question posed was, "What is the one thing I would demand, seeing the degeneration in India? Is it possible to help? What is the central thing?" The conversation then moved around the table to an identification of the problem. Krishnaji said, "India has lived all these centuries on ideas. She has to move from a life based on ideas, which are non-facts, to seeing of fact only." He then asked, "How did this boy get it?" We saw that there was no point in giving explanations. The weight and density of the question was meant to be held in the mind without the mind searching for solution.

Krishnaji was questioning the problem of India; but the atmosphere became so charged that one saw that India was oneself, and that he was addressing the question to each one who listened. For "you" were India.

By November 28, 1979, we were in Rishi Valley. Radha Burnier had come from Madras to spend a few days with us. We moved to the living room. Krishnaji at breakfast one morning asked Radha Burnier whether she was standing for president of the Theosophical Society. She said she did not know. He said, "What do you mean by you do not know?"

Suddenly, the atmosphere grew charged with a new energy. Krishnaji said, "Mrs. Besant intended the land at Adyar to be meant for the teaching. The Theosophical Society has failed, the original purpose is destroyed." He spoke of the true religious spirit that probed, questioned, and negated. He said America had not got it. Europe had not got it. In India it has been wiped out and destroyed. Yet it was there in India, waiting in the soil. "Can we do something about it?" he asked.

For the first time the emphasis was not on the individual, but on land, the earth—the physical land of India and the sacredness of it and the capacity for it to hold the source of creation. It was as if Krishnaji had found something precious; there was great joyousness in him, as if the long-awaited time had come. We hardly spoke. He turned to us, searching for confirmation. "Pupulji," he questioned "what do you feel?" When I said that this was a new mystique, he did not deny it. Later he again spoke of the Theosophical Society and of Radha Burnier becoming president. I asked him, "At one point you say that Radha is deeply in the Krishnamurti Foundation, at another point you say that she should stand for presidentship of the Theosophical Society. How do you reconcile these two statements?"

He said, "I can say it, others can't." He repeated, "I can say anything." It reminded me of the verse from *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* which, speaking of the illumined one, says, "Therefore let a Brahmana after he has done with learning, desire to live as a child. When he has done with the state of childhood and with learning then he becomes the silent meditator. Having done with the meditative and nonmeditative states then he becomes a Brahmana. However he behaves he is such indeed."

Krishnaji went on to speak of India as the ground on which the sacred could flower, though it has been destroyed by the ugliness of politics, corruption, and destruction of values. India was the ground where the seed had been sown. In spite of all that had happened, the ground was still there. He said he felt something was waiting. I asked if the ground he spoke of was physical ground, or did he mean something else? He said he meant the earth and the sacredness of it. He felt that this ground had been prepared.

The atmosphere was pulsating, strong, alive. At one point he said, "They found me two angels—I have gathered many more through the years." He was laughing; there was great laughter, and in between he kept on saying, "I am very serious." He had not laughed like this in years. "Now I find that I can do without some of them." He turned to Radha and said, "Can I give you two?" He was laughing, joyous, but deeply serious, suggesting something.

He said many people had told him not to come to India. He had always felt the sacredness of the land and had loved to come. Something had been destroyed in India, but a presence waited in the land. "The benediction of the timeless is waiting, the ground is ready. Can we create something that is of this benediction?"

What came through was a depth and immensity. It was a prophecy that a sacred energy was alive again in the Indian soil.

Every morning at the breakfast table, questions were asked and insight flowed. We probed, paused, questioned. Krishnaji's mind was immense and charged with mystery. One morning, speaking with great intensity, Krishnaji conveyed a way of perception, of challenge and response from a state that lay beyond the mind, beyond brain, memory, all responses of consciousness. "A state that comes into being in listening at great depth; where consciousness and its movement do not obstruct. A state where seeing is whole, inclusive, nonfragmented, a state of no movement from or towards; beyond matrix and all racial memories of man." Krishnaji also spoke of mind which comes into being when there is complete trust. This was only possible when the mind had shed all burdens, was free. "This state is not a state of the ending of thought," said Krishnaji. "It is not the gap between thoughts, but a listening that has the whole weight and depth of the million years of man, and goes beyond. A state that can be touched at any instant. It is like tapping the energy of the universe."

We spoke of the place of the guru and whether the role of the guru had validity. I said to Krishnaji that, looking back from today to the many yesterdays, I saw clearly that for me Krishnaji was the guru. Krishnaji intervened and asked, "What do you mean by guru?" Radha Burnier said, "He who points the way." There were other comments. I said, "He who awakens. Krishnaji awakened me. There was an eye into eye looking. Such looking is rare." I asked, "What was your role in 1948—did you not awaken?" Krishnaji said, "The approach of the awakener and the awakened is wrong. When there is light and I am in darkness and move into the light there is no separation. There is just light. Where is the awakener? Some stay in the light, some wander away, that is all." A little later he said, "I am not saying I am the light."

Another morning at breakfast we discussed the brain and the possibility of transformation of the human brain. Krishnaji said he had been discussing the brain with scientists. He had understood them to say that "every cell in the human brain holds memory of the million years of man." Then Krishnaji asked, "Can there be a total transformation in that?"

As discussions continued, Krishnaji's concern with the brain and its operation was evident. His perception had shifted to an enquiry into whether the movement of memory within the brain cells could end. It was only then that a whole new way of perception could emerge.

Someone asked whether Krishnaji's touch and contact could release energy held in an object, and in turn could that object communicate wholeness, sacredness? Could it heal, protect? Krishnaji said from boyhood he could read other people's thoughts, heal people. He had been given objects to magnetize, to make potent with energy. But the boy Krishnamurti was not interested in these powers.

He spoke of an immense reservoir of energy which must exist. "Can man reach it and let it operate?" he asked. Asit said, "Surely a boy who had no evil in him, no self, was a very rare being; he could touch it, but could that energy be contacted by ordinary beings?"

"I think it is possible, Sir," Krishnaji said with heistancy.

Krishnaji was in a very strange state. He spoke of an approach to the sacred with a mind that could receive, but did not want power, position. What was necessary was an absolute purity of mind.

I asked whether anything else was necessary, and asked him the nature of this purity of mind. Krishnaji said, "The purity of my mind is not the purity of 'the mind.' The purity of *the mind* is the mind of the universe. That is sacred." I then asked whether the human being who had purity of mind, was a vessel that could receive. "As it is possible to give energy to an object, can a human being communicate wholeness, can you give the other?"

Krishnaji said, "No. However pure, the brain is still matter, it is still mind. The other is the universe. It is immense."

Krishnaji refused to be caught in discussion. He asked himself, "Is there an ultimate beyond which there is nothing? A ground from which everything is, behind and beyond which there is nothing, no cause?"

We then discussed the sacredness of Rishi Valley. I said in India there was such a thing as a *Punya Sthal*—a sacred site. Gods could come and go, but the sacredness of a site continued.

Krishnaji said, "I feel the soil of Rishi Valley has this special quality. It is," he said gravely, " 'the *Sthal* of all *Sthals*.' "

I said the whole valley was a sacred site. It had been impregnated with Krishnaji's presence and his words. Rajghat also had that sense of the sacredness. "One has to see," said Krishnaji, "that this feeling is not destroyed."

Krishnaji said he was greatly tempted to stay on in Rishi Valley. He felt strongly about it. Asit asked Krishnaji why he could not live in Rishi Valley and let people come to see him there from all over the world.

Krishnaji was quiet, then said, "My life has been one of physical movement. It is important for me to stay here, but I cannot. For God's sake, tread lightly on this soil."

Later, Krishnaji was to say, "Energy is cosmos, it is also chaos. That is the source of creation. Anger is energy, sorrow is energy—but there is supreme order. Can it be established in Rishi Valley?"

CHAPTER 34

Negation and the Ancient Mind

In January 1980 Krishnaji held a discussion at Vasant Vihar with friends who had been closely associated with him for several years. We spoke of the Rishi Valley School and its students and what needed to be done there. Suddenly, the quality of the discussion was transformed, an urgency and passion arose in Krishnaji's questions. Speaking with the purity of fire, Krishnaji's words burned away the accretions that clouded the mind. He spoke of a total negation of all that man had thought, said, or done.

It started with a simple query: "How is Narayan actually going to help the students—not just talk to them, but to awaken intelligence, to communicate what it is to penetrate at great depth?"

Narayan replied, "I am going to meet them every day in smaller groups, both teachers and students." He knew this would not satisfy Krishnaji, but there was nothing else he could say.

"How will you do it? Merely talking to them or having discussions is not going to bring this about. How will you make them sensitive, alert?"

"There has to be a basic order and sensitivity." Narayan continued to hedge.

Krishnaji kept on probing. "There has to be a different element in it all. There has to be a brain that is extraordinarily good. But that is not enough. What is necessary is to bring about a genius. The demand is that there has to be good brain, capable of sustained argument; a human being who has great affection, love. Apart from all this, there must be in him something totally unworldly. How did K happen to get it? Do you understand my question?"

"You have asked this question several times. But I have never understood the relevance of it. It is not known how Krishnaji came upon it, but how can it happen to some of us?" I intervened.

"Is K a biological freak?" Krishnaji continued his questioning.

"I can't answer that," I said. "It may be so. I find that you are questioning and pushing much deeper. Is it that you have reached a new milestone in your teachings? You used to say, 'If you are traveling south, can you change direction and travel north?' Now you ask, 'Can the mind of Narayan, the mind of Sunanda, be basically in the same state as Krishnaji's mind?' " I countered.

Krishnaji continued his enquiry. "Can we give a boy or a girl a sense of freedom, the feeling that they are 'protected'? That they have a special role in life, that they are special human beings? I am trying to find out, Pupul, what is the catalyst, what is the thing that changes the whole mind, the whole brain?

"I am asking, can there be a quality of otherness? Can there be the other dimension so that the mind is quick, the brain is quick, the senses are alert? So that there is never a point at which the brain rests, but is moving, moving, moving? I would like the student to have such a movement. I would discuss with him. I would walk with him, sit silently with him. I would do physically anything to kindle this thing in him. But will he move? Or is the material, the brain material itself, so slow that it cannot follow quickly, run quickly? Is it possible for Narayan, who is a student at Rishi Valley, to be an extraordinary being so that he is aware of the trees, the feeling of the earth, and also have a brain that is extraordinarily quick? Can he listen to something that is true? Can there be a breakthrough so that there is a sense of vitality, energy, drive? I would like him to have it, and I say to myself, what shall I do and can I do something for him to have this?"

Again he was quiet, and then asked, "Is it in my hands at all? Or is it that a door needs to be opened by both of us? A door which is not his door or my door, but the door has to be opened. I have a feeling that there is something waiting to enter, a Holy Ghost is waiting; the thing is waiting for you to open the door, and it will come. I don't know if I am conveying anything?

"So I say, Narayan, do all those things. Sit quietly, see how you behave, how you look at a tree, at a woman, go through all that. But that is not enough. There is a sense of benediction waiting, and we are not moving towards it. We are all fussing around, sitting around. What you are doing is necessary, but it is not enough."

Rajesh interrupted. "What is the state of the mind which realizes that what it does is not enough?"

"It is obvious, Sir. Millions have meditated. The Catholic monks, the *sannyasis* have meditated, but they have not brought benediction.

"Now, what can I do in my relationship to Narayan? He is my student. He is willing to do all the things I speak about—to observe, be silent, talk, read, look around, feel the beauty of the earth. But there is another quality which is demanding something, and that demand is not to be found in his talking, discussing, seeing. And the benediction does not enter."

The intensity in each one of us had deepened. Narayan asked, "When you say the door has to be opened, can you say what it is?"

"I am deeply concerned that this should happen to Narayan," said Krishnaji, "and I ask what am I to do to precipitate this thing?"

"Perhaps there is something from our side which is blocking us. There is an inexpressible quality, a boundless quality in you, and I feel that we are not putting out our hands," Achyut said.

"You do put out your hands, but it is not taking place. It may be we are condemned, and so it is only for the very, very few. With the Buddha there were only two after fifty years—Sariputta and Mogallanna—that may be the lot of man," Krishnaji mused.

"Is there any quality of renunciation necessary?" asked Achyut.

"I don't think it has anything to do with renunciation. Man has starved; sat alone in the mountains; he has done everything to have that something; but apparently it does not happen that way. So I say perhaps he should go quickly through with this watching, observing silence, and end it. And I ask, what is the most important thing? Is it energy? The missionary has immense energy when he goes around preaching, and yet this thing is not there." Krishnaji was questioning himself deeply.

"Is it my passion that can transform Narayan? If Narayan stayed with me, listened to all the discussions, pushing, challenging all the time within himself, would that do something? You understand?" Again he paused and was silent. Then, from a vast depth, he said, "Or has there to be the negating of everything, the role of the *sannyasi*, the monk who keeps silence right through his life, who sits by himself; has all that to be dropped? Can you deny all that?

"For centuries man has struggled, and yet the other thing has not happened. And can Narayan say, 'I see all that and I won't touch it. It is finished'?" Suddenly, there was an immense quickening. "I am the saint; I am the monk; I am the man who says, I will fast, I will torture myself physically, I will deny all sex; I am that man. I say I have finished with all that, but I am all that because my mind is the human mind which has experimented with all that and yet has not come upon this benediction. Therefore I won't touch all that. It is out.

"Are you following? Can you do this? Do you understand what I am saying, Rajesh?"

"I am just listening."

"That is not good enough. I don't have to sit quietly the rest of my life. The Trappist monks have done that, why should I do it? I see the saints, the people who starve, who torture themselves, who study great books, who meditate; I see that I am all that. Because they have done it, my brain is part of that doing. Therefore I have done it, I don't have to go through it all." The awakened insight was probing.

"Is it possible to negate it with the same urgency as the man who studies, takes vows? Is it with the same urgency you see this and negate it? But after negating it, does urgency rest?"

"It may be, Sir, when we negate, we are also negating the urgency.

"What remains at the end of negation?" I asked.

"I see your point. I see everything. Man has seen and done everything from the beginning of time. He has done everything to get this blessedness, the unnameable. I see it in front of me and I cannot go near it. I can't do anything about it." Krishnaji was immovable.

"You have also through these years spoken of self-knowledge, of the flowering of 'what is.' You have said watch, examine, investigate. You now seem to be getting to a point of negating all that."

With intense passion and urgency Krishnaji said, "I have negated. I see that all that does not lead anywhere. You understand what I have done? I have negated everything man has done, toward reaching that. Do you follow what I am saying? And I say to myself, can Narayan do this? He is my student in Rishi Valley and I ask, can he do it?

"Does that negation indicate a maturity, a tremendous maturity? Is it real maturity to say that all the things man has done have not brought about benediction and so I am not going to go through it all?

"Is that what is missing? Is it the sense of great maturity without going through all that?

"I see the gurus and the immaturity which goes with them. I see that I should not follow. But seeing that, do I settle down and begin to go downhill? Do I become sluggish or lazy?

"The man who says, 'I have tried all this and negated,' he is moving. If you do not move or move in a narrow circle and spend your time comparing what K says with what the Buddha says, at the end of that, what is left?

"We have to deny knowledge, deny everything.

"Narayan, my student at Rishi Valley, can I show you this act of total denial?"

"Does that mean I deny you? Look at what you are saying." I could not help interrupting.

"Yes, you have to deny me," was Krishnaji's response. "What I say is, you cannot deny truth, but you have to deny everything else. I deny everything that man has sought, to get this. I deny the saint who has tortured himself, the Trappist monks who have kept absolute silence. They have done everything in the exercise of that and I deny what they have done. Can you so deny? Is it the lack of a total denial the reason why the door is not open?"

"In my younger days, when you broke away from the order and you said truth is pathless, I really felt very confused. I am getting the same feeling now because I feel that no path will lead to it," lamented Achyut.

"We started by asking whether the teachers of Rishi Valley, Rajghat, could communicate with students and help them to be awake. Narayan said he would discuss with them, talk with them in small numbers. If necessary, he would sit silent with them, watch birds, be sensitive. But I see it does not bring that perfume. See what the monks and other human beings have done to get this extraordinary intelligence, and they have not got it. So why should we go through it? So I deny all the things that man has tried to do, to get it. So my mind, my brain, is free from experiment." Krishnaji was opening the windows of his mind. "I think that is the clue. These people have experimented for years in forests, but they have not got it. Why should I go through all that?"

"What you are saying is, the mind has to be in a state of no direction in which to turn, no enquiry which thought has pursued," I said.

"In that state, see what the brain is. It is no longer in a state of experimentation or investigation." He was speaking, but there was no movement away from the depth and passion of the perception. "People have investigated and they have all failed. They have tried getting drunk, tried sex, tried drugs. I see all that. Why should I go through all that? So I see and I deny. It is not blind denial. The denial has tremendous reason, logic behind it. Right? And so my mind, the brain, is totally mature. Do you follow what I am saying? Are you in that state? Please answer me. This is a challenge. You have to answer. Are you still experimenting?" He paused.

"In this denial I include the Theosophists with their hierarchy, with their Masters. I am through with all that.

"Is it that total denial that is necessary to help the boy, the student to see and jump out of it? Then the brain is absolutely steadfast, because it is not looking in any direction. It has turned its back completely on all direction. What do you say, Narayan? You are my student in Rishi Valley."

"The lack of strength of the body and the mind creeps in," said Narayan.

Krishnaji said, "I am eighty-five and I say, you have to deny. For centuries man has said he must control his body, see that it does not interfere. Can you deny all that? If you cannot so deny, I say to you, why can't you deny?"

"Do you come back to knowledge, discussion, etc.?" Narayan was dodging, unable to face the absolute negation. Krishnaji said, "That is a triviality. My concern is to see that the student does not go through with all this struggle. That the mind is mature, alive. Can I do this with ten boys or girls? You are then bringing about a group of boys and girls who are totally different."

"How does one meet all the problems of adolescence?" Again Narayan was trying to move away.

Krishnaji said, "A boy who is with us from the age of five suddenly changes when he is thirteen or so. I want to prevent that. I am going to find out what happens. I want to prevent the coarsening."

"No educator has done this," was Narayan's comment.

Krishnaji said, "I am going to deny all educators. I want to find out. Is it puberty, sex? Is it a sense of manhood that makes him coarse? You can see the transformation at that period of his life. I want to prevent it. I think you can prevent it. You can see to it that physically he matures very very slowly."

"What does that mean?" asked Rajesh.

"Don't you know what it means? Why is it that a boy or a girl, up to a certain age, has a sense of lightness and then becomes coarse? Is it the physical organism which is concerned with procreation? Is it that which causes the change? If it is so, can that take place much later in life? Narayan, I am sorry to bully you. But can you deny all that you know?"

"I would still study."

Krishnaji said, "Study. But you know at the end of forty years, you are where you are, right? Study, practice abstinence, celibacy, take vows; do all that, but it does not lead you anywhere. Why should I go through all that? I am part of the human being who has done all that."

"I feel, Sir, that all these things have limited effects. They will not lead me to that. I take exercise, etcetera, but they don't lead to that," Achyut commented. He continued, "You look after your body with vigilance. There is a balance. By denial I understand that there is negation, but all that has a place. There is great diligence."

Achyut was attempting to diffuse the gathered energy. But Krishnaji was immovable. "That diligence does not come through any of this. My brain is the brain of humanity. I am absolutely certain of that. So, being the brain of humanity, my brain has done all this. I don't have to go through it all. Do you know what that means?"

The *Veda*s speak of the great teacher taking his disciple within himself, as an embryo. For three nights holding him in the darkness of the within, the gods gather to witness the birth. Krishnaji was in a sense doing that with us, drawing close the people sitting around him, enabling their minds to directly touch his mind, all division was ending. Krishnaji said, "I think we are opening the door slightly. Do you see what we are doing? Move. This chapter has not been studied so far. Krishnaji has not gone through all these disciplines. Why should he?"

"Where do you get your perceptions?" asked Narayan.

Krishnaji said, "By not doing any of this."

"By not doing will I get it?" asked Narayan.

Krishnaji's voice came from depth, it was held in eons. "No. The brain itself says that it is so old, and that brain says it won't remain with knowledge. Do you see what has happened to this brain? It is like an immovable rock. It is steadfast, which does not mean that it is stagnant. It is not going to sleep. Do you see what happens to a brain that says, 'I am humanity, and what humanity has done, I have done'? And I see that it does not produce benediction and therefore all that has been done, has no meaning." There was a long pause. Krishnaji said, "Is there a clue in all this? See what has happened to the brain. It has moved out of its circle. Do it now. Move out of that circle which man has woven around himself.

"Now, can you do this to the student? Will you create something, a school that has never existed before?"

A few days later Krishnaji took me to his room and said to me, "I have been wanting to tell you something. At Rishi Valley a strange thing happened. One night I awoke feeling the whole universe converge into me. An entering of everything and the traveling deeper and deeper into a depth without end." His face was immensely serious as he spoke, luminous with light.

CHAPTER 35

"One Touched the Source of the Energy of All Things."

From the moment Krishnaji came to Bombay, he was afire and communicated his intensity. Relentless in his questioning, at breakfast one morning he asked, "Is it possible for the brain, which is memory, completely to be free of memory? Is there in the brain a faculty capable of totally transforming itself? What happens when you hear a question of this nature?" He kept silent for some time, and our minds too grew silent.

"Is the mind of man deteriorating because it is a millennia of tradition and memory?" There was an intense silence and a receding of Krishnaji's consciousness to vast depths, and it is from this depth that he spoke. "Is there a faculty in the brain which can change the nature and structure of the brain so that it frees itself of the past, so that it is alive and new?

"Since Rishi Valley—and I am not saying this is any personal sense and not exaggerating—every night the brain has been 'breaking' and entering into something immense. I have been watching this, as if I were watching an operation on someone else."

Aware of the immensity that rested in Krishnaji, I asked him if he would meditate aloud. He agreed. This took place at Sterling Apartments, Bombay, toward the end of January 1980.

"The last four months or so, there has been a peculiar activity going on, as though the brain was being washed out—a purgation taking place—and I wondered what it was about. Recently, when I was in Rishi Valley, a peculiar thing happened. For several nights, one actually touched the source of the energy of all things. It was an extraordinary feeling; not from the mind or brain, but from the source itself. And that has been going on, in Madras and here. It is as though one was totally isolated—if one can so use that word without a sense of withdrawal. There was a sense of nothing existing except 'that.' That source or feeling was a state in which the mind, the brain, was no longer in operation—only that source was in operation. This may sound odd and crazy, but it is not. I said to myself that I must watch carefully whether I am deceiving myself or am caught in illusion, a desire for that which began and the desire wanting to multiply it, change it. I have been watching very carefully to see that desire does not enter into it at all. Because the moment desire enters, it becomes a remembrance and the energy is gone, the original thing is gone. So I am extremely careful to see that that thing remains pure. The word pure means clear, unspotted, not corrupted. It is like pure water, distilled water, a mountain stream which has never been touched by human mind or hand.

"I have been very careful about this. I have found recently that the brain is losing—I must be very careful how I put this—losing its own volition, its own activity. Just listen for a minute. I do not know whether it is common to the lot of man, that for as many years as I recollect, I go for a walk for three or four hours and there is not a single thought in that time. This is not an invention, this is not a wish product. And 'that' has been going on, when I go for a walk it is always there.

"The mind, the brain, is so accustomed to remembrance, to experience, knowledge, memory. It has to find its own tranquility . . . so that the origin, the beginning is not interfered with. The words in the Bible and other religious books of the East are that the beginning was chaos and out of that chaos came order. I think it is the other way. I may be wrong, but the beginning was order. Man made chaos. Because creation cannot be chaos. *Chaos* means disorder, and Genesis says there was chaos, darkness; out of that chaos God created order. I am sure that is not so. There must have been total order; the earthquakes, the upheavals, the volcanoes, were all order. I think we have lost that sense of total, complete, original, blessed order. We have lost it, and the darkness of chaos has been created by man.

"It is not that the beginning was chaos. That is impossible. Even if there is God—I am using God in the ordinary sense of the word—and he created original chaos and out of that created order, the origin must have been order. It could not be disorder and out of that to create order. The beginning must be order. And man called it chaos and out of that man brought about tremendous disorder.

"Now he seeks to go back to that origin, that order. That state must be something of immense benediction, an immense, timeless, incorruptible state, otherwise it is not order.

"So can man get back to that?

"It can never be experienced. Because experience implies recognition, remembrance. It is not a thing that you go through as 'I remember.' 'This' is outside the realm of all experience, outside all knowledge, totally beyond all man's endeavor.

"But man is left with his senses, and his desires and the vast accumulation of knowledge gathered in the brain.

"So, the question is, can one wipe out the tremendous accumulation of a million years?

"I think it is possible when all the senses are totally awake and excellent. Then there is no center from which an experience can take place. As long as there is a center there must be experience and knowledge. When there is no center, there is a state of nonexperience, a state of observation, when all the senses are highly awakened and functioning, superbly sensitive, then in that state, there is no center as the 'me' involved. It is this center as the 'me' that creates desire. This state, this center, cannot reach that state—the beginning.

"Man cannot aspire or sacrifice or discipline to reach anywhere near it. So what is he to do? It is very important to understand desire. If that is not completely understood, the subtlety of desire is immense and therefore it has extraordinary, immense possibilities of illusion.

"Desire, will, time, must come to a complete end. That is, the mind, the brain, must be absolutely pure—not pure as no sex, no ugly thoughts—but the brain must be completely empty of knowledge. A state where thought can never arise—unless necessary. So that thought has its own responsibility, so that it can only act in certain directions.

"A brain that is free from all experience, and therefore knowledge, is not in the field of time, therefore has come to the beginning of all things. You cannot explain all this to people. But they should listen to it—you follow?"

"You have said the senses are not evil—but the senses create knowledge?" asked Achyut.

Sunanda wondered, "What is the relationship between the state of the mind and that?"

"This cannot go to that, that which is non-time. The mind which is free from all experience, a mind that has never experienced—is like a vessel, it can receive that. But this cannot go to that."

"What is the relationship between the vessel and 'that'?" asked Sunanda.

"None. What are you talking about?" Krishnaji was in a state of exaltation. "Desire of the senses—desire that comes from the center has to be completely emptied. There is no movement towards 'that' which means an end to time. Any movement in any direction is time. Man has made great struggle to reach that. It is not possible. Desire which is so subtle and therefore the creator of illusion, must end. The brain has to be free of desire. There can be no pattern, no direction, no volition, no desire."

We had touched something, and I spoke. "That is creation. There is no 'has been' in that. There is only beginning. There is only the state of beginning."

"Ah, wait—watch it carefully. There is always a state of beginning, watch it, watch it Pupulji, remain there. When you say this, what does it mean to the people who listen to you?" Krishnaji's mind was feeling around.

"What are the implications of this? The ending is always the beginning? Right? What does it mean?" asked Asit.

"It means the ending of attachment. That is the beginning. Look, Sir, with the ending of a problem, the mind is empty. To have no problem, at all, is to have no experience. But I am an ordinary man. I have all kinds of fears, desires, I carry them all my life and I never say—can I end one thing? Attachment, jealousy."

"The mind is still full of thought," said Asit.

"The mind is full of thought because the senses are not fully flowering. The senses create thought. Senses create experience, which is knowledge, memory—thought. When the senses are fully flowering, what happens? There is no center as desire," said Krishnaji.

"What are the implications of that in my daily life?" Asit queried.

Krishnaji replied, "In your daily life, your main concern is whether your senses can flower. All your senses, not just sex, not just eyesight, not just hearing with the ear. Can you look at a woman, with all your senses? Then you lose the center; experience does not exist. Right?"

"What interferes in the flowering of the senses?" again Asit asked.

"There is nothing that interferes. We have never allowed the senses to flower. We have operated with thought as the medium of action. But we have not enquired into the origin of thought deeply. If I had no senses I would be a piece of rock, with vibrations, or a mass of flesh. But the moment the senses begin comes appetite, sex—I start moving in a narrow groove. You have to go into that deeply so that all the senses are operating. Tradition denies the senses—therefore there is always . . . "

Asit interrupted. "If I may ask what is the relationship between a piece of rock that has no senses, to all my senses operating? Rocks have no senses."

"I am not so sure that rocks have no senses—matter is merely the wheel of energy," said Krishnaji.

"Is it a question of the entering of this limitless energy? A question of the amount that can enter into rock, or the senses that are half awakened or fully awakened? Is the limitless energy always there to enter? Is it the amount that can be received that makes the difference?" asked Asit.

"My concern is to find if my senses can flower because from that everything arises," said Krishnaji.

Asit pushed further. "Do the senses become dull because of lack of attention?"

"You are not aware of the senses. You are the senses. All the associations that have become strengthened become tremendous. Is love a movement of the senses?" asked Krishnaji.

"Does attention awaken the senses?" asked Asit.

"Attention means care, responsibility, affection, no motive," Krishnaji pointed.

"So daily life," said Asit.

"When problems arise—totality of senses not operating. When the senses are awakened and there is no center, there is a beginning and an ending.

"Psychological problems do not exist in the state of no center. Don't say 'I must be aware'; then you are lost. Yesterday, when we were walking, you were telling me of the computer. The brain was listening, it didn't record. There was a sense of a pouring out, something pouring down to the brain. When something is actually taking place there is no feeling; when there is actually fear, there is no feeling. Fear arises a second after. The moment you are not apprehending there is fear," said Krishnaji.

"There must be something in that state," Asit persisted.

"This cannot be answered," said Krishnaji.

"Is there a complete renewal?" asked Asit.

"A renewal of the brain? Yes, the brain cells are cleansed. They don't carry ancient memory," said Krishnaji.

"Your brain does not carry any ancient memory? The million years are wiped away?" I asked.

"Otherwise there is only darkness," said Krishnaji.

Days later, when we were at the breakfast table, I asked whether Krishnaji was pointing to a new use of the senses. When the senses are fully flowering, in a state of simultaneity, the center ceases. I asked him whether in this state the thrust of the "I" consciousness, which gives direction to the mind, dissolves? This wholeness of sensory intelligence negated the dividing line of outer and inner, the yesterday and tomorrow.

"See it, Pupulji, see it," Krishnaji said. "There is only being and beginning."

In the days that followed Krishnaji spoke again and again of that which lies beyond creation itself. He said, "Order is the beginning, the source of an energy that can never diminish. To investigate it there must be an investigation of the senses and desire. That blessedness of order is when the mind does not have a single desire and the senses are operating fully, totally." I asked Krishnaji whether he was saying essentially the same as he had said in previous years, but using new words; or were these insights entirely different? He said, "This is entirely different."

I observed from Rishi Valley and Madras that, when he spoke of the seed, the millennia-old brain of man, the beginning, creation, his face changed.

CHAPTER 36

"Doubt as the Essence of Religious Enquiry"

On the way from London to Colombo on November 1, 1980, Krishnaji came to Madras accompanied by Mary Zimbalist. Their luggage had been misrouted, and Mary Zimbalist was left with only the overnight bag she carried with her. Krishnaji was distressed for Mary, concerned about her, and his frail body appeared agitated. That evening he did not go to the beach, but walked on the circular path that goes around Vasant Vihar.

The next morning a significant discussion took place over the breakfast table, which revealed insights into his relentless questioning. Krishnaji's question that day was whether the Indian mind was degenerating. Achyut spoke of a meeting Krishnaji had with Jawaharlal Nehru and Acharya Kripalani in 1931, at which he had been present. Achyut said, "Nehru and Kripalani* felt that it was essential for India to be politically free before a regeneration in the Indian mind could take place." Krishnaji had said that if they ignored inner regeneration in the struggle for Independence, India would lose its way. Nehru was young; his alert and attentive mind understood the importance of regeneration, but felt that political freedom had to be, for the Indian mind to flower; to have the space in which it could enquire. At the time Achyut had agreed with Nehru.

But Krishnaji's response to Nehru was that India had stood for the religious spirit throughout history. "Buddhism spread from India to China, Japan, the whole of the East and Far East. What is the relationship of that religious core of India to the world today?" he had asked Jawaharlal Nehru.

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*A prominent member of the Congress Party and President of the Indian National Congress for several years, Kripalani was a senior leader in the freedom struggle against British rule

Achyut had been speaking with deep emotion. Krishnaji had listened quietly to what Achyut said, then turned to us and asked, "Is the core alive? The Western world, the Christian world, had a religious core that rested on faith. In India at the heart of religion was the denial of everything but 'that.' Now is that religious core, the seed, disappearing? If it still exists, what is its response to the West and its values?"

Krishnaji said to Achyut, "You spoke of this country having a different soil. The ancients used the word *Tat* or *Brahman* to express it. In ancient times religion was not based on caste or ritual. This concern with the core had lead to a different way of life. Now, is it possible for the seed that has laid dormant in the soil for centuries to awaken?"

"It is the seed awakening that is life, and that responds—the flowering of the seed is the response," I said, then went on to speak of my recent visit to Varanasi some weeks earlier. I had discussed Krishnaji and the teaching with Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya. A Mahayana scholar in the Nagarjuna tradition, he had participated in discussions with Krishnaji. He had said, "We have to understand the dialectics of Krishnamurti, but the core of Krishnaji is beauty, a total overflowing of Being." Then he said many of his comrades, anguished with the present trends in Hinduism, had turned to Buddhism for sustenance; they had held dialogues to ask themselves what the Buddha would say if he were amongst them today. They came to see that what Krishnaji was saying was what the Buddha would have said.

Krishnaji heard me patiently, but was not prepared to accept what I was saying. "You are not answering my question," he said. "You are all Indians, conscious of Indian culture. You have to answer this question. You are aware of what is going on in India, the various gurus, the cults, and also you must have a feeling of the core from which great things took place. What relationship has that core, if it still exists, to the West and to Western religion and culture which is based on faith, belief?" Then Krishnaji asked, "If there is no relationship, then is that the point from which a new regeneration can emerge?"

"If that core, that center, has disappeared in India, is it in that, that the East and the West are coming together?"

"Apparently," he said. "From the beginning of time, the people of India had something which was genuine, true. They were deeply religious in the true sense of the word. There were the Buddhas and the pre-Buddhas who had left their imprint on the soil of India. The present world of astrologers, gurus—does that indicate that the depth of the real thing is going?

"In the Christian world doubt had never been part of religion. Here doubt, as part of religious enquiry, has always existed. Is that capacity to doubt being dissipated? Is that disappearing and gradually become faith?

"Do you see that doubt in religious enquiry is one of the most extraordinary things that existed in India? Christianity was based on faith; doubt, skepticism, questioning were denied. They were regarded as heresy. In India and in the Asiatic world doubt was one of the principles of religious investigation. Is that doubt disappearing, and therefore is India joining the Western stream? Or if doubt still exists, is it being smothered and are we losing the vitality of it? Doubt as an extraordinary purgation."

"Doubt is becoming a formal questioning," said Radha Burnier.

"I am speaking of real doubt, with the immense energy that lies behind it. What do you say, Pupulji? You are a mixture of both the East and West."*

"When you use that word 'doubt,' it is an immense thing. But I cannot answer your query whether it still exists or not," I said.

"The Theosophical Society and Amma had that quality at the beginning. Dr. Besant left Christianity, she left her husband; there was doubt, and then she got trapped in organizations and lost vitality. But the Indian mind, the original mind, emphasized doubt. Doubt with its clarity, doubt with its immense vitality purges the mind of illusions. Is India losing that? You follow? Because it is only through doubt that you come to the Brahman, not through acceptance of authority," said Krishnaji.

"That is what the Buddha also said," said Radha.

"Are we losing that? Not the few of us. But the Indian mind. Is it losing that quality, that quest for clarity?" Krishnaji was pushing the question.

Radha responded, "I still think that in India doubt exists, but this doubt has become a tradition. We question in a formal sense. In the West this takes the form of scientific search. Doubt is that which has not been corroborated by experiment. The Indian mind has turned in the direction of scientific search."

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*Born in a Brahmin family, free of all ritual and belief yet rooted in Indian heritage, educated in England, I symbolize to K a mind that could span the bridge between East and West.

"The Western tradition of conformity has also entered the Indian stream," added Achyut.

"Krishnaji has brought into his teaching a new factor: doubt that does not move toward an answer. When you use the word 'doubt' within the Indian context, immediately out of doubt springs search," I said.

" 'What am I, who am I?' This is the Indian question. This is not a question with a direction," commented Achyut.

"Of course. If you have doubt with direction, then it has an entirely different meaning," said Krishnaji.

"Doubt without being followed by search has not existed in the Indian stream. In Krishnaji's doubt is an immediate immobility of the mind," I said.

"I am asking a really very serious question. I want to find out if in India the mind is being caught and carried away by the materialistic wave. That wave is threatening the Western world, expressing itself through technology, materialism, nationalism. The Western mind is moving in the direction of the outer, and it dominates the world. So is India losing something which was there? From what one can see, it appears to be losing it."

Mary Zimbalist queried, "Are you asking whether the other spirit which underlays India is failing? How does one tell that?"

"Can you answer that question? Can you feel, probe into it? Can Pupul or Achyut have a feeling of what is happening in this country? Can you take the outer as a measure and move to the inner?" Krishnaji asked. "The other was always there. I am saying something very simple. India moved from a center and that center spread all over the Asiatic world through inner search, dance, music, and cultural expression. The Western world was centered in belief, which is so superficial. That superficiality, that materialism, is that conquering this? It is very significant to see this. Can one see the outer manifestation of this in India, through its bureaucracy, technology, science, nuclear energy; following the ways of the West; and so is the pristine, original core of this country gradually withering away? India was centered on one thing. And therefore she had a fire which spread throughout the world. Now what is happening to the Indian core?" Krishnaji's passionate question and the fire of his attention was igniting our minds.

"Would you not say that in India the spirit has turned to the other? It has become adulterated. It is no longer a force. So what is the difference between India and the West?" Mary spoke.

"I would not say that this field has been corroded in the last fifteen years. I would not say that," I said.

"I hope not. But I won't accept your statement. I am questioning it. I want India to be that. So I say I hope she is not going to lose it. If it is lost, it is lost. I don't want her to lose it, because then it is the end of everything."

"Either you bring what you are saying into the comparative field of time and question whether earlier there were more people concerned with the core, or you can only put the question. Are there people today who take their stand in this?" I asked.

"Outside of those people who have been exposed to Krishnaji in India, are there people who take their source, their energy from doubt?" asked Achyut.

"There have been times in the history of this country when energy has exploded in great manifestations. When you say India is deteriorating, a hundred years or more ago was there religious doubt then and what was its nature? So don't put the question in terms of linear time. Can one ask the question are there people today who have the capacity to ask this question?" I said.

"There have been various factors also that have contributed to the wearing away of this spirit. The Bhakti movement with its emphasis on belief and faith, which existed for a number of centuries, could be compared to Christianity. Then the modern, scientific approach has reduced all nature to experiment. All this has cut the source at the roots," said Radha.

"In the past there were only a few who were the aristocrats of the spirit who took their stand on the formless," I said.

"But the elitist dominated the culture that exploded," said Achyut.

"Buddha arose and talked. It was three hundred years before the teaching was established," I said.

"Don't say you cannot answer my question." Krishnaji wouldn't let go. "I have been questioning this for years. This time as I flew into Bombay I was again asking that question, is the West conquering the East? The West has the capacity to organize, bring people together, it has technology, communication, etcetera. It has been capable of building systems to a marvelous extent. Here it was not based on organization or system. There were people who stood alone."

"There is a field of good and the field of evil. The challenge really is what is possible to make that field of good potent," I said.

"No, the good cannot be potent. Good is good," responded Krishnaji.

"Take it that the center is corroded. What is the response?"

"Then we can say it is finished, let us do something about it. But if you say it exists then we just carry on," said Krishnaji.

"If I admit it is finished?" I asked.

"Then that which has an ending has a new beginning. If it has ended, then something tremendous is taking place," Krishnaji said.

"That is the major difference between you and others. I was brought up in a tradition which believed in this source and everyone thought about revivalism, saying that it existed. You are the only person who is asking whether the seed is alive or not," said Achyut.

I added, "As long as Krishnaji is there, how do I say the seed is corroded?"

"I also fail to see how doubt has completely ended and a new thing has started," said Radha.

"When something has ended a new thing is taking place," said Krishnaji.

"You can ask, is there doubt in me? I can answer that directly; but when you ask me has that seed been corrupted, I can never answer that."

"I am afraid if doubt has ended in India, then it is a terrible thing," said Krishnaji.

"If I deny the seed I have denied everything," I said.

"I am not talking of denying. I am asking you a question. The West is enormously powerful with science, technology, organization, communication, war, all that. That enormity has smothered that which is not enormous. Right? Is the core of India so enormous within, that it can counter that and see that it is not touched by all that? Do you see what I am saying? It is not a geographical question. I am talking about the Indian mind that has produced the *Upanishads*, the Buddha. India has been the storehouse of something very very great. The West, with its emphasis on faith and its materialism, is destroying that greatness."

"I cannot answer your question," I said.

"You have got to answer. It is a challenge you have got to meet. It is a challenge that every Indian must meet," said Krishnaji. "Pupul, it is very interesting, the human mind is asking itself this question: 'Is there a mind that is incorruptible?' Is that mind being destroyed by the West?

"Religion in the West is based on faith and belief with all its implications. To be caught in faith or belief is the ending of doubt. Religious enquiry in India was not based on faith, so it could move in any direction. Free of direction, there was a different movement taking place; this is the essence of the Buddhas, the pre-Buddhas. Is that essence gradually being corroded by the West? Or is that essence expressing itself now? Not as the Buddha or Maitreya—these are but names: but is that essence expressing itself?"

I responded, "That essence is incorruptible. Therefore it cannot be corroded. The Indian mind today is conditioned. The only thing which one can say is that that mind, because it has been tuned to the 'other' for centuries, may have a proclivity to the 'other.' "

"And so the possibility of mutation. I think this mind has a greater possibility of mutation. This is not denying the West. We are not talking of the East and the West as opposites; we are talking of a quality of mind that has no direction."

"Would you say the conditioned mind can have nothing to do with 'that'?" asked Radha.

"The conditioned mind can have nothing to do with 'that,' but 'that' can have something to do with 'this.' So I am asking, is the mind of India—not my mind or your mind, but the mind that has evolved through five thousand years, the mind of the Buddha—can that mind ever be conditioned? The Indian mind groping for that, doubts, questions. You say, Pupul, that is the mainstream of the Indian mind. Are we in those waters of enquiry? Or are we floating in words, symbols, myths, ideas, theories?"

On the evening of November 4 at supper in Vasant Vihar, Krishnaji began discussing perception and wholeness. I said I had been attempting to understand the holographic model, in which a fragment contains the whole.

Krishnaji said in total perception there was the wholeness of mankind. He spoke of a perception of sorrow, in which there was total freedom from sorrow; in such a perception human consciousness was renewed. Then he asked himself, "Is that so? In one perception of sorrow, is there the whole content of human sorrow?"

We started questioning him and he said, "If you see the whole movement of pleasure—sexual, sensual—you have understood the whole content of consciousness."

"Could we be so aware of the body, the mind?" Achyut asked.

"Could there be an exploration of attention?" Krishnaji questioned. "We have said, 'attend.' But we have never probed into attention! What is it to attend?" Some of us responded, but Krishnaji continued to question.

"What takes place as attention probes into iself? If you are so attending, all your senses are completely awake. It is not one sense attending, but the totality of all the senses. Otherwise you cannot attend. When there is one sense that is highly cultivated and the others are not, one cannot attend. Complete sensory activity is a state of attention. Partial sensory activity leads to concentration. Attention has no center. Attention is a flowing from itself, it is moving, never still; it flows, moves, goes on. Attention gets more and more—not more in a comparative sense, but as a river that has behind it a vast volume of water; a tremendous volume of energy, of attention, wave upon wave upon wave, each wave a different movement. We have never enquired what takes place beyond attention. Is there a total summation of energy?" Scientists had told him that energy and matter were one. The wave still was energy, it could never be still.

"In penetrating into a wave of perception as energy, extraordinary things go on. There is a sense of soaring ecstasy; a feeling of limitless space; a vast movement of color." He paused. "Color is God;" he said, "not the gods we worship, but the color of the earth, the sky, the extraordinary color of a flower."

Asit asked hesitatingly, "Would you include aroma?"

"Of course, color is aroma," Krishnaji said.

He was probing as he spoke. "Can one see completely with all the senses? See not with the eyes alone, but with the ears; to listen, to taste, to touch? There has to be harmony. This is only possible when there is no center, no movement."

"Watch yourself one day," he said to us. "Look at the sunlight and see whether you can see with all your senses, completely awake and completely free. Which leads to an interesting fact: Where there is disharmony, there is the self."

"Attention is complete harmony. There must be a great volume of energy gathered through harmony. It is like the river Ganga. Attention is a movement to eternity."

That evening was historic: Krishnaji walked again on the grounds of the Theosophical Society at Adyar. We accompanied him. Radha Burnier was with him in the car. They were met at the gate by the vice president of the Theosophical Society. Krishnaji was garlanded with pink roses. Radha and Krishnaji walked by the road to the seashore, past the headquarters building. Krishnaji walked past his old room; on his return he took the path along the river. It was lovely land. The trees were beautiful; the people who lived there were seeking refuge from the travails of the world. Krishnaji's return held a great poignancy.

Every day while he was in Madras, Krishnaji drove through the Theosophical Society compound to Radha's house, and from there he walked on the beach. One evening on returning from his walk Krishnaji spoke of two young fishermen—slender, tall, and dark-skinned boys.

With ease and immense skill they prepared their catamarans for launching; turning the rudder towards the sea, jumping in and pushing the boat swiftly into the dark, unknown sea. Krishnaji was deeply moved.

Later in the year Krishnaji was to go to the Theosophical Society to have lunch with Radha Burnier. Before lunch she took Krishnaji to the main Theosophical Society building where Dr. Besant had had her room and where she had lived. He first visited his own room, which overlooked the river and the sea. He stood before the window, gazing across to where the river meets the sea. Later he was to say that he did not remember it. Then he went to the room of Dr. Besant. Carefully he stood before her *chowki* with its little desk, and walked around the room, quiet, listening. Suddenly, he stopped before a large photograph of Leadbeater which hung on a wall. "This was not there in my time," he said. Radha Burnier said it had been placed there many years later. For minutes Krishnaji stood before the portrait, gazing at it; then suddenly he raised his hand and said, "Pax, pax." Then he turned to Radha Burnier and walked out of the room.

CHAPTER 37

"I Suddenly Saw the Face."

The government of Sri Lanka had invited Krishnaji to be a state guest when he gave his talks in Colombo. A number of his friends accompanied him to this emerald island. Mary Zimbalist, Nandini, and I stayed with Krishnaji there at Auckland House, the official guest house of the Sinhalese government. Every effort had been made by the Sinhalese government to welcome Krishnaji. He was invited by the president to tea, met the prime minister, and was interviewed several times by the press. The talks were attended by a vast number of people—monks and laymen, Sinhalese and Tamilians, ministers and clerks gathered to hear the man of wisdom.

Asit Chandmal was also in Colombo. He had been in California and had met scientists and technologists working on the frontiers of the new sciences. He spoke to Krishnaji of the electronic age into which man was being catapulted; of the amazing capacities and skills of the new computers and the search for the ultimate intelligence machine.

Computer scientists were pursuing the possibility of creating artificial intelligence. They were studying the human brain, to see how it worked and whether it could be reproduced. Japanese scientists were deeply involved. IBM had already started the search. Krishnaji listened eagerly; his mind instantly perceived the dimensions and directions of this new intelligence, the magnificence of man's inventive drive, and with it the enormous dangers to the survival of humankind. Realizing that man was soon to be challenged at unprecedented levels, he questioned Asit relentlessly.

Later, we held discussions on the computer and the human brain. K said, "The brain has an infinite capacity. That immense capacity is being used for material purposes." He saw with great clarity that with the inventive capacity, certain faculties of the brain would in a short time be taken over by the machine.

"Ceasing to function, would these faculties wither or shrink?" he asked. "Would the brain slowly atrophy? Man has to either explore within, so that he can use these new tools rightly, or perception, compassion and the essence of humanity as we know it, will cease to be. There are only two options open: Either we commit ourselves to the whole range of entertainment outwardly, or we turn within."

Krishnaji was afire with the question. He discussed it in Colombo with us and later in Rishi Valley and Madras. For over two years, this problem of the human brain and the challenge of the machine taking over the processes and faculties of the brain was Krishnaji's main concern.

One morning I asked Krishnaji for a meeting, as I needed some answers to questions that puzzled me. He was in a strange state; he seemed outside himself. I questioned him about his position that there were no footholds to truth. I said, "Most other systems of meditation state require the need for support at the early stages. You have repeatedly said that there are no steps, no levels. The first step is the last step. But going into your historical past, as well as in casual conversations, I have observed that you have gone through all the *kriyas*, the actions known to religious tradition. You have tested yourself, you have denied your senses; tied a bandage for days on your eyes to see what it is to be blind. You have fasted for days, you observed silence, '*maun*', for over a year in 1951. What was your reason for this silence?"

"Probably it was to find out if I could keep quiet," said Krishnaji.

"Did it help at all?"

"Not a bit," was the reply.

"Why did you do it?"

"I have done crazy things—eaten so that I did not mix protein with starch, eaten only vegetables; then only protein."

"Do you put silence in the same category?" Nandini asked.

"You mean I did not talk to anybody—are you sure? It was never anything serious. There was no spiritual intention behind the silence."

"In the experience that took place in Ooty, you still saw visions. Do you ever see visions now?" I asked.

"No." He appeared unsure. "Wait a minute. Sometimes I do. What do you mean by visions—pictures, images? You see, it must have been a very strange thing when they picked me up. As far as I remember, Master K. H. and the Buddha were always there somewhere in my mind. Their images used to follow me for a considerable time."

"You have talked about a face being with you, which merged into your face."

"That is right."

"I am asking you today, is that face still with you?"

"Yes, occasionally. I must go into this. Why are you asking all these questions?"

"I want to write an accurate account, not only of events; events are very inconsequential from my point of view."

"Right from the beginning, C. W. L. and Amma had said the face has been created for many, many lives. I was too young to know what they were saying, but apparently the face impressed them tremendously. They said it was the face of the Maitreya Bodhisattva. They used to keep repeating this, but it meant nothing to me, absolutely nothing. Many, many years later, after the death of my brother, and many, many years after that—I can't tell you when, but one morning I suddenly saw the face, a most extraordinarily beautiful face, that used to be with me for many years. Then gradually that face disappeared. It all began after the death of the brother."

"Let us pursue the question of the visions," I said.

"For many, many years I was not really all there. Sometimes, even now, I am not all there. Ojai was totally independent from C. W. L. At Ootacamund it was totally independent of Rajagopal and Rosalind. After I moved away from Ojai—after 1947 to 1948, things started happening, like seeing this extraordinary face. I used to see it every day—in sleep, while walking. It was not a vision. It was like that picture, an actual fact."

"You saw it even when you were awake?" asked Nandini.

"Of course, on my walks it was there."

"We saw it in Ooty. A tremendous change taking place in your face," I said.

"That is true."

"And you said the Buddha was there. You say that occasionally you still see visions."

"The other night in Madras I woke up with this face."

"So it is still there."

"Of course."

"I would like to get a feel of it," I said.

"Yes. Which is, it is not a vision. It is not something imagined. I have tested it out. It is not something that I wanted. I do not say, 'What a beautiful face'—there is no wish to have it."

"What happens to you when you get these visions?"

"I look at the face."

"Does anything happen to you?"

"I don't know. It is like cleaning the body and the face and the air. I have seen the face in the dark, in the light, while walking. You may say that this is all cuckoo. But it is so. I have never done anything for any spiritual reason."

"Before the mystical process that happened in Ojai, in your letters to Lady Emily, you said you were meditating every day?" asked Mary Zimbalist.

"All the meditation was on Theosophical Society lines. I did it because I was told to do it. It was part of the Theosophical Society belief, but it meant nothing to me. I did all that automatically."

"When you 'grew up, came to,' was it in a flash or was it something which matured without your knowing?" I asked.

"In a flash, naturally. I used to have a horror of vows, fasts, vows of celibacy, vows not to get angry. I never took any vows. If I did not like a thing, that was the end of it. If I liked it, I went on with it."

"When one reads the *Notebook* and then reads the talks of 1948, one finds there has been a major leap in the teachings. Is there a leap taking place all the time?"

"Yes, it is happening all the time, in my brain, inside me. After traveling this time from London to Bombay and then to Madras, that first night in Madras, I felt the brain exploding; there was an extraordinary quality, light, beauty. This is happening all the time, but not every day. That would be a lie. What is necessary is quietness . . . "

"I realize that things happen when you are alone. It happened when you were supposed to be very 'ill' in 1959, in Srinagar and later in Bombay. I have never been certain whether you have an illness or something else. At the end of any serious illness, you give extraordinary talks."

"Illness may be a purgation," said Krishnaji.

"I know you have been ill on two occasions in Bombay. I have been present. There is a strange atmosphere when you are ill."

"I remember your being ill in Bombay," Nandini spoke. "You had bronchitis. We had to cancel the talks. You had 103-degree to 104-degree temperature. Suddenly you wanted to throw up. So I ran to get a basin. I held your hand. I saw you were about to faint. I called out and you said, 'No, no.' Your voice had changed. Your face had changed. The person who sat up was different from the person who had fainted. You were cured.

"You told me not to leave the body alone; just to be there. You said, 'Never be anxious near me; never get worried, don't allow too many people to come near me. In India they never leave an ill person alone.' You asked me to sit down quietly and then you said, 'I must tell you something. Do you know how to help a person die? If you know that someone is about to die, help him to be quiet, help him to forget his accumulations, to be free of his worries, of his problems, to give up his attachments, all his possessions.' You were silent and then you said, 'It is just stepping over.' And your face lit up. 'If you can't do that, you are where you are, you remain where you are.'

CHAPTER 38

"Is It Possible to Keep the Brain Very Young?"

On January 14, 1981, Krishnaji gave a public talk in Vasant Vihar, Madras. Speaking of the brain, he asked, "Is it possible to keep the brain very young? Is it possible for the brain to rejuvenate itself? This brain which is so old, with its infinite capacities; a brain that has evolved in time through social, economic pressures; the brain which is an extraordinary instrument, which controls all thinking, all activities, all our sensory operation; can that brain become totally innocent? I use the word 'innocent' in the sense that it cannot be hurt." He asked each person in the audience not to agree, but to observe their own mind, the brain, which is very very subtle. "Can we," he asked, "challenge the brain itself to find out whether it has the capacity, the energy, the drive, the intensity to break down this continuity of the past so that in the very ending, the brain cells themselves undergo a change, a transformation?" He was probing deeply.

"Thought is a material process; thought is the outcome of memory, experience, knowledge, stored up in the brain cells, in the thinking process itself. And it has functioned in a particular direction, continuously evolving. Thought, memory is a part of the brain. The brain is material; this brain contains memory, experiences knowledge, from which comes thought. So thought has its continuity, based on knowledge, which is the past; and that past is operating all the time, modifying itself in the present and continuing. In this continuity it has found immense security through beliefs, illusion, knowledge. In this faith there is a sense of being protected, of being 'in the womb of God.' This is an illusion. Any disturbance in that continuity is the challenge;

and when it cannot respond properly, it finds its security is disturbed." He paused and was silent, listening to himself.

"Watch this in yourself, watch carefully. We are asking whether the brain—which is the brain of all human beings, evolved immemorial times, conditioned by cultures, religions, by economic, social pressures—whether that brain, which has had a timeless continuity till now, can discover an ending of continuity as time?" He asked the listeners not to be stimulated by the speaker, for then the listener was dependent on him. "Then the speaker becomes your authority, your guru. The demand is that you be a light to yourself, not accept the light of another."

He discussed death as a total ending and destruction of the brain, an ending to a continuity of life. "To understand this," he said, "can we examine 'what is'? The 'what is' of your life, your everyday life? Throughout the ages we have clung to a continuity of life. We have never asked what is the meaning of death. We have put death in opposition to life. But continuity implies time. The movement of thought. Time means movement. From here to there—to psychologically reach from that which is not beautiful to that which is beautiful.

"To find out what death is, can that continuity end? Can the sense of duration end?" He paused.

"Death says to you, 'end it,' end your attachments completely, because that is what is going to happen when you stop breathing. You are going to leave everything behind.

"So death implies the ending of attachment. It is only in the ending that there is a beginning.

"It is only then that the brain can discover for itself a quality of movement that is totally free of the past."

Krishnaji asked his listeners a question. "If there is no ending, what happens to the mind, to the whole movement of consciousness, yours or mine, to the consciousness of man? What happens to our daily life? Life is like a vast river in which there is pain, sorrow, anxiety. When the part dies, the stream goes on. Manifestation of the stream is you, with your name, and so on. But you are still part of this stream. And we are saying, can you end that stream? Do you follow? Because the 'me' is the continuity. The 'I' is the beginning not only genetically, but of that which is handed down generation after generation from millennia. It is a continuity, and that which is continuous is mechanical. You observe a person who has insulted you or praised you. The brain registers. So you never actually see. This registration is what gives continuity.

"We are laying the foundations to discover what is meditation. The understanding of ourselves is part of this meditation. In the understanding of sorrow, pain, fear, anxiety, you see that consciousness is its content, as tradition, anxiety, name, position. Can this consciousness in which is the brain, which is part of the mind, part of consciousness—can this consciousness realize its content, realize its sense of duration, and taking one part of that consciousness as attachment, end it voluntarily? That means, can you break continuity? Which means, is it possible to register only what is necessary and nothing else?

"Knowledge is always limited. So the brain, having found security in the movement of knowledge, clings to it and translates every incident, according to the past. In the movement of ending of continuity is complete order. This insight is the revolution in the structure of the brain."

Krishnaji's words flowed. "It is the brain that puts everything in its right place. Then, in total insight into the whole movement of consciousness, the activity and structures of the brain undergo a change. When you see something for the first time, a new function begins to operate. Your arm, this arm was developed because of function. So when the brain discovers something new, a new function is born, a new organism comes into being.

"It is necessary for a mind, for a brain to become very young, fresh, innocent, alive, youthful. This is only possible when there is no psychological registration," said Krishnaji.

Then he spoke of love and meditation. "Has love a continuity? Is love desire? Can love come into being like fresh morning dew? It cannot. If love has a continuity, please go into it. Love does not exist in your heart, that is why the world is in such a mess.

"To come upon love, the whole stream of consciousness must come to an end. Consciousness being your jealousy, your antagonism, your ambition, your desire for becoming bigger, your desire for seeking power. Where there is any sense of egotism, the other is not. And the essence of egotism is the process of registration. The ending of sorrow is the beginning of compassion.

"Now, can we talk of meditation? There are several things implied in meditation. There must be space; not physical space only, but space within the mind. All our minds are occupied. This occupation is like a housewife with her cooking, with her children, like a devotee with his god, a man with his occupation, with his sex, with his job. In that the mind is wholly occupied, therefore there is no space in it. If there is no order in your relationship with your wife, with your children, forget about meditation. But absolute order can look to cosmic order. That order has relationship with cosmic order. Cosmic order means the setting of the sun and the moon, the marvelous sky of the evening with all its beauty. But merely examining the cosmos, the universe, through a telescope is not order. Order is here, in our life. Then that order has an extraordinary relationship with the universe."

One evening a barefoot, bearded *sadhu* wearing an earth-colored robe and a cloth tied round his head, spoke to Achyut, and later in the week he met Krishnaji. He belonged to the ancient Siddha sect and lived with a guru in Anantpur District. His guru was old and had told his disciple that he had felt the mystic presence of a great being who was teaching in the world. "I am dying," the guru said, "so he will be your guru, find him." The disciple had wandered, searching for the true teacher. He had visited all the *ashrams*, but was not satisfied. Then in Madras he had heard of Krishnaji and had come to the talks. Feeling that he had found what he sought, he returned to his guru and described what he had seen. The guru had confirmed his insight and had asked him to return to Madras and Krishnaji. Later, in Madras, the *sadhu* heard that his guru had died.

This *sannyasi* had secret knowledge of plant alchemy and the use of herbs in medicinal recipes. He knew the time of the day or night when the plants were to be collected, how stored, and the *mantras* that were to accompany the making of the potion. A great element of magic was present in what he said: that plants had intelligence and awareness. They revealed themselves only to those who approached them rightly. He told Achyut, "A plant wrongly approached, with greed or desire, vanishes and cannot be found. Plants and herbs have to be talked to. Their permission must be taken before touching them, they have to be addressed with humility—'Do you permit me to touch you, would you like me to wait?' They give light and fragrance to those who commune with them." His words were reminiscent of the mysterious sacredness and wonder for plants as life-givers, protectors, holders of energy that is found in the hymns of the *Atharva Veda*. Krishnaji was very interested in the man and his sensitivity and relationship to plants.

Achyut sent him out to carry Krishnaji's teachings amongst Siddhas and wandering sects of *sadhus*.

CHAPTER 39

"The Nature of God"

In early 1981 I was asked by Indira Gandhi to be chairman of the advisory committee set up to organize the Festival of India celebrations in England.* In this connection, I visited England in May. After my official work was over, I went to Brockwood Park to meet Krishnaji. I asked him whether we could continue our dialogues, and he agreed. The first afternoon we discussed "the nature of God." A few members of the Brockwood Park School were present.

I asked Krishnaji whether it was possible to inquire into "the nature of, call it God—call it creation—the ground of Being?"

"I think it is possible" Krishnaji responded, "if one can free the mind of all belief—of all traditional acceptance of the word 'God' and the implications and the consequences of that word. Can the brain and mind be totally free to investigate that which the Israelis call the 'nameless,' the Hindus 'the Brahman,' the 'Highest Principle?' The whole world believes in the word 'God.' Could we put away all beliefs? Only then is it possible to investigate."

"But 'God' is a word; in it there is a storehouse of content. Therefore when the mind says it is free of belief, what does it exactly mean?"

"Human beings say they believe in God," answered Krishnaji. "God is omnipotent and omnipresent, he exists in all things. There is a traditional acceptance of that word with all its content. Can one be free of the million years of this tradition—consciously as well as unconsciously to be free of that word?"

"At one level," I said, "it is possible to say that one is free. If you were to ask me do I believe in God, do I believe in Krishna, Rama, or Shiva, I would say no. But that is not the final thing."

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*The Festival of India celebrations, organized by the government of India, were a major cultural manifestation which included dance, music, theater, exhibitions of the classical and rural arts and life, science and technology, street performers, seminars, films, and so forth

"No," said Krishnaji.

I continued. "There is a feeling that God goes far beyond all words, that it is integral to the fact of life itself. Before I go into the origins of that word I have to enquire into the state of my mind which says the outer beliefs are out for there is a sense that without 'it' nothing could exist. That it is the ground."

"Shall we discuss the ground from which everything originates?" asked K. "How does one find out? One can only find out when one is absolutely free, otherwise one cannot. Our consciousness is so loaded, crowded."

I asked, "Is there a possibility of being in which any movement of the mind as belief is out; belief in any particular God is negated?"

"Does one negate it verbally or deeply at the very root of one's being? Can one say I know nothing and stop there?" Krishnaji responded.

"I can't say I know nothing," I answered. "But I can say that the movement of belief in a particular God, does not arise in the mind. Therefore there is nothing outer to negate as belief. But I still do not know the state of 'I know nothing,' which is a very different state from the outer movement as belief."

"How does one proceed?" K asked. "Could we negate completely the whole movement of knowledge? Negate everything except the knowledge of driving a car and all technological knowledge? Could one negate the feeling that one knows? The whole accumulated experience of man, which says there is God or there have been prophets and seers who have said there is no such thing as God. Can one negate the knowledge of all that one knows?"

"One has comprehended the way of negating the rising movement."

"Do you mean the rising movement of thought as belief?" asked Krishnaji.

"Yes, but the depths, the dormant, the million years that form the matrix of one's being, how does one touch that?"

"Could we begin not by enquiring into whether there is God, but ask why the human mind has worked, struggled with becoming? Becoming not only outwardly, but inwardly. *A* becoming that is based on knowledge, on constant movement, an uprising movement—the being somebody." Krishnaji was entering into the question.

"Now, are the two related? We started with an investigation into the nature of God and we spoke of the matrix and becoming. Are they related?"

"Aren't they related?" Krishnaji asked. "I think they are. Let us look at it. I may be wrong. My being is essentially based on what I have understood, not verbally, but the feeling in me that there is something enormous, something incredibly immense. I am looking about that part of my being, that knowledge, tradition that is the matrix, the ground on which one stands. So long as that is there, one is not actually free. Can one investigate into that?"

"Sir," said Mary Zimbalist, "there is a heritage of that in every human life. Is that different from human instinct to which heritage attaches? Is it only heritage handed down, or is it a deep movement that is innately in the human mind apart from all influence?"

"Are you saying, is this inherent in man?" Krishnaji asked her.

"Is there an inherent movement in every human being towards some unknown being which is sought? Something that is beyond what one is taught, beyond what one picks up through one's heritage?" she enquired.

"Is it genetic?" asked someone else.

"Genetic involves time and the movement of growth, evolution. Now, can one totally empty all that, the accumulation of a million years? I am speaking of the most deep-rooted, something that is unconscious; deep things are always so. I think if we want to investigate, that must go too," said Krishnaji.

"Can one go to the end of the unconscious mind?" I asked. "Is it possible, without the unconscious being exposed, for it to end? How does one experience that which one cannot formulate? That which lies beyond the total particulars of any one person's knowledge?"

"Don't you have the feeling, the insight into this question, that there must be the total negating of all things, or the beginning of all things?" asked Krishnaji.

"I comprehend the negation of all that rises in the brain. But the layers of the unconscious, the ground on which one stands, can one negate that? Perhaps one is asking the wrong question. Perhaps there can never be a negation of that. How can one negate that?" I was trying to understand.

"Just a minute. Man has tried in several ways to find this. He has fasted, he has tortured himself, but he is always anchored to something."

"Yes."

"One can be free of anchors from most things. Can one be free from the question?" Mary asked.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes," said Krishnaji.

"Then how can Pupul ask that question?" Mary wondered.

"No," said Krishnaji. "That is the whole point. Can one do such a thing first of all? Is it possible to be so totally 'non-movement'? Otherwise movement is time, thought, and all that. Complicated things are involved in this. First of all, why do we want to find the meaning of God? The meaning behind all this?"

I answered, "There is a part of us which is still seeking."

"Yes, that is it. We never say 'I don't know.' That's a state of mind that is absolutely motionless. To say 'I don't know.' " He paused. "I think that is one of our difficulties. We all want to know—which means, to put God into the bay of knowledge."

"Look Sir, isn't there in the ear listening, in the eye seeing—in the word said—the whole content of what God is? Is it not necessary to wipe out this matrix?" I enquired.

"Can you wipe out the matrix?" Krishnaji asked.

"I don't know."

"When you use the word 'matrix,' what do you mean by that?" asked Krishnaji.

"I only know that beyond the horizons of my mind, of the obvious beliefs, there are depths and depths in me. You use a very significant phrase somewhere, 'to play around with the deep.' So you also point to depths which lie beyond the surface arising. Is this depth within the matrix?" I enquired.

"No, no—can't be," said Krishnaji. "That is why I am asking, why do I want to find out whether there is something beyond all this?"

"Because, Krishnaji, I can do nothing about this matrix," I said.

"I wonder what you call matrix?" asked Krishnaji.

"This depth which I cannot bring to the surface, into the daylight of consciousness, of perception, of attention. This depth which does not come within the purview of my eyes and ears, but still is there. I know it is there. It is 'me.' Not being able to see it, touch it, I have a feeling that perhaps if there is a right listening to the truth . . ." I was trying to communicate.

"Let us go into it. Is that depth—if I may use that word for the moment—is that depth measurable?" asked Krishnaji.

"No," I replied.

"Then why do you use the word 'depth'? Depth means measurable."

"I am using the word depth to connote something that is beyond my knowledge—you see, if it is within the contours of my horizon, available to my senses, then it is measurable. But if it is not available I can do nothing about it. I do not have the instruments to reach it."

"How do you know that there is this depth? Is it not imagination? Do you know it as experience?" Krishnaji asked.

"Yes."

"Ah! be careful, be careful."

"The problem is—if I say yes, it is a trap. If I say no, it is a trap."

"I want to be quite clear, Pupulji, forgive me, that we both understand the meaning of our words."

"Surely, Sir. A word can be said from the surface mind and it can be said with a great weight behind it. I am saying that this ground contains the whole history of man. It has great weight and depth. Can I not go into it without your asking me whether it is imagination? Can't you feel that depth?"

"I understand, Pupulji, but you see . . ." He paused. "And that depth—is it the depth of silence? Which means the mind, the brain is utterly still—not something that comes and goes."

"How can I answer that?" I asked.

"I think one can—if there is no sense of attachment to it. No sense of memory involved in it. Pupulji, let us begin again. The whole world believes in God. In Ceylon they were very upset when I said the word God is put together by thought. Do you remember? The whole world believes in God. Unfortunately, I don't know what God is. Probably I can never find out." He paused. "And I am not interested in finding out. But what I am concerned with is whether the mind, the brain, can be totally, completely free from all accumulated knowledge, experience? Because if it is not, it will function always within its field, expanding—contracting—vertically, horizontally—but always within that area. It does not matter how much one accumulates, it will still be within that area. And if the mind moves from that area and says, 'I must find out,' then it is still carrying the movement, the mind, with it. I don't know whether I am making myself clear?" There were great pauses between Krishnaji's words.

He continued. "So my concern is whether the brain, the mind, can be completely free from all taint of knowledge. To me that is tremendously significant, because if it is not, it will never be out of that area, never."

"You speak of any movement of the mind—any movement."

"Yes. Any movement out of that area is to find that the brain is still anchored in knowledge and seeks further knowledge about God. So I say my concern is whether the mind, the brain is capable of being completey immovable? When you put a question of that kind either you say, 'It is not possible' or 'It is possible.' But if you deny the possibility and the impossibility of it, then what is left? Do you follow? Can I have insight, the depth of insight into the movement of knowledge so that the insight stops the movement? Not I who stop the movement nor the brain that stops the movement. In that is the ending of knowledge and the beginning of something else. So I am concerned only with the ending of knowledge, consciously, deeply. There is this enormous feeling that comes of oneness, a harmonious unity, and if it is simulated there is no point, then you perpetuate yourself—Right?" Again he paused and listened.

"The 'me' is the essence of knowledge," he continued. "I doubt everything man has put together, including myself. That is a very cleansing attitude. So we start with the extraordinary feeling of not knowing anything. If we could say, 'I know nothing,' in the deepest sense of the word—it is there—you don't have to do anything."

Krishnaji challenged me. "Look Pupulji, suppose this person were not here. How would you deal with this problem? How would you deal with this problem of God, belief? How would you actually deal with it without any reference to anybody?"

"Yes, even to dc that is possible," I responded.

"Let us move from there. Each one of us is totally responsible. We are not referring to past authorities or saints. Each one is totally responsible to answer this question. You have to answer it."

"Why should I have to answer it?" I asked.

"I will tell you why. You are part of humanity and humanity is asking this question. Every saint, every philosopher, every human being, somewhere in his depths, is asking this question."

"Sir, is this question not somewhere, in a sense, wrong?" asked Mary.

"I said so. But you have to answer it without any reference to what has been said or not said. I come to you with these questions. I ask you as a human being. To me, these questions are tremendously important."

"May I ask you something? How does one take a question like this and leave it in consciousness?" I asked.

"Pupulji, either you have never thought about it, or you have thought about it and gathered tremendous information from books—maybe this is the first time you are facing this question. Go slow, go slow."

"You have a way of taking a question, asking it, and then, without any movement of the mind, remaining with it." I refused to be turned away.

"Yes, that would be right."

"That is what I want to know. One asks the question and there is movement of the mind towards it. With you, when such a question is put, there is no movement of the mind towards the question."

"You are right. Now are you asking how to get it?" asked Krishnaji.

"I know I can't get it," I said.

"No. You are right to ask that question." He addressed everyone. "Do you understand what Pupulji said? Do it, do it. I am asking you as a human being, and human beings have asked these questions for a million years. I come to you and put this question—are you ready to answer or do you hold the question quietly? Hold it, do you understand? And out of that very holding without any reaction, any response, comes the answer. Right?"

"Could you say something about the nature of that holding?" asked Scott Forbes, a member of the faculty at Brockwood Park School.

"A cup holds water. A pond is a receptacle that holds water, a holding without any wave, without any motive or movement, without any sense of trying to find an answer."

"Sir," said Mary, "with most of us we may not try to find an answer, we may first remain quietly with an unanswered question, but sooner or later comes an answer that may not be something from the deep wells of the unconscious and wells up to fill that space."

"I know. Now just a minute. I ask you a question. 'Do you believe in God?' I am asking that question. Can you say you don't know or you don't believe or do you say, may be? Without saying anything about it, can you look at the question? Can you? If you ask a devout Christian, immediately he would say, 'Of course I believe in God.' If you went to India and asked, immediately there would be a reaction. It is like pressing a button. For me, I really don't know whether there is God or not."

"In holding, isn't there an enquiry?" Scott spoke again.

"You see—unless you understand this, it can lead to a great deal of misunderstanding. Sir, computers can be programmed by ten different professors, with a great deal of knowledge. They can hold tremendous information. Our brains are trained that way, they have been programmed for thousands of years, and that brain replies immediately to a question. If the brain is not programmed, it is watching, looking. Now can our brains be not programmed?"

"But this activity of looking around is not the holding? Can you say something about the holding?" Scott continued.

"You say it." Krishnaji was pushing.

"I have nothing to say."

"Push, push." Krishnaji said.

"As the cup holds water or the earth holds the pond, is there something that holds like the cup and the earth?"

"No. Pupulji asked me a question which was depth. You received that question. What was your response?"

"Which question, Sir?" asked Scott.

"From the depth—layer after layer, from the depth, the ground. Now, what was your reaction to that?"

"You see, Sir," I intervened, "when a question is normally put, it is like grains of sugar being dropped on the ground—the ants from all over come towards it. It is the same with the mind; when a question is put, movements, responses are awakened that gravitate toward the question. Now the question is can the question be put without these movements?"

"Without the ants, yes. I am told that when the brain is not operating—is quiet—it has a movement of its own. We are talking of the brain that is in constant movement, the energy of which is thought. Is thought the problem? How will you deal with this question? Can you question thought completely? Don't complicate it. I ask you a question. Don't answer immediately. Look at it, hold it. This is not an examination. Can one have a mind that is capable of not reacting immediately to a question? Can there be a delaying reaction, perhaps holding the question indefinitely?

"Let us go back, Pupulji. Is there a state of mind that is out of time? Is that a state of profound meditation? A meditation in which there is no state of achievement, there is nothing. That may be the ground, the origin of all things, a state in which the meditator is not."

"May I ask, is the meditator not the ground?"

"Obviously not."

"Without the meditator, can the ground be?"

"If the meditator is there the ground is not."

"But without the meditator, can there be meditation?" I asked.

"I speak of a meditation without the meditator."

"Meditation is a human process," I said.

"No," said Krishnaji.

"Let us investigate this if we may. Meditation cannot be free of individual being. There can be no meditation without the meditator. You may say the meditator is not the ground."

"No, just a minute. So long as I am trying to meditate, meditation is not," Krishnaji said.

"Yes," I agreed.

"Therefore there is only a brain, mind, that is in a state of meditation."

"Yes."

"Now that is the ground. The universe is in a state of meditation and that is the ground, that is the origin of everything. That is only possible when the meditator is not."

"And that is only possible when there are no anchors."

"Absolutely. In that there is absolutely freedom from sorrow. That state of meditation has come with the complete ending of the self. Beginning may be the eternal process, the beginning, an eternal beginning. How is this possible? Is it at all possible for a brain, for a human being to be so completely, utterly free of the meditator? Then there is no question whether there is God or no God. Then that meditation is the meditation of the universe." He paused.

"Is it possible to be so utterly free? I am asking that question. Don't reply, hold it. Do you see what I mean? Let it operate. In the holding of it, energy is being accumulated and that energy will act, not you acting. Do you understand?" After a long pause, Krishnaji asked, "So, have we understood the nature of God?"

CHAPTER 40

"The Meaning of Death"

The next morning we discussed death. I began the dialogue by asking the question that lies at the very depth of the human mind, the "coming to be and the ceasing to be," life and death.

"It is around these two, the wonder of birth and the fear of death, that man's life rests. At one level we understand birth and death. But it is only the superficial mind that understands. It is imperative to understand at depth the meaning of existence, that which is held between birth and death and the fears, the darkness that lie in the ending of anything."

Krishnaji listened as he always does, with his whole body and mind. He asked, "Why do you use the word 'problem'?"

"In themselves, birth and death are not a problem; but the mind can never leave them alone. The mind clings to one and rejects the other. The problem is because of the shadows that surround the word 'death.' There is joy and splendor in the word 'birth,' the coming to be and there is the urge to hold to it at any cost and the urge to evade 'death.' " I was trying to open up the problem.

"I understand that."

"Out of this arises sorrow, out of it arises fear, out of it all demands," I continued.

"So what is the question?" asked Krishnaji.

"How do we explore the word 'death'? How can we be free of the darknesses that surround the word? How can the mind look at death with simplicity and observe it for what it is?"

"Are you including in your question the whole process of living, with its confusion, complexities, and the ending of that? Are you concerned to find out what it means—death and this long period of struggle, misery, etc., to which we cling? Are you asking a question regarding the whole movement of life and death?" Krishnaji was widening the question to include a nonfragmented wholeness.

"There is a whole movement of existence which includes life and death," I said. "But if you make the field too wide, we cannot get to the depth of sorrow, of ending. There is such anguish in something that 'is' and something that 'ceases to be.' Something that is marvelous, fills one's life, and the sorrow that lurks behind—for that which is, must end."

"Now, what is ending?" Krishnaji asked.

"Something that exists and ceases to be—ceases to be eternally," I answered.

"Why do you use the word 'eternally'?" questioned Krishnaji.

"Sir, something 'is,' and in the very nature of its 'isness' lurks the ending of that, the ceasing of that for eternity. There is no tomorrow in ending." I was listening very intently.

"Now, just a minute. Ending what?" The probing had started.

"Ending that which sustains. The sorrow is the ending of that which sustains."

"The ending of sorrow, but the ending is not eternity?" asked Krishnaji.

"No, the sorrow which arises when something that was so marvelous ends."

"Wait a minute. Is it so marvelous?" asked Krishnaji.

"Let me be more direct. You are, and that you should not be—that is great anguish," I said.

"You are and—" Krishnaji was still hesitant, trying to get me to see the problem with an absolute clarity.

"Not you are—*You*, Krishnamurti, are, and in that statement there is the tremendous anguish of Krishnaji ceasing to be," I said.

"Are you speaking of the anguish of Krishnaji ending, or Krishnaji himself ending? You follow?"

I did not follow, and asked, "Why do you make the distinction?"

"Death is inevitable to this person," said Krishnaji. "To him it does not matter. There is no fear, no anguish. But you look at that person and say, 'My God, one day he is going to die.' So the fear, the anguish, is *your* anguish," said Krishnaji.

"Yes, it is my anguish."

"Now, why?" questioned Krishnaji.

"It is. Why do you ask *why*?"

"I want to know why, when a human being dies, beautiful, ugly—the whole of human existence is contained in that—he dies and it is inevitable. I look at that person, I love that person, he dies, and I am in anguish. Why? Why am I desperate, lonely, in sorrow? We are not talking intellectually, but actually. I have lost that person, he has been dear to me, my companion, and he comes to an end. I think it is really important to understand ending, because there is something totally new when there is an ending to everything," said Krishnaji.

"Isn't it inevitable—he was the perfume of my existence," I said.

"Yes, I loved him. With him I felt full, rich. That person comes to an end."

"Isn't that sorrow?" I asked.

"It is. My son, my brother dies, it is tremendous sorrow. It is as though the whole of existence had been uprooted, a marvelous tree torn down in an instant. I shed tears, there are anxieties, and my mind then seeks comfort and says I will meet him in my next life. Now I am asking myself, why does man carry this sorrow with him? You see, I am in sorrow because I have never understood deeply what is ending. I have lived forty, fifty, eighty years; during that period I have never realized the meaning of ending. The putting an end to something I hold dear. The total ending of it—not the ending of it, to continue it in another direction—"

"What makes the mind capable of ending? What comes in the way?" I asked.

"It is fear, of course. Can one end something without any motive or direction, without attachment, with all its complexities, with all its links to memory, to experience, knowledge? Death comes . . . after all, it is an ending of knowledge, that is what one is clinging to—the knowledge that a person dies, and I have looked after him, cherished him—in that all conflict is involved. Can one end totally, absolutely to the memory of that?" He paused. "That is death." Krishnaji was speaking very slowly, feeling his way into the immense question.

"Is there, as you have said, 'living to enter the house of death'?"

"Yes," he answered.

"What does it exactly mean?"

"To invite death while living. This does not mean to commit suicide or take a pill and exit. I am talking of ending—not only the depth of it, but the actual ending of something I have cherished. I cling to that memory and I live in that memory. I cherish it, and therefore I never find out what it means to end. There is a great deal in that. To end every day, everything that you have psychologically gathered," said Krishnaji.

"Attachment has to end?" I asked.

"That is death," said Krishnaji.

"That is not death," I countered.

"What would you call death? The organism coming to an end? Or the ending of the image I have built about the person who dies?"

"If you reduce it to an image, then I will say the image I have built about you. But it is much more than that," I said.

"There is much more than that. But I am enquiring. I have cherished you, and the image of you is deeply rooted in me. You die and that image gathers strength, naturally. I put flowers before it, write poetic words to it, and I am in sorrow. I am talking about the ending of that image. This mind cannot enter into a totally new dimension if there is a shadow of memory lurking. If the mind has to enter the timeless, the eternal, it must not have an element of time in it. I think this is logical. What is it you object to?" asked Krishnaji.

"Life is not logical, rational," I explained.

"Of course it is not. But it is in the ending of everything that you have gathered, which is time, that you understand that which is everlasting, without time. The mind must be free of time, and therefore there must be ending." The words were perfectly tuned.

"Therefore there is no exploration into ending?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, there is," said Krishnaji.

"What is exploration into ending?" I asked again.

"What is ending? Ending to continuity? The continuity of a particular thought, a particular desire? Or is it that which gives life a continuity? In birth and in dying, in that great interval there is deep continuity. It is like a river, the volume of water makes the river like the Ganga, the Rhine, the Amazon. But we live on the surface of this vast river of life and we cannot see the beauty of the depths, if we are always on the surface. The ending of the continuity is the ending of the surface."

There was a long pause. For me, there had been a sinking to vast depths. From there I asked, "What dies?"

"All that I have accumulated, both outwardly and inwardly. I have built a good business, I have a nice house, nice wife and children and my life gives continuity to that. Can one end that?" said Krishnaji.

"But you mean to tell me that with the death of the body of Krishnamurti, the consciousness of Krishnamurti will end? Please, Sir, there is great weight in this question," I said.

"You have said two things, the consciousness of Krishnamurti and the body. The body will end, that is inevitable—disease, accident, and so on. So what is the consciousness of that person?" asked Krishnaji.

"Unending, abounding compassion. Suppose I say that," I said.

"I wouldn't call that consciousness."

"I am using the word 'consciousness' because that field is associated with the body of Krishnamurti. I can't think of another word—can I say, the mind of Krishnamurti?"

"Keep to the word 'consciousness' and let us look at it. Consciousness of a human being is its content. The content is the whole movement of thought, the learning of language, beliefs, rituals, dogmas, loneliness, a desperate movement of fear, all that is consciousness. If the movement of thought ends, consciousness as one knows it is not."

"But thought as a movement in consciousness as we know it does not exist in the mind of Krishnaji," I said. "Yet there is a state of being that manifests itself when I am in contact with him. Therefore—"

"Consciousness as we know is a movement of thought. It is a movement of time," Krishnaji intervened. "See that very clearly. When thought comes to an end, not in the material world, but in the psychological, consciousness as we know it is not."

"You can use any other word, but there is a state of being that manifests itself as Krishnamurti. What word shall I use?"

"I am not asking you to change the word. But say, for example, in real meditation you come to a point that is absolute. I see it, I feel it, to me that is a most extraordinary state. I contact it. Through you I feel this immensity. And my whole urge, striving is to capture that. You have it, not 'you' have it—It is there—It is not Pupulji having it. It is not yours or mine. It is there," said Krishnaji.

"It is there because of you?" I asked.

"No, it is not there because of me. It is there." Again there was a long pause. The mind was touching something.

"Where?" I asked. Krishnaji listened, and let all time held in the question end.

"It has no place," he said. "First of all, it is not yours or mine."

"I only know that it is manifested in the person of Krishnamurti. Therefore when you say it has no place I cannot accept it," I said.

"Because you have identified Krishnamurti with that?" asked Krishnaji.

"But Krishnamurti *is* that?" I responded.

"Maybe. But K says that it has nothing to do with Krishnamurti or anybody. It is there. Beauty is not yours or mine. It is there, in the tree, in the flower."

"But, Sir, the healing and the compassion which is in Krishnamurti is not out there. I am talking of that," I said.

"But this is not Krishnamurti." He pointed to his body.

"It is manifested in Krishnamurti and it will cease to be manifested. That is what I am talking about," I said.

Krishnaji's response was swift. "I question that. It may manifest through X. That which is manifested or is manifesting does not belong to X."

"It may not belong to X," I began.

"It has nothing to do with X."

"It may not belong to Krishnamurti. But Krishnamurti and that are inseparable," I said.

"Yes. But you see, when you identify that with the person, we are entering into something very delicate." The tentacle was probing.

"I want to go into it slowly. You see—take the Buddha—whatever the Buddha consciousness was, it was manifested through him and it has ceased to be," I said.

"I question that the consciousness of Buddha ceased when he passed away. It was manifested through him, and you say when he died that disappeared."

"I have no knowledge to say it disappeared, but it could no longer be contacted."

"Naturally not," Krishnaji said.

"What do you mean by 'naturally not'?" I asked.

"Because he was illumined. Therefore it comes to him. It was. There was no division. And when he died his disciples said, 'He is dead and with his death that whole thing is over.' I say it is not. That which is good can never be over. As evil—if I can use that word without too much darkness in the word—evil continues in the world. Right? That evil is totally different from the good. The good manifests, the good will always exist, as the evil—which is not the opposite of the good—continues."

"You say that great illumined compassion does not disappear, but now I can contact it?" I persisted.

"Yes. But you can contact it when that person is not. That is the whole point. Krishnamurti has nothing to do with it," said Krishnaji.

"When you say, 'be a light to yourself,' is it involved with contacting 'that' without a person?"

"Not contacting, but receiving, living it. It is there for you to reach out and receive. But thought, as consciousness as we know it, has to come to an end. Thought is really the enemy of that. Thought is the enemy of compassion. And to have this flame, it demands not sacrifice, not this, not that, but an awakened intelligence which sees the movement of thought and the very awareness ends it. That is what real meditation is."

"What significance then has death?" I asked.

"None. It has no significance, because you are living with death all the time. Because you are ending everything all the time. I don't think we see the beauty and importance of ending. We see continuity with its waves of beauty, its superficiality."

"I drive away tomorrow, do I cut myself completely from you?" I asked.

"No, you cut yourself away from that eternity, with all its compassion, if you make me a memory." He paused. "I meet the Buddha. I have listened to him very deeply. In me the whole truth of what he says is abiding, and he goes away. He has told me very carefully, 'Be a light to yourself.' The seed is flowering. I may miss him. He was a friend, somebody whom I really loved. But what is really important is that seed of truth which he has planted—by my alertness, awareness, intense listening, that seed will flower. Otherwise, what is the point of somebody having it? If X has this extraordinary illumination, a sense of immensity, compassion, and all that, if only he has it and he dies, what is the point of it all? What?"

"May I ask one question? What is the reason, then, for his being?" I asked.

"What is the reason for his being, for his existence? To manifest that?" There was a pause, then Krishnaji said, "To be the embodiment of that, why should there be any reason? A flower has no reason, love has no reason, it exists. I try to find a reason and the flower is not. I am not trying to mystify all this. It is there for any one to reach out and to hold. So, Pupulji, death and birth—which must be an extraordinary event to a mother, and perhaps to a father—birth and death are far apart and all the travail of continuity is the misery of man. It is when continuity ends each day that we are living with death. That is a total renewal. That is something which has no continuity. That is why it is important to understand the meaning of ending totally. Can there be an ending to experience, or that which has been experienced and remains in the mind as memory?" He paused. "Could we go into the question whether a human being can live without time and knowledge apart from physical knowledge?"

I challenged him. "Isn't the living with ending the core of this question? That is, when the mind is capable of living with ending, it is capable of living with the ending of time and knowledge. Is it that you can do nothing about it? Is it that you have to listen and observe and do nothing else? Now I am getting to something rather difficult. There is the stream of knowledge. When I ask, 'Can I be free of the stream?' is it not one element of the stream of knowledge asking that question?"

"Of course, of course," Krishnaji responded.

"Then in that there is no meaning. The stream of knowledge, because it is challenged, responds. The only possible answer is the listening to the response."

"A throwing up, a listening, a flowering, and a subsiding," said Krishnaji from great depth.

"Is there anything else for man to do but to be awake to this arising?"

"And falling? Are you asking to really understand—we will call it goodness for the moment. Can you do anything? Is that what you are saying? I am not entirely sure of that."

"That is what I wanted to know—tell me."

"Isn't that rather an ultimate statement? I can do nothing about it," said Krishnaji.

"No, Sir, either I can do or . . . "

"Let us find out," said Krishnaji. You could feel the tentative probing mind.

"Either I can do, then the next question is, 'What can I do?' "

"What makes you say you cannot do?" asked Krishnaji. "Let us investigate together. What makes you say you can do nothing about it? About what?"

"About this arising from the stream. That is what we are talking about. There is a stream of knowledge. Either I am separate from that stream—"

"Which you are not," said Krishnaji.

"In investigating, I see, I am not."

"I understand that. If you make the statement 'I am the stream of knowledge and I can do nothing about it,' then you are playing with words."

"Then what is possible? What is the state of mind?"

"That is better," Krishnaji interrupted.

"That is sensitive to the arising and the falling," I said.

"If it is sensitive, there is neither arising nor ending," said Krishnaji

"We don't know that state—the fact is, there is arising," I said.

"Can't you do something about the arising? Can't you do something without trying to change it, modify it, or escape from it? Can one see the arising of anger and be aware of that? Can one let it flower and end? Can one see anger arise and not get violent about it? Can one watch the movement of it, let it flower, and as it flowers it dies?"

"The mind that is capable of observing, how does anger arise at all?"

"It may be that the mind has not understood the whole movement of violence," said Krishnaji.

"Now, how does one observe something without the observer? Or does one observe with the observer?"

"The human mind has separated itself as the observer and the observed," said Krishnaji.

"I can observe anger arising, watch its manifestations—not interfere with its manifestations—and watch it subside," I said.

"That you can do something about it."

"The mind we call awake, that is what it does."

"Only the mind that sees that it can do nothing is motionless.

"So, have we, in this dialogue, seen the meaning of death?"

CHAPTER 41

"Learn to Die to Yourself Completely."

On October 22, 1981, Krishnaji arrived in Delhi with Asit Chandmal. Krishnaji had been ill in Brockwood a few days earlier and had also pulled a muscle in his back. He was looking very frail and had lost a great deal of weight. He had aged and his shoulders were bowed. He wanted to talk seriously to us in the afternoon. At about 4:30 P.M. he started talking to Nandini and me. He said that a fortnight back he was in Brockwood; he had been quite ill and in bed for a month. One night he awoke with a feeling of being completely well. Every organ in his body was healthy and awake. In that state he had a sense that the door of death was open. He was stepping through, completely awake and completely still. At one instant of death, however, the door closed. He did not close the door, the door closed.

He then turned to me very seriously and said, "Death can come at any moment." He asked me how I was physically. I said I had not been too well. He said, "You have to be well. You have to outlive me." And then he said strange words, which he repeated, "Learn to die to yourself completely." The frail body was shaking, yet there was a roar of thunder in his words.

From Delhi Krishnaji came to Varanasi. His first talk was exalted. He spoke about "the teaching as the mirror in which you see 'what is' reflected. The teaching is perception within you, of the actual."

Krishnaji said, "See, ask, what is religion, what is thought? See thought arising, watch it—without that all else is illusion and becoming. The truly religious mind is concerned with discovery and the understanding of what Truth is.

"Look," he said, "find out the origin, the beginning of thought, operating in time. For millennia, man is caught in pattern, in knowledge. There is no freedom in pattern, in knowledge." He spoke of the future of man—of computers taking over the inventive capacity of the brain. Scientists were pondering the ultimate intelligence machine—mother computers that could possibly create future computers. Computers in the future would invent gods, create philosophy. "Then, what is man?" Krishnaji asked. "The only thing man can do which the computer cannot is look at the evening star.

"There are only two alternatives for man: Either he commits himself to entertainment outwardly, as sport, religion, ritual, or he turns inward. The brain has an infinite capacity, now used technologically. The brain is occupied by the material—when this function is taken over by the machine, the brain will wither. Only religion can bring about a new culture. A religion that is totally independent of superstition and ritual. For that one has to uncover that which is beyond time, beyond thought."

At lunch Jagannath Upadhyaya was present. He had just been given a Nehru Fellowship and was going on his first trip abroad, visiting Buddhist centers in several countries. Krishnaji asked how he would communicate with academics, for Panditji knew no English, though he could understand the spoken word. Panditji replied that he would converse with his counterparts in Sanskrit. Soon Krishnaji began advising the Pandit on what clothes he should wear in Europe. Jagannath Upadhyaya was bewildered and overwhelmed when Krishnaji asked Achyut to make a list of clothes for him to take, including woolen longjohns. Krishnaji was very concerned that Upadhyaya would suffer because he would not be able to stand the winter abroad.

We then discussed the morning talk. Upadhyayaji said he had discussed the talk with his friends and they felt that, for the first time, they had actually contacted what Krishnaji said. In the beginning of the 1950s, when pandits of Varanasi had first heard Krishnaji, the Buddhists held that Krishnaji was speaking Buddhism, the Vedantins that he was in the stream of Vedanta. Later, Upadhyayaji felt that Krishnaji was more in the stream of Nagarjuna. Again, at a later period, he felt that Krishnaji's word was what Nagarjuna would have said had he been alive today. It was relevant to the contemporary moment. Since Madras last year, Panditji had been thinking anew. He could no longer make any statement on Krishnaji, he was still probing. Krishnaji said he had talked a great deal; there were a number of books. People referred to them as "Krishnamurti's teachings." "The teachings were not the book," he said. "The only teachings were, 'Look at yourself. Enquire into yourself—go beyond.' There is no understanding of the teaching, only understanding of yourself. The words of K were a pointing of the way. The understanding of yourself the only teaching."

Questioned, Jagannath Upadhyaya explained to Krishnaji the nature of Nagarjuna's negation. It was the negating of all doctrine, belief, including the doctrine of the Buddha. Krishnaji was very interested. Later, he asked Upadhyayaji, "How do you approach a problem?" Upadhyayaji could not understand. Krishnaji kept on probing. He said, "In the approach is the answer, not away from it." Jagannath Upadhyaya said he understood verbally.

On November 24, 1981, Achyut, Rimpoche Sandup, and I had lunch with Krishnaji. The Rimpoche's face was very grave. We spoke of Tibet and the possible return of the Dalai Lama. Krishnaji asked questions on the various schools of Buddhism in Tibet. Suddenly, the Rimpoche said, "For the last few days I have known great sorrow. I have meditated—looked, listened, but it is there." He had tears in his eyes and deep sorrow on his face. We talked of the ending of sorrow and the holding of sorrow in the mind and what it involved. Krishnaji suddenly put his two hands over his heart and said, "It is here." I asked him to elucidate that gesture. He said, "First of all, one must observe, see with great care the mind and its functioning, listen to what is within and without; out of this arises sensitivity and in sensitivity there arises insight. That insight alone will wipe away sorrow."

A day earlier we had, at a small discussion, spoken of time and knowledge. "Can the brain be free of time as becoming—can it change its dependence on psychological time?" I said that when one looked at the teaching, it had first concerned itself with individual transformation. He spoke of the mind of man, the million years of man's history, contained in the brain cells and the transformation in the brain cells. The birth of the global mind demanded an urgency, a revolution in the human condition. In the last few years Krishnaji had denied any place to the individual. He had gone beyond "man" and the human condition. He had been speaking of the universe, and a sense of the cosmic had entered his teachings. Krishnaji was asking, "What is man's relationship to the universe?" I again asked Krishnaji, "Has there been a change in your teachings?" He pondered for a few moments, then said pointing to the river Ganga, "at the source, that river is one drop—it is the Ganga."

He spoke of the meditation of the universe as the ground of creation. Meditation being a state without horizons, space without limit, and an ending of time. The words "timeless eternity" were part of his vocabulary. He brought into his teachings the logic of Buddhism, and with the ending of logic and thought he probed into space, using intelligence as the instrument. "The probing is with nothing, into wordless endless being."

"Can one hold that in consciousness?" he asked. "Then, what is consciousness?"

On a walk, he said, "The enquiry within is infinite. You must be alone, stripped, then you can take a journey into the unknown." He was still probing, feeling out, he continued to question.

Another afternoon at lunch he was pondering the immensity of time and its implications. He asked, "Is inner time a fact? Is there the arrow of time within?" He spoke of creation as total destruction. "In life there is both creation and destruction—the very act of listening is the miracle, it is light in darkness. In it is mutation and deep uprooting. Could one in the act of listening, explore into oneself?" he asked.

While in Rajghat, Krishnaji probed into the nature of attention. He asked us, "What is it to attend?" He said that the "total attention of one thought unfolds the whole nature of thought."

I said that for such a total attention, the mind had to have weight. Every attention gave depth to the ground of the mind. Krishnaji refused to accept that the many acts of attention gave depth to the mind. "No preparation is necessary," he said.

I asked him, "What gave the mind the swiftness, the insight to perceive that in one thought, all thought is revealed?" Krishnaji spoke of the necessity for the brain cells to be totally still. I said there was an inherent tendency in the brain to move. In asking the brain to be totally still, Krishnaji was going against the nature of the brain.

"Mutation is immediate," Krishnaji said. "The question is, what makes it take place?"

"Biologically, mutation is possible when there is a tremendous necessity for such mutation; or, with the ending of a particular function of the brain, the cells wither away and a new cell is born," I commented.

"The absolute necessity to change creates the biological need to find the new. As knowledge cannot transform man, I ask, is there an action that is not based on knowledge?"

Krishnaji's attention was cleaving into mind, establishing a direct contact, touching the minds around him.

I said, "I have to observe the mind, to see its traps. That is insight."

Krishnaji interrupted me. "No, you are a traditionalist. You are speaking of years of preparation to see this. I say, insight is the perception of this pattern. Insight breaks the pattern."

I said, "The word 'insight' is an interesting word. It implies sight into the within. Insight is to turn your face away from the known."

Krishnaji said, "Yes. The brain is conditioned to a pattern. The very biological necessity makes it to break the pattern. The insight needed to see this does not need training, nor time."

I said, "I am not speaking of continuity as time, but insight as a deepening of the mind."

Krishnaji said, "Deepening is time. See what is implied in what you are saying."

I said, "You are speaking of the mind being totally still. Twenty years ago when you asked such a question, my thoughts moved towards the question. This no longer happens. The brain is still and listens. There is a difference in quality between the two states. How can you deny the twenty years?"

Krishnaji said, "Time makes the brain duller and duller. I question the whole concept of time to get anywhere. I don't accept inner time."

"I am not talking of it as practice," I said.

"But you are giving strength to time," said Krishnaji. "How does the river in flood flow?" he asked. "Yet the first few drops are the river."

Achyut spoke, "You are so relentless in your logic. There is such immensity in what you say. Yet, I see that there is a blockage in me that comes in the way of my understanding you."

Krishnaji replied, "Could you consider denying time? Not time as the linear stream, but psychological time as becoming. Can you so deny time that it ceases in your brain? We are speaking of the psychological process of time as a movement from here to there." He paused. "Can you listen quietly?" he asked. "Can you accept time as sunrise and sunset and say, there is no other time?" he paused. "Don't say 'yes.' Do you see that this implies that there is no psychological future? It means the past has its own action, but not as the movement of time, as becoming something. I am asking you 'now.' I say, there is no preparation for insight. Do you see that? Can you see immediately, without time?"

I said, "One can see that the brain cells and thought are one. The brain cells for millennia have been conditioned to move in a pattern. Krishnaji said to me some years ago that the brain cells could not renew themselves, but a new cell had to be born."

Krishnaji said, "Transformation cannot take place in the old cell, nor in thought. The new can have no relationship to the old. All change, the movement from one corner of the brain to another, is not renewal. Find out, whether it is possible to break conditioning and discover something totally new."

I said that in total attention was the ending of the old. I could not know or contact the brain cells, I could only know thought. Any operation of attention has to be on thought. Then I asked, "We have said that movement is inbuilt into the brain. Can that brain, which for millennia has known movement, not move?"

"Yes, now we are getting it," said Krishnaji. "Can one see the brain cell as thought? Can one see that attention can only act on thought? And that transformation cannot act and has no relationship with thought? The old has to end."

I returned to New Delhi and was at the airport to receive Krishnaji when he arrived with Achyut from Varanasi on the last day of December 1981. They both stayed at my house at 11 Safdarjung Road. It was the first time that Krishnaji, Achyut, and I had been alone together, staying in the same house, and Krishnaji commented on it.

The next morning after breakfast we went into the sitting room and Krishnaji began talking of Mrs. Besant and Leadbeater. His great love for Mrs. Besant was evident. He told us that, as a child, he had many extrasensory powers—the capacity to read thought, or what was written in an unopened letter. He could make objects materialize, see visions, and foretell the future. He had the power of healing. But he had put all these powers aside naturally. He had never felt any interest in them. We tried to pursue the topic, when all of a sudden he asked, "Do you believe in mystery?"

"Yes," I said. "When we see you and talk to you seriously, a mysterious atmosphere comes into being."

Krishnaji said, "Yes, that is so."

I said, "There is a feeling of touch without anyone being there—a feeling of presence."

"It is in the room," said Krishnaji. "I don't know whether you feel it—what is that?" and then a strange look entered his eyes. "I must be awfully careful about this." He stopped speaking suddenly, then said, "You ask—I won't ask."

I said, "What is it?"

"Be careful. When we talk of this, either we are imagining it or . . . "

"What takes place—is it linked with you?"

"Yes, obviously." Krishnaji's mood was changing, he was speaking from great depth, as if traveling swiftly vast spaces within. "I think there is a force which the Theosophists had touched but tried to make into something concrete. But, there was something they had touched and then tried to translate into their symbols and vocabulary, and so lost it. This feeling has been going on all through my life—it is not. . . ."

"Linked with consciousness?" asked Achyut.

"No, no. When I talk about it, something tremendous is going on. I can't ask it anything," said Krishnaji.

Through windows, doors, silence poured.

"All your illnesses have been very strange. Every serious illness has been followed by a fount of new energy," I said. There was a long pause.

Krishnaji suddenly asked, "What are we talking about?"

"Is it something outside of you? Does it protect you?" I spoke hesitatingly.

"Yes, yes—of that there is no question—absolutely."

"Every time it takes place—does the nature of it change?"

Krishnaji said, "No, no . . . "

"Does it intensify?" I asked.

"Yes, it intensifies." Again there was a long pause.

Then, as if hesitating to use words, Krishnaji said, "Is it an external thing happening inwardly? The universe pouring in—and the body cannot stand too much to it. As I am talking, it is very strong. Five minutes ago, it wasn't there. When young they told me, 'Be completely like an open channel—don't resist.' " Only later did I wonder who 'they' were."

"Has it any relationship to the word Maitreya Bodhisattva?" Achyut asked.

"Is Maitreya Bodhisattva fictitious? Did C. W. L. invent it? Did the boy live with that name unconsciously? Or is it something totally different from their indoctrination?" Krishnaji appeared totally absorbed in the query.

"Does the word Maitreya mean anything to you?" I asked.

"No," Krishnaji answered.

I persisted. "Why do you say, 'No.'? You, who say there is no psychological memory, why do the words 'Maitreya Buddha' have an effect on you?"

"You remember Abanendranath Tagore's 'Buddha'—That picture had an extraordinary effect on the boy. He did not know what Buddhism was." Krishnaji paused. "But, the feeling of the Buddha has always been there. A feeling of enormity."

"A feeling of enormity? Can we go with that? Is that feeling outside you? Or is it within? Is the body not able to take it?"

"Don't think I am crazy. I have never felt as I feel now. That the universe is so close, as though my head was stuck in the universe. Does it sound crazy?" Krishnaji asked shyly.

"Are you saying that all barriers have ceased?"

"You see, the words 'Buddha,' 'Maitreya,' have lost meaning. I have a feeling that all verbal sensation has ended."

"You said something about being very close to the universe?"

Krishnaji laughed. "Yes, my head is in it."

"That comes through in the talks. The center of your teaching has moved to a cosmic position," I said.

Then he used strange words. "Or it may be nothing at all. It may be a tentacle that is feeling around. I am not getting to the clarity of it. Now, this room is filled with it. Whatever it is, it is throbbing with it. The more I watch, it is there—the intensity of it. I could sit here with you two and go off. Be with that enormous thing and let it operate. It is a mystery; the moment mystery is understood, it is no longer mystery. One cannot understand the mysterious—it is too infinite. It is like looking around the corner. Do you see?"

"I have a curious feeling that I want to penetrate that mystery. Do you follow? And yet there is a certain hesitancy to go near it. You cannot touch it. It is there. It is mysterious. On the platform it is something different. Or probably, it is the same thing."

CHAPTER 42

The Limits of Thought

In the third week of January 1982 Krishnaji was in Bombay, staying at Sterling Apartments. After the Sunday talk on January 24, Krishnaji, Nandini, and I were at dinner. We were discussing cancer, and I remarked that if it was not in its early stage, I would not permit my body to be destroyed by the new therapies, which were more destructive than the disease. I would prepare myself for death. K said a society had been started in the West where people claimed the right to die. A manual had been brought out which gave details of the easiest way to die. It prescribed the taking of sleeping pills, a large dose, then the slipping of a plastic bag over the head, with a rubber band round the neck; the person could lift the band and let in air, if he felt suffocated. As he fell asleep the hand would fall and next morning the person would be dead. Nandini heard this and a look of great fear came over her face. "No, no," she said unconsciously. We looked at her and I asked her a little sharply why she was reacting? Had she ever thought of committing suicide? She hesitated, pulled herself together, paused, and said, "Once. As K spoke I felt the suffocation."

We discussed fear and its nature. I asked Krishnaji whether he had ever known fear. He paused, pondered. "Many things can happen at night; darkness invites many things." In his life he had not known fear, but evil existed. Evil had a presence and was always waiting to find a chink through which to enter.

K said, "Fear attracts evil. To talk about evil is to invite it." Suddenly, Krishnaji became strange and far removed. He drew his arms close to himself, drawing his body into the smallest possible space. Then he said, "Do you feel it in the room?" His face had changed. The room was charged with power. Then K said, "Before we sleep, I will have to dispel it. Protect this place." He would not say what he would do, but something had to be done. A little later he got up and walked round, circumambulating each of the rooms. Devi and Ghanshyam, Nandini's children, had come into the house. They sensed something, and did not enter the room where we sat. A little later, Krishnaji came back to the dining room. He was serene, his face beautiful, his eyes limpid. The atmosphere had totally changed. Whatever was there had been totally wiped away.

Over the years Nandini and I had often talked of Krishnaji's attitude to good and evil. He had told us, "Evil is a fact. Leave it alone. Your mind should not play with evil. Thinking about it is to invite it. Hatred, jealousy, attract evil. That is why it is important for the mind and body to be still and silent and not let any strong emotions arise, without watching relentlessly. Deterioration walks one step behind you. No matter who you are." Through the years I had noticed that when strong emotions were at play amongst people around him, or when any question arose concerning evil, his voice changed, his eyes withdrew, he would draw his body close together, the atmosphere grew turgid, to totally dissipate a few moments later.

For him, as there was a reservoir of the good, there was also lurking darkness. The two were not related. Evil looked for a foothold to enter; therefore the need for watchfulness. "Have you ever observed a cat watching a hole into which a mouse has hidden? Watch any strong feeling like that, without the eyes moving away," he was to say.

In the summer of 1982 I was in London in connection with the Festival of India, with which I had been closely associated. From London I had gone to Brockwood Park and had spent a week with Krishnaji. During one of his conversations with me, we discussed insight and the mind. We talked of the Indian mind, the place of myth. I said, "The modern mind has no density or weight." He replied, "What is necessary is to have an ancient mind, not a mind that is superficially East or West. Insights give strength to the mind. Most people feel they have strong minds. But with a strong mind, you cannot probe. Strange things are happening. I wake up at night with immense action within the head. I feel every cell in my body, living, dancing, throbbing."

I asked Krishnaji whether he would accept the fact that there was an Indian mind. The Indian mind might have within it the same tendencies as the Western mind—the same greed, jealousy, anger—but the ground from which these two sprang was different. I went on to say that, being differently conditioned, these two minds complemented each other.

Later, Krishnaji said that when he was in India he had witnessed a growing materialism. He then asked me, "What is the concern of the

Indian mind today?" I replied that it was difficult to say. There had been vast changes in recent years. There was growing violence, an increase of materialism, and a movement towards consumerism. The technological culture had penetrated to some depth into the Indian mind and environment.

Krishnaji then asked what was the basic difference between the two minds. For centuries, the Indian mind had a certain edge that enabled it to delve; but it lacked precision, the capacity to take an abstraction and transform it into concrete solution. The Western mind had precision; rooted in logic and reason, it had turned to the outer, to the transformation of the environment. Krishnaji said technology had possibly brought the Indian mind to the earth. He questioned, however, whether thought was ever of the East or West. "There is only thought, expressions may differ. Has the Indian mind a tendency for inward search?"

"Yes," I said, "just as the Western mind has a proclivity to move and function in the outer environment. The inner environment has been the concern of India."

"Concern of a very few people," commented Krishnaji.

"But it is only the few that create culture. How does culture come into being?" I asked.

We then discussed what had divided the two minds, what led the Indian and the Western mind to move in different directions. Krishnaji spoke of climate, political directions, concern with worldly affairs, which led in the West to the inventive mind. In India, with its ancient civilization, the highest concern had been with a religious life and inner enquiry.

"Somewhere along the line, people of one racial stock seemingly divided," I said. "The West turned to outer discovery, in their dialogue with nature. Out of this emerged very significant truths concerning science and technology. India also had a dialogue with nature, but it was of a different order."

"Are you saying," asked K, "that the Indian mind is more concerned with religious matters than the West? In India the concern with religion has been deep. Indian tradition has maintained that the understanding of the Self, of the Universe, of the Highest Principle, is the most significant pursuit."

"There is a swiftness with which the Indian mind starts an inner enquiry. The great insights are different in the West and India," I said.

"In the East, in religious matters, doubt, skepticism, questioning form the base of religious enquiry. In the West, faith is all important," K commented.

"Both cultures today are in crisis," I said.

"Yes. Human consciousness, human culture is in crisis."

"Would you distinguish consciousness from culture?" I asked.

"No, they are the same," said Krishnaji.

"The crisis is at the very root of the human mind. Human beings feeling an inadequacy, turn to other cultures."

"I am questioning whether in their search away from the materialistic outlook, they are not being caught in superstition, by romantic ideas, gurus? If human consciousness is in crisis, as it is, the question is can the crisis be resolved, or is it inevitable that human beings can never go beyond their limitations?"

"The outer and the inner, the material and the search within, are two mirror images," I said. "If man has to survive, can these two be brought together? Or can a human culture come into existence which could sustain and contain the two?"

"What do you mean by the word culture?" K asked.

"Everything the brain contains," I responded.

"The training of the brain and the refinement of the brain; the training of the brain in action, in behavior, in relationships, and also a process of enquiry that leads to something untouched by thought. I would say that is culture," commented K.

"Would you include enquiry in the field of culture? Isn't culture a closed circuit?"

"You can make it that, or you can go beyond," said K.

"As it exists, culture is a closed circuit," I said.

"What is culture?" K asked again.

"Perceptions, the way we look at things, thoughts, feelings, attitudes; the operation of the senses. You can keep on adding to this," I said.

"Include in it religion, faith, belief."

"The content can keep on growing, but within a contour. When you talk of search, would you include it in culture?" I asked.

"Of course," said Krishnaji. "I am enquiring with hesitation and skepticism whether the brain evolved through thousands of years, having experienced untold sorrow, despair; attempting to escape from its own fears through every form of religious endeavor; whether that brain in itself can ever change? Can it bring about a mutation in itself? Otherwise anything new, a different culture, can never be."

"If it does not bring about a mutation in itself, is there anything else?" I asked.

"The Hindus have asked this question centuries ago, whether there is an outside agency, the Highest Principle which can operate on the conditioned brain?" Krishnaji said.

"Or is it that it can awaken something within the brain?" I queried.

"There are two possibilities: Either there is an outside agency, as energy, operating; or, from within the brain cells, there is an awakening that transforms." Krishnaji continued his enquiry into whether there is an outside agency that would bring about a mutation in the brain cells that were conditioned.

I was listening deeply, watching within and responding from the listening. "The fact is that the energy in nature, the flow rarely touches the brain cells. There are so many obstacles one has built; that the flow of energy from nature, never seems to touch and create."

Krishnaji suddenly asked, "What are we discussing?"

"The possibility of a human culture that is neither of India nor of the West; which contains all mankind and its insights. The division between the within and without ends. Insight is insight, not insight into outer or inner. If the instrument is the brain, something has to happen in the brain," I said.

Krishnaji's response was to ask whether it could happen without the idea that there was an outside agency that would bring about mutation in a conditioned brain. Or could the conditioned brain awaken to its own conditioning, perceive its own limitations and stay there? "All the time we are trying to do something. And I ask, is the doer different from that which is done? I see that my brain is conditioned and that all my activities, my relationships, are limited. I see that limitation must be broken down. But the 'I' is operating on the limitation. And the 'I' is limited. It is not separate from the limitation which it is trying to break down. The limitation of the self and the limitation of the conditioning are not separate. The 'I' is not separate from its qualities."

"From what it observes?"

"One part observes the other part," was Krishnaji's response.

"You say that, but we are all the time trying to operate on the other," I said.

"All life is that. Apart from the world of technology, the brain is conditioned in this tradition that the actor is different from the action. So conditioning goes on. But when one realizes that the actor is the action, then the whole outlook changes. We are asking Pupulji what brings about a change in the human brain."

"That is crucial: What is it that makes the division end?"

"Man has been the same for a million years—and, psychologically, we are as primitive as we were. We have not basically changed very much. We still kill each other; we seek power, position. We are corrupt. Human beings are the same today psychologically as they were. What will make humanity change all that?"

"Insight?" I asked.

"Is so-called culture preventing insight?" asked Krishnaji. He said that a few people had gone into this question of insight in India, while the rest just repeated. "Tradition is a dead thing, and India lives with this dead thing. Here too, tradition has tremendous power."

"In the West there are the few who have great insights into science," I said.

"Yes. But what will make human beings bring about a mutation in themselves? Culture is trying to bring about certain changes in human behavior. Religions have said don't kill, and man kills. There are the edicts, the sanctions, and we are doing quite the opposite," said Krishnaji.

"Cultures have collapsed."

"That is what I want to find out. Whether cultures have collapsed and so man can't turn to them any more. So man is now at a loss. What will bring about a mutation in the brain cells?" Krishnaji's passionate concern was evident.

"We were saying that the Indian matrix may be different to the Western matrix. But the problem is identical. How do we bring about a mutation in the human matrix, the human brain?" I asked.

"After all, Indians suffer there as the European suffers; the despair, misery is the same. So let us forget the East or West and see what prevents this mutation taking place."

"Is there any other way but perceiving the actual?"

"That is what we have been saying for years. The actual is more important than the idea. The ideal concepts have no value at all because they move away from 'what is.' Apparently, it is tremendously difficult not to have ideals," said Krishnaji.

"In perceiving the actual, is there no movement of the brain?" I asked.

"That's all I'm saying. If one observes very carefully, facts in themselves bring about a change. Human sorrow is not Western or Eastern. We are always trying to move away from sorrow. Can we understand the depth and meaning of sorrow? Not intellectually understand, but actually delve into the nature of sorrow? Sorrow is not yours or mine, so what is blocking the human brain from enquiring deeply within?"

"You use the word delving, enquiring into oneself. Both are words connected with movement—yet you speak of the ending of movement. Of course . . . of course . . . movement is time . . . movement is thought. There has to be the ending of movement. Can that really end or we think it can end? We divide the entity that enquires and the entity that is to be enquired into. That is my objection—that is the major block."

"When you use the word 'enquiry,' do you use it as perception?" I asked.

"Perception—watching," was Krishnaji's response. "What will make human beings change in the way they behave? Very simply put, what will change all this appalling brutality? Who will change it? Not the politician, not the priest—not the people who talk of environment, ecologists and so on. They cannot change the human being. Who will change him if man himself will not do so? The church has not succeeded in changing man. Religions have tried to transform the world, humanize man, make him more intelligent, more affectionate. They have not succeeded."

"We see all this, Krishnaji, but that itself does not bring man to perception of fact," I said.

"What will make him have this perception? You may have it—but if I don't have it, what effect has your perception on me? I am asking a deeper question. Why are human beings, after millennia, like this? Why is there one group against another group, one tribe against another tribe, one nation against another nation? A new culture, will that bring about a change? Does man want to change? Or does he think it's all right, man will evolve at a certain stage. Meanwhile, we are destroying each other."

"What is the actual moment of facing a fact? What is the actuality of it?" I asked.

"What is a fact? Fact is that which has been done and which is being done now. The acting now and that which has happened, is the fact.

"Let us be clear. When we see the fact, the fact of yesterday or last week, the incident is over, but I remember it; the memory is stored in the brain. What is being done now is also a fact, colored by the past, controlled by the past. Can I see this whole movement as a fact?"

"Would you say that seeing it as a fact is seeing without accretion?" I asked.

"Seeing without prejudice."

"Without anything surrounding the fact."

"That's right, which means what?"

"Negating all responses that arise."

"Negating the remembrances."

"Which arise out of it," I interrupted.

"Now is that possible?"

"That is possible. Attention itself dissipates the movement."

"That means, can the brain be so attentive that the incident that happened last week is revealed? You do not carry on the remembrance. But what happens is, my son is dead and I suffer. And the memory of that son is so strongly imprinted in my brain that there is a constant arising of suffering which is remembrance."

"Out of that is the movement of pain. Attention ends not only the pain, but the arising." I was probing.

"Go into it a little bit more," Krishnaji said. "What does that mean? My son is dead. I remember him and there is the thought of him standing near the piano or the mantlepiece. There is this constant remembrance flowing in and flowing out."

"The negating of the pain and the dissolving of this, doesn't it have direct action on the brain?" I asked.

"Which means what? My son is dead. That's a fact. I can't change the fact. He's gone. It sounds cruel to say it, but he's gone. But I'm carrying him all the time. Right? The brain is holding it as memory and carrying it all the time. I live on memories, which are dead things. Memory is not the actual. There has to be an ending. My son is gone. It doesn't mean I have lost my love for him."

"But what remains?"

"May I say something without being shocking?" asked Krishnaji. "Nothing. My son is gone—which is not an assertion of cruelty or denying my love. What has ended is not the love of my son, but the identification of love with my son."

"You are drawing a distinction between love of my son and love."

"If I loved my son in the deepest sense of the word, I love humanity. If I loved my son, I love the whole world. I love the earth, the trees, the whole universe. What takes place when there is a pure perception of fact, without any bias, without any escape? Can one see the fact completely? Is that possible? When I am in sorrow, I am lost. It's a great shock, and at the moment of death you can't say anything to the person who is in sorrow. But as he comes out of his confusion, loneliness, despair, sorrow, then perhaps he will be sensitive enough to see this fact."

I asked whether the perception of the fact needed a great watching. "You can't tell a person who has never watched to end sorrow."

"That would be cruel. But a man who has observed, has enquired into death, and sees that it is common to all humanity, to the man who is sensitive—he wants to find an answer."

I began, "Sir, at that level how simple it is—"

"We must keep it simple, not bring into it intellectual theories and ideas."

"Is the mind afraid of the simple?" I asked.

"We are so highly intellectual. To make things complex is part of our education, part of our culture. Ideas are tremendously important. To us they are essential—"

"To you the highest point of culture is the dissolution of the self. When you speak of the dissolution of the fact, it is essentially the dissolution of the self."

"Yes. But the dissolution of the self has become a concept, and we worship the concept. They do this all over the world. Concepts are put together by thought. What will make human beings throughout the world behave, not my way, not your way, but so that they do not kill, they have affection. Nothing has succeeded. Knowledge has not helped man."

"Living the way man does, fear is his shadow."

"And man wants to know what the future is," said Krishnaji.

"As part of fear?" I asked.

"Because he seeks security in so many things and they all fail, and he feels there must be security somewhere?" He paused. "I question whether there is security—anywhere?"

"What is the action of the dissolution of the fact, on the brain cells?" I asked.

"I would use the word insight. Insight is not a matter of memory, knowledge, or time, which are all parts of thought. I would say insight is the total absence of the whole movement of thought, time, and remembrance. So that there is direct perception. Can I see that I have been going north for the last ten thousand years? That my brain is accustomed to going north? Then someone comes along and says, 'That will lead you nowhere. Turn east.' When I turn east, the brain cells change. If I see the whole movement of thought as limited and I see thought will not solve any of my problems, then I stop going north. In the ending of the self is the ending of a movement that has been going on for thousands of years. That is insight. That brings about a change or a mutation in the brain. I think one sees this very clearly. But will that perception make humanity change? What will make my son, my daughter change? They read this, and they continue their old way. Is the past tradition so strong? I have thought of myself for the last thousand years, and I am still thinking of myself. I feel I must fulfill myself. This is my condition. This is my tradition. Is the past so tremendously strong? And the past is incarnating all the time. Is that part of culture—to continue in our condition?"

"I would say that is part of culture," I said.

"Look at it. I have been watching this very seriously. How strong tradition is. I am speaking of tradition as a continuity of the past, carrying on in its own momentum. And we are that. Our culture, our religious concepts are our tradition. So what is the brain to do?"

"I have a feeling, Sir, that we talk of observing thought, but that is an entirely different thing to the actual state of attention."

"That is thought being aware of itself. The central issue is that the world has become more and more superficial, more and more money-minded, identified with the me-me-me."

"It is so easy to turn what you say into a concept. But can there be a culture which is living, because it is living with insight?"

"I wouldn't use the word 'culture.' "

"You started with the word 'culture' as something that contains more than just a human culture—which perhaps is the culture of the mind. In such a state what happens to all the civilizations the world has seen and known and contains?"

"Which means, Pupulji, 'What is freedom?' Are we aware that we are prisoners of our own fantasies?"

"I think we are."

"If we are aware—they are burnt out."

"You don't admit an in-between state. That is the whole problem."

"The man who is violent and tries to be less violent in an in-between state, is violent."

"Not necessarily. Is there not also in what you say the whole movement of time and thought?"

"Which is what? Thought is limited. I know thought enquiring into itself is limited."

"The difference is, Sir, I might see this—but the attention necessary for it to remain alive in my waking day may not be there. The capacity, the strength of that attention may not be there."

"That passion, that sustained movement of energy is not dissipated by thought, by any kind of activity, and that comes into being when you understand sorrow. In the ending of sorrow there is compassion. That intelligence, that energy, has no depression."

"You mean it neither rises nor falls."

"No, to rise or fall you must be aware that it is rising, falling, and who is it who is aware—"

"But is it possible throughout the day to hold that?" I asked.

"Just be aware, not hold it. It is like a perfume—it is there. You don't hold it. That is why I think one has to understand the whole conditioning of our consciousness. I think that is the real enquiry. The real exploration is into consciousness, which is the common ground of all humanity. And we never enquire into it. We never say, 'I am going to study this consciousness that is "me." '

"And to be free of the self is one of the most difficult things, because the 'me' hides under different rocks, in different crevices."

CHAPTER 43

"How Far Can One Travel?"

The next morning Krishnaji walked in while I was drinking my early cup of morning tea. We started talking. We were to have a dialogue later in the day and Krishnaji said, "Pupul, could we discuss to the limits of thought and travel beyond?"

He was in an exalted mood. I had a bad cough and did not feel particularly bright that morning. I did not think of the topic we were to discuss, nor did I try to awaken the brain in any way.

Later, as Krishnaji and I sat down facing each other, I still did not know what I was going to say. Then I started speaking, and the words flowed as if they had been programmed. I was fluent, lucid; there was depth of probing and an extensive seeing. I said that recently I had read of a rocket that would travel to the outer reaches of the universe and there would be no end to its journey. There would be no friction, no time, and so no ending. I asked, "Is there in the ways of the self, in the human mind, in the human brain, a within of things? Are there vast, immeasurable spaces that lie in the within of nature?"

"Are you asking whether within the human brain—I would like to use 'mind' as separate from 'brain'—whether there is or there can be a space without end, an eternity out of time? We could speculate about it, but speculation is not actuality."

"But it was an insight into the possibility of exploring outer space that enabled man to explore outer space. If we do not posit a thing, we cannot explore and prove that it is so," I said.

"Are we speculating, or are we really enquiring whether there is such immensity, whether there is a movement that is not of time, a movement that is eternal?"

"For this enquiry we must pose the question. What comes out of it will determine whether the question is speculation or enquiry."

"We have posed the question whether the brain can realize the truth, that there is eternity or no eternity. How do we begin to enquire? How do you feel into this question diligently, a question that has been asked by man for thousands of years? Is man bound to time forever? Or is there—or can there be—actually within the brain a realization, for itself, that there is a state of eternity?"

"How do you proceed into this? You started by drawing a distinction between the brain and mind. Would you elaborate?"

"The brain is conditioned. That conditioning is brought about by knowledge, memory, experience. The brain is limited. So to discover something new there has to be a period, even temporarily, when thought is not in movement, when it is in abeyance."

"The brain is a material thing, it has its own activity."

"Yes, an activity that is not imposed by thought," said Krishnaji.

"For us, the operation of the brain has been the operation of thought," I said.

"Yes, the movement of the brain, the part of the brain being used, is conditioned by thought. Thought is always limited, conditioned to conflict. That which is limited must create conflict. Mind is a totally different dimension that has no contact with thought. Let me explain. The brain which has been functioning as an instrument of thought, that brain has been conditioned; and so long as that part of the brain remains in that state, there is no entire communication with the mind. So when there is no functioning of thought, there is communication, which is a totally different dimension; that can communicate with the brain using thought."

"You are postulating a state outside the realm of thought?" I asked.

"That's it. That is outside the realm of time," said Krishnaji.

"As time and thought seem to be the essential core of this problem, perhaps if we could go into the flow of time, we could discover at what instant interception is possible."

"What do you mean by 'interception'?" asked Krishnaji.

"I am not talking of the interceptor, but of a direct contact which is the ending of time. Isn't time from a past immemorial, projecting into a future which is without end?"

"No, the future is conditioned by the past."

"So, unless the human being ends, ceases to be—"

"Ceases to be conditioned," said Krishnaji.

"But you will still use thought. Its content will undergo change, but the mechanism of thought will continue," I said.

"Now, thought is the chief instrument we have. After thousands of years of friction, wars, that instrument has been made dull. It cannot go beyond its own tether. Thought is limited, it is conditioned and in a perpetual state of conflict."

"I had used the word 'interception' to signify contact with the movement from the past, as the yesterday."

"As the today," said Krishnaji.

"What is the today? How do we contact the today?"

"Today is the movement of the past modified. We are a bundle of memories, which is what? The past, present, future is a movement of time—thought. How do you realize it?"

"Is there not such a thing as a tactile touch with it?"

"How do you touch this thing? How does one have contact with the fact that I am a whole series of memories, which is time—thought?"

"Let us be concrete. The thought that I go away this afternoon and I will be leaving you is a fact."

"It is an actuality."

"Out of that is born a certain nostalgia of leaving you, which is emotional, psychological, which covers up the fact. What has to be contacted, surely, is not the fact that I am going away, but the pain of my going."

"The pain of going, of a thousand centuries of pain, anxiety, aches. Is that separate from you who feel it?" Krishnaji spoke.

"It may not be separate. How do I touch it?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" asked Krishnaji.

"It is only in the present that I can contact the whole of this edifice," I said. "The now contains the past, future, and present."

"The present is the past and the future. The present is moving. The present is a thousand years of the past being modified, and the future is 'now,' the present."

"The present is also not static. The moment you try to see it, it is gone. So what is it that you actually observe?" I asked.

"The fact that the present is the whole movement of time and thought. Can one see the truth of that? Can one have insight, perception into the fact, that the now is all time and thought?" asked Krishnaji.

"Does that perception emanate from the brain?"

"Either it emanates from perceiving, or the perception is an insight that has nothing to do with time and thought," said Krishnaji.

"Does it arise within the brain?" I asked.

"Yes, or does it arise outside the brain?" said Krishnaji. "Is it within the sphere of the brain, or is there insight that comes when there is freedom from conditioning? This insight, this mind, is supreme intelligence," said Krishnaji.

"I don't follow."

"The brain is conditioned by time and thought. So long as conditioning exists, insight is not possible. You may have an occasional insight, but this insight we speak about is the comprehension of totality, a perception of completeness. Right? This insight is not bound by time—thought. That insight is part of that brain which is a different dimension."

There was a pause. The listening had been at great depth.

"Without sight there cannot be insight," I said. "So seeing, perceiving, listening seem to be essential to insight. The word 'insight' is the seeing into. Is it seeing into seeing?"

"No. Seeing, comprehending the totality, the vastness of something. Insight is possible only with the cessation of thought and time. Thought and time are limited. Therefore in such limitation there cannot be insight," said Krishnaji.

"To understand what you say, I have to have an open ear and eyes that see. Out of sound, form, arises a seeing that goes beyond. You talk of insight, but insight cannot arise without sight."

"Insight cannot arise so long as there is time, thought."

"Which comes first? I cannot start with insight. I can only start with observation," I said.

"You can only start by seeing that psychological time is always limited, and so whatever it does will be limited. Time and thought have brought havoc in the world. You can see that. The question is, Can that limitation ever end? Or is man to live forever in that condition?"

"What is the relationship of the brain cells to the senses? What takes place when you hear a statement like this: that time, thought are limited? It is like telling me, 'You are an illusion.' Pupul is a psychological bundle consisting of the past, of time and thought."

"The self is part of the psyche, and whatever it does is limited," said Krishnaji.

"Then what is wrong with that?" I asked.

"Nothing. If you want to live in perpetual conflict," said Krishnaji.

"What is the nature of this ending you speak about?" I asked.

"What is ending?" Krishnaji turned back the question to me.

"To see that the flow ceases to flow," I said.

"Yes, to see that time and thought cease psychologically," said Krishnaji.

"There is a point of perception, which is a point of insight. In what time-space do I see it?" I asked.

"Look, Pupul, let us be simple. Time and thought have divided the world. Can't you see the fact of that?"

"No, Sir. I don't see the fact. The moment I see the fact, I would stop time and thought. If it is such a simple thing—but it is not. It has such devious ways," I said.

"Can you have an insight that the movement of thought and time, at whatever level, at whatever realm, in whatever area, is a realm of endless conflict?" Krishnaji asked.

"You can see it outside in the world," I said.

"If you see it outwardly, then inwardly can you see that the psyche is time and thought. The divisive psychological movement has created the outer divisive fact. The feeling that I am a Hindu; I feel secure in the word, in belonging to something, this is the factor of division and conflict."

"All this can end. One can see it as a movement of time, thought, but within it all, there is a sense of 'I exist.' That is essentially the problem. Why don't I see it?" I asked.

"Because I have thought of the psyche as other than the conditioned state," said Krishnaji. "I have thought that there is something in me, in the brain, which is timeless, and if I could reach that everything would be solved. That is part of my conditioning. I feel God, the Highest Principle, will protect me."

"What is the nature of the ground from which insight springs?" I asked.

"Insight can only take place when there is freedom from time and thought," said Krishnaji.

"This is an unending process."

"No, it is not. To live in peace is to flower, to understand the extraordinary world of peace. Peace cannot be brought about by thought," said Krishnaji.

"Is it the brain that listens to what you say?"

"Yes. Then watch what happens."

"It is quiet. It is not rattling, it is quiet."

"When it is quiet and listens, then there is insight. I don't have to explain in ten different ways the limitations of thought."

"Is there anything further?" I asked hesitatingly.

"Oh, yes, there is. A great deal more. Is listening a sound, a sound within an area, or am I listening to what you are saying without this verbal sound? If you want to convey something more than words, then if there is sound in my hearing, I can't understand the depth of what you are saying. The present is the 'now.' In that is the whole movement of time thought, the whole structure of time—thought ends. The 'now' then has a totally different meaning. 'Now,' then, is 'nothing.' Nothing in the sense that zero contains all the numbers. So 'nothing' contains all. But we are afraid to be nothing."

"When you say nothing contains all, does it mean the whole racial environmental—nature—cosmos?" I asked.

"Yes, yes. Do you see the fact that there is nothing? The self is a bundle of memories; memories that are dead. They function, but they arise from a past that is over. If I have insight into that, it ends. I see that in the 'now' there is 'nothing.'

"You said something about sound and listening. Yes, it is possible to so listen, when the mind itself is totally still."

"We won't speak of the mind, but when the brain is absolutely quiet, therefore there is no sound made by the word. This is real listening. The word only tells you what I want to convey. I listen to what you say."

"Brain has no other action than listening?" I asked.

"When the brain is active, it is noise. It is very interesting to enquire into sound. Pure sound can only exist when there is space and silence. Otherwise it is just noise. Can we come back to our question? All education, knowledge, is a movement in becoming, psychologically as well as outwardly. Becoming is the accumulation of memory. This we call knowledge. So long as that movement exists, there is fear of being nothing. But when one sees the illusion of becoming, and that becoming is endless time, thought, and conflict, there is an ending of that. An ending of the movement of the psyche which is time-thought. The ending of that is to be 'nothing.'

" 'Nothing' then contains the whole universe. Not my petty little fears, anxieties, sorrows. After all, Pupulji, 'nothing' means the entire world of compassion. Compassion is 'nothing,' and therefore that 'nothingness' is supreme intelligence.

"But we are frightened of being nothing. Do I see that I am nothing but a walking illusion, that I am nothing but dead memories? So can I be free of memory as time-thought and see the fact that as long as there is this movement of becoming, there must be endless conflict, pain?" He paused, he was speaking from depth.

"Astrophysicists are trying to understand the universe. They can only understand in terms of the material world, in terms of their limitations. But they cannot understand the immensity of it; immensity as a part of the human being; not only there, but here"—he placed his hands on his chest—"which means there must be no shadow of time and thought. That is real meditation. That is what *Sunya* means in Sanskrit.

"We offer a hundred commentaries, but the actual fact is, we are 'nothing' except a lot of words. Can one grasp that the zero contains all the numbers? So in 'nothing,' all the world exists." Like a thundering river, the insights were flowing.

"But in life, when I suffer or there is fear, it is the only thing I know. But I don't see that they are all petty little things. How do you listen to all this? What is it you realize? If you could put it into words, it would be good. What is it you feel? The people who are going to read this, what are they going to feel? It may be rubbish, it may be true; what do you capture or realize? Do you see the immensity of all this?" Krishnaji paused for a long time.

With great hesitation, I said, "This implies an ending of the psychological nature of the self."

"Yes. I have asked a question. It would be very helpful to all of us if, as you listen to this, you could say what is your response. What is the perfume of all this?"

I could not find words to speak. "Don't ask me that question. Because anything I say would sound *totally* inadequate. Because as you were speaking, there was immensity," I said.

"Yes. I could feel the tension of that. Is it temporary? Is it for a moment, then gone? Then again the whole tension of remembering it—capturing it," said Krishnaji.

"No. One has moved away from that," I said. "Another thing one realizes. The most difficult thing in the world is to be totally simple."

"Yes. If one were really simple, from that one could understand the whole complexity of life. But we start with complexity and never see the simplicity. We have trained our brain to see the complexity, and try to find an answer to the complexity. But we don't see the extraordinary simplicity of facts." Again there was a pause.

"In the Indian tradition, out of sound were born all the elements, the *Panch Maha Bhutas*," I said. "Sound that reverberates and is yet not heard."

"That is it. But after all, in the Indian tradition the Buddha, Nagarjuna, said man must deny the whole thing. Nagarjuna denied everything, every movement of the psyche. Why have they not pursued that?" Krishnaji asked. "Not by denying the world, you can't deny the world. But they have denied the world. But by the total negation of the 'me.' "

"Renunciation is the negation of the 'me,' " I said. "Basically, renunciation is never in the outer."

"Renunciation is in the within. Don't be attached even to your loincloth. I think we are caught in a net of words, we do not live in actualities. I suffer, and the way to end that is not to escape into illusion. Why have human beings not faced the fact and changed the fact? Is it because we are living with ideas, ideals—unrealities? We are living with the history of mankind. Mankind is me, and the 'me' is endless sorrow. And so if you want to end sorrow there has to be an ending of the 'me.' " Krishnaji was exploring as he spoke.

"It is really the ending of time, isn't it?"

"Yes. Ending of time-thought, that is, to listen without sound. To listen to the universe without sound." He paused. Krishnaji was far away. "A doctor in New York said the fundamental issue is whether the brain cells, which have been conditioned for centuries, could bring about a mutation? I said it is possible only through listening. But no one is willing to listen in its entirety. If man really said, 'I must live peacefully,' then there is peace in the world. But he doesn't want to live in peace. He is ambitious, arrogant, petty. So we have reduced the vastness of all this to some petty reactions. Do you realize that, Pupul? We have such petty lives—from the highest to lowest." He paused.

"What is sound to you, Sir"? I asked. Again there was a long silence, out of which Krishnaji spoke. "Sound is the tree. Take Indian chanting, Gregorian chanting, they are extraordinarily close together. You listen to the sound of waves, of strong wind, the sound of a person you have lived with for many years, you get used to it all.

"But if you don't, then sound has an extraordinary meaning. Then you hear everything afresh. You tell me time and thought are the whole movement of man's life. You have communicated a simple fact. Can I listen to it without the sound of the words?

"Then I have captured the depths of that statement, and I can't lose it. I have listened to it in its entirety. It has conveyed the fact that it is so and what is so, is absolute always. In the Hebraic tradition it is only Jehovah the Nameless One who can say 'I Am,' that is the *Tat Tvam Asi* in Sanskrit."

CHAPTER 44

"The Good Mind"

While in Bombay in January 1983, Krishnaji started speaking of "the good mind." Nandini and I were having supper with him. The evening before in his talk, K had asked, "How do you look at the vast movement of life? Do you see that you are a human being related to all human being? The body does not divide. It never says, 'I am.' It is thought that separates." He had been speaking of the chaos in the world, and asked whether man ever questions the root of all the chaos. "How do you approach the problem? How do you come in contact with such a problem?" He was drawing us into contact with his mind. "Can you come close and be open to the question? But if you keep away from the question, you are not open, you are not alive to the question. Can you approach the question with no direction, no motive? Motive distorts perception. To find out what is the root of chaos, the mind must be free."

K said to us, "Most people would consider a good mind to be a mind that has read a great deal, that is full of knowledge about many things. A mind like Aldous Huxley's, Gerald Heard's, and others—they had encyclopedic minds. In India, would the good mind be the Brahminic mind? I am using the word 'Brahminic' to include the stream that has cultivated the brain through centuries; to describe a brain that has become very sharp, but has not lost the quality of depth within it. You can make an instrument very sharp; it can cut, but it has also to be used for delicate things. Do you understand? Is such a mind a good mind?" He paused. "A good mind must be related to action, to relationship. It must be related to depth. Great scientists sometimes lead the most shoddy lives. They are ambitious, greedy, they fight each other for position and acclaim. Would you say they have good minds?"

I replied, "A good mind does not mean a good life. The scientist may be a great scientist, but as a human being he may be a disaster. You see, Sir, a really good mind must be able to brood within itself. Perhaps out of this brooding, there is insight."

"Yes." K continued, "Would you say a good mind has no center from which it is acting?" He was speaking with many pauses, as always when discussing something serious. "The center being the self." He posed the question and answered it himself. "A good mind has no self. When a mind is in a state of complete attention, attending, listening, then there is no place in it for the self. The self manifests itself afterwards. The clue is listening. It is one of the great sustainers of the brain." Krishnaji had been listening and pondering, then spoke. "You see, a good mind must have compassion. It must have a great sense of beauty and be capable of action; there must be a relationship which is right. Is it impossible to find such minds? Aristotle, Socrates—they had good minds."

"They had minds that could question, cleave into matter, energy. The mind has to have a wholeness to it." I was challenging Krishnaji.

"Would you say a good mind is a holistic mind?" K asked.

"When you said in your talk yesterday that the body does not divide, it was a statement that had never been made before. You went on to say that with the mind, the instrument that has been trained in the technological, in the understanding of great knowledge, with the understanding of the technique of doing things—with that technical mind, man turns to sorrow. And so sorrow does not end. For there is no relationship between the two. How did these insights arise? Your mind throws up insights all the time. How do they arise? Do the insights arise when you are sitting on the platform, or do you think it out earlier?"

"Insights arise all the time," K paused. "They arise all the time when there is serious talk." Then again he grew quiet. "You see, if you define it too much—the good mind—then you wipe away everything. So we should not define it too clearly. Then it limits it."

"And yet logic is essential—the mind must move step by step. I wonder what they will make of your mind in centuries to come," I queried.

"Can we say, a healthy, good mind has an originality that goes contrary to the current?" Krishnaji ignored my query and continued to question. "Socrates? He stood for something," said Krishnaji.

"One is talking of a mind from which compassion flows—otherwise what does it matter?" I asked.

"How does such a mind come into being?" Again K questioned. "Is it the result of tremendous evolution of a group of minds—the enquiring mind, which has cultivated the brain, morality, austerity, for centuries? They may not all have been austere, but inside them there was that inner movement going on. We have to enquire whether such a long background of enquiry produces the Buddha."

"Is there a density and insight to the background mind—the racial mind?" I asked.

"Of course," said K. "Or there is a reservoir of the good which has no relationship to evil. That reservoir exists and, given the opportunity, brings the Avatar, whatever that may mean. Right? Or is it the other? Is it a group consciousness, that for centuries has thought and thought and thought about 'that,' and that might have produced the Buddha?" He paused. "I was thinking the other day—the Egyptians in 4500 B.C. had the calendar. It didn't happen at once. They must have had tremendous backgrounds to have produced it. Maybe the Indians contributed to it. It may be the same thing—these vast insights."

"The converging of them?" I asked.

"I think the good mind must be *absolutely* free. It may meet fear, but there has to be an energy that wipes it out. Could the scientists store such energy?"

I questioned him. "Science has nothing to do with otherness? Can the scientist end his self-centered concern? Can he wipe it out? It is self-centered activity that is the problem. Is it dependent on what you do?" My role was to ask the right question.

"No. You see, they say the Buddha left his house, became a *sannyasi*, fasted, ultimately got to Buddhahood. I don't accept that. The fasting, the austerities, have nothing to do with the other." Krishnaji pondered.

"The Buddhists would maintain that the Buddha might have gone through all that—but Buddhahood has nothing to do with that. But could he have danced his life through and come to that?" I asked.

"You see, we have made austerity a becoming to 'that.' "

"But is there no gathering of energy necessary for 'that'? 'That' only becomes possible when you start seeing that energy is not dissipated. That is essential," I said.

"Be careful. 'That' means a sense of self-awareness. Don't say for that you *need* energy." The subtlety of K's mind was being revealed.

"But there has to be preparation of the ground."

"Of course."

"Your eyes and ears have to be open. It may have nothing to do with morality. But the energies that are constantly being dissipated by gossip, trivialities, self-concerned activity, have to cease," I said.

"That—yes," K responded. "But if you say all self-centered activities must end, then there is a relationship between 'that' and the other. There is no relationship."

"It cannot mean that you can dissipate energy."

" 'That must end'—You can't say that." K would not move.

"Then what can you say, Sir?" I asked.

"I am self-centered, and you tell me, 'That must end'—That is also a becoming," K was pushing.

"Right. So is your teaching to be viewed in a different way? Is it a teaching of awakening to life, in which self-centered activity arises—the outside world enters, sorrow arises?"

"And you wipe all that out?" asked K.

"Whatever comes is wiped out," I said.

"Not wiped out," K persisted.

"Whatever 'is,' is observed; there is listening, seeing."

" 'What is' has no intention or becoming." K was unmoving.

"But it is a flow in which everything is?"

"Yes."

"I see that your teaching is not the ending of becoming, but the observation of becoming. There is a difference between ending of becoming and seeing 'whatever is.' "

"Yes, seeing and moving out of it." Krishnaji's mind was like an open flower.

Later, I was to comprehend the nature of this seeming contradiction. The observing of the river filled with impurities—without in any way demanding, hoping to change its nature—dissolves the impurities, leaving the river clear and unpolluted. The subtlety of the teaching was absolute.

A discussion in Bombay later in the week went into the challenge of biogenetics and its ability to transform man. Krishnamurti said, "If it is possible to manipulate the genes, then what is man? Human beings have been programmed in many directions, now the genetic engineers want to program man in other directions. But still man is programmed." K was pondering, brooding.

"Is there such a thing as psychological evolution?" he asked. "Genetic engineers can concern themselves with changes in values, but it is a journey from the known to the known. Can genetic engineering lead to an extension of the brain? Can it enable simultaneity to operate, or is it concerned with introducing a set of values which man has determined? Genetic engineering can only operate with what is within the known."

Achyut Patwardhan intervened. "All scientists accept what they see as the limits of their telescope."

But Krishnamurti's questions were to himself. He asked, "Is the self part of the genetic process or part of the psychological process?" He paused and let the question sink deep. "The same technological mind which evolved and discovered the nuclear bomb is now asking the genetic question and undertaking research into the genes. But it is the same instrument. The technological revolution led to the atom bomb, evolution has not changed man. Only one part of man's brain is operating. This imbalance is causing great havoc. The question now arises, 'Can man be helped through genetic engineering to change?' "

He was speaking slowly, probing into the question at depth. Some questions were raised in the middle of the discussion. K let them be and suddenly interrupted, saying, "Can we discard evolution?" The participants were silent, then started questioning.

"That would amount to a quantum leap. In what direction? Wisdom is needed." And, "If it continues to be a leap in evolution, man who determines the genetic direction, must have already taken the leap to know." Again Krishnaji broke in. "Is it possible to change man immediately, and not through the genetic process? Is it possible to stop evolution in any direction?"

"It may be possible with the individual, but not with the mass," was the reply.

"What is the mass?" K asked.

"The many."

"Why are you concerned with the many? Are you separate from the mass?" K countered. Again there was silence.

"Is it possible to stop time, which is evolution?" K had gathered the threads and was moving into the question. "Which means what? Genetic engineering needs time. It is part of evolution. The crisis is here now. Is it physical or psychological? Is it in the consciousness of man? Where is the crisis? Is it in the technological world? A crisis is a fire, and the mind has to have an immensity which the crisis demands."

He said, "The intense drive of thought in the direction of technology has led to tremendous discoveries. There seems to be no end to this problem-solving drive. We use the same drive to tackle psychological problems of greed, hate, fear. There is no evolution in the psyche. Greed and fear cannot dissolve into their opposites. This is the fallacy and the great illusion. Becoming is illusion. Greed can only grow and strengthen in its own nature; it can never become non-greed.

"So is it possible to discard the idea of evolution in the psyche? Can one end thinking in terms of time as becoming? Mutation is that. In that is fundamental change."

During his stay in Bombay he was to speak of "living lightly as a guest in one's house, or in one's body. To be a guest is to have no sense of attachment; to step lightly on the earth."

He also spoke of a new use of the senses, "so that in functioning the sense organs do not destroy energy, but let it flow. Eternity," he said gravely, "is that timeless flow."

CHAPTER 45

"What Is Time?"

From the early 1960s Krishnaji had been greatly concerned with the problem of time. He had spoken of the many dimensions of time at the breakfast table, on walks, and in his talks and discussions. In early November 1983, when we were together in my house at 11 Safdarjung Road, New Delhi, he continued to question.

"What is time?" Krishnaji asked. "Can we be simple and go as deeply into the nature of time as possible? We know a whole series of continuous time movements. We know physical time and psychological time as becoming, and the movement of not becoming. Between the 'what is' and 'what should be' is time. Physical time is distance, from here to there. Now, is physical time related internally to psychological time?"

I replied, "Knowing physical time by the clock, one applies time as a reaching out, in the inner. The illusion is the introduction of the concept of physical time to the within and the shaping of the structure of the within, on the basis of the linear movement of physical time. The measure of becoming is the measure of inward time."

"When the outer movement is extended to psychological states, the illusion of time enters. The idea of growth in the outer extends to the inner." As Krishnaji spoke, he was listening deeply, listening to us and to himself. The listening was itself a probing.

"The movement of becoming is the 'I should be.' It is a process of fantasy; it builds from illusion to illusion. The mind ruminates. 'What will be—then what will happen?' Anxieties—fears are part of its structure.

"The brain extends the physical time into the inner psychological sphere, because the brain is conditioned to linear time in the outer. As it is conditioned to that, it accepts psychological time in the within. I am questioning that illusion that conditions the brain. The brain is accustomed to the movement of becoming. It looks at itself as a movement in time. It operates in this illusion. The brain is evolved in time, and so looks at everything in terms of time. 'I am, I was,' modified into, 'I will be.' Now I ask, is that so? Is there a tomorrow in the psyche?" Krishnaji asked.

"There is a physical tomorrow, therefore psychological tomorrow is inevitable," I said.

"That is continuity," Krishnaji intervened.

"I exist; therefore there will be tomorrow. Why do strong feelings of fear get entangled in the projection of the tomorrow?" I asked. There was silence for some time.

"There is no time," Krishnaji said suddenly. "Physical time we know as movement. There is no way of measuring physical time without movement. If there were no movement in the psyche, as thought, the wheel of time ends.

"Look at it," he said. "Movement is time. Movement is thought. Thought is a material process. That is simple. Why do we complicate it? Can you accept this even logically?"

"What does it mean to accept a statement logically?" I asked.

"To see that any psychological movement is the process of becoming. Now, is there a movement where no time exists?" he asked. "If you sit in a dark room, without movement, without thought, is there time? This is also so in the within. When there is no thought, no movement in time, the outer and inner is the same movement."

"There may be an ending of physical movement in the brain, for a moment, but the action of time as duration, as continuity, is an activity that operates in every cell of my body. It also acts in the brain. The action of time is inevitable." I said

"The brain is a physical thing. The brain grows old. It deteriorates. The question is whether the brain needs to deteriorate?" Krishnaji enquired.

"If it is a material process, as material as the fact that my hair grows gray—it must deteriorate. How is it possible that one part of the organism can remain unaffected?" I asked.

"You say the brain grows senile. Senility is the physical aging by time. To me the brain need never grow old," Krishnaji said.

"How do you distinguish between the brain and other organs? How can the brain alone have the capacity for renewal?" I asked.

"Are we clear what is meant by time? It is the same movement in the outer as in the inner. They are not separate. Millennia through millennia, that movement has continued. The question is, Can that movement stop? That constant movement is decay, is the factor of deterioration, both organically and in the psyche."

"The brain receives physical stimuli so it will always respond as movement to the challenge," I said.

"Go slow, go slow," said Krishnaji. "There is reaction and action—otherwise the brain is dead. But that action in itself has little significance."

"The brain cannot be wholly still," I said. "Does aging arise because of movement or friction?" I asked.

"Movement, as we know it, is friction. Movement is the deteriorating factor. It is like a piston in an engine. Any movement in the brain physically wears out the brain. It is the psychological process that affects the body and the brain. It is not the other way around," said Krishnaji.

"Can there be movement without friction?" Asit spoke.

"If there is no psychological movement, then movement is as in absolute space, there is no friction," said Krishnaji.

"And yet there is tremendous movement in outer space."

"When psychological movement is not, time as becoming is not. But in can sit very quietly in a dark room for twenty years and the brain will go on aging—for thought, as becoming, continues to operate. But when thought is quiet, without movement, then the psyche has no time. If there is no movement as thought, there is no becoming. Becoming creates duality. Therefore there is conflict, deterioration, time. Time is the barrier, is limitation. Only a spaceship that is moving without friction can go to the limitless. If friction as movement, as psychological time, stops, is there a factor of deterioration?" Krishnaji asked.

"When the brain is quiet, does the body function naturally?" Asit asked.

"Yes, the body has its own intelligence," said Krishnaji. "Is this an actuality? Can the brain ever be without movement except for its own natural movement? Psychological movement is interfering with the body. Can that movement stop? That in turn implies, can there be no accumulation of any kind?"

"What distinguishes the negation or denial of all time as movement?" I questioned. "How is one aware of time?"

"I am aware of it when there is a challenge," said Krishnaji.

"The brain reaches out, looks backwards or forwards, and asks questions." I continued the enquiry.

"That is movement," said Krishnaji.

"But actually the brain is chewing the cud all the time," I said. "When the brain is not seriously challenged, it plays games with itself. It throws up memories."

"The brain is memory," said Krishnaji. "Remorse, guilt, are a constant movement in the brain, as memory. The brain is memory, a movement from the past through the present to the future."

"Continuity is that. The brain creates memory. Does it play with it?" asked Asit.

"The brain survives through memory," said Krishnaji.

"We know the function of the heart. It is to pump blood through the arteries and veins. What is the function of the brain? Is it to create knowledge as stored memory?" asked Asit.

"What is the movement that must stop? Or do you say that all movement must stop?" I asked.

"The brain feels that in memory is security," said Asit.

"In the ending of this movement, does a new movement come into being, which makes it totally secure? Is there a movement outside time?" I asked.

"Don't put that question," said Krishnaji. "As the heart functions naturally, so the brain has its own movement—when memory does not interfere. The brain has its own movement on which it has superimposed memory. Listen," he said, "the heart doesn't remember. The heart beats without remembrance. The brain can function without movement, if allowed to do so by thought. The heart doesn't pump because of knowledge."

"To draw similarities between the heart and brain is not correct," I said. "The physical brain has evolved out of memory, out of man's capacity and experiences. It can only survive through hoping, seeking survival."

"Does the brain teach the body to survive?" asked Asit.

"Is the brain we know built out of memory? There is a part of the brain one is not aware of. When the wholeness of the brain operates, it has no limits," I said.

"The brain teaches the hand skills. Thought itself creates memory to survive," said Asit.

"The whole brain is not linked to memory," I said.

"The brain has sought security through knowledge," said Krishnaji.

"Has the human brain become bigger because of this capacity? Is mutation within the brain? Surely mutation cannot be outside the brain?" I asked. "What mutates?"

"Knowledge has made the ground of the brain very limited. Knowledge is discovering that the ground of the brain which it has created is not stable and feels that friction as movement is necessary for the brain to survive. So what does it do?" Krishnaji said. "It sees there is no security in knowledge. The brain realizes its foundation in knowledge is very weak."

"Can it see that there may be a different ground altogether?" Asit spoke.

"The brain, as it functions, can never let go of the past. All movement is time. So I ask, does one remain in the old house?" Krishnaji asked.

"When I don't move there is no ground on which the old house can arise. To move away from the unstable ground creates the new ground," said Asit.

"Any movement means duality," said Krishnaji.

Asit continued, "When there is no time, there is no space. If there is no movement, there is no time. When there is nothing in space—no object, no thought—where is time? But what I say is at the intellectual level."

"If there is no measure, is it the same brain that functions without movement? When the brain is silent, the mind operates. That is the intelligence of the universe." Krishnaji had taken a vast leap, and we were left far behind. We had no words. Later, I broke the silence. "Is intelligence a faculty of the brain?"

"Intelligence is that which sees the movement of continuity, sees it as the process of aging. The intelligence that sees this, is outside the brain," said Krishnaji.

"If the brain cannot reach it, who or what is it that sees the limitation of the brain? To see that, the brain must have contact with that," said Asit.

"The brain in its functioning has its own intelligence. That limited brain has no relationship to the other," said Krishnaji.

"Then what is it that can stop the movement of the brain?" asked Asit.

"Its perceiving, its own inadequacy," said Krishnaji.

"If the brain is only a movement of time, then what sees its own limitation?"

Krishnaji spoke out of a long silence. "Would you accept insight as the operation of the whole brain?"

"Is the operation of insight then not connected with the narrow operation of the brain?" I asked.

"An insight into the operation of limitation frees the brain from limitation. Insight can only arise when there is no memory, and so no time," said Krishnaji. "When the whole brain is operating, it has no direction. It is free of the past. Insight is mind operating on brain " Again there was silence.

"The brain is limited. How can the mind operate on the brain?" I asked.

"K has watched carefully, without motive. In that watching there is tremendous attention. It is like light focusing. That attention, the depth of it, is mind. That attention focuses light on the limitations of the brain. Love is outside the brain. Love is not a sensation. Insight is not a sensation. It is not a reaction. We have come to an ending," said the sage.

I was traveling by air to Madras from New Delhi on December 28, 1983. I had been correcting my manuscript, when suddenly the vital difference between sermon and dialogue became clear. In the West, dialogue had seldom played a major part in awakening religious enquiry. It had been used in philosophic dissertation, the Socratic dialogues had concerned themselves with discovery of truth through logic and rigorous enquiry. But the intensity of enquiry that had been generated by Socrates remained a sounding board for the framework of logic and reason. At the end of the dialogue, reason was established. What of the other participants—did the two streams become one in their flow? Did all division end?

In most religions the truth was a revealed truth, established through doctrine, of Bible or Koran, its acceptance based on faith. Any hint of doubt or questioning was regarded as heresy; this was so amongst the Cathars of France, the early Coptic sects, the Gnostics. The truth of the church was not the truth that arose out of pristine perception and self-enquiry and the energy generated by dialogue.

Indian religious enquiry had from the earliest times perfected dialogue as an instrument of probing the within of things; using logic to its ultimate limits as a tool, it could free itself of logic and delve beyond.

Krishnaji had given to dialogue a depth and dimension. Through listening at great depth, duality ended and the doors to the within of the mind and nature opened. The quality, the perception, and the spaces of the mind changed. If one observed, in listening to a sermon or a lecture there was an acceptance or a rejection, even a questioning; thought was in abeyance, interspersed by thought wandering, caught in becoming, as the past or the future.

In serious religious dialogue the ear is open, energy is gathered, the senses awake, operating simultaneously; attention fills the mind. Held in attention, the mind rests undifferentiated. From this ground all responses are possible. To participate at depth, there has to be listening at depth. In this state the questioner and listener lose their separate identities.

I was hesitant, uncertain of the implications of what had arisen. On reaching Vasant Vihar, I spoke of it to Krishnaji. Like quicksilver his mind awoke to the full implications of what I had been feeling out. He was totally awake, eager to pursue the subject, to open it up and probe into the question.

That afternoon we began a discussion on the nature of intense dialogue and its role in freeing the brain from time.

Krishnaji said, "We will talk about time and dialogue as between two religious people. Religious in the sense of people who are free from all tradition, free from authority, from all systems. In such dialogue there is a questioning and an answering; the answering provokes a further question; and so the question is kept rolling. In such dialogue there is a state of listening where the two people disappear and only the question remains."

"Dialogues need not mean two people," I said. "Essentially, its meaning seems to be a probing into something through a listening and challenging situation. I see that all problems that arise in the brain are born of time. They arise because of the need to change 'what is.' The movement of the brain which wished to change 'what is' into something else creates time."

"Physical time is sunrise and sunset," said K. "The covering of one point to another point. Psychologically, time is to become something. Time is the whole process of evolution, both the psychological and physical.

"My question is, is there a totally different time? Time as non-movement? Time as we know it is movement, the division between one action and another action; time is hope; time is the movement of the past, through the present, to the future. Time is the movement of fulfilling, achieving, becoming. Time is thinking about something and acting. The interval is time. I am asking, Is there a time that does not belong to any of these categories at all?" Krishnaji had plunged into the question.

"You say the time you speak of does not belong to the category of movement. Does it belong to the category of matter?" I asked.

"Not as I understand it. I have been told matter is solidified, manifested energy. Time as the tree growing," said Krishnaji.

"The brain is matter. In that matter, evolution must exist," I said.

"Of course. We were monkeys; after millions of years we are *Homo sapiens*," said Krishnaji.

"We link that evolution with the content within the brain. The brain is matter. Evolution is inherent in the brain. The content of the brain is memory. We link evolution in the brain with evolution in memory." Listening, the response arose.

"I see what you are talking about. Has memory evolved through a process of evolution?" Krishnaji asked.

"The problem arises because we apply to memory the same rules as we apply to matter," I said. "Evolution is inherent in matter. The problem is we take the content of the brain which is memory and feel that there is an entity that can change that content. The whole process of becoming is that. That is the time of the within, time of the interior."

"But all evolution implies time," said Krishnaji.

"We apply evolution, which is inherent in the brain substance, to its content. Is there evolution in the time within?" I asked.

"Evolution is time." Krishnaji would not move.

"If evolution is time, why should it not be applicable to becoming?" I asked.

"Becoming implies time. I am this, I will be that. Pupulji asks whether the content of the brain is part of the process of evolution?" He had turned to the others.

"No. The brain itself is a product of time as evolution. But is the content of the brain, which has been a gathering of experience through millennia, identical with the nature of the brain stuff itself?"

"It is simple to understand that becoming is illusion. But there is something much more than that. You imply that there is an outer time of the watch and an inner time of becoming. Then you ask, Is there another time that does not belong to these two categories? Time and space are one. Time and matter are one." I pushed.

"Time is matter. Time is manifested energy. The very manifestation is a process of time," said Krishnaji.

"So time cannot exist without manifestation?" I queried.

"We know time as past, present, and future," said Krishnaji.

"We project time into the future. What is the nature—the perception of that instant in which is reality?" I asked.

"I see that the future is the past modifying itself in the present.

That is time. I will do—I will become. Now, is there a timeless action that is perception—action without interval?" Krishnaji had begun the question which was the opening of the doorways.

"What is it that is modified in the present?" I asked.

"Thought," said Krishnaji

"Can we examine that instant when modification takes place?" I asked.

"I am afraid of what might happen tomorrow. Tomorrow is both the present and yesterday. The present, the 'now,' is both the past and the future," said Krishnaji.

"Does perception in the present negate both the past and the future?"

"That perception requires an ending of the past. Perception is timeless. Right. You perceive that you are full of prejudices, knowledge, conclusion, beliefs and with that you look at the present and that present is modified by the challenge. You might alter it, but you remain in the same field," K responded.

"Yes, this is a state where there is no point of perception. But to understand the time which does not belong to this stream is obviously to understand the perception of the 'now,' " I said.

"Perception is not of time. It does not contain the past," said Krishnaji.

"What is the 'now'? "

"I will tell you. The 'now' is the past and the present. The 'now' is all time as past time, future time, and present time," said Krishnaji.

"Can one experience past time? Can one experience future time? What is the experiencing of all time?" I was challenging Krishnaji.

"You cannot experience that. To experience that implies the experiencer, who is experiencing in time." The response came swiftly.

"Therefore, when you say the 'now' is all time—what do you actually mean?" There was a long pause. "Is there an actual contact with the 'now'?" I asked.

"The past has created the present," Achyut spoke.

"That is easy to see. I am trying to delve deeper. Krishnaji says the past and the present are both contained in the 'now.' I say what is this 'now'?" I was pushing as far as I could.

Sunanda intervened. "Pupul, look at it. The 'now' is 'what is'—the whole of the past is in 'what is.' "

"But what is 'what is'?" I asked.

"How do you assert that the past is contained in the present? Do you actually experience it, or is it a theory? This is my question. Pupulji is asking, What makes you say the past is contained in the present? Is it an idea, theory, or do you have insight into that?" Krishnaji was questioning himself.

"Let us see what Krishnaji is saying," I said. "He asks, 'Is there a time which is not linear time, nor the time of becoming? Is there a time which is independent of both these times?' "

"That is all," said Krishnaji.

"Only perception or revelation can bring it about in the present. How do I come to the 'now' of experience?"

"You cannot come to it. You cannot experience it. You cannot conceive it.

"See what has happened. You cannot experience it, but your brain is conditioned to experience, to knowledge. It is conditioned to measurement through words. This cannot be approached that way. Right? That is the religious mind. It has wiped out theories, ideas. We are dealing with actualities. Right? That's where religious enquiry begins." Krishnaji was at the center of the enquiry.

"Is it possible to probe into this time you speak about?" I was hesitant.

"It is possible in the sense that you may use words, but words are not the thing."

"You cannot divide past, present and future with words?" Sunanda spoke.

"Yes. But the question remains," said Krishnaji.

"Yes, the question remains. That is what is extraordinary. The question remains, but the questioners do not remain," I said.

"Yes, the questioners cease to exist," Krishnaji spoke.

"But is it a verbal question at all?" asked Radhika.

"What does the question operate upon?" asked Asit.

"Let us enquire. We are saying time is evolution. Time is becoming. Time is from here to there—physically and psychologically. We know that process of becoming and nonbecoming—the positive and the negative—and we proceed along these lines all our life. Then someone comes along and asks, 'what for?' He has left me with that question. We ponder over it and say, 'Let us look at it; let us find out.' We see there is time between seeing, thinking, and being. That interval is time. It is in the field of time. You also see that all time is contained in the present. Pupul then asks, 'Can we explore into the present?' I say, 'No.' If you experience it, the experiencer is the past and the experience itself is of time. What is the state of the brain that has put away all theories and conjectures? What is the state of the brain that sees perception and action as one? It sees that there is no interval, and so no time. Perception is free of time. What is that state which is the 'now'? Perception is the 'now.' Perception is not of time. There is no 'I will learn to perceive.'

"What is perception? It is not of time. Can one experience that? It is not possible. Perception has no perceiver. Perception is 'now'—therefore it is timeless. Therefore action born of perception is timeless." The question had flowered.

"Therefore, in that perception, the past and future are totally annihilated?" I asked hesitatingly.

"Perception of what?" asked Asit.

"What is the necessity for perception to perceive, Sir?" asked Sunanda.

"In the state of dialogue," we asked the question.

" 'What is the now,' K says, 'It contains the past, present and future.' Then the brain asks, 'How do I contact it?' And he says, 'It cannot be contacted. There can only be perception.' Now the listening, taking in of that perception wipes out past and present." I was tentatively feeling my way into the question.

"You see, it is happening now. Listening is not of time. If I listen, it is 'now.' Listening has no time. Therefore there is no horizontal time." Krishnaji spoke.

"What is the enquiry, then?" asked Asit.

"Out of questioning, listening arises; out of listening, question arises," I said.

"Don't theorize." Krishnaji was quick to see that my response lacked depth.

"I am not theorizing."

"Perception is timeless."

"Then I ask you a question. Is it possible to probe?" I said.

"I say, yes. In probing the mind rids itself of all concepts, all theories, all hopes, desires. It is now in a state of purity. In that state you can enquire. I tell you, 'Love is not of time.' How do you listen? What is your response? You hear words, words have meaning. You interpret them according to your capacity. Can you listen to the truth of that without the word?" Krishnaji asked.

"You can't listen like that. You listen to the words," said Asit.

"The word is not the thing," Krishnaji said.

"I listen to the word, but do not understand," Asit reiterated.

"Come, have a dialogue with me." Krishnaji was drawing his listeners towards him.

"If I may say something, how do you listen? Isn't that the crucial question?" I asked.

"You cannot listen to words without translating them," Asit spoke.

"In a dialogue with Krishnaji you listen without thought operating, and yet comprehend fully what he is saying. There is a listening at such depth, that it opens up the question," I said.

"What do you mean by comprehending?" asked Sunanda.

"Can you have a dialogue with the question, 'Love is not of time'?"

"Don't verbalize. We have all been trained to be highly intellectual. A poor man who does not seem bright, he will understand a simple statement," said Krishnaji.

"How can there be enquiry in a state of attention?" asked Asit.

"Just listen. You tell me, 'Love is not of time.' To me, that is a tremendous fact. I say I really don't understand it, and you tell me you won't understand it, the way you want to understand it. Do you get what I am saying? You want to understand it through the intellectual process, through argument, through a verbal process of reaction. But you won't understand it that way. You say, 'That is the only instrument I have.' I say there is a totally different instrument. You say, 'Tell me about that instrument.' I say, 'Put aside your capacity, your knowledge that is time,' " said Krishnaji.

"Are you saying, 'Put aside your intellectual instrument,'?" asked Asit.

"Of course not," said Krishnaji. "I said, 'Put aside knowledge.' Knowledge is evolution. Is there a comprehension, an insight, an immediate perception, without the word, without bringing all knowledge into it? I say, yes. Can there be a state where there is pure perception of something and can you probe into that perception?"

The discussions on time were to continue in Madras. At a seminar on January 4, 1984, at Vāsant Vihar, the subject was discussed again. Professor George Sudarshan and Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya were present.

"The question has been raised by our friend on the functioning of different kinds of time. That is, is there a time which comes into operation, which functions even when becoming ceases to be? That when cause and effect have ceased, when normal process of causation, of memory and expectation, anticipation—all the background accumulated over one's lifetime or even before that—have been given up, drop off: Is there still a kind of time in which events unfold?" George Sudarshan commenced, unfolding the question.

I added, "Krishnaji also spoke of the arising of a perception which simultaneously negates that arising, a simultaneity of arising and negating; and what is the nature of time, in relationship to the 'now'?"

"We have said, 'The present, which is the past, is also the future.' We also said that time is not only becoming, anticipation, hope, but also time is the holding—the sense of possessing, the sense of accumulating knowledge and living with that knowledge; that also is time. And we asked, Is there any other time movement? Is the movement of thought a material process; thought which is also movement? So, time and thought are similar. There is physical time, from here to there.

"You are now asking a question: 'Is there a nonmovement when one has stepped out of psychological time? Is there a movement which is totally different from the movement of time and thought?' " The Master had commenced the enquiry.

"Do you speak of the brain ceasing to function, or the mind ceasing to function?" enquired Sudarshan.

"I would like to separate the brain and the mind. The brain is conditioned. The mind is outside the brain. Mind, for me, is something totally unrelated to the conditioned brain and therefore something which is not measurable by words or by thought. Whereas the brain activity and the wastage of the brain activity is measurable and measure is time. Now any function arising from accumulated knowledge is the known—as myself, my ego, my self-centered activity. Now, is it possible not to be self-centered? Can one ask this question: Can one be free of the self, entirely?

"The self, the 'me,' is the product of time—evolution. It is the activity of the self-centered brain as my position, my power. It is the 'me.' And as long as there is that 'me' which is accumulated knowledge, memory, experience, there is the limitation of time," Krishnaji said.

Jagannath Upadhyaya asked, "One may speak of time in whatever way one likes—time as thought, time as movement, etcetera. There is time as the coming into existence and time as ceasing to be, which is the process of becoming in which we live. But behind it, is there mind, in which there is no arising and ending? If it is so, then it is outside us, one cannot do anything about it. We can't act upon it or investigate it?"

"No, we can't. As long as the self, the 'me,' is arising, dying, arising, ending, and again arising, this constant process of becoming is time."

"Not only becoming but being," explained the Buddhist.

"When Upadhyaya speaks of being, he means 'I am.' There is a becoming, but there is also the sense of 'I am.' " Radha Burnier had joined the dialogue.

"We see this process of arising, becoming—thought arising, thought ending—when this stops, what happens?"

"How do you know it stops?" asked Krishnaji.

"To put it simply, when becoming comes to an end, is there Being?" Radhaji continued.

"What do you mean by Being?"

"The sense of 'I am,' " offered Achyut.

"Existing," I intervened.

"What is existing? The moment you acknowledge you are living, you set the whole process of the self in operation."

"No, I won't accept that," I said. "With ending, becoming ends. To most of us it is possible for a thought projection to end, which is for becoming to end. But that state is not a dead thing. It is a state of existing."

Sudarshan enquired, "When you talk about Being, is it a statement about a condition or function or are you talking about an object? If it is Being, by definition it is an object."

"I am not talking about Being as object."

"So, when you talk about living or Being, to the extent that there is no separation of a knowing person from the rest, to the extent that there is *vyaapti*, complete identification, without claiming anything for yourself, there is no separation between you and anything else," said Sudarshan.

"Why do you deny Being? Being in the sense that something 'is.' Do you say there is nothing?" I asked.

"There is no difference between Being and becoming. When becoming ends, being ends," responded the Pandit.

"Yes," said Krishnaji.

"Becoming and being are the same. Where there is becoming and being, there is the self with all its activities, etcetera, and when it ends, that also ends. But when there is the end of all this, of thought, etcetera, then is there something which sustains, in which everything is sustained?" asked Jagannath Upadhyaya.

"If I may ask, what is the distinction you draw between becoming and being?" I asked the Pandit.

"In Sanskrit they are not two words. *Bhava* means both being and becoming," Radhaji explained.

"Panditji says that what you call intelligence is unrelated to intellect.

Only when this intellect recognizes that it is fragmented and is limited that it ceases and intelligence is born," said Achyut.

"I would like to go into becoming and being a little more. Being is a state of nondifferentiation."

"Why do you differentiate between being and becoming?" Krishnaji enquired.

"There is a state from which things arise and into which things disappear," I said.

"Which is the self?" Krishnaji spoke.

"In a state of attention, a state of awareness, what is there?" I enquired.

"In attention there is no self," said the Master.

"Then what is the nature of attention?" I asked.

"Are you asking what is the nature of attention or whether there is a ground or stratum from which attention springs?" Radhaji turned to me.

"Attention has no background." Krishnaji brought us back to the central question.

The scientist Sudarshan began to explore. "There are two kinds of functioning in the physical universe. One is a functioning which is labeled by discrete events in which you have a chronology, you have a sequence of things, and then you construct laws connecting the events. And so you say the wind is caused by differences in temperature, and you find one event causing another event which is causing another event, and you are able to understand a number of things. Then there is another kind of functioning in which you don't differentiate, for example, an object which is moving freely; and it was a great discovery of physics when people decided that free motion does not require an explanation. You don't ask why it is continually moving; you attribute it to the nature of things, you say that it is the nature of objects to move. And one can enlarge, generalize the scope of the thing so that no system functions in a sense without this thing. An isolated system—isolated in the sense that there is no other; a complete system has no history, has no events in it. Events come when you are putting the system which is functioning by itself, within the matrix of something else, and then you say something which is moving in a closed fashion, is really not natural because we like to think straight. So we ask the question: Why is it not moving straight? So chronological time of unfolding takes place when you have an incomplete system, incomplete in the sense that there are ideals for the behavior of the system, which are not external to the system, and when you measure the actual performance of the system against these ideals, then you talk about events taking place and chronology. But when the system is complete within itself, it is not featureless, but its functioning has no chronology, there are no events within the system. Unfortunately, we are so used to the idea of chronology that natural evolution is always very puzzling: an evolution in which there are no happenings. So, whenever there is a motion which contains things taking place but to which we cannot put definite cause and effect, we feel very anxious, we feel that we do not fully understand. We want to break it up, discretize it.

"Perhaps these two possible kinds of unfolding may be useful as models for this discussion. There is one kind of time—physical time in which events take place, in which the second law of cause and effect takes place. Another time in which you cannot say what is the cause and what is the effect, because there is no breaking up of events with regard to that." Sudarshan stopped.

"When does that take place?" asked Krishnaji.

"When the system has no ideal to compare itself with," said Sudarshan.

"Which means what?" Krishnaji was pushing.

"We refer to it as a closed system, but we mean it may be a complete system," said Sudarshan.

"In all systems—bureaucratic, scientific, religious—is there inherent decay, entropy?" enquired Krishnaji.

"Yes."

"So, as long as the brain is collective, it forms a system."

"Quite right."

"So, inherently in the collective is a process of decay, degeneration takes place?" enquired Krishnaji.

"Krishnaji, I am concerned about your attention to the brain. The brain is also part of the physical system and I do not have to pay that much more attention to my brain than I do to trees or to birds," said Dr. Sudarshan.

"No," Krishnaji said.

"Sometimes I use them, but then sometimes I use the tree also. So, why should I feel so attached to what happens in my brain—thought waves and the functioning of the various interconnections and so on? Should I be too concerned about what the brain is doing?" asked Sudarshan.

"As long as my brain is conditioned, the brain becomes very limited. The brain has an infinite capacity, and that capacity is being denied by its own limitation. You are a scientist and I am not. You have acquired tremendous knowledge and have occasional insights into something. You keep moving, adding. This addition is the factor of conditioning. Obviously. And therefore the brain becomes limited and that addition is the self. We won't go into different terminologies. As long as the self is there, the self is a system, and the self is a factor of deterioration," Krishnaji said.

"That is what we call the self with a little 's' rather than the big 'S,' " said Sudarshan.

"The self is self, not the big 'S' or small 's.' I am using it only in one context, the small 's.' For me, there is no big 'S,' " Krishnaji said.

"Going back to what Pupulji said, Sir, you said that attention has no background," prompted Radhaji.

"Here is a scientist. What is attention to you, Sir? Be simple." Krishnaji turned to Sudarshan.

"Well, I would say attention is when there is no separation, when there is no identification of anything else; including perception of any entity. Attention is one, in which there are no anticipations and there are no memories."

"Which means what? There is no background?" asked Krishnaji.

"No background. I feel that that is the simplest statement. In attention there is no background because background assumes a matrix, an ideal. In attention there is no comparison. Attention is one without the second," said Sudarshan.

"When there is attention, there is no background. We were discussing time. I say love has no time. Love has no reminiscences. Love is not the activity of desire or pleasure. The activity of desire and pleasure involves time. Love has no time," Krishnaji spoke.

"This is a mighty leap," I commented.

"It is a *Brahmastra*. It is a weapon which annihilates everything," Upadhyaya commented.

But Krishnaji would not accept this statement. "It is approachable," he said. "I don't put something on a pinnacle and then say it is unapproachable."

"Has love an arising and an ending?" asked the Pandit.

"No. If there is an arising and ending, it is not love."

"Then it is beyond discussion," said Upadhyayaji.

"What is a dialogue? A dialogue is—you question and I answer; so, you and I are forgotten. We don't exist. Only the question remains. And if you leave the question, it flowers, it has vitality, it provides an answer," Krishnaji spoke. "Has Panditji understood my answer?"

"He accepts what you say—that there is a question and an answer flows, but he says, "What has this to do with love?" Radha Burnier spoke.

"I make a statement—'Where love is, time is not.' You listen, you question it, and I reply. There is a connection, both verbal and nonverbal, and the question remains, the fact remains. If you let it remain, it begins to move."

"You say love has no time," I asked.

"See the beauty of it."

"It is a fine question and no response arises to it, but there is still the question," I said.

"Then remain with that. Pupul, take a lotus, look at it."

"I look."

There was a long pause. Then Radha Burnier turned to Jagannath Upadhyaya and said, "In looking there is no question."

"I don't know how to respond to Krishnaji's question." Sensing a certain barrenness in the dialectics, Krishnaji suddenly dropped the discussion and took one of his great leaps. "Death has no time."

"Out of kindness for us, could you make these leaps a little shorter? Because already Panditji is saying that he is finding it difficult to respond to your statement, which he may completely agree with, identify with. How do we relate this particular statement to the question of 'being, becoming'?" Sudarshan intervened.

"It seems to me that before we move to death, let us talk about love, and its relation to the question," Sudarshan continued. "You have previously said that when there is a dialogue between two or many people, and the purpose is actually in the dialogue, the persons cease and the question remains and it moves around, it speaks through various people and its own vitality functions. I think Panditji is saying that he does not know how to respond, not because he disagrees with you—not that what you say is a *Brahmastra*, the ultimate weapon which destroys everything including the launching pad—but how is he to respond to your earlier question that the dialogue has a vitality of its own?"

"Have you understood it?" Krishnaji asked Sudarshan.

"Yes."

"Then explain it to Panditji," Krishnaji said.

"I think Krishnaji is saying that the purpose of the dialogue is not for a person to ask questions and for the other person to answer, but for the question and answer to come around, and in a sense move by itself between people. So it is not one person giving information to another person, but it is a case of the question itself answering itself, using people's voices as the instrument. But we have always the feeling that it must be in terms of a catechism—a question and answer. Krishnaji is saying that if there is a time when the question ceases, that too is a very valuable time, that too is in fact very natural. In a sense, what it shows is an image, an echo of what he was talking about earlier—namely, is there a being at this point or is there a becoming or is there something which is other than the two? Looked at from one point, there is being; looked at from another point, when all questions cease, then who is there to ask any question, who is there to understand? That holding the question, or holding the answer if there is no question, is itself in a sense a dialogue. It is a meditation in which no words are spoken because it is *yato vaacho nivartante*, a state where words do not reach."

"Yes. So, let us talk about death. What, according to the Buddhists, to Nagarjuna, is death?" Krishnaji spoke.

"By whatever cause life came into being, by the same cause life comes to an end; that is death," said the Buddhist.

"I exist because my father and my mother met, and I was born. I live eighty-nine years or one hundred years. At the end of one hundred years, I die. There is a causation and the end of causation. Right? Is that what you call death?" Krishnaji asked.

"This causation is not at the level of things, that is, at the biological level; but it is at the memory level, at the thought level. Nagarjuna says in that movement is past, present and future."

"If you say that past and present contain the 'now,' that now is death. Becoming and dying. Is that death?" asked Krishnaji.

"Yes," said Jagannath Upadhyaya.

"That is logical," Krishnaji said.

"Yes, logical."

Krishnaji continued, "It is an intellectual concept."

"Yes."

"That doesn't interest me," said K, "I am dying."

"At every moment there is an ending; each moment is separate. There is a death all the time," said Upadhyayaji.

"But I have a son who is dying and I am in sorrow, I shed tears. I am lonely, depressed. You come along and speak of causation. But I am in pain. What are you going to do about it?"

"Whatever comes into being ends from moment to moment," Upadhyayaji said.

"I have heard all that before," said Krishnaji. "But I am in sorrow."

"But what connects the moments together is memory," said Upadhyayaji.

"All right. I come to you and you explain that. I say, 'Go to hell.' "

I intervened. "Jagannath Upadhyaya says that none of the Buddhist teachings have dealt with death, except as a rising and ending."

Krishnaji said, "I was with a man, Sir, some years ago. He was dying. His wife came and said, 'He is asking for you.' I went to him, sat next to him, and held his hand. And he said, 'I am dying, don't preach philosophy to me. I am dying, and I don't want to die. I have lived a fairly good life, a fairly moral life, I have got my family, my memories, all the things that I have accumulated, and I don't want to die. But I am dying.' What is your answer to that? Don't come to me with your 'beginning and ending.' "

"The answer is, he has to die," said Upadhyayaji.

"Oh, God!" cried Krishnaji. "Is that what you say to your son, to your wife, to your husband? 'He has to die'? Of course he has to die. He has got cancer, he has got tuberculosis, a disease. He is quite young, and he says, 'My god, help me to understand.' "

"But death is part of life," said Panditji.

"Panditji, are you saying there is no ending to sorrow?" I tried to clarify the position.

"Unless the cause of sorrow is eliminated, it cannot end," said the Buddhist Pandit.

"But the man who is dying hasn't eliminated it. You have to deal with this man who is dying. Nobody has held his hand. So I hold his hand and he has the feeling that there is love. I do not talk to him about a beginning or ending," said Krishnaji.

"What is the difficulty here? He may die or not die. He will die sometime. But we are dying at this moment, we are dying to this feeling. We are in sorrow, there is no question of that. The question is not whether our brother is dying. It is we who are in sorrow, and we are asking for help, for support. He wants consolation. But I am not giving him a thing. We cannot give him life. He who is dying is not dying outside of himself, he is dying within himself and it is his problem.

"Is the question how you deal with that person?" Sudarshan enquired.

"No," said Krishnaji, "it is how you deal with death."

"In the process there are two things. One is my feeling that my friend is dying and that he is afraid, he is unhappy and unwilling to die. The other is what can I do to give him help at this point. Which of the two aspects are we discussing?"

Krishnaji replied, "Both. I want to know about death. I am going to die. I'll be eighty-nine in May—probably I will live another ten years. I am not frightened. I don't want anybody's help. I have lived with death and life together, all the time, all my life. Because I don't own anything, I don't possess anything inwardly. I am dying and living at the same time. There is no separation for me. I may be living in illusion, but take it as it is.

"But my friend is dying. Nobody has loved him and he has loved nobody. What the Buddha said, does that help? He wants somebody to love him, be with him. Somebody who says 'Look, we are together in this. You are lonely and what does it mean when death comes?' I see him utterly lonely, separated from anybody else. And there is dreadful fear. And you come and speak of beginning, ending. I say, for God's sake!"

"If I love, can I give it to him? Is it something which can be given?" asked Jagannath Upadhyaya.

"No," said Krishnaji, "he is with me, not that I give him love. It is not something I give.

"Because he is ill and is going to die, and he does not want to die, how do we give him love? Love cannot transcend causation; it cannot be outside cause and effect. However great or deep compassion may be, it cannot be independent of causation," said Upadhyaya.

"Sir," said K, "he is not interested in your philosophy. He is not interested in what the Buddha said. He is dying. Don't tell him of beginning, arising, and ending. He is not interested in that. We go to the dying with a lot of words and these words are like ashes to him, including Buddha's words. He is dying and says, 'My God! What of my life? Don't talk to me about all this.' Can one come with nothing and hold his hand? Can one say, 'My friend, when you die, a part of me is also dying. I have never met you before. But your wife came to see me and she asked me to visit you. So, we both are going to die today. I know what it means to die. I have lived my life dying and living, never separating the two. Each day I die.' So I say to my friend, 'Let us die. I understand your fear.' Then death is not fear."

CHAPTER 46

"The Lineage of Compassion"

In April 1984 I was in Arya Vihara in Ojai. The book of memoirs was nearing completion, but what of the ending? The river was in full flood. Was it possible to distill the essence of the teaching? At times it appeared so lucid, clear, simple, and then so distant, immense, universal that it defied a unified perception of it. I sought clarity, the key to the ending. At Pine Cottage on April 28 I met Krishnaji. His hair was white, time had left its mark on the face, but the eyes that mirrored mine were of the boy Krishnamurti in the photograph taken after his first initiation; eyes that were limpid, untouched, eyes that had never looked back in time.

I asked him what was the summation of his teaching? To me it was vast. It integrated and included the teachings of the Buddha and Vedanta. He could negate the super-Atman, the Brahman, but in the very negation, he emanated an energy which those words conveyed. That led me to the often-asked question, "Who is Krishnamurti? What is his lineage?" Was he a breakthrough in evolution? It would take centuries to comprehend the challenge Krishnamurti had posed to the human brain—to the root of the human mind.

Suddenly Krishnaji caught my hand. "Keep it—keep the challenge—work with it—forget the person." His touch was charged with the strength of nature, as found in storms in oceans. "Look what religions have done: concentrated on the teacher and forgotten the teaching. Why do we give such importance to the person of the teacher? The teacher may be necessary to manifest the teaching, but beyond that, what? The vase contains water; you have to drink the water, not worship the vase. Humanity worships the vase, forgets the water."

My body, mind responded. "Even to start real enquiry into the teaching is a breakthrough in consciousness."

"Yes, that is so," Krishnaji said. "The human tendency is to center everything around the person of the teacher—not on the essence of what he says, but the person. That is the great corruption. Look at the great teachers of the world—Mohammed, Christ, and the Buddha too. Look what their followers have made of it? Buddhist monks are violent, they kill. Contrary to all that the Buddha had said.

"The manifestation has to take place, through a human body, naturally—the manifestation is not the teaching. We must be extraordinarily impersonal about all this. To see that we do not project the teacher because of one's love and affection for the person, and forget the teaching. See the truth in the teaching, the depth in it, go into it, live it, that is, what is important. Does it matter?" Krishnaji asked, "If the world says of K, what a wonderful person he is—who cares? If K is a breakthrough, the word is not his measure. The word is not important. If I were living in the time of the Buddha, I may be attracted to him as a human being, I may have great affection for him, but I would be far more concerned with what he says. Look Pupulji, our brains have become so small by the words we have used. When one speaks to a group of scientists, specialists in various disciplines—one sees that their lives have become so small. They are measuring everything in terms of words, experiences. And it is not a matter of word or experience. Words are limited; all experiences are limited. They cover a very small area."

He was hesitant. "Let us start anew. The self is a bundle of memories. The self is the essence of knowledge. Knowledge is always in the field of time. K is saying that the self is inherited and accumulated memory. When the self is not, time is not. Energy has no past. But man has emphasized the past. When there is that energy, not bound by the self, energy has no time. It is energy."

"But in all manifestation, is a time not born, limited to that manifestation?" I asked.

"Yes. Manifestation needs time. Therefore, having manifested as a flower or a tree, as a human being, that energy is limited. When the self is not, it is a state totally out of time. I am questioning whether the evolution of the brain is to continue as it is now, modifying, growing, gathering, more and more knowledge? I see something very interesting. Meditation as it is known is practice, discipline, recitation of mantras. It is based on knowledge. So it is a very small affair. Is there a meditation that is not based on knowledge, not deliberate? So long as consciousness exists, consciousness must mean manifestation. There must be time. Therefore this meditation can only be when consciousness, as we know it, ends.

"For the last year, there is a state, not measurable by words, not in the field of knowledge, immense, totally out of time. It is there, when I close my eyes to do my exercises, when I go for a walk. I watch, I am skeptical to see whether it is fanciful or reality."

Krishnaji had moved out and was free of the discussion; a new state was evident.

"That must be totally altering the nature of the brain," I commented.

"Probably it does."

"Can it touch the brain of humanity?"

"Yes, yes." Krishnaji's voice was flowing, deep and compassionate. Then suddenly he asked me, "Pupulji, you have read the ancient texts, you have discussed with pandits, what do you contact?"

I let the question float; then, hesitantly, I spoke. "You see, Krishnaji, I have read the ancient texts, but I bring to the texts the listening which has come through listening to you. I so listen to the texts, and because there is that state, I can touch something, get close to it."

"Why." Krishnaji spoke—it was not a question, but a way of moving me into the journey.

"Because touching 'that' does not lie in the word. You speak and the mind, because it is quiet, feels close to 'that.' Now when I read the ancient texts and the mind is quiet, or when I sit alone in the garden and hear birds sing, or the touch of the wind, I may feel a closeness to 'that.' "

"Does the person of K become important?"

"No. The energy emanating, certainly is important. You draw us in, the moment the mind is quiet. I am beginning to see something, the energy in this mind, as it is, is not capable of touching 'that.' It can go so far and no further. This also I understand, to allow the self as little space as possible."

"Yes," Krishnaji laughed. "Allow it as little play as possible."

"I see that there is very little of the personal Krishnamurti left."

"Yes."

"You feel it, the moment you touch the gateways of your mind; the ground is saturated with 'that.' "

"Yes."

"In the last year or so, you have tried—no, 'tried' is not the right word—to bring people closer and closer to 'that.' " I paused. "But then there is the blockage of evolution that is karma."

"As you sow, so shall you reap," Krishnaji laughed again.

"Karma, which is the essence of what you were, so you are and so you will be. I see also that one has to let thought flow, let it be very fluid, not let it crystalize. One has to uproot thought, unearth it."

"Uproot it, that is right."

"So that it sits lightly in the mind."

"Just a minute." K interrupted my flow. "How would you communicate what you are saying to fifty people, or five thousand?"

"The key to communication is observation. Nothing else is needed."

"How do you answer, who is the observer?"

"The only answer is to observe. To be open, to discover. How extraordinary is this journey of discovery, the insights into the endless."

As I left the room, the question again arose in my mind: Who is Krishnamurti? What is his *gotra,* his lineage? Out of the question, the answer arose: All humankind. Because in every human being is the capacity to break through bondage; to be in the lineage of impersonal compassion.

Later I asked him of the nature of the word *samadhi.* He said, "The brain is silent throughout the day; a word is said and the brain sees instantly the whole content of it. The brain does not accumulate. What arises is full. There is no movement within the brain as time, but there is an infinite movement, the rhythm of the brain. There is a sense of timeless, eternal protection."

On May 11, 1985, Krishnaji turned ninety years old. That day I was with him at Arya Vihara in Ojai, and in the morning I knocked at the door of his room overlooking the pepper tree, where sixty-three years earlier he had undergone his mysterious transformations. At my knock Krishnaji opened the door. I bent to touch his feet; but he laughed and embraced me instead. Nothing special happened that day. He was ninety and another day passed.

CHAPTER 47

"No Beginning, No End": Krishnamurti at Ninety

In the *Bhagavad Gita* Arjuna asks Krishna of the nature of the Steadfast, illumined Being. "How does he walk, how does he talk, how does he conduct himself?"

The same question is asked by many people who have seen and heard Krishnaji speak. This chapter perhaps provides some answers to the question, and yet it remains an incomplete answer, for the mystery of Krishnamurti remains unfathomed.

At ninety, Krishnamurti's day is little different than it has been for forty years. In India he awakes at sunrise, lies in bed, every sense of the body awake, but without a single thought arising until there is a coming to, from vast distances. He starts the morning with yogic *asanas* and *pranayam*. For thirty-five minutes he does his *pranayams*, his breathing exercises, and forty-five minutes are spent on yoga *asanas*, the physical stances—toning the body, the nerves, the muscles and the cells that form the skin tissue, the opening of every cell of the body so that it breathes naturally and in harmony.

At eight o'clock Krishnamurti has a breakfast of fruit, toast, butter, and whole wheat. His breakfast sometimes includes South Indian *idlis* or *dosas*, steamed rice cakes with coconut chutney. At the breakfast table in India his close associates gather to discuss education and the schools, consciousness, the seed of disintegration in man, computers, and the role of artificial intelligence. He asks for news of the international world and of India. The state of the country is freely discussed; the violence, the corruption, the decay of values; the future of man or the mutation of the human mind. Every problem is raised and probed;

everyone participates; a sense of order and quiet pervades even the discussions.

He is quite childlike in his attitude to situations, especially political; but a supreme gravity is evident in his concern with the psyche or the spaces within the mind. He frequently pauses, letting the mind rest with questions, responding with passion and dignity.

When he is to hold his morning dialogues, the breakfast session is short. We disperse to meet again at 9:30, when the small group gathers to participate in the dialogues. The discussions continue until eleven, after which individuals with special problems or sorrows can speak to him. At times he takes them into his room for a few minutes. When there are no group discussions, his talks with his associates continue for two or three hours. We discuss death, the nature of God, the problem of the observer and the observed. Some of the most intense insights have been revealed at these sessions.

Around eleven-thirty he goes to his room and lies down for half an hour with the *Economist, Time,* or *Newsweek,* picture books of trees, mountains, birds, or animals, or a mystery novel. He rarely reads serious books, but is very well informed on the state of the world, on advances in science and technology, and the degenerating processes corroding man. At noon he has an oil massage and a very hot bath. Lunch is at one o'clock. He eats Indian food, but nothing fried, and very few sweets. He likes hot pickles and permits himself tiny portions. Again at lunchtime there are discussions, and guests are often invited.

The conversation varies from international affairs to scientific discoveries, war, nuclear disarmament and its insoluble problems. Krishnaji has an intense curiosity and questions deeply. New discoveries in science fascinate him. At times he is prophetic and feels into the future. His statements are far ahead of his time. He has insights into the significance of world events and can relate them to a global totality. He often asks visitors, "What is happening in the country? Why has it lost all creativity?" No answer satisfies him. The serious individual is made to hold this impossible question within and so be awake to its intimations. The question of degeneration in the inner processes has to be asked and the mind must remain with the problem, ponder on it.

His span of attention is formidable. He once said to me that some questions have to be held in the mind for eternity.

At lunch Krishnamurti continues the question he has discussed over the breakfast table, and sometimes he tells stories—anecdotes of his encounters with wild animals, or stories of St. Peter and heaven and hell, Russia and the commissars, which he repeats with eloquence, zest, and good humor. He is completely without malice. With strangers he is shy, and someone else has to fill in awkward silences.

For years he saw vast numbers of people. *Sannyasis*, Buddhist monks, *siddhas*, wandering yogis converge on him, seeking answers or solace. He never refuses to see them. The saffron or ochre robe of the ascetic evokes deep compassion within him. In the early 1970s two Jain monks had started visiting him every year. Their appointment had to be fixed a year ahead, with the exact date, time, and place. For during the *Chaturmas*, the four months of the monsoons, the monks rested and all wandering ceased. After the four months were over, the two monks would start their pilgrimage to meet Krishnaji, sometimes walking seven hundred miles to be in Bombay on the appointed day. One of the monks had leukemia, the other was very young and had beautiful eyes. They tied white cotton masks around their mouths, to ensure that even while breathing they did not harm an insect. They could not speak English, and I had to translate what was said. I sat on the door sill, while they shared a mat with Krishnaji; for by monastic ordinance they were not permitted to sit on the same mat as a woman. They were passionate in their queries. Young, they had harshly denied their bodies, and the promised liberation was not forthcoming. Krishnaji was very gentle with them and long discussions took place. One year, these white-clad monks did not appear for their appointment. It is difficult to say what happened. Perhaps the head of their order, sensing a rebellion against authority, had refused them permission to hold their meetings with Krishnaji.

After lunch Krishnaji rests. At about four he starts seeing people again. A woman going blind comes, and he places his hands on her eyes. A visitor who has lost a child sits with him, and he holds her hand and symbolically wipes her tears, healing her inwardly; a young man, bewildered, lost in this violent world, seeks answers.

Beginning in the late 1970s he saw fewer people, but at ninety he is again available to those who seek him out; he never closes his doors on anyone—the young man with hallucinations, in communication with satellites; the woman in sorrow; the adolescent; the old; the blind. He is never too busy or too tired.

His name and teachings are known throughout the country, amongst *ashrams* in the Himalayas as much as amongst academics. The Buddhists in India still speak of him as a great teacher in the Nagarjuna tradition; the Hindu gurus and *sadhus* speak of him as a great liberated being in the Advaita or nondual tradition. They accept him as a most profound teacher of the age.

When the sun is about to set, he goes for a walk. At ninety his strides are long, his body still erect and straight. His close friends, their children and grandchildren walk with him. Sometimes he holds the hand of a little child and walks and laughs with her. He walks three miles, breathing in the earth, the trees, listening to distant sounds. There is very little conversation. At times he prefers to be alone, his mind far away. He has said that not a single thought touches his mind during these walks.

At home again he washes, and does some more *pranayam*. He eats a light supper—salad, fruit, nuts, soup, vegetables. On rare occasions he sits over the dinner table with a few friends and hints of an eternity that lies beyond the mind. The hands assume the role of the teacher. His voice changes, fills with power and with volumes of energy; silences sweep into the room.

A river of quietude flows within him. His mind never crystalizes. He is prepared to listen to any criticism. I remember one day in 1978 in Colombo when he and I were staying in the same house. He had been restless. I said to him, "Sir, you are agitated." He did not answer me. We started discussing something else. In the evening at supper, he turned to me and said, "You said I was agitated. This afternoon I took the question to bed with me. I asked myself, 'Am I agitated? Is it because of dependence?' And suddenly I saw it. To seek an answer is to give agitation root in the soil of the mind; and it was over. I will not be agitated again. I have been watching and listening to everything, to my body, my mind, to root out any trace of agitation."

He is open to all challenges. He never stops observing, listening, questioning. Krishnaji's mind holds few symbols, yet he has a close personal identity with rivers. In 1961, speaking in Bombay, he described the Ganga: "It may have a beginning and an end. But the beginning is not the river, the end is not the river. The river is the flow between. It passes through villages and towns, everything is drawn into it. It is polluted, filth and sewage are thrown into it, a few miles later it has purified itself. It is the river in which everything lives, the fish below and the man who drinks the water on top. That is river. Behind it is that tremendous pressure of water, and it is this self-purificatory process that is the river. The innocent mind is like that river. It has no beginning, no end—no time."

He wastes no energy when he walks, talks, or works at some inconsequential occupation—polishing shoes, picking up a stone and removing it from the pathway. As he grows old, the tremors in his hands have increased, the highly sensitive body's response to the world of noise and pollution. He has often suffered from mysterious illnesses. He becomes delirious, his voice changes, he sometimes becomes as a young child, he asks strange questions, faints easily, particularly when he is near to people he can trust; he often cures himself.

His relationship with nature, trees, rocks, and the earth has special significance; he has the ability to enter into spaces within nature, to feel life move. Lately he has started to speak of the sound that reverberates within a tree, when all outer sound ends.

Animals and birds trust him. I have seen him sit alone in a garden throwing parched rice on the grass; birds pick the rice within a few inches of his body, and some alight on his shoulder. Describing himself, he misquotes Browning: "shy like a squirrel, wayward like a swallow."

By ten-thirty he is asleep. Just before he falls asleep the whole day and his actions pass swiftly through his mind; in a flash the day and its events and all the yesterdays are quenched. In sleep Krishnaji's body, like a bird, folds in on itself. He does not like to be woken up suddenly. He says he very rarely dreams. When he arises there is barely a wrinkle on the sheet.

He is prepared to try all kinds of herbal and Ayurvedic remedies; he shies away from any modern drugs. He has fads about food; at times he mixes milk and orange juice, at other times he gives up milk; at other times he lives on raw foods. These food fads are smiled at by his friends. He never lets anyone touch his feet. If anyone does so, he himself bends and touches the feet of the other.

At his public talks, some of which are attended by about seven thousand people, he still wears a broad, red-bordered *dhoti* and long, honey-toned robe. Krishnaji walks to the dais surrounded by people but untouched by them. As he sits on the platform, Krishnaji's presence reaches out and draws his listeners close to him.

He begins to speak. The back is erect, the voice is clear, permitting every nuance to flower. The face is untouched by time. His hands rest in his lap; occasionally they move, assuming symbolic postures, like flower buds opening to light. For almost two hours the vast audience is silent, with hardly any movement. When the talk is over Krishnaji sits still for a minute, then folds his hands in *pranams* and the crowds surge towards him. His body trembles with the energy that has flowed through it. He reaches out with both his hands and allows them to be held by those that can reach him. Slowly he extricates himself.

Krishnaji gets down from the platform. People press on the tiny passage through which he passes; they bend to touch his feet, he touches their faces to his hands. He does not draw away his hands, but keeps them extended on either side. Like a lion he walks, slowly, with immense dignity. The eyes turn to meet hundreds of eyes surrounding him. A stampede seems inevitable, but the silence of his presence creates order. People move back. He walks alone. In the car, when his companions try to pull up the window, he stops them. His arms reach out through the windows. All the way to the gate, men and women press on the car, touching his hands, putting them to their eyes. A policeman, seeing the pressing crowd, orders them to move. Krishnaji stops him, takes his hand and holds it. The policeman flings aside his baton and prostrates himself at Krishnaji's feet. Krishnaji lifts him up and, still holding his hand, enters the car. As the car moves, the policeman runs with it, refusing to let go the hand.

Children wait at the flat on Peddar Road with a garland of sweet smelling interwoven jasmine and roses, floral pearls, rubies and emeralds. He takes it with grace, wears it round his neck for some moments before giving it to the children near him.

Staying with him in close proximity has always been arduous. He is ablaze, and the bodies of his associates take a little time to get used to his presence. He sometimes questions his friends, demanding that they be attentive and observe. He watches carefully whether they react strongly to people and statements. It is not possible for deteriorating minds to linger round him—one either moves or is left behind. Vast volumes of energy flow; one must be of it or have no place.

His body is frail, but his mind never slackens. He has said that as he grows very old a limitless energy operates through him. The urgency has increased, so has the drive. Nothing seems to tire him. He pushes the body, walking faster, testing himself, so that most people half his age cannot keep up with him. It is only when he is doing nothing, lying in bed, that he looks frail and aged. His hands tremble, his body shrinks. But in discussion, at breakfast or lunch, on his talks, every wrinkle is wiped away. The skin is translucent, it appears ethereal, lit from within.

At ninety Krishnaji continues to travel, to speak, to search for minds that are awake and capable of perceiving with clarity. Such perceptions, flowering without shadow, transform the brain.

In 1980 Krishnaji told me that when he stopped speaking, the body would die. The body has only one purpose: to reveal the teaching.

Epilogue

"But how shall we bury you?"
"Any way you like," said Socrates, "that is if you can catch me and I don't slip through your fingers."

—PHAEDO, *The Last Days of Socrates*

The story of Krishnamurti has ended. On February 17, 1986, at 12:10 A.M. Pacific Standard Time, he died at Pine Cottage, Ojai, where he had been mortally ill for five weeks with cancer of the pancreas. He died in the room facing the pepper tree, under which, sixty-four years ago, he underwent vast transformations of consciousness.

He was cremated in Ventura, California. His ashes were divided into three parts: for Ojai, India, and England. In India they were consigned to the river Ganga: midstream at Rajghat, Varanasi; at Gangotri, the source of the river in the deep Himalayas; and at Adyar beach in Madras, where they were taken in a slim catamaran over the turbulent waves to be immersed in the ocean.

Krishnaji had said before his death that the body after death was of no importance. Like a log of wood, it had to be consumed by fire. "I am a simple man," he said, and like a simple man should be his ultimate journey. There were to be no rituals after his death, no prayer, no fuss, no great ceremonial processions. No memorials were to be built over his ashes. Under no circumstances was the teacher to be deified. The teacher was unimportant; only the teaching was important. It was the teaching that had to be protected from distortion and corruption. "There is no place for hierarchy or authority in the teaching; there is no successor and no representative who will carry on these teachings in my name now or at any time in the future." However, he enjoined on his associates that the foundations that bore his name in India, the United States, and England should continue, as should the schools founded under his guidance.

His ashes were brought by plane to Delhi. I received them at the foot of the plane and drove straight back to my home. As we entered the gate, a sudden heavy shower of rain with hail fell. It continued to fall for a few minutes, until the urn had been placed under a banyan tree in the garden. Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the rain stopped.

It was in Rougemont, Switzerland, in July 1985 that the first intimations of his approaching death arose within Krishnaji. I had met him at Brockwood Park late in September. He had waited for me in the little kitchen off the West Wing of the old house. He said he had to tell me something very serious. "Since Switzerland, I know when I am going to die. I know the day and the place, but I will not disclose it to anyone." He went on to say, "The manifestation has started to fade."

I was stunned and sat silent.

He arrived in New Delhi on October 25, where he was to rest for a few days before leaving for Varanasi. On October 29 he met R. Venkataraman, the vice president of India and a close friend, and Rajiv Gandhi, first at lunch at the home of the vice president and later at dinner at my home. This was the first time Krishnaji had met with Rajiv since Indira Gandhi's death the previous year, and there was a poignancy in the meeting.

From Delhi Krishnaji traveled to Varanasi, where a camp attended by three hundred people had been organized. The monsoons had been bountiful and there were signs of new life sprouting on tree and bush; brilliant yellow-and-green mustard plants had started to appear on the river bank. The festival of Diwali was celebrated while Krishnaji was in residence; thousands of oil lamps were lit at the house where Krishnaji dwelt and the river was bright with floating oil lamps flickering in the evening breeze.*

Krishnaji spoke to the gathering, held discussions with the pandits of Varanasi and the scholars in the Vedantic and Buddhist tradition, and discussed the future of Rajghat with the members of the Foundation. Professor Krishna, a teacher of physics at the Benares Hindu University, whom Krishnaji had known for several years, agreed to give up his job and take charge as the Rector of the Rajghat Education Center. Two pilgrims, R. Upasani and Mahesh Saxena, walked with Krishnaji as he circumambulated the land, looked and smiled at pilgrim and peasant, listened to the pulse of this ancient city.

Upasani had lived for three decades in Rajghat, tending the soil;

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*Diwali, the festival of lights, is celebrated on the darkest night of the month, four months after the monsoons are over and the earth awakens to new life It heralds the sowing of seed and is a celebration to invoke the presence of Laksmi, the goddess of prosperity Even the poorest villager lights a clay oil lamp so that the goddess does not pass by his home without entering it his care and concern had brought him close to Krishnaji and Mahesh Saxena, the newcomer, former head of the central police in Delhi. Vulnerable and passionate, Saxena had resigned his job, donned a robe, and become a seeker. For several years he lived in the Himalayas, then started to wander until he came to Rajghat. His presence and intensity swept him into Krishnaji's proximity, and soon he too was to join the Foundation, to become its secretary.

From Rajghat Krishnaji traveled to Rishi Valley, where he held discussions with educators and students. The rains had been plentiful; the arid soil had awakened, the fields were green, and a vast number of saplings planted by children covered the rocky hillside.

His walks were becoming shorter and he was losing weight at an alarming rate. Going to his room one day, Radhika heard Krishnaji chatting to a Hoopoe bird: "You and your children are certainly welcome to come in here. But I can assure you that you won't like it. In a few days I'll be gone, the room will be locked, the windows shut, and you will not be able to get out." When she entered the room she saw the bird, framed by the picture window, sitting on the branch of the spathodia tree, its crest fanned out, listening to Krishnaji, who lay on his bed talking in measured tones. Krishnaji said that the bird liked the sound of his voice, and had been sitting listening to him for some time. Very often when small groups of us sat on the carpet with Krishnaji in his room, the bird would swoop down against the window, peck at the glass pane, and generally make a racket. Krishnaji would say, "Here comes my friend."

He cut short his stay in Rishi Valley and came to Vasant Vihar in Madras, where he held three public talks. Here too, the rains had preceded him. The garden was lush and heavy yellow blossoms had appeared on the tabubea argentina, blossoming out of season. Krishnaji had a high temperature, but he refused any medical intervention and continued his talks. Vast crowds attended the talks, for it was clear that Krishnaji was ill and this might be his last visit. He spoke on death and creation, on that which lies beyond beginning and ending. The immense energy that used to flood the body and the voice that would reverberate in the atmosphere was now in low key; the frail body, though radiant and erect, trembled as if unable to hold the power and thrust of the energy pouring through it. After the talk Krishnaji asked his audience to sit quietly and meditate with him.

A child walked up with a white champak flower. He turned and smiled as he took it. The child smiled. The sermon ended with the silence and the smile. He had said it was the last talk.

During the days that followed he met his friends and associates from the Krishnamurti Foundation in India, sometimes alone, sometimes in a group. He spoke to them of many things, of schools and study centers and silence. Toward the end of the last gathering he said: "Be absolutely alert, and make no effort."[1] Asit asked if those were his last words to us, and he smiled.

He decided to return to Ojai on January 10. That evening he went for his usual walk on the Adyar beach. A large number of his friends walked with him. A strong breeze swept his hair like a comet's trail, back from his face, exposing his high domed forehead. He had the look of an ancient sage of the forests. He walked on the beach where he had been "discovered," adopted, and initiated. Here by the sea, at Adyar, seventy-five years ago, when Halley's comet last entered the orbit that would carry it towards the sun. On his return he asked his friends to wait for him at Radha Burnier's house within the Theosophical Society compound. Krishnaji lingered on the beach, facing the roaring sea. Then he turned to each of the cardinal directions and paused for a minute; quietly he entered the gate and returned.

That night, an hour before his departure, he came down from his room. He was dressed immaculately in Western clothes, his tweed coat thrown over his arm and a red printed silk scarf—a present from me—around his neck. He greeted his friends, who stood in a semicircle; then he came to me and shook my hand. "How do I look?" he asked. "Forty," I responded. I remarked on his scarf. "My favorite one," he replied. He knew that it was the last time he was to meet many of his friends who stood before him. But he had cut away all emotion, all sorrow and sense of separation. This was his final benediction. That night he left via the Pacific, flying direct to Los Angeles.

In Ojai his condition grew critical and his illness was diagnosed as cancer of the pancreas. I arrived there on January 31 to find him desperately ill. His highly vulnerable body, so carefully protected through the years, was ravaged by the violence of the disease. On the first day he saw us as if through a haze. He had lost all sense of time and place. But the next day he rallied, and I found his mind lucid, the eyes clear and fully awake. I read to him the letters I had brought with me from Nandini, Sunanda, and Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi, who had sent a personal message. Krishnaji held my hand; the grip was firm and a great flow of love reached out to me. He said he was too weak to write, but sent his love to all his friends in India.

During the next three or four days his strength returned. He asked to be taken in a wheelchair to the pepper tree. There he sat alone and bade farewell to the mountains of Ojai, the orange groves and the many trees.

He also walked with some support to the living room and lay on the sofa gazing into the fire. He saw a film on television that evening and the doctors felt that there might even be a remission in the disease. To me he said, "Come and see me tomorrow and all the days that you are here." So I saw Krishnaji every morning. I would sit by his bedside, hold his hand with both of mine, and be silent with him.

I noticed the books by his bedside, books in English, Italian, and French—Palgrave's *Golden Treasury, The Oxford Book of English Verse,* Italo Calvino's stories, the *Berlitz Dictionary of Italian,* Alphonse Daudet's stories, Gustave Doré, and Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet.*

On Sunday, February 9, the tumor restarted its relentless attack and Krishnaji was back in bed, desperately ill. I could not see him that day. The next morning he sent for me. He said, "I had gone for a long walk in the mountains. I got lost and they could not find me. So I could not see you yesterday." For an instant the face was young, supremely beautiful.

I saw Krishnaji around one o'clock on the day of my departure on February 16. I sat with him for some time. He was in great pain, but his mind was clear and lucid. I said I would not say goodbye, for there would be no separation. With great effort, he lifted my hand to his lips. The grip was still firm. He lay cradled in a silence which enveloped me. As I was leaving, he said, "Pupul, tonight I shall go for a long walk in the mountains. The mists are rising." I left his room without turning back.

That night, at nine o'clock Pacific Standard Time, Krishnaji slept, to start his long walk into the high mountains. The mists were rising, but he walked through the mists and he walked away.

Notes

1. "In Space One Is Born and Unto Space One Is Born."

1 Mary Lutyens, *Years of Awakening* (London: John Murray, 1975), 2, also, B Shiva Rao, *Birth and Early Years*, no date, manuscript on Krishna's early life Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.
2 Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan, "The Principal Upanishads," *The Chandogya Upanishad* 7.12 1, 480.
3 Naraniah's account of Krishna's childhood was taken down in 1911 by Mrs Katherine Taylor, an English Theosophist living in Adyar The statement is signed by Naraniah and witnessed by Von Mannen and Mrs George Gagorin Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras
4. Ibid
5. She spoke of her feelings to her neighbor, who would later become the grandmother of Radha Burnier Burnier, who belongs to a prominent family of Theosophists, was one of the group who came close to Krishnaji in India As of 1986 she was president of the Theosophical Society
6 J. Krishnamurti, *Autobiography* Krishna started to write his autobiography in 1915 at Varengeville in Normandy He wrote his reminiscences up to 1911 (Adyar, Madras Archives of the Theosophical Society)

2. The Theosophical Society and the Occult Hierarchy

1. Annie Besant, *Autobiography* (Adyar, Madras. Theosophical Publishing House, 1939), 326.
2. Annie Besant, conclusion of two lectures given in the Hall of Science, London, on August 4 and 11, 1889, under the title, "Why I Became a Theosophist " Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras
3. Jawaharlal Nehru, *An Autobiography* (India: Allied Publishers Private Ltd , 1962), 15–16.
4. Gregory Tillet, *The Elder Brother* (London Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1982), 102
5 J. Krishnamurti, *Autobiography* (Adyar, Madras· Archives of the Theosophical Society, n.d).
6 Mary Lutyens, *Years of Awakening* (London· John Murray, 1975), 41–42
7 Tillet, *Elder Brother*, 135.
8 Ibid., 125
9 Annie Besant, "On Krishnamurti," *The Theosophist* (March 1986), 207 Originally published in 1923

3. The Dream: "Is That You My Lord?"

1 This conversation between Krishnaji, Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya, and a small group of members of the Krishnamurti Foundation India took place in Vasant Vihar,

Madras, in January 1985. It was transcribed by Sunanda Patwardhan Archives of the Krishnamurti Foundation India, 64/65 Greenways Road, Madras
2 Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras Original letter K&R Archives, Ojai, California
3 Ibid
4 Ibid
5 Ibid
6 *Atharva Veda Samhita*, vol 1, translated by William Dwight Whitney (Varanasi. Motilal Banarasidas, 1962), 150
7. From my diaries. Krishnaji to George Sudarshan at Brockwood Park at the time of the gathering of scientists in October 1974.
8. Arthur H. Nethercot, *The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant* (London: Rupert Hart Davis, 1963), 159
9. Esther Bright, *Old Memories and Letters of Annie Besant* (London. Theosophical Publishing House, 1936), 134
10. Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras. Originals K&R Foundation, Ojai, California.
11 Ibid.
12. Ibid.
13. Ibid
14. Ibid
15. Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras. Original with K&R Foundation, Ojai, California
16 Ibid.
17 Ibid.
18 Ibid.
19 Ibid
20. Arthur H. Nethercot, *The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant* (London: Rupert Hart Davis, 1963), 229
21. Mary Lutyens, *Years of Fulfilment* (London. John Murray, 1983), 6.
22. "Theosophy in India," *Literary Digest* (1974). Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras
23. Mary Lutyens, *Years of Awakening* (London: John Murray, 1975), 136.
24 From my diaries.

4. "Mother, Please Touch My Face. Is It Still There?"

1. Report of the Star Congress, Ommen, 7 Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.
2 For a detailed account see Mary Lutyens, *Years of Awakening* (London: John Murray, 1975), 153–157.
3. Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.
4. Ibid

6. "I and My Brother Are One"

1 Gregory Tillet, *The Elder Brother* (London Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1982), 218.
2 Mary Lutyens, *Years of Awakening* (London John Murray, 1975), 215.
3 Arthur H Nethercot, *The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant* (London. Rupert Hart Davis, 1963), 367
4 "Nitya died less than four months after these words were said " Editor's comments George Arundale, writing in the *Herald of the Star* (January–December 1925). 359.
5 Nethercot, *Last Four Lives*, 369.
6. Tillet, *Elder Brother*, 220.
7. Archives of the Theosophical Society, Advar, Madras

8. B. Shiva Rao manuscript, "The Krishnamurti Story," no date Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras
9 Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras
10. Ibid

7. "The Personality of J. Krishnamurti Has Been Swallowed Up in the Flames."

1. Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.
2. J Krishnamurti, *The Kingdom of Happiness* (Adyar, Madras Theosophical Publishing House, n.d.), 86.
3. Mary Lutyens, *Years of Awakening* (London. John Murray, 1975).
4. Ibid.
5. Esther Bright, *Old Memories and Letters of Annie Besant* (London: Theosophical Publishing House, 1936), 168.
6. Annie Besant in a letter to George Arundale dated 12-10-1926, *Theosophy in India* (January-December 1933).
7. From my diaries.
8 Lutyens, *Years of Awakening*, 241.
9. Ibid.
10 "Who Brings the Truth?" no date. Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.
11. Arthur H. Nethercot, *The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant* (London: Rupert Hart Davis, 1963), 396.
12. Ibid, 394–395.
13 Arthur H. Nethercot, *The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant* (London Rupert Hart Davis, 1963), 409
14 Archives of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras

8. Krishnamurti in Ojai: The Forgotten Years, 1938–1947

1. Arthur H Nethercot, *The Last Four Lives of Annie Besant* (London: Rupert Hart Davis, 1963), 449.
2. *The Theosophist* (April–September 1934). 454–455.
3. Letters to Padmabai Sanjiva Rao with Smt. Sudha Raman, Mysore. Archives of the Krishnamurti Foundation, Adyar, Madras
4. From my diaries. Krishnaji in conversation with Nandini and me.
5. A. K. Ramanujam, *Speaking of Siva* (London: Penguin Books, 1973), 44.
6. Sybille Bedford, *Aldous Huxley—A Biography* (New York: Alfred A Knopf/Harper & Row, 1974), 154.
7. Anita Loos, *Kiss Hollywood Goodbye* (London: Penguin Books, 1974), 154
8. Christopher Isherwood, *My Guru and His Disciple* (London: Magnum Books Methuen Paperbacks Ltd., 1981), 50.
9. From my diaries.
10. Bedford, *Huxley*, 126.
11. Isherwood, *My Guru*, 304.
12. Henry Miller, *The Books in My Life* (London: Village Press, 1974), 153

9. The Gathering of Friends

1. J. Krishnamurti, *Commentaries on Living* (London: Victor Gollancz Ltd , 1977)

10. "You Are the World."

1 From my diaries, Bombay, 1948.
2 Ibid.
3 J. Krishnamurti, *J Krishnamurti's Talks in Bombay, 1948* (Madras, India Krishnamurti Writings, Inc , 1950), 105
4. J. Krishnamurti, *Commentaries on Living* (London: Victor Gollancz Ltd , 1977), 72
5. From my diaries, 1948

6 Krishnamurti, *Talks in Bombay, 1948*, 4, 5.
7 From my diaries, 1948.
8. Krishnamurti, *Talks in Bombay, 1948*, 8
9 From my diaries, 1948.
10. Ibid
11 From my diaries.
12. Ibid
13 J Krishnamurti, *Tradition and Revolution* (New Delhi. Orient Longman Ltd., 1972), 24

11. "Go and Make Friends with the Trees."

1. J Krishnamurti, *Commentaries on Living* (London. Victor Gollancz Ltd., 1977), 29

12. "There Was the Face Beside Me."

1 Asit Chandmal, *A Thousand Moons* (New York· Harry N. Abrams, 1985), 16.

14. "Under the Last Rays of the Sun, the Waters Were the Color of Newborn Flowers."

1. J Krishnamurti, *Commentaries on Living* (London. Victor Gollancz Ltd , 1977), 88.

16. "Religion Comes When the Mind Has Understood the Workings of Itself."

1 From my diaries A conversation with S. M. Joshi at Rajghat, Varanasi, in 1983

17. "The Mind Seemed to Expand without an End."

1 J Krishnamurti, *Commentaries on Living*, 2d series (London Victor Gollancz, 1978), 241–242.

18. "Can There Be Action without Consequence?"

1 From my diaries. I was present at the discussion
2. Apa Sahib Pant of the Indian Foreign Service, retired and living in Poona, sent a letter to me describing the meeting between Krishnaji and Dalai Lama Apa Sahib was present.
3. The account regarding Vimla Thakkar and Krishnaji was told to me by Dada Dharmadhikari, a close associate of Vimla Thakkar, at his son's residence in Bombay. Dada Dharmadhikari, one of the leaders of the Sarva Seva Sangh movement, died in 1986 Vimla Thakkar left Vinobaji and began lecturing on her own search and liberation While in India she lives in Mount Abu and Dalhousie She wrote a book on her meeting with Krishnaji, entitled *On an Eternal Voyage*.

19. "To Speak with the Whole Head"

1 Nirmala Deshpande is the daughter of P Y Deshpande She lived in Vinobaji's ashram in Paunar in Maharashtra and functioned as his secretary She accompanied the sage of Paunar wherever he traveled, taking down notes of his important conversations, and meeting visitors on his behalf She was present at the meeting between Krishnaji and Vinobaji and took down the discussion

20. "Through Negation, There Is Creation."

1. J. Krishnamurti, *Krishnamurti's Talks, Madras, 1959* (Madras. Krishnamurti Writings Inc., 1961), 98
2. J Krishnamurti, *Krishnamurti's Talks, Bombay, 1960* (Madras Krishnamurti Writings Inc , 1961), 27.
3. Ibid , 37.
4. Ibid , 46.

21. "The Mind That Goes into Itself Deeply Enters on a Pilgrimage from Which There Is No Return."

1. J Krishnamurti, *Krishnamurti's Talks, Bombay, 1961* (Madras. Krishnamurti Writings Inc , 1961), 52.
2. Ibid

22. "Be Awake."

1. Mary Lutyens, *Years of Fulfilment* (London· John Murray, 1983), 108
2. J. Krishnamurti, *Notebooks* (London Victor Gollancz Ltd., 1976), 26
3. Ibid , 158
4. Ibid., 188–189
5. J Krishnamurti, *Krishnamurti on Education* (New Delhi Orient Longamns Ltd , 1974), 23–24
6. Ibid., 104.

23. "Happy Is the Man Who Is Nothing": Letters to a Young Friend

1. Nandini Mehta, Bombay.

Epilogue

1. Asit Chandmal, "The Last Walk," *Bombay Magazine* (March 7, 1986)

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Le Journal de Krishnamurti

Traduit de l'anglais par Nicole Tisserand

Aux Éditions Buchet & Chastel (1978).

Ce JOURNAL s'étend sur une période de six semaines en 1973 et d'un mois en 1975.

Quatrième de couverture

La plupart des ouvrages de Krishnamurti reproduisent ses causeries et entretiens avec ses interlocuteurs et sont donc la transcription de ses paroles et non de ses écrits.

Très rares sont les livres rédigés de sa propre main. C'est le cas de ce JOURNAL et sa lecture revêt ainsi une importance capitale pour quiconque s'intéresse à J. Krishnamurti et à son enseignement.

Ce JOURNAL s'étend sur une période de six semaines en 1973 et d'un mois en 1975. Presque tous les textes débutent par une description de la nature, suivie d'un passage de son enseignement, qui révèlent de façon exemplaire, au jour le jour, son niveau de conscience. Au fil des pages, Krishnamurti parle de lui-même en se désignant par « il » ou « lui », et nous livre quelques souvenirs de sa propre enfance. Ce JOURNAL nous montre également à quel point son enseignement est inspiré par son rapport étroit avec la nature et combien est aigu son sens de l'observation. Beaucoup plus que ses autres livres, ce JOURNAL nous parle de Krishnamurti lui-même et c'est ce qui le rend exceptionnel.

Citation

« Le mot, aussi précis et fidèle que soit la description, ne renferme jamais l'intégralité de ce qu'il désigne. »

« La pensée peut fort bien assembler et organiser l'intérieur, elle n'en restera pas moins extérieure. Elle ne sera jamais novatrice, ne découvrira jamais le nouveau, car elle est aussi vieille qu'usée. La pensée n'est jamais libre. La liberté est au-delà de la pensée. L'amour ne se trouve dans aucune des activités de la pensée. Etre à soi-même sa propre lumière est lumière pour tous les autres. On est sa propre lumière lorsque l'esprit est libéré du défi et de la réaction, car il est alors en état d'éveil total, d'attention intégrale. »

« Tout ce que l'on effectue en vue d'une fin, en direction d'un but, n'est que de brève durée et devient pernicieux et commercial, vulgaire. En revanche, ce que l'on fait sans être poussé par une raison précise, une intention ou le désir d'un gain, n'a ni début ni fin. Cet abandon complet consiste à purifier l'esprit du "moi", de l'égo. »

Avertissement au lecteur

La plupart des livres de Krishnamurti sont des retranscriptions d’enregistrements de causeries, de dialogues, d’entretiens, de séances de questions/réponses. Seuls quelques livres ont été rédigés par Krishnamurti : les « Carnets », les « Commentaires sur la vie », la « Révolution du Silence », le « Journal », « le Dernier Journal » et les « Lettres aux écoles ».

Avant-propos par Mary LUTYENS

EN septembre 1973, Krishnamurti décida soudain de tenir un journal. Pendant près de six semaines, il le rédigea quotidiennement dans un carnet. Au cours du premier mois de cette période, il résida à Brockwood Park, dans le Angleterre, en Angleterre. Il s'installa ensuite à Rome. Il termina son journal dix-huit mois plus tard, lors d'un séjour en Californie.

Presque tous les textes de ce journal débutent par une description de scènes de la nature, qu'il connaît fort bien. Seules trois de ces descriptions, toutefois, font référence aux endroits où il se trouvait au moment de leur rédaction. Ainsi, la première page du journal décrit le bosquet du parc de Brockwood mais, dès la seconde page, il est évident qu'il parle de la Suisse. Ce n'est qu'en 1975, lorsqu'il sera en Californie, qu'il décrira de nouveau son environnement réel. Dans les autres parties de ce journal, il se souvient d'endroits dans lesquels il a vécu, avec une clarté qui témoigne de la parfaite netteté de sa mémoire dès qu'il s'agit du monde de la nature, comme de son sens aigu de l'observation. Ce journal nous apprend également à quel point son enseignement est lié à son contact intime avec la nature.

Tout au long du journal, Krishnamurti parle de lui-même à la troisième personne et, ce,faisant, nous donne de lui une vision qu'il avait tue jusqu'à présent.

Mary LUTYENS

Brockwood Park, 1973

Première visite

L'autre jour, en rentrant d'une longue promenade à travers champs, nous avons traversé le bosquet [1] qui se trouve près de la grande maison blanche. Dès que l'on pénétrait dans ce petit bois, on éprouvait immédiatement un intense sentiment de paix et de calme. Rien ne bougeait. Fouler ce sol, le parcourir, semblait un sacrilège ; parler, respirer même, étaient profanation. Les immenses séquoias étaient totalement immobiles. Les Indiens d'Amérique les nomment « les silencieux » et rien, en effet, n'altérait ce silence. Les chiens eux-mêmes avaient renoncé à chasser les lapins. Vous restiez vous aussi immobile, retenant votre souffle. Vous aviez l'impression d'être un intrus, car vous veniez de bavarder et de rire et, en vous engageant dans ce bosquet sans savoir ce qui s'y trouvait, vous avez reçu avec surprise le choc d'une félicité inattendue. Votre coeur battait moins vite, comme apaisé devant une telle splendeur, au centre même de ce lieu. Depuis, lorsque vos pas vous y conduisent, vous retrouvez cette beauté, ce calme, ce troublant silence. Et quoi qu'il advienne, la densité, la plénitude, l'innommable demeureront.

Nulle forme de méditation consciente n'est la véritable méditation et ne le sera jamais. Tenter de méditer délibérément n'est pas méditer. La méditation survient, on ne la provoque pas. Ce n'est pas un jeu de l'esprit, elle ne dépend ni du désir, ni du plaisir. Toute volonté de méditation porte en soi sa propre négation. Prenez simplement conscience de ce que vous pensez, de ce que vous faites - rien d'autre. Voir, entendre, c'est agir, sans que jouent les notions de récompense et de punition. Le savoir-agir passe par le savoir-regarder, le savoir-entendre. Toute autre forme de méditation mène inévitablement à la déception, à l'illusoire, car le désir aveugle.

La douce lumière du printemps baignait la terre et la soirée fut très agréable.

Brockwood Park, le 14 septembre 1973

☐ De nombreuses essences rares, y compris des séquoias, s'élèvent dans ce bosquet de Brockwood Park.

Deuxième visite

Il est bon d'être seul. Être loin du monde tout en parcourant ses chemins, c'est être seul. Être seul en remontant le sentier qui longe le torrent de montagne tumultueux, grossi par les crues et la fonte des neiges, c'est avoir conscience de cet arbre isolé, solitaire dans sa beauté. La solitude d'un homme dans la rue incarne la douleur de la vie. Il n'est jamais seul : lointain, serein et vulnérable. Être rempli de savoir engendre une infinie souffrance. L'impérieux besoin d'expression de soi, avec les frustrations et les souffrances que cela entraîne, voilà ce que personnifie l'homme qui marche dans les rues. Il n'est jamais seul. La tristesse est le mouvement de cette solitude.

Les pluies de printemps et la fonte des neiges avaient provoqué la crue de ce torrent. On entendait le bruit des gros rochers entraînés par la force du courant. Un grand pin d'au moins cinquante ans d'âge s'abattit dans les eaux. La route fut inondée. Le torrent était boueux, d'un gris ardoise. Les champs qui le surplombaient étaient couverts de fleurs sauvages, l'air était pur et c'était enchanteur. Sur les plus hautes collines, la neige n'avait pas encore fondu ; les glaciers et les pics montagneux étaient eux aussi enneigés. Ils conserveraient tout l'été leur blancheur.

C'était une matinée merveilleuse et l'on aurait pu marcher sans jamais s'arrêter, insensible à la raideur des pentes. L'air embaumait d'un parfum pur et puissant. Nul ne se trouvait sur ce sentier. Vous étiez seul au milieu des grands pins et des eaux bouillonnantes. Le bleu du ciel possédait cette teinte étonnante qui ne se trouve qu'en montagne. Vous le regardiez au travers des feuillages et des pins verticaux. Il n'y avait personne à qui parler et l'esprit n'était pas agité par de vains bavardages. Une pie noire et blanche s'envola non loin de là et disparut parmi les arbres. Le sentier s'écarta du torrent qui grondait et le silence devint profond, total. Ce n'était pas le silence qui succède au bruit, ni le silence qui s'opère au coucher du soleil, ou celui de l'esprit qui s'apaise. Ce n'était pas non plus le silence des musées et des églises. C'était là quelque chose qui n'avait pas le moindre rapport avec le temps et l'espace. Ce n'était pas le silence que l'esprit s'impose à lui-même. Le soleil était chaud et les ombres agréables.

Ce n'est que récemment qu'il prit conscience du fait que nulle pensée n'occupait son esprit durant ses longues promenades dans les rues grouillantes de monde ou le long des sentes désertes. Depuis son enfance, cela s'était toujours passé ainsi : son esprit était vide de toute pensée. Il regardait, il écoutait. Rien d'autre. Pensées et associations d'idées ne se produisaient pas en lui. Aucune image ne se formait. Il se dit un jour que c'était bizarre, singulier. Il tenta souvent de penser, mais nulle pensée ne survint. Durant ces promenades, qu'il fût seul ou accompagné, le mouvement de la pensée n'intervenait pas. C'est cela, être seul.

De gros nuages lourds et menaçants se formaient au sommet des pics enneigés ; il pleuvrait sans doute un peu plus tard mais pour l'instant, le soleil était intense et les ombres profondes. Ce parfum agréable flottait encore dans l'air, les pluies apporteraient une senteur différente. La route était longue pour redescendre au chalet.

Brockwood Park, le 15 septembre 1973

Troisième visite

A cette heure de l'aube, les rues du petit village étaient désertes mais, un peu plus loin, la campagne environnante regorgeait d'arbres, de prairies et de bruissements. Seule la rue principale était éclairée, tout le reste étant plongé dans l'obscurité. Il restait encore trois heures avant le lever du soleil. C'était un petit matin clair et étoile. Les sommets neigeux et les glaciers étaient toujours masqués par la nuit et tout le monde, ou presque, dormait encore. Il était impossible de rouler vite sur ces routes de montagne, étroites et sinueuses ; la voiture, toute neuve, était d'ailleurs en rodage. C'était une splendide automobile, rapide et de lignes harmonieuses. Le moteur, dans l'air matinal, tournait rond. Sur l'autoroute, la voiture donnait la mesure de sa perfection et là, progressant dans son ascension, elle négociait chaque virage en tenant fort bien la route. L'aurore révéla la forme des arbres et le tracé allongé des collines et des vignobles. La matinée allait être magnifique ; il faisait agréablement frais parmi les collines. Le soleil se leva, illuminant la rosée qui baignait les feuillages et l'herbe des prés.

Il avait toujours aimé la mécanique. Il savait démonter et remonter un moteur de voiture, le remettant en parfait état de marche. Lorsque l'on conduit, la méditation semble se produire de façon tellement naturelle. On a conscience du paysage, des maisons, des paysans dans les champs, de la marque des autres voitures et du ciel bleu au travers des feuillages. On n'a même pas conscience d'être en train de méditer ; cette forme de méditation a débuté il y a bien longtemps et se poursuivra éternellement. Le temps ne joue aucun rôle dans la méditation, non plus que le mot, qui est celui qui médite. Il n'existe pas de méditant dans la méditation et si tel est le cas, il ne s'agit pas de méditation. Le mot, la pensée, le temps, sont les instruments de la méditation et, comme tels, ils sont soumis aux modifications, aux allées et venues mentales. La méditation n'est pas une fleur qui fleurit puis se fane et meurt. Le temps est mouvement. Vous êtes assis sur la berge d'un fleuve, contemplant les eaux et tout ce que le courant entraîne avec lui. Dès lors que vous entrez dans l'eau, il n'y a plus de spectateur en vous. La beauté ne réside pas dans la façon dont on l'exprime ; elle surgit quand on abandonne le mot et l'expression de soi, la toile à peindre et le livre.

Que ces montagnes, ces prairies et ces arbres sont paisibles : la campagne tout entière baigne dans la lumière du matin qui s'écoule. Deux hommes se disputent avec force gestes, le visage empourpré. La route traverse une longue avenue d'arbres, et la tendresse du matin s'efface.

La mer s'étendait à vos pieds et le parfum de l'eucalyptus embaumait l'air. C'était un homme de petite taille, mince et noueux. Il était venu d'un pays lointain, la peau tannée par le soleil. Après quelques mots de salutation, il entreprit de critiquer. Qu'il est facile de critiquer lorsqu'on ignore la réalité des faits.

- Il se peut que vous soyez libre, déclara-t-il, et que vous viviez réellement tout ce dont vous parlez mais vous vivez physiquement dans une prison, édifiée et capitonnée par vos amis. Vous ignorez ce qui se passe autour de vous. Certaines personnes exercent une autorité, alors même que vous refusez cette forme de pouvoir.

Je ne suis pas certain que vous ayez raison sur ce point. Pour diriger une école ou toute autre forme d'institution il faut assumer une certaine responsabilité. Or, cela peut très bien se passer, et se passe effectivement, sans autoritarisme. L'autorité ne s'exerce qu'au détriment de la coopération, elle interdit que l'on discute ensemble de ce qui est en question. C'est ainsi que nous concevons le travail dans lequel nous sommes engagés. Voilà quelle est la réalité. Et si vous me permettez de le souligner, nul ne s'interpose entre moi-même et autrui.

- Ce que vous dites est d'une extrême importance. Tous vos écrits, toutes vos déclarations devraient être imprimés et diffusés par un petit groupe de personnes, aussi sérieuses que dévouées. Le monde est en train de se désintégrer et vous ne vous en rendez pas compte.

Là encore, je crains que vous ne soyez mal informé. A une certaine époque, un petit groupe prit la responsabilité de diffuser ce qui avait été dit. Aujourd'hui, de la même façon, un autre groupe assume la même tâche. Je vous ferai remarquer à nouveau que vous ignorez ce qu'il en est véritablement.

Il persista à faire diverses autres critiques, mais toutes se fondaient sur des suppositions et de vagues opinions. Sans entrer dans les justifications, on tenta de lui exposer la réalité des faits. Mais...

Que les êtres humains sont donc étranges.

Les collines s'estompaient dans le lointain et l'on était plongé dans le bruit de la vie quotidienne, les allées et venues, la douleur et le plaisir. Un arbre isolé sur un tertre conférait sa beauté à cette terre. Tout au fond de la vallée serpentait une rivière, et à côté d'elle passaient les rails du chemin de fer. Il faut se retrancher du monde pour percevoir la beauté de cette rivière.

Brockwood Park, le 16 septembre 1973

Quatrième visite

On éprouvait, en cette fin de journée, un sentiment de menace en marchant dans les bois. Le soleil se couchait et les palmiers solitaires se découpaient sur le ciel embrasé du couchant. Les singes, dans le figuier banian, se préparaient à y passer la nuit. Ce sentier n'était presque jamais fréquenté et l'on y rencontrait rarement un être humain. Les daims, aussi nombreux qu'apeurés, s'enfuyaient dans les épais fourrés. La menace planait, oppressante et envahissante : elle vous cernait de toutes parts, on ne pouvait éviter de regarder par-dessus son épaule. Nul animal dangereux ne se trouvait là, tous ayant quitté ces bois trop proches de la ville en pleine expansion. Et c'est avec soulagement que l'on retrouvait les rues bien éclairées. Mais le lendemain soir, les singes et les daims étaient de nouveau là et le soleil allait disparaître derrière la cime des arbres ; la menace avait disparu. Bien au contraire, arbres, fourrés et plantes sauvages vous faisaient bon accueil. Vous vous sentiez entouré d'amis, en parfaite sécurité, bienvenu. Les bois vous acceptaient et c'était chaque soir un plaisir que d'aller s'y promener.

Les véritables forêts sont différentes. On peut y courir un réel danger, non seulement à cause des serpents mais aussi parce qu'on sait qu'il y subsiste encore des tigres. Un après-midi que l'on se trouvait dans l'une d'elles, il s'y fit tout à coup un silence anormal. Les oiseaux cessèrent leurs pépiements, les singes s'immobilisèrent, la nature tout entière sembla retenir son souffle. On s'arrêta, immobile. Soudain, tout aussi brutalement, la vie reprit son cours. Les singes retournèrent à leurs jeux et à leurs provocations, les oiseaux entamèrent leurs jacasseries nocturnes et l'on comprit que tout danger était écarté.

Dans les bois et les bosquets où l'homme chasse les lapins, les faisans et les écureuils, il règne une atmosphère très différente. Vous pénétrez dans un monde où l'homme est déjà passé, avec son fusil et la violence qui lui est propre. Les bois perdent alors leur tendre fraîcheur, leur côté accueillant ; le murmure heureux et une certains beauté ont disparu.

Vous prenez soin de votre cerveau car il est unique, c'est quelque chose d'extraordinaire. Nulle machine, nul ordinateur ne peuvent lui être comparés. Il est si vaste, si complexe, ses capacités sont immenses, aussi subtiles qu'efficaces. C'est l'entrepôt de l'expérience, du savoir et de la mémoire. Toute pensée jaillit du cerveau. On lui doit la malfaisance, la confusion, les souffrances, les guerres, la corruption, les illusions, les idéaux, la douleur et la misère, ainsi que les majestueuses cathédrales, les exquises mosquées et les temples sacrés. Ses capacités, tant passées qu'actuelles, sont stupéfiantes. Pourtant il est un domaine dans lequel il est apparemment impuissant : il ne parvient pas à modifier radicalement son comportement dans sa relation à un autre cerveau, à un autre être. Ce comportement, ni punition ni récompense ne semblent pouvoir le modifier et le savoir ne paraît pas non plus capable de transformer sa conduite. Le « moi » et le « vous » demeurent. Le cerveau ne comprend jamais que le moi est le vous, que l'observateur est l'observé. Son amour porte en germe sa dégénérescence, son plaisir débouche sur la douleur, les dieux de ses idéaux le détruisent. Sa liberté est sa propre prison. Le cerveau a été éduqué, conditionné, à la vie dans cette prison. Il ne cherche qu'à la rendre plus confortable, plus agréable. Votre cerveau est unique, prenez en soin, ne le laissez pas se détériorer. Il est si facile de l'empoisonner.

Il avait toujours eu conscience de cette étonnante absence de distance entre lui-même et les arbres, les fleuves et les montagnes. Il n'avait rien fait pour entretenir cet état de choses : cela ne se cultive pas. Entre lui et autrui ne s'élevait jamais le moindre mur. Ce qu'on pouvait lui faire, ce qu'on pouvait lui dire ne semblait jamais le blesser, de même que la flatterie ne l'atteignait pas. Quoi qu'il pût advenir, il demeurait totalement inaltérable. Il n'était pas replié sur lui-même, ni distant, mais semblable aux eaux du fleuve. Il pensait très rarement et jamais lorsqu'il se trouvait seul. Son cerveau faisait preuve d'activité lorsqu'il parlait ou écrivait mais, dans les autres cas, seuls régnaient le calme et l'activité immobile. Le mouvement participe du temps ; l'activité n'en fait pas partie.

Cette étrange activité, dépourvue de direction précise, semble avoir lieu que l'on dorme ou que l'on soit éveillé. Il lui arrive souvent de se réveiller en étant engagé dans cette activité de méditation. Un processus de cet ordre est à l'œuvre la plupart du temps. Il ne le combattit ni ne le favorisa jamais. L'autre nuit, il s'éveilla, l'esprit totalement vif. Il eut l'impression qu'une sorte de boule de feu, de lumière, s'introduisait dans son cerveau, jusqu'en son centre même. Il l'observa objectivement pendant un certain temps, comme si cela arrivait à quelqu'un d'autre. Il ne s'agissait pas d'une illusion, d'une création de son esprit. Le jour se levait et, par les rideaux entrouverts, il apercevait les arbres.

Brockwood Park, le 17 septembre 1973

Cinquième visite

Cette vallée est restée l'une des plus belles. Cernée par les collines, elle est remplie d'orangeraies. Naguère, les maisons étaient rares parmi les arbres et les vergers mais aujourd'hui, elles abondent. Les routes sont plus larges, la circulation plus dense, le bruit plus intense, surtout dans la partie ouest de la vallée. Seuls les collines et les hauts sommets demeurent semblables, intouchés par l'homme. De nombreuses pistes mènent aux cimes des montagnes, que l'on parcourait interminablement. On y rencontrait des ours, des serpents à sonnettes, des daims et même, un jour, un lynx. Il se trouvait là, au bas de la piste étroite, se frottant aux rochers et aux troncs des arbres, ronronnant de plaisir. Le vent venait du canyon, à contresens et, de la sorte, on pouvait s'approcher assez près de lui. Il semblait vraiment très heureux, enchanté du monde dans lequel il vivait. Sa courte queue était dressée, ses oreilles pointues bien droites, son pelage brun vif et brillant. Il n'avait nulle conscience du fait que quelqu'un se tenait derrière lui, à quelques cinq ou six mètres. Nous avons tous deux descendu la piste pendant près d'un kilomètre, aucun de nous ne faisant le moindre bruit. C'était vraiment un animal splendide, gracieux comme un elfe. Un petit ruisseau apparut devant nous et, pour ne pas l'effrayer, nous avons murmuré quelques paroles apaisantes. Il ne se retourna pas, cela eut été une perte de temps, mais bondissant comme l'éclair, il disparut en quelques secondes. Nous avions néanmoins été amis pendant un temps considérable.

Le parfum des orangers en fleurs embaume la vallée, de façon presque suffocante, surtout en début et en fin de journée. Il se répandait partout, dans la pièce et sur chaque coin de terre, et le dieu des fleurs bénissait cette vallée. Il ferait vraiment très chaud durant l'été, c'était l'une de ses caractéristiques. Il y a bien des années, lorsque l'on s'y rendait, il y régnait une merveilleuse atmosphère ; elle existe toujours, mais à un moindre degré. Les êtres humains sont en train de la gâcher comme ils semblent gâcher la plupart des choses. Tout sera comme avant. La fleur se fane et meurt mais finit par renaître dans toute sa splendeur.

Vous êtes-vous jamais demandé pourquoi les êtres adoptent des comportements erronés, tombent dans la corruption, affichent une attitude inconvenante faite d'agressivité, de violence et de duplicité ? Il ne sert à rien d'en rendre coupable le milieu social, la culture ou les parents. Nous cherchons à faire endosser la responsabilité de cette dégénérescence à d'autres que nous-mêmes, ou à certaines circonstances. Les explications et les causes constituent un moyen facile de s'en sortir. Les anciens hindous en appelaient au karma : on récolte ce que l'on a semé. Les psychologues accusent les parents et ce qu'en disent les gens soi-disant religieux repose sur leurs dogmes et leurs croyances. Mais la question reste posée.

Il existe néanmoins d'autres êtres, nés généreux, attentionnés, responsables. Leur environnement ou les diverses pressions qu'ils subissent ne les modifie pas. Au plus fort du tumulte, ils demeurent semblables à eux-mêmes. Pourquoi ?

Les explications n'ont pas grande signification. Ce sont des fuites devant la réalité de ce qui est. Ce qui est, voilà ce qui importe réellement. On peut opérer une transformation radicale de ce qui est en utilisant l'énergie gâchée en explications et en recherche des causes. L'amour ne se trouve ni dans le temps ni dans l'analyse, encore moins dans les regrets ou les récriminations. L'amour est là quand le désir de l'argent, d'une situation sociale a cessé, quand les ruses fallacieuses du soi ont disparu.

Brockwood Park, le 18 septembre 1973

Sixième visite

La mousson était là. La mer semblait presque noire sous les lourds nuages sombres et le vent déchirait les arbres. Il allait tomber pendant quelque temps des pluies torrentielles, puis cela s'interromprait une journée ou deux et reprendrait de plus belle. Les grenouilles coassaient dans toutes les pièces d'eau et les senteurs agréables exhalées par la pluie parfumaient l'air. La terre était de nouveau propre, purifiée, et en quelques jours tout devint étonnamment vert. La végétation poussait presque sous vos yeux. Le soleil apparaissait et tout, sur la terre, scintillait. Des chants résonnaient de bonne heure le matin, et les petits écureuils semblaient être partout à la fois. Des fleurs à perte de vue, le jasmin, la rose et le souci, fleurs sauvages et fleurs cultivées.

Un jour, sur la route qui mène à la mer, un groupe d'enfants chantait, marchant sous les palmiers et les épais pithécolobiums, le regard attiré par un millier de choses. Ils paraissaient tellement heureux, remplis d'innocence et d'ignorance de ce monde. Une petite fille nous reconnut, s'avança en souriant et nous fîmes un bout de chemin ensemble, main dans la main. Aucun de nous ne dit un mot et, arrivés devant sa maison, elle salua et disparut à l'intérieur. Le monde et la famille la briseront, elle aura des enfants à son tour, pleurera sans doute sur leur compte et, dans ce monde de duplicité, ils seront détruits eux-aussi. Ce jour-là, cependant, elle était heureuse et eut envie de partager son bonheur en donnant la main à quelqu'un.

Lorsque les pluies eurent cessé, retournant sur cette même route au moment où le couchant embrasait le ciel, nous avons dépassé un jeune homme portant un pot de terre où brûlait une flamme. Il était nu à l'exception d'un pagne fort propre qui lui serrait les reins et, derrière lui, deux hommes transportaient un cadavre. Tous trois étaient des brahmanes, lavés de frais et se tenant parfaitement droits. Le jeune homme portant le feu devait être le fils du défunt. Ils marchaient tous d'un bon pas. Le cadavre allait être inciné sur quelque banc de sable retiré. Tout cela était d'une telle simplicité, au contraire des corbillards luxueux, noyés sous les gerbes de fleurs, suivis d'une longue file de voitures rutilantes ou de personnes endeuillées accompagnant le cercueil : que ce spectacle est donc empreint d'une sinistre noirceur. Il arrive aussi que l'on croise un cadavre, jeté à l'arrière d'une bicyclette et couvert comme le veut la décence, que l'on conduit jusqu'au fleuve sacré pour y être brûlé.

La mort est partout et nous ne savons pas vivre avec elle. Nous la tenons pour une chose ténébreuse et effrayante qu'il convient d'écarter, dont il ne faut pas parler. Qu'elle reste surtout bien loin, derrière la porte fermée. Mais elle est toujours présente. C'est dans la mort que réside la beauté de l'amour, mais nous ignorons et l'un et l'autre. La mort est douleur, l'amour est plaisir, et tous deux nous semblent inconciliables : on s'accroche à cette division, qui est génératrice de souffrance et d'angoisse. Cette division et cet inévitable conflit existent de toute éternité. La mort sera toujours présente chez ceux qui ne comprennent pas que l'observateur est l'observé, qu'expérimentateur et expérimenté ne font qu'un. C'est comme un vaste fleuve dans lequel l'homme se débat, avec tous ses biens matériels, sa vanité, ses douleurs et son savoir. A moins qu'il ne laisse au fond du fleuve tout ce qu'il a accumulé et nage jusqu'à la berge, la mort sera toujours devant sa porte, à l'attendre et le surveiller. Lorsqu'il quitte le fleuve, il n'y a pas de berge, la rive est le mot, l'observateur. Il a tout quitté, le fleuve comme la berge. Car le fleuve c'est le temps et les berges les pensées d'ordre temporel : le fleuve symbolise le mouvement du temps et la pensée participe de ce mouvement. Lorsque l'observateur laisse derrière lui tout ce qui le constitue, il n'y a plus d'observateur. Cela n'est pas la mort : c'est l'intemporalité. C'est un état inconnu, car la connaissance participe du temps. On ne peut en faire l'expérience : la récognition est d'ordre temporel. Se libérer du connu, c'est se libérer du temps. L'immortalité n'est pas le mot, le livre, l'image que l'on a associés. L'âme, le « moi », l' atman est le fruit de la pensée, elle-même produit du temps. Lorsque le temps est aboli, la mort l'est aussi. Ne demeure que l'amour.

Le ciel du coucharit s'assombrissait uniformément et, juste au-dessus de l'horizon, la nouvelle lune se levait, fragile, émouvante et douce. Sur la route, tout semblait fugace : le mariage, la mort, le rire des enfants et les sanglots de l'adulte. Une étoile isolée scintillait près de la lune.

Brockwood Park, le 19 septembre 1973

Septième visite

Le fleuve, ce matin-là, était particulièrement beau. Le soleil se levait tout juste derrière les arbres et le village blotti parmi eux. Dans l'air immobile, pas une ride ne troublait la surface de l'eau. La journée serait torride mais, pour l'instant, il faisait encore frais et un singe solitaire prenait le soleil. Il était toujours seul, toujours au même endroit, grand et massif. Il disparaissait dans la journée, pour revenir de bon matin se percher sur ce tamarinier : dès qu'il commençait à faire chaud, l'arbre semblait l'engloutir. Des gobe-mouches d'un vert doré s'étaient posés sur le parapet, près des colombes, et sur les hautes branches d'un autre tamarinier se tenaient des vautours. Tout était immensément tranquille et, assis sur un banc, on oubliait le monde.

Revenant de l'aéroport par une route ombragée où, parmi les branches, les perroquets verts et rouges lançaient leurs cris rauques et perçants, une sorte de gros ballot apparut devant nous. Comme la voiture s'en rapprochait, il s'avéra qu'il s'agissait d'un homme presque nu, gisant sur le bord de la route. La voiture s'est arrêtée et nous sommes descendus. Son corps grand et large contrastait avec la petite taille de sa tête ; au travers des feuillages, il regardait fixement le ciel étonnamment bleu. Nous avons voulu voir ce qu'il regardait si intensément : le ciel, au-dessus de la route, était vraiment bleu et les feuillages véritablement verts. Cet homme était infirme et l'on disait que c'était l'un des idiots du village. Il resta parfaitement immobile et la voiture manœuvra prudemment pour éviter de le heurter. Les chameaux avec leur chargement et les enfants bruyants passèrent près de lui sans lui accorder la moindre attention. Un chien fit un détour pour s'en écarter. Les perroquets poursuivaient leur tapage. Les champs desséchés, les villageois, les arbres, les fleurs jaunes, chacun luttait pour sa propre existence. Dans ce pays sous-développé, personne, aucune organisation, ne s'occupait d'êtres de ce genre. Les eaux sales s'écoulaient à l'air libre, parmi la crasse et la multitude humaine, tandis que le fleuve sacré suivait son cours. La tristesse de la vie s'exprimait en toutes choses et dans le ciel bleu, tout là-haut, les vautours aux vastes ailes, tournoyant sans paraître faire un mouvement, planaient inlassablement, attendant et surveillant.

Que signifient santé mentale et folie ? Qui est fou et qui ne l'est pas ? Les hommes politiques sont-ils sains d'esprit ? Les prêtres sont-ils fous ? Est-ce faire preuve de bonne santé mentale que d'adhérer à des idéologies ? Nous-mêmes, qui sommes soumis à différentes formes d'autorité, façonnés et conditionnés par tout cela, sommes-nous sains d'esprit ?

Qu'est-ce que la santé mentale ? Être entier, unifié, ne pas agir ni vivre aucune forme de relation dans le morcellement, la fragmentation, telle est l'essence de la santé mentale. C'est être en état de complétude, en bonne santé physique, et ainsi participer du sacré. Être fou, déséquilibré, atteint de névrose, de psychose, de schizophrénie ou de ce que vous voudrez, c'est être morcelé, divisé, en rupture avec ses actes et le mouvement des relations qui constituent l'existence. Susciter l'antagonisme et la division, ce à quoi se consacrent les hommes politiques qui vous représentent, c'est cultiver et alimenter la folie, qu'il s'agisse de dictateurs ou de ceux qui ont pris le pouvoir au nom de la paix ou de toute autre forme d'idéologie. Quant au prêtre, examinons l'univers de la prêtrise. Il s'interpose entre vous et ce que vous tenez tous deux pour la vérité, le sauveur, le dieu, le ciel, l'enfer. Il est le porte-parole, le représentant ; c'est lui qui possède les clés du paradis. Il a conditionné l'homme par le biais de la croyance, du dogme et du rituel. C'est un véritable propagandiste. Il a réussi à vous conditionner parce que vous recherchez l'apaisement, la sécurité et que vous redoutez le lendemain. Les artistes, les intellectuels, les scientifiques, tant admirés et flattés, sont-ils sains d'esprit ? Ou bien vivent-ils dans deux mondes différents, l'univers des idées et de l'imaginaire avec leurs formes d'expression compulsionnelles, en étant totalement séparés de leur vie quotidienne, de ses peines et de ses joies ?

Le monde qui vous entoure est morcelé, votre être est lui aussi fragmentaire et cela s'exprime dans le conflit, la confusion mentale et la souffrance : vous êtes ce monde et ce monde est vous. Vivre et agir sans conflit, c'est cela la santé mentale. L'action et l'idée sont contradictoires. Voir, comprendre réellement, c'est agir, mais passer d'abord par l'idéation pour agir ensuite en fonction des conclusions est un comportement totalement erroné, générateur de conflits. Celui qui analyse est lui-même l'analysé. Lorsque celui qui analyse se considère comme différent de ce qu'il analyse, il donne naissance au conflit qui porte en germe le déséquilibre. L'observateur est l'observé. Là est la santé mentale, la plénitude. Ce qui participe du sacré est amour.

Brockwood Park, le 20 septembre 1973

Huitième visite

Il est bon de se réveiller sans aucune pensée, sans aucun des problèmes qui en découlent. L'esprit est alors reposé, il a restauré son ordre intérieur. C'est en cela que le sommeil revêt une telle importance. Ou bien l'esprit remet de l'ordre dans ses rapports et ses actes pendant les heures de veille, ce qui lui permet de trouver un repos complet pendant le sommeil, ou bien il tente de régler ses affaires à sa propre satisfaction durant le sommeil. Au cours de la journée, d'autres perturbations auront lieu, dues à de nombreux facteurs, et lors du sommeil l'esprit fera de son mieux pour s'extraire de toute cette confusion. L'esprit, le cerveau, ne peut fonctionner efficacement, objectivement, que si l'ordre règne. Le conflit sous toutes ses formes symbolise le désordre. Rendez-vous compte de ce que le cerveau endure chaque jour de sa vie : il s'efforce de rétablir l'ordre pendant le sommeil, et se heurte au désordre dès le réveil. C'est le conflit de la vie, qui se pose quotidiennement. L'esprit a un besoin vital de sécurité, la contradiction et la confusion le menacent. Alors il essaie de parvenir à cette sécurité au moyen de solutions névrotiques, mais le conflit s'intensifie. L'ordre consiste à transformer cette gabegie, à y mettre fin. Lorsque observateur et observé ne font plus qu'un règne un ordre parfait.

Dans le petit chemin tranquille et ombragé qui longe la maison, une petite fille pleurait toutes les larmes de son corps, comme seuls les enfants savent le faire. Elle devait avoir cinq ou six ans et n'était pas très grande pour son âge. Elle était assise par terre, le visage inondé de larmes. Il s'accroupit près d'elle et lui demanda ce qui s'était passé, mais elle sanglotait tant qu'elle ne put répondre. Peut-être avait-elle été battue, avait-elle cassé son jouet favori ou s'était-elle entendu refuser d'un ton sec quelque chose dont elle rêvait. La mère sortit de la maison, empoigna la petite fille et l'entraîna à l'intérieur. Elle ne lui avait même pas accordé un regard, car c'était un étranger. Quelques jours plus tard, il repassa par ce petit chemin. La fillette sortit de la maison, toute souriante, et fit quelques pas avec lui. La mère avait dû lui donner la permission de se promener avec un étranger. Il revint souvent dans ce petit chemin, et la fillette, suivie de son frère et de sa sœur, sortait pour venir le saluer. Parviendront-ils un jour à oublier leurs souffrances et leurs blessures, ou finiront-ils par édifier peu à peu des résistances et des fuites ? Conserver à jamais la trace de ces blessures semble être le propre de la nature humaine, et c'est à partir de cela que les actes des hommes sont déformés. Est-il possible que l'esprit de l'homme ne soit jamais blessé, jamais atteint ? Ne pas être blessé, c'est être innocent. Si personne ne vous fait de mal, très naturellement, vous n'en ferez pas à autrui. Cela est-il possible? La civilisation dans laquelle nous vivons laisse des plaies vives dans l'esprit et le cœur. Le bruit et la pollution, l'agressivité et la rivalité, la violence et l'éducation, tous ces fléaux et bien d'autres sont des facteurs de souffrance. Or, il nous faut bien, pourtant, vivre dans ce monde de brutalité et d'opposition : nous sommes ce monde et ce monde est nous. Qu'est-ce qui en nous est blessé ? C'est l'image que chacun de nous a édifiée de lui-même. Curieusement, ces images sont identiques dans le monde entier, à quelques modifications près. L'image que vous avez de vous-même est semblable, dans son essence, à celle de l'homme vivant à des milliers de kilomètres de là. Vous êtes donc cet homme, ou cette femme. Vos blessures sont celles de milliers d'êtres : vous êtes l'autre.

Est-il possible de n'être jamais blessé ? Là où est une plaie n'est pas l'amour. S'il existe une blessure, c'est que l'amour n'est que simple plaisir. Lorsque vous découvrez par vous-même combien il est merveilleux de ne pas se sentir blessé, alors seulement les traces des blessures passées disparaissent. Dans la plénitude du présent, le passé n'est plus un fardeau.

Il ne s'était jamais senti offensé, blessé, bien qu'il ait connu flatteries et insultes, menaces et sécurité. Ce n'est pas qu'il ait été insensible, inconscient, mais il n'avait pas élaboré la moindre image de lui-même, ne tirait pas de conclusions et n'adhérait à aucune idéologie. L'image permet la résistance et lorsqu'elle n'existe plus, la vulnérabilité se fait jour, exempte de blessure. On ne peut décider de devenir vulnérable, ou de cultiver sa sensibilité, car on ne fait alors que chercher et découvrir une autre forme de cette même image. Il s'agit de comprendre ce mouvement dans sa totalité, et non point seulement au niveau intellectuel, mais de façon pénétrante, lucide et directe. Prenez conscience de cette structure dans son entier, sans la moindre réserve. On ne peut éviter d'élaborer des images qu'en percevant la réalité de ce processus, dans toute sa vérité.

Brockwood Park, le 21 septembre 1973

Neuvième visite

Une femme chantait dans la pièce voisine. Elle possédait une voix merveilleuse et les quelques personnes qui l'écoutaient étaient transportées. Le soleil se couchait parmi les manguiers et les palmiers, tons chauds d'or et de vert. Elle interprétait un chant de dévotion et sa voix devenait plus riche, plus veloutée. Écouter est un art. Que l'on écoute de la musique classique occidentale, ou cette femme en s'asseyant sur le sol, on est envahi d'un sentiment romantique ; ou alors les souvenirs du passé et les associations de la pensée modifient rapidement votre humeur, ou encore le futur vous apparaît de façon prémonitoire. On peut aussi écouter sans le moindre mouvement de pensée, dans une totale immobilité mentale, du plus profond du silence.

Être à l'écoute de sa pensée, du merle sur la branche ou de ce qui se dit, sans qu'intervienne la réaction de la pensée, suscite une signification totalement différente de celle qui naît du mouvement de la pensée. Tel est l'art d'écouter, de dispenser une attention absolue : il n'existe pas de centre qui écoute.

Le silence des montagnes est empreint d'une profondeur que ne possède pas celui des vallées. Chacun d'eux renferme une qualité spécifique. Le silence qui règne parmi les nuages et celui qui règne entre les arbres sont eux aussi de nature différente. Le silence qui sépare deux pensées est incommensurable ; le silence du plaisir et celui de la peur sont des réalités tangibles. Le silence artificiel que peut fabriquer la pensée porte en lui la mort. Le silence qui intervient entre deux bruits est absence de bruit mais n'est pas silence, tout comme l'absence de guerre n'est pas la paix. Le sombre silence d'une cathédrale, d'un temple, procède de leur beauté séculaire, qui est l'œuvre de l'homme. Existent aussi le silence du passé et du futur, le silence du musée et celui du cimetière. Mais rien de tout cela n'est le véritable silence.

Un homme était assis sur la berge du fleuve magnifique. Il y resta plus d'une heure, immobile. Il venait là tous les matins, après ses ablutions. Il psalmodiait ensuite en sanscrit pendant un certain temps, perdu dans ses pensées. Il ne paraissait pas être gêné par le soleil, du moins en cette heure matinale. Un jour, il vint me parler de la méditation. Il n'appartenait à aucune des écoles de méditation, qu'il estimait inutiles, dépourvues de signification. Il était célibataire, vivait seul et avait rejeté depuis longtemps les choses de ce monde. Il avait maîtrisé ses désirs, modelé ses pensées et menait une vie de solitaire. Nulle amertume, vanité ou indifférence en lui : il avait oublié tout cela depuis bien des années. Seules importaient pour lui la méditation et la réalité. Tandis qu'il parlait, à la recherche du mot juste, le soleil se coucha et un profond silence nous enveloppa. Il interrompit son discours. Quelques instants plus tard, lorsque les étoiles furent toutes proches de la terre, il déclara : « Voici quel est le silence que j'ai cherché partout, dans les livres, auprès des maîtres et en moi-même. J'ai trouvé bien des choses, mais cela, jamais. Ce silence est survenu sans qu'on le recherche, sans qu'on le sollicite. Ai-je perdu ma vie pour des choses sans importance ? Vous n'avez pas idée de ce que je me suis imposé : les jeûnes, les privations, la pratique de la vertu. J'en ai compris l'inanité il y a longtemps, mais je n'ai jamais été en présence d'un tel silence. Que dois-je faire pour le conserver, pour me maintenir en lui, le laisser habiter mon cœur ? Je suppose que vous allez me répondre de ne rien faire, car la volonté est inopérante en ce domaine. Mais dois-je continuer à parcourir le pays, dans cet esprit de répétition, de maîtrise ? En ce moment, pendant que je suis assis ici, j'ai une pleine conscience de ce silence sacré ; à travers lui je vois les étoiles, les arbres, le fleuve. Bien que je perçoive et ressente tout ceci, pourtant, je ne suis pas vraiment là. Gomme vous l'avez déclaré l'autre jour, l'observateur est l'observé. Je comprends enfin ce que cela signifie. La béatitude que je recherche ne se trouve nullement par la quête. Il est temps que je parte. »

Brockwood Park, le 22 septembre 1973

Dixième visite

Il était debout au bord du fleuve, seul. Ce fleuve n'était pas très large et il apercevait quelques personnes sur la rive opposée. Auraient-elles conversé d'une voix forte qu'il eût sans doute entendu leurs propos. A la saison des pluies, le fleuve allait se déverser dans l'océan. Il avait plu depuis plusieurs jours et le fleuve, traversant des étendues de sable, avait rejoint la mer. On pouvait de nouveau se baigner dans ses eaux, lavées et purifiées par les pluies. Un long îlot étroit y faisait surface, sur lequel poussaient de verts fourrés, quelques arbres de petite taille et un unique palmier. Lorsqu'il n'était pas en crue, le bétail le traversait pour aller paître sur ce banc de terre. C'était un fleuve agréable, bienveillant, et cette impression était particulièrement sensible ce matin-là.

Il était debout au bord du fleuve, seul, détaché et lointain. Il avait environ quatorze ans. Peu de temps auparavant, son frère et lui avaient été « découverts » ; cela avait suscité un certain tapage et, tout soudain, on lui accordait beaucoup d'importance [1]. Il était traité avec respect et vénération et, dans les années à venir, il serait à la tête d'une série d'organisation, et disposerait de biens considérables. Tout cela, comme la dissolution des organisations, n'avait pas encore eu lieu. De cette époque et de ces événements, il n'a conservé comme souvenir que cet instant où, tout seul, perdu et étrangement distant, il contemplait le fleuve. Il a tout oublié de son enfance, des écoles et des punitions corporelles. Bien des années plus tard, le maître qui le punissait ainsi lui raconta lui-même que cela se produisait pratiquement tous les jours. Il fondait alors en larmes et on le mettait à la porte, le laissant sur la véranda jusqu'à la fin des cours. Le maître sortait ensuite à son tour et lui disait de rentrer chez lui, car sinon, il serait resté là, complètement perdu. Le maître le fouettait, lui expliqua-t-il, parce qu'il semblait incapable d'étudier, de se souvenir de ce qu'il avait lu ou de ce qu'on lui avait dit. Par la suite, le maître eut bien du mal à croire que ce garçon était devenu l'homme dont il était venu écouter la causerie. Son étonnement fut extrême, et son respect injustifié. Toutes ces années s'écoulèrent sans laisser la moindre cicatrice, le moindre souvenir dans son esprit. Amitiés, affections, années au cours desquelles on le maltraita, rien de tout cela, que ces événements fussent empreints de gentillesse ou de brutalité, ne laissa de traces en lui. Encore dernièrement, un écrivain lui demanda quelles impressions il gardait de ces événements plutôt étonnants, faisant référence à l'époque où son frère et lui-même avaient été découverts et à tout ce qui s'était produit par la suite. Lorsqu'il répondit qu'il n'en conservait aucun souvenir et n'en savait que ce que d'autres lui en avaient dit, son interlocuteur ne se priva pas de ricaner en déclarant qu'il débitait des sornettes. Pourtant, il n'avait jamais délibérément fait obstruction au moindre événement, plaisant ou déplaisant, qui lui venait à l'esprit. Le souvenir l'habitait quelques instants, ne laissait aucune trace puis disparaissait à jamais.

La conscience est son contenu: le contenu constitue la conscience. Tous deux sont indissociables. Il n'existe pas de vous que l'on peut opposer à autrui, mais simplement le contenu qui constitue la conscience et opère une division entre « moi » et « non-moi ». Ces contenus diffèrent selon la culture, les acquis des différentes races, les techniques et les capacités utilisées. Ces contenus subissent ensuite une répartition des genres: il y a l'artiste, le scientifique et ainsi de suite. Les idiosyncrasies particulières sont la réaction au conditionnement, conditionnement qui est le dénominateur commun de l'homme. C'est ce conditionnement qui donne forme au contenu, à la conscience. Une nouvelle division se produit alors entre le conscient et le latent. Ce contenu latent acquiert une grande importance parce que nous ne l'avons jamais considéré dans son ensemble. Et cette fragmentation se produit lorsque l'observateur n'est pas l'observé, lorsque celui qui fait l'expérience est tenu pour différent de ce qui est expérimenté. Le dissimulé est semblable au visible. L'observation, qui est l'écoute du visible, est la perception du dissimulé. Voir n'est pas analyser. Dans l'analyse existent l'analyseur et l'analysé et cette division débouche sur l'inaction, la paralysie. Dans le voir véritable n'intervient nul observateur et, de la sorte, l'action est immédiate: aucun intervalle ne sépare l'idée de l'action. L'idée, la conclusion, sont partie intégrante de l'observateur, celui qui voit étant séparé de la chose vue. L'identification procède de la pensée, la pensée est fragmentation.

L'îlot, le fleuve et la mer sont toujours là, ainsi que les palmiers et les bâtiments. Le soleil trouait l'opacité des nombreux nuages serrés qui montaient vers les cieux. Des pêcheurs, un simple pagne d'étoffe noué autour des reins, lançaient leurs filets pour ne ramener que des piètres captures. La pauvreté non consentie est une déchéance. Un peu plus tard, dans la soirée, il faisait bon parmi les manguiers et les fleurs odorantes. Que la terre est donc belle.

Brockwood Park, le 23 septembre 1973

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1 ☐ Krishnamurti fait référence à sa propre enfance à Adyar, près de Madras, lorsqu'il fut remarque par Mme Annie Besant, présidente de la Société de Théosophie.

Onzième visite

Une conscience et une morale totalement nouvelles sont indispensables à l'avènement d'un changement radical au sein de la culture et des structures sociales actuelles. C'est une évidence, pourtant ni la gauche, ni la droite, ni les mouvances révolutionnaires n'ont l'air de s'en inquiéter. Les dogmes, les formules, les idéologies, quelle qu'en soit la nature, font partie de notre vieille conscience passée ; ce sont des élaborations d'une pensée qui fonctionne de manière fragmentaire - en politique, la droite, la gauche et le centre en sont l'illustration. Cette activité parcellaire entraîne inévitablement des effusions de sang orchestrées soit par la droite, soit par la gauche, ou bien elle mène au totalitarisme. Telle est la situation dont nous sommes témoins. Nous voyons la nécessité d'un changement sur le plan social, économique et moral, mais les réponses émanent de cette vieille conscience qui laisse à la pensée le rôle principal. Le désordre, la confusion et la détresse qui sont le lot de l'humanité font partie du paysage de cette vieille conscience, et, faute d'y apporter de profonds changements, toute activité humaine - qu'elle soit d'ordre politique, économique ou religieux - ne nous poussera qu'à une destruction réciproque et à l'anéantissement de la planète. C'est l'évidence même pour tout être sensé.

Il faut être à soi-même sa propre lumière. Cette lumière est la seule et unique loi: il n'en existe pas d'autre. Toutes les autres lois émanent de la pensée, et sont donc fragmentaires et contradictoires. Être à soi-même sa propre lumière, c'est refuser de suivre la lumière d'un autre, si raisonnable, si logique, si exceptionnel, si convaincant soit-il. Vous ne pouvez pas être votre propre lumière si vous êtes plongé dans les ténèbres de l'autorité, des dogmes, des conclusions hâtives. La morale n'est pas une émanation de la pensée, ni l'effet des pressions exercées par le milieu ambiant, elle ne relève ni du passé ni de la tradition. La morale est enfant de l'amour, et l'amour n'est ni le désir ni le plaisir. La jouissance, sensuelle ou sexuelle, n'est pas l'amour.

Être à soi-même sa propre lumière: là est la vraie liberté - et cette liberté n'est pas une abstraction, elle n'est pas le fruit de la pensée. Être authentiquement libre, c'est être affranchi de toute dépendance, de tout attachement, de toute soif d'expérience. Être à soi-même sa propre lumière, c'est s'être dégagé des structures mêmes de la pensée. Au sein de cette lumière, il n'y a place que pour l'agir, de sorte que jamais l'action ne peut être contradictoire. La contradiction n'existe que lorsque cette lumière est dissociée de l'action, lorsqu'il y a clivage entre l'acteur et l'action. Tout idéal, tout principe n'est qu'un processus mental stérile, et il ne peut coexister avec cette lumière - l'un est la négation de l'autre.

Que l'observateur soit là, et cette lumière, cet amour sont aussitôt exclus. La structure même de l'observateur est l'œuvre de la pensée, qui n'est jamais neuve, jamais libre. Le « comment », le système, la pratique n'ont aucun intérêt. Seule compte la perception lucide, qui se confond avec l'action. C'est à travers vos yeux que doit se former cette vision, non à travers ceux d'un autre. Cette lumière, cette loi n'appartiennent ni à vous ni à l'autre. La lumière - rien d'autre ne compte que la lumière. Voilà ce qu'est l'amour.

Brockwood Park, le 24 septembre 1973

Douzième visite

Il contemplait par la fenêtre les vastes collines verdoyantes et rebondies, les bois sombres sur lesquels se levait le soleil. C'était un magnifique début de journée et, au-delà des bois, de merveilleux nuages blancs s'élevaient en volutes. Rien d'étonnant à ce que les anciens aient pu situer la demeure des dieux au-delà des montagnes, parmi ces nuages. De tous côtés apparaissaient ces énormes nuages dans le ciel bleu et éblouissant. Aucune pensée n'agitait son esprit, il regardait simplement la beauté du monde. Il se trouvait sans doute devant cette fenêtre depuis un certain temps lorsque se produisit quelque chose d'inattendu, de fortuit. On ne peut provoquer ou désirer de telles choses, inconsciemment ou consciemment. Tout sembla s'effacer, disparaître, pour ne laisser place qu'à cela, l'indicible. Ne le cherchez pas au cœur d'un temple, d'une mosquée ou d'une église, ni sur aucune page imprimée. Vous ne le trouverez en aucun lieu et si vous croyez l'avoir découvert, ce ne sera pas cela.

Près de la Corne d'Or, à Istambul, il était assis, au sein d'une vaste assistance, aux côtés d'un mendiant en haillons qui, tête baissée, murmurait une prière. Un homme se mit à chanter en arabe. Sa voix, qui était superbe, emplit le grand édifice couronné d'un dôme, dont elle parut faire vibrer les murs. Tous ceux qui se trouvaient là en furent étrangement impressionnés: cette voix et ces paroles leur imposèrent un immense respect, tout en les plongeant dans un intense ravissement. Lui était étranger parmi eux ; ils le regardèrent et l'oublièrent bientôt. La vaste salle était bondée et soudain le silence Se fit. Après avoir accompli les gestes rituels, tous s'en allèrent, les uns après les autres. Il resta seul avec le mendiant, puis ce dernier s'en fut à son tour. Le silence régna de nouveau sous la vaste coupole, et l'édifice se vida. Le bruit de la vie semblait provenir de très loin.

S'il vous arrive de vous promener seul dans les hautes montagnes, parmi les pins et les rochers, en laissant tout derrière vous, là-bas, dans la vallée, lorsque pas un murmure ne fait frissonner les arbres et que toute pensée s'est évanouie, alors peut-être viendra-t-elle à vous, cette altérité. Si vous tentez de vous l'approprier, elle disparaîtra à jamais. Ce que l'on conserve, c'est le souvenir d'une chose morte, la dépouille de ce qui n'est plus. On ne peut retenir le réel ; votre cœur et votre esprit sont trop étroits pour contenir autre chose que les produits stériles de la pensée. Éloignez-vous de la vallée, allez encore plus loin, abandonnez tout cela. Vous pourrez alors y retourner et ce que vous retrouverez n'aura plus le poids du fardeau. Vous ne serez plus jamais le même.

Après une longue ascension de plusieurs heures, bien au-delà de la ligne des arbres, il se trouva au milieu des rochers, au cœur de ce silence particulier de la montagne. Quelques pins déformés, pas un souffle de vent ; tout était parfaitement immobile. Sur le chemin du retour, passant d'un rocher à l'autre, il entendit soudain un bruit caractéristique et fit un bond. A quelques pas de lui se trouvait un serpent à sonnettes, luisant, presque noir. Agitant les cônes creux de sa queue, le crotale se tenait prêt à frapper. Tête triangulaire, dardant sa langue fourchue, ses yeux sombres aux aguets, le reptile allait attaquer s'il faisait un pas de plus. Pendant plus d'une demi-heure, le serpent le fixa de ses yeux dépourvus de paupières. Puis, se déroulant lentement, en prenant soin de maintenir sa tête et sa queue dans sa direction, le crotale s'éloigna en ondulant dans un mouvement semi-circulaire. Lorsqu'il tenta de s'approcher, l'animal se lova instantanément, prêt au combat. Ils jouèrent à ce jeu un certain temps puis, devant la fatigue du serpent, il le laissa poursuivre son chemin. C'était vraiment une bête terrifiante, grasse et mortelle.

Il vous faut savoir être seul parmi les arbres, les prés et les ruisseaux. On n'est jamais seul si l'on garde avec soi les choses de l'esprit, ses images et ses problèmes. L'esprit ne doit pas être rempli des rochers et des nuages de la terre, mais présenter le même vide que le vase tout juste façonné. Ce n'est qu'alors que peut se faire jour la vision totale, alors que l'on peut voir ce qui ne l'a jamais été. Cette perception ne peut avoir lieu si vous êtes là. Il faut mourir à soi-même pour atteindre le voir véritable. Vous pensez peut-être occuper une place importante en ce monde, mais tel n'est pas le cas. Et si vous possédez tout ce qui a pu être élaboré par la pensée, ce ne sont là que vieilleries, très usagées et qui commencent à tomber en ruine.

Dans la vallée, il faisait étonnamment frais et près des refuges, les écureuils attendaient leurs noisettes, accoutumés à être nourris tous les jours. D'un naturel peu craintif, ils faisaient du tapage si vous arriviez en retard, tandis que les geais bleus se manifestaient bruyamment alentour.

Brockwood Park, le 25 septembre 1973

Treizième visite

C'était un temple en ruine, avec de longs couloirs dépourvus de plafonds, des portes, des statues décapitées et des cours désertes. Les oiseaux et les singes, les perroquets et les colombes venaient tous y chercher refuge. Certaines des statues privées de têtes conservaient une imposante et massive beauté, empreintes d'une immuable dignité. L'endroit était d'une étonnante propreté et l'on pouvait s'asseoir sur le sol, pour regarder les singes et les oiseaux jacasseurs. Jadis, il y a très longtemps, ce temple avait sans doute été florissant, accueillant des milliers de fidèles parmi les guirlandes, l'encens et les prières. On percevait encore cette atmosphère, ainsi que les espoirs, les craintes et la vénération des fidèles. Le sanctuaire sacré avait disparu depuis longtemps. Les singes, comme la chaleur devenait accablante, étaient maintenant partis, mais les perroquets et les colombes avaient fait leurs nids dans les crevasses et les failles des hauts murs. Ce vieux temple en ruine était trop éloigné du village pour être davantage détruit par ses habitants. Auraient-ils pu s'y rendre qu'ils auraient profané ce vide.

La religion est devenue superstition et culte des images, croyances et rituels. Elle a perdu la beauté de la vérité ; l'encens a pris la place de la réalité. La perception directe a été remplacée par l'image, sculptée par la main ou l'esprit. La religion a pour seul but la conversion totale de l'homme. Et toutes les simagrées dont elle s'entoure ne sont qu'absurdités. C'est pourquoi la vérité ne peut se trouver dans aucun temple, église ou mosquée, quelle que soit leur beauté. La beauté de la vérité et la beauté des pierres sont choses différentes. L'une ouvre la porte à l'incommensurable et l'autre celle de la prison qui se referme sur l'homme. L'une est porteuse de vérité et l'autre débouche sur l'asservissement de la pensée. Le romantisme et la sentimentalité sont négation de la nature même de la religion, qui n'est pas non plus simple jeu intellectuel. Dans le domaine de l'action, le savoir est nécessaire à l'efficacité objective mais le savoir n'est pas le moyen de la transformation de l'homme. Il participe de la structure de la pensée, et la pensée ne peut que rabâcher fastidieusement le connu, fût-il modifié et amélioré. Les voies de la pensée, du connu, ne mènent pas à la liberté.

Sur la bande de terre sèche qui bornait la rizière d'un vert luxuriant resplendissant au soleil du matin, le long serpent était immobile. Il se reposait probablement, ou guettait quelque imprudente grenouille. A cette époque, les grenouilles étaient expédiées en Europe, où elles constituaient un mets recherché. Le serpent était très long, d'une couleur tirant sur le jaune, et parfaitement immobile. Il se confondait presque avec la terre desséchée, difficile à distinguer, mais ses yeux sombres accrochaient la lumière du jour. Sa langue noire, seule, était animée d'un incessant mouvement. Il n'avait pas conscience de la présence de celui qui, derrière sa tête, l'observait. La mort, ce matin-là, s'exprimait partout. On l'entendait dans le village: de profonds sanglots accompagnaient le cadavre, couvert d'un linge, que l'on emportait. Un cerf-volant avait heurté un oiseau en plein vol. On était en train de tuer un animal dont on entendait les cris de souffrance. Et jour après jour, il en est ainsi: la mort est toujours présente, partout, de même que la douleur.

La subtile beauté de la vérité ne réside pas dans la croyance ou le dogme ; elle n'est jamais là où l'homme croit pouvoir la trouver, car nul chemin n'y conduit. Ce n'est pas un lieu fixe, un refuge ou un abri. La beauté de la vérité engendre sa propre tendresse, un amour qui ne peut ni se mesurer ni se laisser retenir, pas plus qu'on ne peut en faire l'expérience. Elle n'est dotée d'aucune valeur marchande susceptible d'être accumulée ou utilisée. Elle advient quand l'esprit et le coeur sont vidés des choses de la pensée. Le moine ou le pauvre ne s'en approchent pas, non plus que le riche. L'intellectuel et l'artiste n'y ont pas davantage accès. Celui qui déclare détenir la connaissance en est à mille lieues. Vivez ce monde tout en étant loin de lui.

Ce matin-là, les perroquets poussaient des cris perçants et voltigeaient autour du tamarinier ; c'est de très bonne heure qu'ils entreprenaient leurs incessantes activités, allant et venant sans arrêt. Ils constituaient des touches d'un vert vif, leurs becs recourbés et puissants d'un rouge tout aussi éclatant. Ils semblaient être incapables de voler droit, contraints à de malhabiles zigzags accompagnés de criailleries. De temps à autre, ils venaient se poser sur le muret de la véranda. On pouvait alors les contempler, mais cela ne durait guère. Ils reprenaient vite leur vol saugrenu et bruyant. Ils paraissent avoir l'homme pour seul ennemi: il les met en cage.

Brockwood Park, le 27 septembre 1973

Quatorzième visite

Le gros chien noir venait juste de tuer une chèvre. Il avait été sévèrement puni, puis attaché, et maintenant, il gémissait et aboyait. La maison était entourée d'un haut mur mais la chèvre avait néanmoins réussi à s'y introduire et le chien, après l'avoir pourchassée, avait fini par la tuer. Le propriétaire de la maison arrangea les choses avec quelques mots d'excuse et de l'argent. C'était une grande maison environnée d'arbres et, aussi souvent qu'on l'arrosât, la pelouse n'était jamais uniformément verte. Le soleil était impitoyable et tous les arbustes, toutes les fleurs, devaient être bassinés deux fois par jour. Mais la végétation n'en était pas moins jaunie, en raison de la pauvreté du sol et de l'ardeur du soleil. Les arbres avaient atteint une très haute taille et prodiguaient une ombre agréable. De très bonne heure le matin, lorsqu'ils masquaient encore le soleil, on pouvait s'asseoir à leur pied. Endroit idéal où s'installer tranquillement pour se perdre en méditation, on ne pouvait pourtant y poursuivre une rêverie éveillée ou se bercer d'illusions satisfaisantes. Ce lieu, avec ses ombres profondes, était trop austère, trop peu accommodant, étant tout entier consacré à ce genre de contemplation silencieuse. Il était possible de se laisser aller à d'agréables rêveries mais, bien vite, on constatait que cet endroit ne sollicitait pas les images de la pensée.

L'homme était assis et pleurait, la tête couverte d'un linge. Sa femme venait de mourir. Il ne voulait pas montrer ses larmes à ses enfants, qui pleuraient eux aussi, sans trop comprendre ce qui se passait. Mère de nombreux enfants, elle avait été souffrante puis, brusquement, très malade. Son époux ne quittait pas son chevet. Il semblait ne plus jamais sortir mais un jour, après diverses cérémonies, la mère fut emportée au loin. La maison devint soudain très vide, le parfum que la mère y avait entretenu n'y flottait plus et rien ne fut semblable, car la souffrance avait pris possession des lieux. Le père l'avait compris. Les enfants avait perdu à tout jamais un être cher mais, pour l'instant, ils ignoraient le sens de leur chagrin.

La souffrance est toujours présente ; elle ne se laisse pas oublier. On ne peut la fuir par le divertissement, qu'il soit de nature religieuse ou autre. Même si on tente de lui échapper, elle vous retrouvera toujours. Que l'on se perde dans une quelconque forme de vénération, dans la prière ou une croyance sécurisante, la souffrance finira par réapparaître, inévitable. La souffrance engendre l'amertume, le cynisme ou un comportement névrotique. Même si l'on exprime son agressivité, en adoptant une conduite toute de violence et de méchanceté, la souffrance vous suivra pas à pas. Acquérir du pouvoir, se faire une situation ou jouir des plaisirs de l'argent ne l'empêchera pas de rester tapie au fond de votre cœur, attendant son heure. Quelque action que vous entrepreniez, vous ne pourrez lui échapper. L'amour que vous éprouvez se termine dans la souffrance. C'est le temps qui alimente la souffrance, la pensée qui la structure.

Vous versez une larme devant l'arbre qu'on abat. On tue un animal pour votre nourriture. C'est pour votre plaisir que le monde est détruit. L'homme est élevé pour tuer, pour massacrer ; chacun est l'ennemi de l'autre. La technologie de pointe et les machines remplacent les outils traditionnels de l'homme, mais ce n'est pas au moyen des choses assemblées par la pensée que l'on mettra un terme à la souffrance. L'amour n'est pas le plaisir.

Elle était désespérée. Elle s'épancha dans un flot de paroles, racontant tout ce qu'elle avait enduré. D'abord un décès, puis les inepties de ses enfants, leurs engagements politiques, leurs divorces, leurs frustrations, l'amertume et la totale futilité de toute vie dépourvue de sens. Elle se trouvait au seuil de la vieillesse. Dans sa jeunesse, elle s'était contentée de s'amuser, s'intéressant un temps à la politique, puis passant un diplôme d'économie, bref, menant peu ou prou la vie de tout le monde. Son mari venait de mourir et, depuis lors, elle n'était que souffrance. Au fil de notre entretien, elle retrouva un peu de calme.

Tout mouvement de la pensée ne peut qu'accroître la souffrance. La pensée, qui crée le souvenir, les images du plaisir et de la douleur, la solitude et les larmes, l'apitoiement sur soi-même et le remords, est le terrain où germe la souffrance. Soyez à l'écoute de ce qui se dit. Écoutez, tout simplement. Non pas les échos du passé, les ravages triomphants de la souffrance ou les recettes pour échapper à cette torture. Mettez votre cœur, la totalité de votre être, à l'écoute de ce qui se dit maintenant. Ce sont votre dépendance et votre attachement aveugle qui ont ensemencé le terrain de votre souffrance. Avoir négligé l'étude de vous-même et la beauté qui en découle a nourri et entretenu votre souffrance ; toutes vos activités égocentriques vous ont conduit vers elle. Soyez à l'écoute de ce qui s'exprime là: restez présent à votre souffrance, ne tentez pas de vous en évader. Tout mouvement de la pensée renforce la souffrance. La pensée n'est pas amour, car l'amour véritable ignore la souffrance.

Brockwood Park, le 28 septembre 1973

Quinzième visite

La saison des pluies allait s'achever et à l'horizon, les nuages blancs et dorés traçaient de fantasques contours, qui rejoignaient l'immensité bleue et verte des cieux. Le feuillage de chaque buisson semblait lavé, purifié, et resplendissait sous le soleil matinal. C'était une matinée enchanteresse, la terre se réjouissait et une sorte de bénédiction semblait flotter dans l'air. On avait une vue imprenable, depuis cette pièce très élevée, sur la mer bleue, le fleuve qui allait s'y jeter, les palmiers et les manguiers. On retenait son souffle devant la splendeur de la terre et les majestueuses volutes des nuages. Il était encore tôt et les bruits de la journée ne troublaient pas le silence. De l'autre côté du pont, il n'y avait pas de circulation, à l'exception d'une longue file de chars à bœufs chargés de foin. Bien des années plus tard, les autobus feraient leur apparition, avec leur pollution et leur vacarme. Matin privilégié, empreint de musique et de béatitude.

Les deux frères allaient en voiture au village voisin, pour rendre visite à leur père qu'ils n'avaient pas revu depuis plus de quinze ans. Ils durent faire à pied la dernière partie du chemin, sur une petite route mal entretenue. Ils passèrent devant un vaste réservoir à eau, entouré de marches de pierre qui permettaient d'y accéder. A l'extrémité de la pièce d'eau se dressait un petit temple orné d'une tour carrée, au faîte très étroit, et décorée d'images sculptées. Devant le temple, des êtres parfaitement immobiles, semblables aux images de la tour, étaient plongés dans une intense méditation. Un peu plus loin, à l'écart de quelques maisons, se trouvait la demeure de leur père. Il en sortit lorsque les deux frères approchèrent et ils le saluèrent en se prosternant pour toucher ses pieds. Très intimidés, ils restèrent silencieux, attendant qu'il parlât, selon la coutume. Le père, avant de prononcer le moindre mot, rentra chez lui se laver les pieds, car ses fils les avaient touchés. C'était un brahmane très orthodoxe, nul ne pouvait le toucher sinon un autre brahmane. Ses fils avaient été souillés par le contact avec des êtres n'appartenant pas à sa caste ; de plus, ils avaient consommé de la nourriture préparée par des mains impures. Après s'être ainsi purifié, il s'assit sur le sol en prenant garde de maintenir une distance entre ses fils et lui-même. Ils s'entretinrent un certain temps, puis l'heure du repas approcha. Il les renvoya, car il lui était impossible de manger avec eux: ils avaient cessé d'être brahmanes. Il éprouvait sans doute de l'affection pour eux, car c'étaient après tout ses enfants et il ne les avait pas vus depuis longtemps. Si leur mère avait été encore en vie, elle leur aurait peut-être donné de quoi manger, mais n'aurait pas non plus partagé leur repas. Les sentiments qu'ils avaient portés à leurs fils étaient certainement profonds, mais la tradition et le respect de l'orthodoxie leur interdisaient tout contact physique avec eux. La tradition est très puissante, plus forte que l'amour.

La tradition de la guerre est plus forte que l'amour. La tradition qui prescrit de tuer pour se nourrir et de tuer un prétendu ennemi refuse la tendresse et l'affection humaines. La tradition qui astreint l'homme à de longues heures de travail est porteuse d'une efficace barbarie. La tradition du mariage devient bientôt asservissement. La différence entre riches et pauvres est exacerbée par la tradition. Chaque profession forge ses propres traditions, désigne ses propres élites qui suscitent envie et inimitié. Dans le monde entier, les cérémonies et rituels traditionnels qui ont remplacé le culte ont séparé l'homme de son semblable, et ni les mots ni les gestes n'ont plus le moindre sens. Des milliers d'hiers, si magnifiques fussent-ils, font obstacle à l'amour.

On traverse un vieux pont brinquebalant pour atteindre l'autre rive d'une rivière étroite et boueuse qui va se jeter dans le grand fleuve, et on parvient dans un petit village de terre battue et de briques d'argile séchées au soleil. On y voit quantité d'enfants qui jouent à grands cris ; les adultes sont aux champs ou à la pêche, ou encore travaillent à. la ville voisine. Dans une petite pièce sombre, une mince ouverture dans le mur tient lieu de fenêtre ; les mouches sont rebutées par tant d'obscurité. Il fait frais en ce lieu. Dans cet espace réduit, un tisserand travaillait sur un large métier à tisser. Il ne Savait pas lire mais, à sa façon, faisait preuve d'une grande éducation, faite de politesse et de total respect pour son travail. Il tissait d'admirables étoffes entremêlées de fils d'or et d'argent, aux motifs splendides. Quelle que soit la couleur des pièces de coton ou de soie, il savait retrouver l'inspiration traditionnelle et produire les plus beaux tissus, les plus parfaits. Il était issu de cette tradition. C'était un homme de petite taille, doux, qui souhaitait vivement exposer son merveilleux talent. En le regardant fabriquer de somptueux brocarts, on était émerveillé, le coeur empli d'amour. De cette tradition naissait la beauté la plus pure, intemporelle.

Brockwood Park, le 29 septembre 1973

Seizième visite

Sous le figuier banian, un long serpent brunâtre traversait le chemin. Revenant d'une longue promenade, il aperçut le reptile et s'arrêta. Il le suivit, à quelques pas de distance, jusqu'à un monticule. Le serpent en inspectait chaque cavité, sans avoir aucunement conscience de la présence humaine qui l'observait pourtant de très près. Le serpent était assez gros, avec une sorte de renflement vers le milieu de son corps. Les villageois qui rentraient des champs avaient cessé leurs conversations et regardaient la scène. L'un d'entre eux le prévint qu'il s'agissait d'un cobra et qu'il devait y prendre garde. Le cobra se faufila dans un trou et il poursuit sa promenade. Le lendemain, désireux de revoir le cobra, il revint sur les lieux. Il n'y avait plus trace du serpent mais, à cet endroit précis, les villageois avaient déposé une écuelle emplie de lait, quelques soucis mêlés à d'autres fleurs et une large pierre recouverte de cendres. Cette partie du sol était devenue sacrée et, chaque jour, des fleurs fraîches y seraient offertes. Tous les villageois des alentours savaient que cet endroit était désormais sacré. Il y retourna plusieurs mois plus tard : le lait, les fleurs fraîches et la pierre décorée de cendres étaient toujours là, près du figuier banian dont l'âge allait croissant.

Le temple surplombait les eaux bleues de la Méditerranée. Totalement en ruine, seules ses colonnes de marbre étaient encore debout. Détruit au cours d'une guerre, ce temple n'en était pas moins resté un lieu saint. En fin d'après-midi, le soleil jouant sur le marbre doré, on percevait le caractère sacré de cet endroit. On y était seul, nuls visiteurs à l'incessant bavardage. Les colonnes semblaient maintenant fondues d'or pur et la mer, tout en bas, était d'un bleu intense. La statue d'une déesse se trouvait là, restaurée et protégée : on ne pouvait la contempler qu'à heures fixes et cela désacralisait sa beauté. Immuable, la mer bleue demeurait.

C'était une jolie villa à la campagne, agrémentée d'une pelouse très soignée, tondue et désherbée très fréquemment. Tout était fort bien tenu, prospère et empli de joie. Derrière la maison se trouvait un petit potager charmant, au long duquel coulait un étroit ruisseau, presque silencieux. La porte s'ouvrit et une statue de Bouddha, d'un coup de pied, servit à la caler. Le propriétaire de la villa n'avait nullement conscience de l'aspect étonnant de son geste. Pour lui, il ne s'agissait que d'un objet destiné à retenir la porte. On pouvait se demander s'il aurait fait de même avec une statue qu'il vénérait, car il était chrétien. Les objets sacrés d'autrui paraissent dérisoires, mais on conserve ceux de sa propre foi ; les croyances d'autrui passent pour des superstitions, mais les vôtres sont aussi raisonnables que fondées. Qu'est-ce que le sacré ?

C'était un morceau de bois que la mer et le temps avaient façonné à la ressemblance d'une tête humaine. Notre hôte nous expliqua qu'il l'avait trouvé sur une plage. Le bois était très dur, travaillé par les flots et poli au fil des ans. Il l'avait rapporté chez lui et posé sur sa cheminée. De temps en temps, il le regardait et l'admirait, heureux de l'avoir ramassé. Un jour, il l'entoura de fleurs et fit de même le lendemain. Il constata qu'il se sentait mal à l'aise lorsque les fleurs n'étaient pas quotidiennement changées et, peu à peu, ce morceau de bois sculpté acquit une grande importance dans sa vie. Il ne permettait à personne d'y toucher, se réservant ce droit. Le contact de mains étrangères lui semblait de nature à profaner cet objet. Lui-même se lavait soigneusement les mains avant d'y toucher. Le morceau de bois était devenu sacré, et lui seul en était le grand prêtre. Il en était le représentant ; cela lui permettait d'atteindre à une connaissance à laquelle il n'aurait pu prétendre seul. Sa vie en était remplie et cela le rendait, affirmait-il, indiciblement heureux.

Qu'est-ce que le sacré ? Rien de ce qui est produit par l'esprit, la main ou l'océan. Le symbole n'est jamais la réalité ; le mot herbe n'est jamais l'herbe des champs. Le mot dieu n'est pas dieu. Le mot, aussi précise et fidèle que soit la description, ne renferme jamais l'intégralité de ce qu'il désigne. Le terme de sacré ne signifie rien en tant que tel ; il ne devient sacré que dans son rapport à quelque chose, que ce soit illusoire ou réel. Ce qui est réel ne passe pas par les mots de l'esprit. Réalité et vérité ne sont pas de l'ordre de la pensée. Là où se trouve celui qui perçoit n'est pas la vérité. Pour que soit la vérité, le penseur et sa pensée doivent cesser toute activité. Ce qui advient alors, ce qui est, c'est cela le sacré. Ainsi cet ancien temple baignant dans la lumière du soleil, ce cobra et les villageois. Là où n'est pas l'amour, nul sacré n'existe. L'amour est un, il ne peut se fragmenter.

Brockwood Park, le 30 septembre 1973

Dix-septième visite

La conscience est son contenu ; le contenu est la conscience. Toute action est fragmentaire lorsque le contenu de la conscience est morcelé. Cela engendre conflit, douleur et confusion et la souffrance s'ensuivit inévitablement.

Dans les airs, à haute altitude, on voyait les prairies verdoyantes, toutes de tailles, de formes et de couleurs différentes. Une rivière suivait son cours jusqu'à la mer derrière laquelle, très loin, se dressaient les sommets neigeux. A la surface de la terre s'étendaient de grandes villes en expansion, des villages. Sur les collines, châteaux, églises et groupes de maisons étaient disséminés et, dans le lointain, d'immenses déserts aux tons bruns, mordorés et blancs. Puis de nouveau la mer, et de nouveau la terre, recouverte d'épaisses forêts. La terre entière était d'une infinie splendeur.

Il se promenait dans cette région, dans l'espoir de rencontrer un tigre - et cela se produisit. Les villageois étaient venus apprendre à son hôte qu'au cours de la nuit précédente, un tigre avait dévoré une génisse et qu'il reviendrait sans nul doute le soir même pour tuer à nouveau. Aimeraient-ils assister à ce spectacle ? Ils allaient installer une plate-forme dans un arbre, de laquelle on verrait très bien le fauve. Ils avaient en outre l'intention d'attacher une chèvre à cet arbre, afin d'être certains que le tigre reviendrait. Il répondit qu'il ne pourrait trouver aucun plaisir dans la mise à mort de cette chèvre et les choses en restèrent là. Mais vers la fin de la journée, comme le soleil se couchait derrière les collines, son hôte eut envie de faire une promenade, se disant qu'ils rencontreraient peut-être ce redoutable tueur. Ils roulèrent dans la forêt pendant quelques kilomètres puis, comme la nuit tombait, ils allumèrent les phares et rebroussèrent chemin, ayant perdu tout espoir de croiser le tigre. Mais soudain, au sortir d'un virage, il apparut, assis au beau milieu de la route. C'était une bête énorme, au pelage rayé, et ses yeux brillaient dans la lueur des phares. La voiture s'arrêta, le fauve s'approcha en grondant et ses feulements semblèrent ébranler l'automobile. Sa taille était impressionnante et il balançait lentement sa longue queue au bout noir. Le fauve était contrarié. La vitre de la portière était abaissée et lorsque le félin passa en grondant, il tendit la main pour caresser ce corps où toute l'énergie de la forêt était concentrée. Son hôte interrompit rapidement son geste, lui expliquant ensuite que le tigre lui aurait arraché le bras. C'était un splendide animal, doté d'une souveraine puissance.

Tout en bas, sur cette terre que l'on voyait du ciel, il se trouvait des tyrans déniant toute liberté à l'homme, des idéologues façonnant son esprit, des prêtres qui depuis des siècles le maintenaient en esclavage grâce à une croyance enracinée dans la tradition. Les hommes politiques et leurs sempiternelles promesses entretenaient la corruption et la division. L'homme d'ici-bas est pris dans l'incessant conflit de la souffrance et s'aveugle aux lumières du plaisir. Tout cela, la douleur, le travail et les paroles des philosophes, est tellement dépourvu de sens. Mort, malheur et labeur ; homme ennemi de l'homme.

Cette diversité complexe, ces modifications du modèle du plaisir et de la douleur, tel est le contenu de la conscience de l'homme, façonné et conditionné par la culture dont il a été nourri, soumis aux pressions économiques et religieuses. La liberté ne se trouve pas dans les limites de cette conscience. Ce que l'on tient pour la liberté, c'est en réalité une prison aménagée pour qu'elle soit plus supportable, grâce à l'essor de la technologie. Dans cette prison, des guerres ne cessent d'éclater, que la science et le profit rendent de plus en plus meurtrières. La liberté ne réside pas dans le fait de changer de prison, ni de changer de gourous, dont le pouvoir demeure tout aussi absurde. L'autorité n'engendre pas la rectitude de l'ordre ; elle est au contraire génératrice de désordre, dont elle tire profit pour assurer sa propre croissance. La liberté ne se fragmente pas. L'esprit non morcelé, l'esprit qui forme un tout unifié est en liberté. Il ignore qu'il en est ainsi : le connu participe du temps, c'est le passé qui traverse le présent et va vers le futur. Tout mouvement est d'ordre temporel et le temps n'est pas facteur de liberté. La liberté de choix est négation de la liberté : le choix intervient uniquement quand la confusion est à l'oeuvre. La perception claire et lucide, la perspicacité, telle est la liberté qui advient lorsqu'on a rejeté la douleur du choisir. L'ordre total, parfait, est la lumière de la liberté. Cet ordre n'est pas le fruit de la pensée, car toute activité du mental vise à entretenir la division. L'amour n'est pas un fragment de la pensée, ni du plaisir. Comprendre cela, voilà l'intelligence. L'amour et l'intelligence sont indissociables et donnent naissance à une forme d'action d'où la douleur est exclue. Elle se fonde sur l'ordre.

Brockwood Park, le 2 octobre 1973

Dix-huitième visite

Krishnamurti : Il était extrêmement tôt et dans l'aéroport régnait un froid intense : le soleil venait de se lever. Tout le monde était chaudement vêtu, à l'exception des porteurs qui frissonnaient. On entendait les bruits habituels d'un aéroport : vrombissement des avions à réaction, ton sonore des conversations, adieux et décollage. L'avion était rempli de touristes, d'hommes d'affaires et d'autres passagers qui se rendaient dans la ville sainte aux rues grouillantes et crasseuses. L'immense chaîne de l'Himalaya se nimba soudain de rose dans le soleil levant ; nous volions en direction du sud-est et, pendant des centaines de kilomètres, ces pics gigantesques, aussi beaux que majestueux, parurent suspendus entre ciel et terre. Le passager du fauteuil voisin s'était plongé dans un journal, un peu plus loin, de l'autre côté de l'allée, une femme récitait son rosaire. Les touristes discutaient à grand bruit, prenant autant de photos les uns des autres que des sommets lointains. Chacun s'absorbait dans ses propres activités, ne s'accordant pas le temps de contempler la beauté de la terre et les méandres du fleuve sacré, ni la subtile splendeur des pointes rocheuses d'un rose flamboyant.

Un homme, à quelque fauteuils de là, semblait bénéficier de beaucoup de considération. Un certain âge, le visage d'un être cultivé, il avait des gestes précis et vifs et était fort proprement vêtu. On pouvait se demander s'il avait réellement perçu la radieuse beauté des montagnes. Il se leva soudain et se dirigea vers le passager qui occupait le fauteuil à côté du nôtre, lui demandant s'il accepterait de changer de place avec lui. Après s'être installé, il se présenta et demanda à s'entretenir avec nous. Il parlait anglais avec une certaine hésitation, en choisissant soigneusement ses mots car il n'avait pas souvent l'occasion de pratiquer cette langue. Il avait une voix claire, assez douce et semblait d'un commerce agréable. Il commença par déclarer qu'il avait bien de la chance de se trouver dans cet avion et de pouvoir entreprendre cette conversation. « Naturellement, poursuivit-il, j'ai entendu parler de vous depuis mon enfance et il y a quelques jours à peine, j'ai assisté à votre dernière causerie, consacrée à la méditation et à l'observateur. Je suis un intellectuel, un spécialiste, et je pratique ma propre forme de méditation et de discipline. »

Nous laissions derrière nous les montagnes et, tout en bas, le fleuve traçait d'harmonieux méandres.

Question : Vous avez déclaré que l'observateur est l'observé, que méditant et méditation ne font qu'un et, pour que la méditation ait lieu, que celui qui observe devait avoir disparu. J'aimerais revenir sur ce point. Pour moi, la méditation s'est traduite par la maîtrise de la pensée, le fait de concentrer son esprit sur l'absolu.

Krishnamurti : Celui qui contrôle est le contrôlé, ne croyez-vous pas ? Le penseur est ses pensées. Sans les mots, les images, les idées, existerait-il un penseur ? Celui qui fait l'expérience est cette expérience. Sans elle, il n'est pas non plus d'expérimentateur. Celui qui contrôle la pensée fait partie intégrante de celle-ci ; il n'est qu'un des fragments de la pensée, quel que soit le nom que vous lui donnerez. L'action extérieure, si sublime soit-elle, est toujours un produit de la pensée. L'activité de la pensée est continuellement tournée vers l'extérieur et suscite la fragmentation.

Question : Mais peut-on vivre sans contrôle ? C'est l'essence même de la discipline.

Krishnamurti : Lorsque celui qui contrôle est le contrôlé, et que cela est perçu comme une indiscutable réalité, que cela apparaît comme la vérité, une forme d'énergie totalement différente prend alors naissance et modifie radicalement ce qui est. Celui qui contrôle n'a pas la capacité de transformer ce qui est. Il peut en effet exercer son contrôle, supprimer ce qui est, le transformer superficiellement ou le fuir mais il ne pourra jamais s'en dégager, aller au-delà, beaucoup plus loin. La vie peut et doit être vécue sans ce contrôle. Il n'est pas sain de vivre sous contrôle. Cela entraîne d'incessants conflits, la douleur et la confusion.

Question : Voilà qui est un concept entièrement nouveau.

Krishnamurti : Il convient de souligner qu'il ne s'agit pas d'une abstraction, d'une formule. Seul existe le ce qui est. La souffrance n'est pas une abstraction. Il est possible d'en dégager une conclusion, un concept, une structure verbale, mais rien de tout cela n'est véritablement la douleur. Les idéologies sont dépourvues de toute réalité ; ce qui est importe seul. Et nulle transformation radicale ne pourra jamais s'opérer si celui qui observe est séparé de ce qu'il observe.

Question : Est-ce là votre expérience personnelle et directe ?

Krishnamurti : S'il ne s'agissait que de structures verbales élaborées par la pensée, ce serait totalement futile et vain. Parler ainsi de choses de ce genre relèverait de l'hypocrisie.

Question : J'aurais aimé que vous me disiez ce qu'il en est de la méditation, mais nous allons atterrir et nous n'en avons plus le temps.

Krishnamurti : A l'arrivée, l'aéroport était décoré de guirlandes et le ciel de l'hiver était d'un bleu intense.

Brockwood Park, le 3 octobre 1973

Dix-neuvième visite

Il avait coutume, étant enfant, d'aller s'asseoir sous un grand arbre près d'un étang où flottaient des fleurs de lotus, roses et très odorantes. A l'ombre du grand arbre, il observait les minces serpents verts et les caméléons, les grenouilles et les couleuvres d'eau. Son frère et quelques camarades venaient le chercher et ils rentraient à la maison [1]. Il était agréable de s'installer sous cet arbre, près du fleuve et de l'étang. Il s'en dégageait une impression d'immensité, dans laquelle l'arbre avait trouvé son propre espace. L'espace est nécessaire à toute chose. Tous ces petits oiseaux qui, lors des soirées tranquilles, viennent se poser sur les fils télégraphiques en observant un intervalle si régulier entre eux, laissent de l'espace aux cieux.

Les deux frères prenaient place avec d'autres dans la pièce décorée d'images ; une psalmodie en sanscrit s'élevait alors puis un silence total lui succédait. C'était la méditation du soir. Le cadet des deux garçons s'endormait, roulait sur le côté et ne se réveillait qu'au moment où tous se préparaient au départ. La pièce n'était pas très grande et sur ses murs étaient exposés les tableaux, les images du sacré. A l'intérieur des limites étroites d'un temple ou d'une église, l'homme donne forme au vaste mouvement de l'espace. Il en est ainsi en tous lieux ; dans une mosquée, l'espace est contenu dans les graciles rangées de mots. L'amour a besoin d'un vaste espace.

Cet étang était fréquenté par des serpents et, de temps en temps, par quelques personnes. Des marches de pierre conduisaient jusqu'aux eaux où fleurissaient les lotus. L'espace créé par l'esprit est mesurable et par conséquent limité. La culture et la religion en sont les produits. Mais l'esprit est tout à la fois rempli par la pensée et constituée par elle ; sa conscience participe de la structure de la pensée, qui ne comprend qu'un petit espace intérieur. Or cet espace est le mouvement du temps, qui va d'ici à là, de son centre aux limites extérieures de sa conscience, qu'elle soit étroite ou étendue. L'espace que le centre créé autour de lui-même constitue sa propre prison. Toute ses relations émanent de cet espace limité, mais l'espace est nécessaire à la vie. Le petit espace étriqué de l'esprit porte en lui la négation de la vie. Vivre dans la circonférence réduite de ce centre entraîne conflit, douleur et souffrance. Cela ne s'appelle pas vivre.

L'espace, la distance, qui vous sépare de l'arbre c'est le mot, le savoir, qui est d'ordre temporel. Le temps est l'observateur qui crée la distance entre lui et ce qui est, entre lui et les arbres. Sans l'observateur, toute distance cesse. S'identifier aux arbres, à autrui ou à une quelconque formule est un acte issu de la pensée, qui ne cherche qu'à assurer sa protection, sa sécurité. La distance s'étend d'un point à un autre et, pour atteindre ce point, le temps est nécessaire. La distance n'existe qu'en fonction d'une direction, qu'elle aille vers l'intérieur ou l'extérieur. Celui qui observe établit une séparation, une distance entre lui-même et ce qui est. De cela naissent conflits et souffrances. La transformation de ce qui est advient uniquement lorsqu'il n'est plus de division, plus de temps, entre celui qui voit et ce qui est vu. L'amour ignore la distance.

Son frère mourut et nul mouvement ne se fit en lui pour échapper à la douleur de cette perte. Seul ce non-mouvement peut abolir le temps. Le fleuve prenait sa source parmi les collines et leurs ombres verdoyantes et allait se jeter dans la mer en grondant, vers les horizons infinis. L'homme vit enfermé dans de petites boîtes à tiroirs, qui s'étendent sur des kilomètres et dans lesquelles il est privé d'espace. L'homme est violent, brutal, agressif et malveillant. Il ne songe qu'à diviser et à détruire ses semblables. Le fleuve est la terre et la terre est le fleuve ; sans l'autre, aucun des deux n'existe.

Les mots sont sans fin, mais la communication est d'ordre verbal autant que non-verbal. Entendre un mot est une chose, entendre une absence de mot en est une autre. La première ne présente guère de pertinence, est superficielle et conduit à l'inaction. La seconde constitue un acte dont rien ne morcelle la plénitude, c'est le total épanouissement de la bonté. Les mots ont édifié de magnifiques murs ; ils ne renferment pas le moindre espace. Le souvenir, l'imagination sont des douleurs issues du plaisir. L'amour n'est pas le plaisir.

Ce matin-là, le long serpent mince et vert se trouvait près de l'étang. Il n'était pas dépourvu d'une certaine grâce et se confondait presque avec les feuillages verts. Il resterait là, immobile, aux aguets. On voyait la large tête du caméléon qui, posée sur une branche, changeait très souvent de couleur.

Brockwood Park, le 4 octobre 1973

1 ☐ Krishnamurti fait ici allusion à sa propre enfance.

Vingtième visite

Il existe un arbre dans un champ verdoyant qui, à lui seul, occupe tout un arpent. Il est très vieux et impose respect à tous les autres arbres de la colline. Du haut de sa solitude, il domine la rivière tumultueuse, les collines et la villa, de l'autre côté du pont de bois. On l'admire en passant devant lui mais, sur le chemin du retour, on prend davantage son temps pour le détailler. Il possède un tronc énorme, très profondément enfoui dans la terre, massif et indestructible. Ses branches sont immenses, sombres et courbes. Cet arbre dispense une ombre profonde. Le soir, il paraît se fermer sur lui-même, inapprochable. Mais, au long des heures de la journée, il est accueillant, ouvert. Rien n'altère son intégrité : il n'a jamais connu ni hache, ni scie. Un jour de grand soleil, vous vous êtes assis sous son feuillage, vous avez perçu son âge vénérable et, comme vous étiez seul avec lui, vous avez pris conscience de la profonde beauté de la vie.

Vous étiez assis sur un pont, admirant le coucher du soleil, et le vieux villageois arriva à votre hauteur d'un pas fatigué. Presque aveugle, il boitait, tenant un ballot d'une main et une canne de l'autre. C'était une de ces fins de journée où les couleurs du couchant flamboient sur chaque rocher, chaque arbre et chaque buisson. L'herbe et les prairies semblaient irradier leur propre lumière intérieure. Le soleil disparut derrière une colline ventrue et, dans cet extraordinaire embrasement naquit l'étoile du soir. Le villageois s'arrêta, contempla ces grandioses couleurs puis vous considéra. Vous avez échangé un regard avant que, sans un mot, il poursuive son chemin. Dans cette communication entrait de l'affection, de la tendresse et du respect, non pas le respect vain et stupide, mais celui des hommes véritablement religieux. En cet instant, temps et pensée furent abolis. Vous étiez tous deux profondément religieux, sans la corruption de la croyance, de l'image, du mot ou de la pauvreté. Vous vous êtes souvent croisés sur cette petite route des collines rocailleuses et à chaque fois, lorsque vous vous êtes regardés, c'était dans l'allégresse d'une compréhension intime réciproque.

Il sortait du temple, accompagné de sa femme. Tous deux étaient silencieux, profondément émus par les chants et les prières. Il se trouva que vous marchiez derrière eux, et vous avez perçu l'intensité de leur vénération, la force qui les déterminait à mener une vie en accord avec leur religion. Pourtant, cela se dissiperait dès qu'ils auraient de nouveau à faire face à leur responsabilité de parents, devant leurs enfants qui venaient à leur rencontre en courant. Il exerçait sans doute un bon métier, dans lequel il réussissait, car il possédait une grande maison. Le poids de l'existence finirait par le submerger et, bien qu'il se rendît souvent au temple, le combat ne cesserait pas.

Le mot n'est pas la chose ; l'image, le symbole, ne sont pas le réel. La réalité, la vérité, n'est pas un mot. Mettre la réalité en mots est une façon de l'effacer et de permettre à l'illusion de s'y substituer. L'intellect peut fort bien rejeter toute la structure de l'idéologie, la croyance et ses fioritures, le pouvoir, qui en sont les séquelles, mais la raison, elle, peut justifier toute croyance, toute idéation. La raison assure l'ordre de la pensée, et la pensée est la réaction qui vient de l'extérieur. Parce qu'il s'agit de l'extérieur, la pensée ressent la nécessité d'assembler ce qui constitue l'intérieur. Nul homme ne peut vivre sans une certaine intériorité, l'extérieur seul ne peut lui suffire. Et c'est ainsi qu'il est contraint d'opérer cette division entre intérieur et extérieur, raffermissant de la sorte le terrain sur lequel se déroule le combat entre le « moi » et le « non-moi ». L'extérieur est le dieu des religions et des idéologies ; l'intérieur tente de se conformer à ces images et le conflit s'ensuit.

Il n'existe ni extérieur ni intérieur, mais uniquement une globalité, un tout. Celui qui fait l'expérience, l'expérimentateur, est l'expérimenté. La fragmentation est folie. Cette intégrité, cette unité, n'est pas un simple mot. Elle advient lorsque cesse radicalement toute division entre extérieur et intérieur. Le penseur est la pensée.

Soudain, tandis que vous vous promeniez seul, l'esprit libre de toute pensée, vous contentant d'observer sans la présence de l'observateur en vous, vous avez pris conscience du sacré, un sacré que la pensée, dans son essence même, est incapable de concevoir. Vous faites halte, vous regardez les arbres, les oiseaux et les passants. Cela n'est pas une illusion, ni quelque chose grâce à quoi l'esprit peut se leurrer. Cela se trouve dans vos yeux, au plus profond de votre être, partout en vous. La couleur du papillon est le papillon.

Le flamboiement du couchant s'était dissipé et, précédant l'obscurité profonde, la nouvelle lune timide apparut avant de disparaître derrière les collines.

Brockwood Park, le 6 octobre 1973

Vingt-et-unième visite

C'était l'une de ces pluies de montagnes qui durent trois ou quatre jours et rafraîchissent l'atmosphère. La terre était lourde, détrempée, et tous les sentiers de la montagne glissants ; de petits ruisseaux s'étaient formés qui dévalaient les pentes abruptes et dans les champs en terrasses, nul ne pouvait travailler. Les arbres et les plantations de thé étaient lassés de cette humidité ; le soleil ne s'était pas montré depuis plus d'une semaine et il commençait à faire froid. Les immenses sommets neigeux des montagnes s'étendaient vers le nord. Les bannières qui entouraient les temples, alourdies par les pluies, avaient perdu le charme de leurs couleurs chatoyantes qui dansaient sous le vent. Le tonnerre retentit, suivi d'éclairs, et l'écho s'en propagea dans les vallées ; un épais brouillard étouffait la lueur intense des éclairs.

Le lendemain matin, le ciel était d'un bleu pur et délicat et les hauts sommets, immobiles et éternels, resplendissaient au soleil matinal. Une vallée profonde s'étendait entre le village et les montagnes ; des nappes de brouillard d'un bleu sombre y flottaient. Droit devant, majestueux sous le ciel léger, se dressait le second des pics les plus élevés de l'Himalaya. On aurait presque pu le toucher, mais il se trouvait à des kilomètres de là. On oubliait la distance devant sa majesté, son infinie pureté et son caractère incommensurable. Vers la fin de la matinée, il avait disparu, caché par les nuages sombres de la vallée. Il ne se montrait que quelques heures, très tôt le matin. Est-il étonnant que les anciens aient situé leurs dieux au faîte de ces montagnes, au sein des nuages et du tonnerre ? Le caractère divin de leur vie résidait dans la bénédiction que renfermaient ces neiges inaccessibles.

Les disciples de ce gourou étaient venus nous inviter à lui rendre visite. Nous avions poliment refusé, mais ils étaient revenus, espérant que nous changerions d'avis devant leur insistance. Il fut finalement décidé que leur gourou, accompagné de quelques disciples, se déplacerait en personne.

C'était une petite rue bruyante. Des enfants y jouaient au cricket, avec une batte et quelques vieilles briques en guise de piquets. Dans un joyeux tumulte de rires et de cris, ils s'amusaient autant qu'ils le pouvaient, ne s'arrêtant que pour laisser passer une voiture, le chauffeur hésitant à troubler leur partie. Ils venaient jouer là tous les jours et, ce matin-là, ils étaient particulièrement bruyants lorsqu'arriva le gourou, une petite badine polie à la main.

Nous étions plusieurs, assis sur un petit tapis posé sur le sol, lorsqu'il entra dans la pièce. Nous nous sommes levés et lui avons proposé le petit tapis. Il s'assit en tailleur, plaçant sa canne devant lui. Ce mince tapis semblait lui conférer une position d'autorité. Il était celui qui avait découvert la vérité, l'avait expérimentée et, de la sorte, étant celui qui savait, il était en mesure de nous montrer la voie. A ses yeux comme à ceux de ses disciples, ses paroles incarnaient la loi. Vous n'étiez que celui qui cherche, alors que lui avait trouvé. Votre quête n'était peut-être qu'une errance, et il vous aiderait à trouver le chemin, mais il vous fallait obéir. Vous avez répondu posément que la recherche et la découverte sont dépourvues de sens si l'esprit ne s'est pas libéré du conditionnement, que la liberté est tout ensemble le premier et le dernier pas. Vous avez ajouté que se plier à toute forme d'autorité, pour ce qui relève des questions de l'esprit, équivaut à se laisser prendre dans l'illusion et c'est là une forme d'action qui engendre la souffrance. Il vous jeta un regard de commisération, teinté d'inquiétude et d'une pointe de contrariété, comme si vous aviez perdu la raison. Il finit par déclarer : « Il m'a été donné de connaître l'expérience ultime, la plus élevée, et nul chercheur de vérité ne peut refuser cela. »

Si la réalité, ou la vérité, à besoin d'être expérimentée, c'est qu'il s'agit alors d'une projection de votre propre esprit. Ce qui est ainsi appréhendé n'est pas la vérité, mais tout au plus une création mentale.

Les disciples semblaient nerveux. Les adeptes détruisent autant leurs maîtres qu'eux-mêmes. Il se leva et quitta la pièce, ses élèves sur ses talons. Dans la rue, les enfants poursuivaient leur partie. L'un d'entre eux fut mis hors jeu, ce qui provoqua un tonnerre d'applaudissements et d'exclamations.

Il n'existe aucun chemin, fût-il historique ou religieux, qui conduise à la vérité. On ne peut en faire l'expérience ni la découvrir au moyen de la dialectique ; on ne peut la trouver en changeant d'opinion ou de croyance. Elle surgira lorsque votre esprit sera libéré de toutes les choses qu'il a accumulées et assemblées. Le miracle de la vie, c'est aussi ce sommet majestueux.

Brockwood Park, le 7 octobre 1973

Vingt-deuxième visite

Il y avait des singes partout en ce matin tranquille : sur la véranda, sur le toit et dans le manguier. Il s'agissait d'un groupe de macaques. Les petits se poursuivaient les uns les autres parmi les arbres, pas très loin de leurs mères, et le grand mâle était assis à l'écart, surveillant l'ensemble de la bande. Il y en avait une bonne vingtaine. Turbulents et plutôt brise-tout, ils disparurent lentement dans l'épaisse forêt dès que le soleil s'éleva dans le ciel, loin de toute habitation humaine. Le mâle donna le signal du départ et tous le suivirent sans bruit. Les perroquets et les corneilles reprirent alors possession des lieux, dans l'habituel vacarme qui annonçait leur présence. L'une des corneilles lançait son cri rauque, quel que soit le nom qu'on lui donne, et ne s'arrêtait que lorsqu'on la chassait. Jour après jour, elle renouvelait cette représentation ; ce croassement envahissait alors la pièce et, curieusement, tous les autres bruits semblaient cesser. Ces corneilles évitent toutes querelles trop violentes entre elles ; elles sont vives, très vigilantes et assurent leur survie avec efficacité. Les singes ne paraissent pas les aimer. La journée allait être très belle.

C'était un homme maigre et nerveux, doté d'un visage aux traits harmonieux ; son regard avait connu la gaieté et le rire. Nous étions assis sur un banc au bord du fleuve, à l'ombre d'un tamarinier. De nombreux perroquets, ainsi que deux effraies, y étaient perchés, se chauffant au soleil matinal.

Il déclara: « J'ai consacré de nombreuses années à la méditation, contrôlant mes pensées, jeûnant et me contentant d'un repas par jour. J'étais travailleur social, mais j'ai abandonné ce métier depuis longtemps, ayant compris que le vaste problème de l'homme ne pourrait être résolu par un travail de ce type. D'autres sont restés dans ce secteur mais, pour moi, cela n'est plus possible. Ce qui m'importe le plus, c'est de comprendre la signification totale et la profondeur de la méditation. Toutes les écoles de méditation préconisent une forme de contrôle ou une autre. J'ai pratiqué différentes méthodes, mais cela semble un processus sans fin. »

Le contrôle, la censure, implique la division entre celui qui contrôle et ce qu'il contrôle. Cette division, comme toutes les divisions, engendre le conflit qui pervertit l'action et le comportement. Cette fragmentation est l'œuvre de la pensée : l'un des fragments tente de contrôler les autres parties, que ce fragment soit le censeur ou que vous lui donniez un autre nom. Cette division est artificielle et pernicieuse. En réalité, contrôleur et contrôlé ne font qu'un. La pensée, de par sa nature même, est fragmentaire et cela entraîne confusion et souffrance. La pensée a divisé le monde : nationalités, idéologies, sectes religieuses, grandes et petites. La pensée est la réaction de la mémoire, de l'expérience et du savoir, accumulés dans le grenier du cerveau. Elle ne peut fonctionner efficacement, avec logique et bon sens, que dans l'ordre et la sécurité. Pour permettre la survie physique, elle doit se protéger de tous les dangers. La nécessité d'une survie extérieure est facile à comprendre, mais il en va tout autrement de la survie psychologique, du maintien de l'image assemblée par la pensée elle-même. La pensée a divisé l'existence en termes d'extérieur et d'intérieur, fragmentation qui porte en soi le conflit et la censure. Pour la survie intérieure, la croyance, l'idéologie, les dieux, les nationalités, les conclusions représentent des éléments essentiels, mais tout cela débouche aussi sur des guerres innombrables, la violence, la souffrance. Le désir de préserver la survie intérieure, avec ses multiples images, est une maladie, une disharmonie. La pensée est disharmonie. Toutes ses images, ses idéologies, ses vérités portent en elles leurs propres contradictions et sont destructrices. En dehors de ses réalisations technologiques, la pensée est à l'origine de bouleversements et de plaisirs qui deviennent bientôt d'intolérables souffrances, tant sur le plan interne qu'externe. Déchiffrer tout cela dans votre vie quotidienne, entendre et voir le mouvement de la pensée, voilà quelle est la transformation qui peut naître de la méditation. Il ne s'agit pas de transformer le « moi » en un « moi » encore plus grand, mais de modifier radicalement le contenu de la conscience. La conscience est son contenu. La conscience du monde est votre propre conscience. Vous êtes le monde et le monde est vous. La méditation est la transformation totale de la pensée et de ses activités. L'harmonie n'est pas fruit de la pensée ; elle advient avec la perception du tout.

La brise matinale était tombée et pas une feuille ne frissonnait ; le fleuve était d'une immobilité absolue et, venant de l'autre rive, les bruits étaient portés par les eaux immenses. Les perroquets eux-mêmes s'étaient calmés.

Brockwood Park, le 8 octobre 1973

Vingt-troizième visite

Vous aviez pris un étroit petit train qui s'arrêtait dans presque chaque gare, où l'on vous proposait du café et du thé chauds, des couvertures et des fruits, des confiseries et des jouets. Dormir était quasiment impossible et, au matin, tous les voyageurs embarquèrent sur un bateau qui, traversant les eaux profondes de la mer, les conduisit jusqu'à l'île. Là, un autre train vous attendait qui vous mènerait à la capitale, en traversant une verdoyante contrée de jungles et de palmeraies, de plantations de thé et de villages. C'était une région agréable, heureuse. Il faisait chaud et humide au bord de la mer mais, dans les collines où poussait le thé, la fraîcheur régnait et il flottait dans l'air le parfum des jours anciens, fait de simplicité et d'absence de foule. Mais dans la ville, comme dans toutes les grandes cités, on se heurtait au bruit, à la crasse, au caractère sordide de la pauvreté et à la vulgarité de l'argent. Dans le port, des bateaux venant du monde entier étaient à l'ancre.

La maison se trouvait un peu à l'écart et, toute la journée, de nombreuses personnes venaient le saluer en lui offrant des fruits et des guirlandes de fleurs. Un jour, quelqu'un lui demanda s'il aimerait voir un bébé éléphant et, bien entendu, nous avons accepté. On nous informa que le petit n'avait que deux semaines et que sa mère, dans le souci de le protéger, était très nerveuse. La voiture nous emporta loin de la ville, laissant derrière elle la misère et la crasse. Nous sommes arrivés au bord d'un fleuve aux eaux brunâtres, sur la berge duquel s'élevait un village, entouré de hauts arbres aux frondaisons épaisses. L'énorme éléphante et son petit se trouvaient là. Il resta plusieurs heures, de façon à permettre à la mère de s'habituer à sa présence. Après cette manière de présentation, on lui permit de flatter sa longue trompe et de lui donner quelques fruits et des morceaux de canne à sucre. La trompe, sensible et insistante, en réclama davantage et pommes et bananes furent bientôt englouties. L'éléphanteau se tenait debout, balançant sa courte trompe, entre les pattes massives de sa mère. C'était la réplique exacte de l'énorme animal, en miniature. La mère finit enfin par le laisser caresser son petit. Il n'avait pas encore une peau rugueuse et sa petite trompe était sans cesse en mouvement. C'était sans doute la partie la plus vivante et la plus agile de lui-même. La mère ne les quittait pas du regard et, de temps à autre, son cornac prenait soin de la rassurer. C'était un petit éléphant très espiègle.

C'est dans un état de profonde détresse que cette dame entra dans la petite pièce. Son fils avait été tué à la guerre. « Je l'adorais, et je n'avais pas d'autre enfant. Il avait fait de bonnes études et sa bonté et ses dons le promettaient à un brillant avenir. Il est mort. Pourquoi a-t-il fallu que cela arrive, pourquoi à lui, pourquoi à moi? Une profonde affection, un véritable amour, nous unissait. Tout cela est si horriblement cruel ! » Elle sanglotait, comme si ses larmes ne devaient jamais se tarir. Elle finit par lui saisir la main et bientôt, fut assez calme pour pouvoir écouter.

Nous dépensons tellement d'argent pour l'éducation de nos enfants ; nous les entourons de tant de soins ; nous nous attachons si intensément à eux. Ils comblent le vide de nos vies solitaires, c'est à travers eux que nous nous réalisons, grâce à eux que nous satisfaisons notre besoin de permanence. Pourquoi recevons-nous une éducation ? Pour devenir les machines d'un monde de technologie ? Pour consacrer notre vie au travail avant de trouver la mort dans un accident ou à la suite d'une maladie douloureuse ? Telle est la vie que notre culture, notre religion, nous ont façonnée. Dans le monde entier, toutes les épouses et toutes les mères versent des larmes : la guerre ou la maladie leur ont ravi leurs maris ou leurs fils. L'amour est-il attachement? Se trouve-t-il dans les larmes et les souffrances de la perte ? Est-il solitude et chagrin? Est-il apitoiement sur soi-même et douleur de la séparation? Si vous aviez vraiment aimé votre fils, vous auriez fait en sorte que plus aucun fils, jamais, ne meure à la guerre. Des milliers de guerres se sont succédé au fil de l'histoire et ni les mères ni les épouses ne se sont jamais radicalement opposées aux chemins qui mènent aux champs de bataille. Vous pleurez, éperdue de douleur, et sans le vouloir, vous confortez les régimes qui engendrent les guerres. La violence est étrangère à l'amour.

Cet homme vint raconter pourquoi il se séparait de sa femme. « Nous nous sommes mariés très jeunes et, au bout de quelques années, tout s'est mis à aller de travers, tant sur le plan sexuel que moral. Nous sommes devenus totalement inadaptés l'un à l'autre. Au début, pourtant, nous nous aimions, mais cet amour s'est progressivement transformé en haine. Notre séparation est maintenant indispensable et nos avocats s'en occupent. »

L'amour est-il le plaisir et la permanence du désir? L'amour est-il sensation physique?

L'attirance et sa réalisation, est-ce cela l'amour? Est-ce un produit de la pensée? Quelque chose qui est né d'un concours de circonstances ? L'amour est-il fait de camaraderie, de tendresse et d'amitié ? Qu'un seul de ces éléments prédomine et il ne s'agira pas d'amour. L'amour est aussi souverain que la mort.

Il existe un sentier qui serpente jusqu'au sommet des montagnes et traverse des bois, des prairies et des espaces ouverts. Au pied de la montagne, là où débute ce sentier, se trouve un banc sur lequel un couple de personnes âgées est assis. Ils regardent la vallée ensoleillée et viennent là très souvent. Ils restent assis sans dire un mot, dans la contemplation silencieuse de la splendeur de la terre. Ils attendent l'heure de leur mort: Le sentier se perd dans les neiges éternelles.

Brockwood Park, le 9 octobre 1973

Vingt-quatrième visite

Les pluies venaient de cesser et les énormes rochers luisaient sous le soleil matinal. Les lits asséchés des rivières étaient de nouveau emplis d'eau et la nature exultait une nouvelle fois. La terre était plus rouge, les buissons et les brins d'herbe plus verts et les arbres aux racines gigantesques avaient émis de nouvelles feuilles. Le bétail était plus gras et les villageois moins maigres. Ces collines sont là depuis le commencement du monde et les rocs massifs semblent y avoir été répartis de façon bien équilibrée. A l'est se trouve une colline qui a la forme d'une vaste plate-forme et sur laquelle un temple carré a été édifié. Les enfants du village doivent parcourir plusieurs kilomètres pour aller apprendre à lire et à écrire. Une petite fille, toute seule, le visage brillant, se rendait ce jour-là à l'école du village voisin. Elle tenait un livre d'une main et une légère collation de l'autre. Elle s'arrêta en passant devant nous, tout à la fois timide et curieuse. Mais elle ne s'attarda pas, redoutant d'être en retard pour l'école. Le vert des rizières était étonnant. C'était une longue matinée paisible.

Deux corneilles se chamaillaient dans le ciel, croassant et se donnant de mutuels coups de bec. Bientôt, comme elles n'avaient pas suffisamment de prise dans les airs, elles vinrent se poser sur le sol et reprirent leur combat. Des plumes volaient, la bataille faisait rage. Soudain, une douzaine d'autres corneilles fondirent sur elles et mirent un terme à la querelle. Après beaucoup de croassements et de réprimandes, tous les oiseaux disparurent dans les arbres.

La violence est partout, on la trouve chez les gens cultivés comme chez les primitifs, parmi les intellectuels comme parmi les personnes sentimentales. Pas plus l'éducation que les religions organisées n'ont réussi à domestiquer l'homme. Bien au contraire, elles sont responsables des guerres, des tortures, des camps de concentration et du massacre des animaux sur la terre et dans les océans. Plus l'homme progresse, plus sa cruauté semble s'accroître. La politique est maintenant devenue du gangstérisme, c'est un groupe contre l'autre. Le nationalisme a donné lieu à des guerres, mais il existe aussi des guerres économiques, ainsi que des haines et des violences individuelles. L'expérience et le savoir ne paraissent rien enseigner à l'homme et la violence sous toutes ses formes persiste. Quel rôle joue le savoir dans la transformation de l'homme et de la société ?

L'énergie qui a été utilisée pour accumuler les connaissances n'a pas modifié l'homme ; elle n'a pas mis un terme à la violence. L'énergie qui a été déployée pour expliquer de mille et une façons pourquoi il est si agressif, si brutal et impitoyable n'a pas non plus mis fin à sa cruauté. L'énergie investie dans l'analyse de sa destruction folle et suicidaire, du plaisir qu'il prend dans la violence, de son sadisme et de son comportement dominateur n'a d'aucune façon su rendre l'homme plus attentif et plus paisible. En dépit de tous les mots et de tous les livres, malgré les menaces et les punitions, l'homme est toujours un être de violence.

La violence ne réside pas uniquement dans les massacres, les bombardements ou les bains de sang qui suivent certaines révolutions ; elle est de nature plus profonde, plus subtile. Le fait de se conformer et d'imiter est signe de violence, la duperie et l'asservissement à une autorité sont révélateurs de violence. L'ambition et la rivalité sociales constituent une expression de cette agressivité et de cette cruauté, la comparaison suscite l'envie, car elle entraîne l'animosité et la haine. Le conflit, qu'il soit intérieur ou extérieur, est le terrain sur lequel germe la violence. Quelles que soient les formes qu'elle revête, la division est porteuse de conflit et de souffrance.

Vous savez tout cela. Vous lisez, vous êtes informé des conséquences de la violence. Vous l'avez décelée en vous-même et parmi votre entourage, vous l'avez entendue s'exprimer. Or la violence est toujours là. Pourquoi ? Justifier et démontrer les raisons d'un tel comportement n'a pas de véritable signification. En suivant une telle attitude, vous gâchez l'énergie dont vous avez besoin pour transcender cette violence. Vous avez besoin de toute votre énergie pour retrouver et dépasser la vitalité qui se perd dans la violence. Maîtriser, contrôler la violence est encore une forme de violence, car celui qui contrôle et ce qu'il contrôle ne font qu'un. Dans l'attention totale, qui est addition de toutes les énergies, la violence ne peut plus s'exercer d'aucune façon. L'attention n'est pas un simple mot, une formule abstraite de la pensée mais une action qui s'opère dans la vie quotidienne. L'action n'est pas une idéologie et si elle en découle, elle est génératrice de violence.

Après les pluies, le fleuve contourne les gros rochers, traverse villes et villages et, quel que soit son degré de pollution, retrouve sa pureté pour irriguer les vallées, les gorges et les prés.

Brockwood Park, le 10 octobre 1973

Vingt-cinquième visite

Krishnamurti : Un célèbre gourou vint de nouveau lui rendre visite. Nous étions assis dans le parc de la maison, fort agréable et entouré de murs. La pelouse était bien entretenue, d'un vert soutenu et l'on y voyait des roses, des pois de senteur, des soucis d'un jaune éclatant et d'autres fleurs du nord de l'Asie. Les murs et les arbres faisaient écran au bruit des quelques voitures qui passaient par là; l'air embaumait, chargé du parfum des fleurs. Vers le soir, une famille de chacals sortait de sa cachette, sous un arbre. Ils avaient creusé un trou profond dans lequel la femelle avait donné naissance à ses trois petits. Ils semblaient en parfaite santé et, peu de temps après le coucher du soleil, la mère les accompagnait dans leur promenade en prenant soin de ne pas s'éloigner des arbres. Les poubelles se trouvaient derrière la maison et ils iraient les inspecter plus tard. Il y avait également une famille de mangoustes. Chaque soir, la mère mangouste au nez rose et à la longue queue épaisse sortait elle aussi de sa cachette, suivie de ses deux petits. Ils longeaient le mur, marchant l'un derrière l'autre, et se rendaient eux aussi près de la cuisine, où des restes les attendaient. Grâce à eux, nul serpent ne résidait dans le parc. Mangoustes et chacals semblaient ne s'être jamais rencontrés et si d'aventure cela s'était produit, ils avaient su observer une mutuelle neutralité.

Le gourou avait fait savoir quelques jours plus tôt qu'il souhaitait nous rendre visite. Il arriva, suivi de ses disciples qui se pressaient derrière lui, l'un après l'autre. Ils se prosternaient et touchaient ses pieds pour exprimer la profondeur de leur respect. Ils voulurent faire de même avec lui, niais il s'y refusa. Il leur expliqua qu'il trouvait cela dégradant, mais la tradition et l'espoir du paradis étaient trop profondément ancrés en eux. Ayant fait vœu de ne jamais pénétrer chez un couple marié, le gourou ne voulut pas entrer dans la maison de nos hôtes. Le ciel, ce matin-là, était d'un bleu intense et les ombres profondes.

Question : Vous niez être un gourou, dit-il, mais vous êtes en fait le gourou des gourous. Je vous ai observé depuis votre enfance et vos paroles renferment la vérité mais rares sont ceux qui peuvent la comprendre. Nous sommes nécessaires à la majorité des gens, car sans nous, ils seraient perdus. Notre autorité guide les insensés et les sauve. Nous sommes des interprètes. Nous avons vécu nos propres expériences. Nous savons. La tradition constitue un rempart et seule une infime minorité est capable de voler de ses propres ailes et de voir la réalité telle qu'elle est. Vous faites partie des bienheureux mais nous, nous devons marcher avec la foule, chanter leurs chants, respecter les saints noms et dispenser l'eau bénite, ce qui ne signifie pas que nous sommes de parfaits hypocrites. Ils ont besoin d'aide et nous sommes là pour la leur prodiguer. En quoi consiste donc, s'il est permis de le demander, l'expérience de cette ultime réalité ?

Krishnamurti : Les disciples continuaient leurs allées et venues, ne s'intéressant pas à notre conversation, indifférents à ce qui les entourait, à la beauté de la fleur et de l'arbre. Certains d'entre eux s'étaient assis dans l'herbe et écoutaient, espérant que ce qu'ils entendraient ne les perturberait pas trop. Sa culture ne suffit pas à combler l'homme cultivé.

On ne peut faire l'expérience de la réalité. Nul chemin ne mène vers elle et nul mot ne la désigne. Ce n'est pas quelque chose que l'on cherche et que l'on finit par trouver. Le fait de trouver, après avoir cherché, témoigne de la corruption de l'esprit. Le seul mot de vérité n'est pas la vérité ; la description n'est pas ce qui est décrit.

Question : Les anciens nous ont fait part de leurs expériences, de la béatitude qu'ils ont trouvée dans la méditation, de l'état de conscience supérieure auquel ils ont accédé, de la réalité sacrée qu'ils ont découverte. Est-il permis de vous demander si l'on doit rejeter tout cela, s'écarter de leur très haut exemple ?

Krishnamurti : Admettre que quiconque fasse autorité en matière de méditation, c'est nier la méditation. Le savoir, les concepts, les exemples n'ont aucunement leur place dans la méditation. L'élimination totale de celui qui médite, de celui qui expérimente, de celui qui pense, telle est l'essence de la méditation. C'est en cette liberté que réside l'action de la méditation quotidienne. L'observateur appartient au passé, son terrain est le temps. Ses pensées, ses images, ses ombres sont liées au temps. Le savoir est d'ordre temporel et ce n'est qu'en se libérant du connu que s'opère l'épanouissement de la méditation. Il n'existe pour cela aucun système et, par conséquent, rien qui indique la direction de la vérité ou de la beauté de la méditation. Suivre quelqu'un d'autre, son exemple, ses paroles, c'est proscrire la vérité. Ce n'est que dans le miroir de nos relations qu'apparaît le visage de ce qui est. Celui qui voit est ce qui est vu. Sans l'ordre qui provient de la vertu, la méditation et les interminables assertions d'autrui n'ont absolument aucun sens, sont dépourvues de la moindre pertinence. La vérité n'est pas une tradition ; elle ne se transmet pas.

Les pois de senteur, sous le soleil, exhalaient un parfum très puissant.

Brockwood Park, le 12 octobre 1973

Vingt-sixième visite

Nous volions à trente-sept mille pieds d'altitude, très régulièrement, et l'avion était bondé. Nous avions cessé de survoler la mer et approchions du continent ; tout au-dessous de nous, très loin, se trouvaient la mer et la terre. Les passagers semblaient ne pas pouvoir s'empêcher de parler, de boire et de feuilleter des magazines. Ensuite, on projeta un film. Les voyageurs constituaient un groupe bruyant qu'il fallait distraire et nourrir ; ils dormaient, ronflaient et se tenaient par la main. La terre disparut bientôt sous une masse de nuages qui s'étendait d'un point à l'autre de l'horizon. Immensité et profondeur de l'espace dans le bruit des conversations. Une infinité de nuages blancs flottait entre l'avion et la terre et, au-dessus de nous, le bleu tendre du ciel. Assis près d'une fenêtre, vous étiez totalement réveillé, contemplant les nuages aux formes changeantes sous la lumière blanche qui les irisait.

La conscience a-t-elle la moindre profondeur ou n'est-elle agitée que de mouvements de surface ? La pensée peut imaginer sa profondeur, affirmer qu'elle possède bien une profondeur ou se borner à ne considérer que les ondulations de la surface. Le champ de la pensée a-t-il la moindre profondeur? La conscience est faite de son contenu et ce contenu constitue sa propre limite. La pensée est l'activité de l'extérieur et dans certaines langues, pensée signifie extérieur. L'importance que l'on accorde aux couches cachées de la conscience reste superficielle, sans la moindre profondeur. La pensée peut se doter d'un centre, tel que l'ego, le « moi », mais cela ne suffira pas à lui conférer une profondeur. Les mots, aussi subtilement et habilement agencés soient-ils, n'ont pas d'épaisseur. Le « moi » est une fabrication, une construction de la pensée qui se fonde sur le mot et l'identification. Le « moi », qui cherche la profondeur dans l'action, dans l'existence, n'a aucune signification. Toutes ses tentatives pour créer des rapports empreints de profondeur se terminent dans la multiplication de ses propres images. Ce sont leurs ombres qui lui paraissent profondes. Les activités de la pensée sont dénuées de profondeur. Ses plaisirs, autant que ses craintes et ses douleurs, sont superficiels. Le terme même de surface implique l'existence d'une partie interne, vaste volume d'eau ou vide immense. L'esprit, qu'il soit vide ou profond, renferme les mots de la pensée et la pensée est en soi superficielle. La partie interne, le volume, de la pensée est constitué par l'expérience, le savoir, la mémoire, autant de choses du passé, de dépouilles dont on ne peut que conserver le souvenir, sur lesquelles on peut agir ou ne pas agir.

Sur la terre, tout en bas, un large fleuve étirait ses méandres parmi les fermes dispersées et les routes en lacets où semblaient grouiller des fourmis. Les montagnes étaient couvertes de neige et les vallées verdoyantes noyées d'ombres profondes. Droit devant nous, le soleil se laissa glisser dans la mer tandis que l'avion se posait dans les fumées et le vacarme d'une ville en pleine expansion.

La vie elle-même, l'existence, a-t-elle un sens profond ? Toutes les relations sont-elles creuses ? La pensée pourra-t-elle jamais le découvrir? La pensée est le seul instrument que l'homme a perfectionné et affiné mais lorsqu'on lui dénie, en tant que moyen, la capacité de comprendre le sens profond de la vie, l'esprit se tourne alors vers d'autres procédés. Mener une existence creuse devient vite lassant, ennuyeux et dénué de sens, et c'est de là que naissent la poursuite constante du plaisir, les craintes, le conflit et la violence. Voir les fragments constitutifs de la pensée et la façon dont ils s'agencent, globalement, c'est cela qui met fin au processus de la pensée. La perception du tout n'est possible que lorsque l'observateur, qui est lui aussi un fragment de la pensée, cesse toute activité. Toute action est alors relation, d'où le conflit et la douleur sont exclus.

Seul le silence est profond, comme l'amour. Ni le silence ni l'amour ne participent du mouvement de la pensée. Et les mots sont alors les seuls, qu'ils soient profonds ou creux, à perdre toute signification. L'amour, pas plus que le silence, ne peuvent se mesurer. La pensée, le temps, se mesurent ; la pensée est temps. Mesurer est nécessaire mais lorsque la pensée introduit la mesure dans l'action et les relations, le désordre et la discorde s'ensuivent. L'ordre est incommensurable, on ne peut mesurer que le désordre.

La mer et la maison étaient calmes et tranquilles, et à l'arrière-plan, les collines où poussaient les fleurs sauvages du printemps étaient silencieuses.

Brockwood Park, le 13 octobre 1973

Rome, Italie, 1973

Vingt-septième visite

Krishnamurti se trouvait à Rome du 17 au 29 octobre.

L'été avait été sec et torride, avec quelques rares averses. L'herbe jaunissait mais les grands arbres aux lourds feuillages ne semblaient pas en souffrir et les fleurs étaient en pleine floraison. Le pays n'avait pas connu un tel été depuis des années et les cultivateurs étaient enchantés. Dans les villes, c'était atroce : air pollué, canicule et rues noires de monde. Les châtaignes étaient déjà presque brunes et les jardins publics regorgeaient de promeneurs et d'enfants qui criaient et couraient en tous sens. Dans la campagne, tout était magnifique ; elle conserve toujours un caractère paisible et les petites rivières étroites où nageaient cygnes et canards offraient un spectacle enchanteur. Romantisme et sentimentalité étaient soigneusement enfermés au cœur des villes et ici, en pleine nature, tout n'était que beauté et ravissement. Une route traverse la forêt, et les ombres mouchetées de lumière autant que les feuilles des arbres contiennent cette beauté, de la plus petite feuille morte jusqu'au moindre brin d'herbe. La beauté n'est pas un mot, une réaction d'ordre affectif. Ce n'est pas quelque chose de maléable, que la pensée peut déformer et modeler à sa guise. Lorsque la beauté existe, tous les actes et tous les mouvements, dans chaque forme de relation, sont pleins et entiers, sensés et par là même, saints. Quand cette beauté, cet amour, font défaut, le monde devient fou.

Sur le petit écran le prédicateur, à l'aide de gestes et de mots soigneusement étudiés, affirmait que son sauveur, le seul sauveur, était vivant car, si tel n'était pas le cas, le monde serait privé d'espoir. Les mouvements agressifs de son bras semblaient repousser toute forme de doute, d'interrogation, car il détenait la connaissance et vous ne pouviez que vous incliner devant ce savoir : vous partagez ce savoir, c'est cela qui constitue votre conviction. Les effets calculés de ses gestes et ses paroles convaincantes étaient nourriture et encouragement pour son auditoire, qui le regardait bouche bée, jeunes comme vieux, totalement sous le charme, dans l'adoration de leurs images mentales. Une guerre venait de se déclarer et ni le prédicateur ni son assistance n'y prêtaient attention, car les guerres sont inévitables et inhérentes aux sociétés.

Un peu plus tard, une émission scientifique lui succéda sur l'écran, qui montrait les merveilleuses inventions des savants, la façon remarquable dont ils maîtrisaient l'espace, le monde de demain et les nouvelles machines sophistiquées. On expliqua également comment se formaient les cellules, comment se déroulaient les expériences effectuées sur les animaux, en particulier les vers et les mouches. L'étude du comportement animal était traitée avec soin, de façon amusante. Grâce à ce type d'expérience, les chercheurs se trouvaient plus à même de comprendre le comportement humain. Vinrent ensuite des commentaires sur les vestiges d'une ancienne civilisation : on vit des fouilles, des vases, des mosaïques soigneusement préservées et des pans de murs effondrés. Monde merveilleux du passé, avec ses temples et ses splendeurs. Nombre d'ouvrages ont traité des richesses, des peintures, des grandeurs et des cruautés d'antan, de ses rois et de ses esclaves.

Ensuite apparurent sur l'écran des images de la guerre qui, au même moment, faisait rage dans le désert et parmi les monts verdoyants. Énormes tanks et avions volant à basse altitude ; tumulte et massacre organisé. Hommes politiques n'ayant que la paix à la bouche mais encourageant la guerre dans chaque pays. Femmes en pleurs et blessés agonisants, enfants agitant des drapeaux et prêtres psalmodiant leur bénédiction.

Les larmes de l'humanité n'ont pu mettre fin au désir de tuer qui est en l'homme. Aucune religion n'a mis terme à la guerre. Bien au contraire, toutes l'ont encouragée, bénissant le matériel porteur de mort ; elles ont divisé les peuples. Les gouvernements sont isolés et chérissent leur insularité. Les scientifiques sont soutenus par les gouvernements. Le prédicateur se perd dans ses phrases et ses images.

En dépit de vos propres larmes, vous n'en apprendrez pas moins à vos enfants à tuer et à se faire tuer. Vous acceptez cela comme faisant partie de la vie ; votre engagement ne concerne que votre propre sécurité : voilà votre dieu et votre douleur. Vous dispensez tant de soins, tant de générosité, à l'éducation de vos enfants, tout en acceptant avec enthousiasme qu'ils puissent aller se faire tuer. Des images de bébés phoques aux grands yeux que l'on massacrait occupèrent l'écran.

La culture a pour fonction la transformation totale de l'homme.

De l'autre côté de la rivière, des canards mandarin se poursuivaient en s'éclaboussant et l'ombre des arbres se reflétait sur l'eau.

Rome, le 17 octobre 1973

Vingt-huitième visite

Il existe en sanscrit une longue prière pour la paix. Elle fut écrite il y a des siècles et des siècles par quelqu'un pour qui la paix revêtait un caractère de nécessité absolue et peut-être était-ce là ce qui inspirait sa vie quotidienne. Cette prière fut composée avant que le poison rampant du nationalisme ne soit à l'œuvre, avant l'immortalisation du pouvoir de l'argent et l'importance accordée aux biens matériels qui découle de l'industrialisation. Cette prière tend vers une paix durable : « Que la paix règne parmi les dieux, dans le ciel et entre les étoiles ; que la paix soit sur la terre, entre les hommes et les animaux à quatre pattes ; puissions-nous ne pas nous nuire mutuellement, puissions-nous être généreux les uns envers les autres ; puissions-nous posséder cette intelligence qui guidera nos vies et nos actes ; que la paix soi dans notre prière, sur nos lèvres et dans nos cœurs. »

Cette paix ne fait pas référence à la moindre notion d'individualité ; cela ne survint que beaucoup plus tard. Il n'y est question que de nous-mêmes : notre paix, notre intelligence, notre savoir, notre édification. Le son du sanscrit semble exercer un étrange effet. Dans un temple, une cinquantaine de prêtres psalmodiaient en sanscrit et les murs eux-mêmes paraissaient vibrer.

Un sentier traverse la prairie d'un vert étincelant, puis s'enfonce dans la forêt où pénètre le soleil, avant d'aller se perdre plus loin. Personne, ou presque, ne se rend dans cette forêt où se mêlent ombres et lumière. C'est un endroit très paisible, tranquille et isolé. On y rencontre des écureuils et parfois des daims qui jettent un regard prudent avant de s'éloigner à toute allure. Perchés sur une branche, les écureuils vous épient et il arrive qu'ils vous réprimandent. Ces bois exhalent le parfum de l'été et l'odeur de la terre humide. Ils contiennent des arbres gigantesques, vénérables et couverts de mousse, qui vous font une manière d'accueil dont vous percevez la chaleur. A chaque fois que vous venez vous asseoir là pour regarder, au travers des branches et des feuilles, le ciel bleu et magnifique, vous retrouvez cette paix et cet accueil. Vous vous êtes rendu avec d'autres dans cette forêt mais il ne s'y trouvait que silence et réserve. Les gens bavardaient, indifférents, n'ayant pas conscience de la dignité et de la grandeur des arbres ; ils n'avaient pas la moindre relation avec la nature ni, fort probablement, les uns avec les autres. La relation entre les arbres et vous était totale, immédiate ; vous étiez l'ami de ces arbres et, de la sorte, l'ami de tous les arbres, buissons et fleurs de la terre. Vous ne veniez pas détruire et la paix régnait entre eux et vous.

La paix n'est pas l'intervalle qui sépare la fin d'un conflit du début d'un autre, ni la souffrance d'une nouvelle douleur. Aucun gouvernement ne peut amener la paix, celles qu'ils proposent sont faites de corruption et de décadence. Exercer une autorité sur une population est facteur de dégénérescence, car les autres populations de la terre ne sont pas prises en considération. Les tyrannies n'aboutissent jamais à la paix car elles sont négatrices de liberté : paix et liberté sont indissociables. Tuer autrui au nom de la paix exprime parfaitement la stupidité des idéologies. La paix ne s'achète pas ; elle n'est pas non plus une création de l'intellect. On ne peut l'acquérir ni par la prière, ni par le marchandage. Elle ne se trouve dans aucun édifice sacré, dans aucun livre ; nul être n'en est dépositaire. Personne ne peut vous mener vers elle, qu'il s'agisse d'un gourou, d'un prêtre ou d'un symbole.

Elle est dans la méditation. La méditation porte en elle le mouvement de la paix. Ce n'est pas une finalité vers quoi on tend ; cela ne peut être édifié par la pensée ou les mots. La méditation a pour action l'intelligence. La méditation n'est rien de ce que vous avez pu apprendre, rien de ce dont vous avez pu faire l'expérience. Mettre un terme à tout savoir, à toute expérience, voilà ce qu'est méditer. Cela consiste à abolir l'action de celui qui expérimente. Lorsque les relations sont dépourvues de paix, nulle paix ne se trouvera dans la méditation ; il ne s'agira que de fuite dans l'illusion et la rêverie chimérique. Cela ne se démontre ni ne se décrit. On ne peut juger de la liberté. Vous en aurez conscience, si elle existe, dans les activités de votre vie quotidienne, l'ordre, la vertu de votre vie.

Il y avait de lourds nuages et des brumes, ce matin-là ; il allait pleuvoir. Il faudrait attendre plusieurs jours pour revoir le bleu du ciel. Pourtant, quand vous vous êtes enfoncé dans la forêt, la paix et l'accueil chaleureux n'avaient rien perdu de leur intensité. Il régnait là un calme absolu, une paix incompréhensible. Les écureuils s'étaient cachés et les sauterelles des prés avaient fait silence. Au-delà des collines et des vallées, la mer était agitée.

Rome, le 18 octobre 1973

Vingt-neuvième visite

La forêt s'endormait ; le sentier qui la traversait était sombre et sinueux. Rien ne bougeait ; le crépuscule s'évanouissait et le silence de la nuit baignait la terre. Le murmure du petit ruisseau, si insistant pendant la journée, s'effaçait au profit du calme nocturne. Au travers des feuillages apparaissaient les étoiles, scintillantes et très proches. L'obscurité de la nuit est aussi nécessaire que la lumière du jour. Les arbres accueillants semblaient repliés sur eux-mêmes, distants. Multitude de sujets hautains, inapprochables. Ils dormaient ; mieux valait ne pas les déranger. Au sein de cette obscurité tranquille, pourtant, s'opéraient des processus de croissance et de floraison, de reconstitution de l'énergie pour faire face à la venue du jour. La nuit était aussi essentielle que le jour. Toutes deux donnaient vie, énergie, à toutes les espèces vivantes. Seul l'homme les dégrade.

Le sommeil a beaucoup d'importance, un sommeil sans trop de rêves, sans trop de mouvements agités. De nombreuses choses se produisent durant le sommeil, tant au niveau de l'organisme que du cerveau (l'esprit est le cerveau) : ils ne font qu'un et participent d'un mouvement unitaire. Pour l'ensemble de cette structure, le sommeil est absolument indispensable. Lors du sommeil, l'ordre, l'adaptation ont lieu, ainsi que des perceptions plus profondes. Plus le cerveau est calme, plus les perceptions seront profondes. Le cerveau a besoin de sécurité et d'ordre pour fonctionner harmonieusement, sans friction. La nuit la lui dispense et durant un sommeil calme se produisent des mouvements, des états, auxquels la pensée ne peut jamais parvenir. Les rêves sont des perturbations, ils 'déforment la perception totale. Dans le sommeil, l'esprit se régénère.

Les rêves sont pourtant nécessaires, me direz-vous : on peut devenir fou si l'on ne rêve pas. Les rêves sont donc utiles, révélateurs. Il existe des rêves superficiels, qui n'ont pas grande signification ; d'autres sont chargés de sens et il existe aussi un état dépourvu de rêves. Les rêves sont l'expression, sous différentes formes, différents symboles, de notre vie quotidienne. Si vos relations au monde sont privées d'ordre et d'harmonie, vos rêves ne seront que le reflet de ce désordre. Le cerveau, au cours du sommeil, tentera de résoudre cette contradiction en rétablissant l'ordre. Cette lutte constante entre l'ordre et le désordre épuise le cerveau. Mais il a tant besoin de sécurité et d'ordre pour fonctionner que les croyances, les idéologies et autres concepts névrotiques lui deviennent nécessaires. Prendre la nuit pour le jour est l'une de ces habitudes névrotiques. Les inepties qui se produisent dans le monde moderne après la tombée de la nuit sont autant de tentatives de s'évader de la routine et de l'ennui accumulés lors de la journée.

Prendre totalement conscience du désordre qui préside à toutes nos relations, privées et publiques, intimes et lointaines, prendre totalement conscience de ce qui est, sans le moindre critère sélectif, pendant les heures de la journée, suffit à faire naître l'ordre à partir du désordre. Le cerveau, dans ce cas, n'a plus besoin de chercher l'ordre pendant le sommeil. Les rêves sont alors superficiels et n'ont pas grande signification. L'ordre total de la conscience, comme du subconscient, advient lorsque la division entre celui qui observe et ce qui est observé cesse radicalement. Ce qui est se trouve transcendé lorsque l'observateur, qui est le passé, qui est le temps, cesse toute activité. Le présent actif, ce qui est, n'est pas pris dans les liens du temps comme l'est l'observateur.

Ce n'est que lorsque l'esprit — tout ensemble le cerveau et l'organisme — parvient à cet ordre total durant son sommeil que peut se produire la prise de conscience de cet état indescriptible, de ce mouvement hors du temps. Il ne s'agit pas d'un rêve extravagant, d'une fuite dans l'abstraction. C'est là ce qui constitue la somme, la perfection de la méditation. En d'autres termes, qu'il soit éveillé ou en sommeil, le cerveau reste actif mais la dualité conflictuelle entre ordre et désordre l'épuisé. L'ordre est la forme la plus élevée de la vertu, de la sensibilité, de l'intelligence. Lorsque règne cette infinie beauté de l'ordre, cette harmonie, le cerveau met fin à son incessante activité ; certaines de ses parties continuent à porter le fardeau de la mémoire, mais cela ne concerne qu'une faible portion de son champ. Le reste du cerveau échappe au bruit de l'expérience. Cette liberté, c'est l'ordre, l'harmonie du silence. Cette liberté et le bruit de la mémoire se meuvent ensemble ; c'est l'intelligence qui est l'action de ce mouvement. La méditation consiste à se libérer du connu tout en opérant dans le champ du connu. Il n'y a pas de « moi » en tant qu'opérateur. Cette méditation lucide se poursuit que l'on dorme ou soit éveillé.

Le sentier sortait lentement des bois et, d'un bout à l'autre de l'horizon, le ciel était rempli d'étoiles. Dans les champs, tout était immobile.

Rome, le 19 octobre 1973

Trentième visite

C'est « la plus grande chose vivante du monde ». De proportions gigantesques, sa taille et son tronc sont immenses. Parmi les autres séquoias, également très âgés, celui-là s'élevait majestueusement, plus haut que tout autre. Certains avaient été marqués par le feu, mais lui n'en portait aucune trace. Il avait traversé toutes les laideurs de l'histoire, connu toutes les guerres du monde, toutes les méchancetés et les souffrances de l'homme, supporté la foudre et l'éclair, à travers toutes les tempêtes du temps. Il demeurait, intact, grandiose et totalement seul, impressionnant de dignité. L'écorce particulière des séquoias leur avait permis de résister aux incendies qui eurent lieu et de survivre. Les touristes bruyants n'étaient pas encore arrivés et vous étiez seul en compagnie de ce grand « silencieux ». Il se dressait vers le ciel et vous avez pris place sous ses branches, dôme aussi vaste qu'éternel. Son âge plus que vénérable renforçait la dignité de son silence et lui conférait la réserve propre aux patriarches. Cet arbre était aussi silencieux que votre esprit, aussi paisible que votre cœur et vivait sans le fardeau du temps. Vous avez pris conscience d'une compassion que le temps n'avait pas altérée, d'une innocence qui n'avait jamais éprouvé ni blessure ni souffrance. Vous êtes resté assis et le temps s'est écoulé, qui ne reviendrait plus. L'immortalité était là, car la mort n'avait jamais fait son œuvre. Rien d'autre n'existait que cet arbre immense, les nuages et le ciel. Vous êtes retourné vous asseoir auprès de cet arbre et, chaque jour, pendant quelques semaines, vous avez éprouvé une béatitude dont vous n'avez pris conscience qu'au moment de votre départ. Il ne vous était pas possible d'y retourner pour obtenir davantage. Il n'y avait pas de davantage, le davantage se trouvait dans la vallée, beaucoup plus bas. Comme ce lieu saint ne devait rien à la main de l'homme, son caractère sacré et insondable vous habiterait à jamais car cela ne vous appartenait pas.

Très tôt le matin, quand le soleil n'était pas encore parvenu au sommet des arbres, le daim et l'ours étaient là. Nous nous examinions avec une curiosité réciproque, pensivement. La terre constituait notre bien commun et la peur n'existait pas. Les geais bleus et les écureuils roux se montreraient bientôt. Un des écureuils était sociable et peu farouche. Vous aviez des noisettes dans votre poche, qu'il venait chercher dans votre main. Lorsqu'il avait eu sa ration, les deux geais sautaient d'une branche à l'autre et leurs criailleries cessaient. Le journée commençait.

La sensualité, dans le monde du plaisir, est devenue très importante. Le goût ordonne et bientôt l'habitude du plaisir se met en place. Bien qu'il puisse faire du tort à l'ensemble de l'organisme, le plaisir règne en maître. Le plaisir des sens, de la pensée subtile et raffinée, des mots et des images de l'esprit, de la main, tout cela participe de notre culture et de notre éducation, ainsi que le plaisir de la violence et le plaisir du sexe. L'homme est façonné à l'image du plaisir et toute existence, religieuse ou non, ne tend qu'à sa poursuite. L'importance démesurée que l'on accorde au plaisir résulte d'un conformisme moral et intellectuel. Lorsque l'esprit n'est ni libre ni totalement conscient, la sensualité devient facteur de corruption, comme on peut le constater dans le monde contemporain. Le plaisir de l'argent et la sexualité exercent leur domination. L'homme est devenu un être d'occasion, de deuxième choix et, dans ce cas, l'expression de sa sensualité devient sa liberté. L'amour n'est plus alors que plaisir et désir. Le divertissement organisé, d'ordre religieux ou commercial, débouche sur l'immoralité sociale et individuelle : on cesse d'être responsable. Réagir de tout son être à chaque forme de défi, c'est être responsable, pleinement engagé. Cela ne peut se produire lorsque la pensée, de par son essence même, est fragmentaire et lorsque la recherche des plaisirs, sous ses aspects les plus évidents comme les plus cachés, est le principal mouvement de l'existence. Le plaisir n'est pas la joie ; ce sont deux choses totalement différentes. La joie survient de façon inattendue, alors que le plaisir se cultive, s'alimente. La joie est là lorsque le « moi » a disparu ; le plaisir renforce les liens du temps. Joie et plaisir ne peuvent coexister simultanément. Plaisir, peur et violence vont de pair ; ce sont d'inséparables compagnons. Apprendre en observant est action, le faire est le voir.

En fin de journée, lorsque le soir tombait, les geais et les écureuils s'en allaient se coucher. L'étoile du soir pointait tout juste et les bruits du jour et de la mémoire avaient pris fin. Les séquoias géants étaient immobiles. Ils demeureront au-delà du temps. Seul l'homme meurt et en souffre.

Rome, le 20 octobre 1973

Trente-et-unième visite

C'était une nuit sans lune et la Croix du Sud apparaissait nettement au-dessus des palmiers. Il s'écoulerait encore de nombreuses heures avant le lever du soleil. Dans ce calme et cette obscurité, toutes les étoiles semblaient très proches de la terre ; elles scintillaient, éclatantes dans la nuit. Elles étaient d'un bleu pénétrant et paraissaient prendre naissance dans le fleuve. La Croix du Sud était seule, sans aucune autre étoile. Il n'y avait pas le moindre souffle de vent sur la terre immobile, comme lassée de l'activité de l'homme. La matinée s'annonçait agréable après les fortes pluies ; on ne voyait pas un nuage. Déjà, Orion avait disparu et l'étoile du matin était très loin à l'horizon. Dans le bosquet, les grenouilles coassaient dans la mare voisine ; elles seraient silencieuses un moment, puis se réveilleraient et reprendraient leur chant. Le lourd parfum du jasmin flottait dans l'air et, tout là-bas, résonnaient des psalmodies. A cette heure-là pourtant, régnait un silence ému et sa subtile beauté imprégnait la terre. La méditation est le mouvement de ce silence.

Dans le parc entouré de murs, les bruits du jour débutèrent. On lavait un petit bébé. Puis on passa de l'huile sur toutes les parties de son corps, avec beaucoup de soin, en utilisant une huile différente pour la tête. Elles avaient chacune une odeur particulière et avaient été légèrement chauffées. Le petit enfant adorait cela ; il gazouillait doucement pour lui-même et ses petits membres dodus luisaient de partout. Ensuite on le nettoya avec une poudre parfumée à cet usage. Le nourrisson ne pleura pas, il bénéficiait de tant de soins et d'amour. Tendrement entouré d'une serviette propre et blanche, il fut séché et nourri puis mis au lit où il s'endormit immédiatement. Il grandirait et serait élevé, ferait l'apprentissage du travail, accepterait les traditions, les anciennes et nouvelles croyances, aurait des enfants, supporterait la douleur et le rire de la souffrance.

Un jour, sa mère vint nous voir et demanda : « Qu'est-ce que l'amour ? Est-ce prendre soin de quelqu'un, lui faire confiance, en être responsable ? Est-ce le plaisir entre l'homme et la femme ? Est-ce la douleur de l'attachement et de la solitude ? »

Vous élevez votre enfant avec tant de soin, tant d'infatigable énergie, lui consacrant votre vie, votre temps. Vous vous sentez peut-être, inconsciemment, responsable de lui. Vous l'aimez. Mais l'effet restrictif de l'éducation se fera bientôt sentir, qui l'obligera à s'adapter à la punition et à la récompense pour s'intégrer à la structure sociale. L'éducation est le moyen reconnu pour conditionner l'esprit. A quoi tend l'éducation ? A nous faire accepter le travail incessant et la mort ? Vous avez dispensé vos soins les plus tendres, votre affection, mais votre responsabilité cesse-t-elle dès lors que débute l'éducation ? Est-ce l'amour qui enverra votre fils se faire tuer à la guerre, après tant d'efforts attentifs et de générosité ? Votre responsabilité, qu'il ne faut pas confondre avec l'ingérence, ne cesse jamais. La liberté est une responsabilité totale, qui ne s'applique pas seulement à votre enfant mais à tous les enfants du monde. L'amour est-il l'attachement et les douleurs qui en découlent ? L'attachement engendre la souffrance, la jalousie, la haine. Il naît de notre propre absence de profondeur, de notre insuffisance, de notre solitude. L'attachement procure un sentiment d'appartenance, permet de s'identifier à quelque chose, donne une impression de réalité, d'existence. Lorsque cela est menacé, la peur, la colère et l'envie font leur apparition. Est-ce cela l'amour ? Douleur et souffrance sont-elles l'amour ? Le plaisir des sens est-il l'amour ? La plupart des êtres moyennement intelligents comprennent le sens de tout cela et ce n'est pas trop compliqué. Mais ils ne savent pas s'en détacher, transforment ces faits en idées et doivent ensuite se débattre avec ces concepts abstraits. Ils préfèrent vivre dans l'abstraction plutôt que dans la réalité, le ce qui est.

C'est dans le rejet de ce que n'est pas l'amour que se trouve l'amour. Ne redoutez pas le mot rejet. Rejetez tout ce qui n'est pas amour et ce qui est sera la compassion. Ce que vous êtes revêt une importance capitale, car vous êtes ce monde et ce monde est vous. C'est cela la compassion.

L'aube pointait lentement. A l'est de l'horizon une faible lueur s'élevait et la Croix du Sud disparut peu à peu. Le contour des arbres se fit plus net, les grenouilles se turent, l'étoile du matin se fondit dans la clarté du ciel et le jour nouveau se leva. Le vol des corneilles débutait, les voix des hommes se faisaient entendre mais la félicité de ce lever du jour n'en était pas altérée.

Rome, le 21 octobre 1973

Trente-deuxième visite

Sur les eaux calmes et lentes du fleuve, dans la petite barque, on voyait la totalité de l'horizon, du nord au sud, de l'est à l'ouest. Pas un arbre, pas une maison ne venaient briser cette immensité. Pas un nuage ne flottait dans le ciel. Les berges plates, s'étendant des deux côtés et pénétrant loin dans la terre, contenaient le large fleuve. Il y avait d'autres petites barques, avec des pêcheurs penchés sur le côté pour remonter leurs filets. Ces hommes faisaient preuve d'une infinie patience. Le ciel et la terre se touchaient, l'espace était immense. Dans cet espace illimité, toutes les choses de la terre avaient une existence, même ce petit bateau entraîné au fil du courant. A la courbe du fleuve, l'horizon s'étendait à perte de vue, infini, sans bornes : un espace inépuisable. Cet espace est indispensable à la beauté et à la compassion. Toutes choses ont besoin d'espace, les vivants et les morts, le rocher sur la colline et l'oiseau en plein vol. Là où n'est pas d'espace, la mort règne. Les pêcheurs chantaient et leurs chants résonnaient sur le fleuve. Le son a besoin d'espace. Le son d'une parole a besoin d'espace ; le mot, s'il est correctement prononcé, crée son propre espace. Le fleuve et les arbres lointains ne peuvent survivre que s'ils disposent d'espace. Sans espace, toutes choses dépérissent. Le fleuve disparut à l'horizon et les pêcheurs regagnèrent la berge. L'obscurité profonde de la nuit allait tomber. La terre se reposait d'une journée épuisante et les étoiles dansaient sur les eaux. L'immensité de l'espace se concentra dans une petite maison aux nombreux murs. Les immenses demeures, les palais, ont eux aussi des murs qui enclosent cet immense espace et se l'approprient.

Même s'il est encadré, un tableau doit posséder un espace intérieur ; une statue n'existe que dans l'espace ; la musique crée son propre espace. Le son d'un mot ne se limite pas à créer son espace : il a besoin de celui-ci pour être entendu. La pensée peut imaginer de prolonger l'espace d'un point à un autre, la distance et la mesure. L'espace créé par l'esprit, c'est l'intervalle qui sépare deux pensées. L'extension continue du temps, le mouvement comme l'intervalle qui sépare deux mouvements de la pensée ont besoin du temps. La conscience se situe à l'intérieur du mouvement du temps et de la pensée. Pensée et temps se mesurent d'un point à un autre, du centre à la périphérie. La conscience, vaste ou étriquée, existe en fonction du centre, c'est-à-dire par rapport au « moi » et au « non-moi ».

Toutes choses ont besoin d'espace. Si des rats sont confinés dans un espace réduit, ils finisssent par se détruire mutuellement. Les petits oiseaux qui, à la fin de la journée, viennent se poser sur les fils télégraphiques prennent soin de maintenir l'espace nécessaire entre eux. Les êtres humains qui vivent dans des métropoles surpeuplées deviennent violents. Lorsque l'espace, qu'il soit intérieur ou extérieur, fait défaut, la méchanceté et la dégénérescence sous toutes' leurs formes s'ensuivent inévitablement. Le conditionnement de l'esprit, qui s'opère au moyen de ce que l'on tient pour l'éducation, la religion, la tradition et la culture, ne laisse guère de place à l'épanouissement de l'esprit et du cœur. La croyance, l'expérience qui se fonde sur cette croyance, les opinions, les concepts, les mots, tout cela est constitutif du « moi », de l'ego et forme le centre qui délimite l'espace à l'intérieur duquel se trouve la conscience. Le « moi » situe son être et ses activités dans le petit espace qu'il s'est créé pour lui-même. L'ensemble de ses problèmes et de ses souffrances, de ses espoirs et de ses désespoirs est borné par ses propres frontières, là où n'existe aucun espace. Le connu occupe toute la conscience. La conscience est le connu. A l'intérieur de ces limites-là, les problèmes que les hommes ont accumulés ne peuvent trouver de solution. Et pourtant ils ne lâchent pas prise, ils s'accrochent au connu ou inventent l'inconnu, en espérant résoudre ainsi leurs conflits. L'espace que le « moi » a construit pour lui-même est celui de sa souffrance et des douleurs du plaisir. Les dieux ne peuvent vous procurer d'espace, car le leur est aussi le vôtre. Cet espace infini et illimité est au-delà de la mesure de la pensée, et la pensée est le connu. La méditation consiste à libérer la conscience de son contenu, du connu, du « moi ».

A lents coups de rames, la barque remonta le cours du fleuve endormi en se guidant sur la lumière lointaine d'une maison. La soirée avait été longue et le soleil se couchait dans une lumière d'or, teintée de vert et d'orange, qui traçait un chemin doré sur les eaux.

Rome, le 22 octobre 1973

Trente-troizième visite

Les lumières lointaines et ténues d'un petit village apparaissaient tout au fond de la vallée. Il faisait sombre sur le sentier rocailleux et escarpé. Les lignes mouvantes des collines se découpant sur le ciel éclairé d'étoiles se fondaient dans l'obscurité profonde et, non loin de là, un coyote glapissait. Le sentier avait perdu son aspect familier et une petite brise chargée d'odeurs montait de la vallée. Être seul au cœur de cette solitude permettait d'entendre la voix du silence dans son intensité, dans son extrême beauté. Un quelconque animal faisait du bruit dans les fourrés, par peur ou pour attirer l'attention. L'obscurité fut bientôt totale et l'univers de cette vallée s'enfonça dans le silence. L'air nocturne était chargé de parfums particuliers, mélange de tous les buissons qui poussent sur les collines sèches, cette senteur forte des fourrés habitués au soleil intense. Les pluies avaient cessé depuis bien des mois ; elles ne reviendraient plus avant longtemps et une poussière sèche recouvrait le sentier accidenté. Le grand silence et son vaste espace occupaient la nuit et tout mouvement de la pensée avait pris fin. L'esprit lui-même était cet espace incommensurable et il n'y avait rien, dans cette profonde quiétude, qui ait été construit par la pensée. N'être absolument rien, c'est être hors des limites de la mesure. Le sentier suivit une pente assez raide et un petit ruisseau murmura nombre de choses, enchanté du son de sa propre voix. Sentier et ruisseau se croisaient à plusieurs reprises, chacun jouant à couper le chemin à l'autre. Les étoiles étaient très proches et certaines, du haut des collines, paraissaient contempler la vallée. Les lumières du village, toutefois, étaient encore bien lointaines et, de temps à autre, le sommet des collines dissimulait les étoiles. Être seul, sans paroles ni pensées, en se contentant de regarder et d'écouter. La profondeur du silence apportait la preuve que, hors cette solitude, l'existence est dénuée de sens profond et de beauté.

Être à soi-même sa propre lumière exclut toute forme d'expérience. Celui qui fait l'expérience en tant qu'expérimentateur a besoin de cette expérience pour exister et, que celle-ci soit profonde ou superficielle, ce besoin se fait de plus en plus pressant. L'expérience participe du savoir, de la tradition. L'expérimentateur opère en lui-même une division qui lui permet de choisir entre l'agréable et le douloureux, ce qui apaise et ce qui perturbe. Le croyant expérimente en fonction de sa croyance et de son conditionnement. Ces expériences sont toutes issues du connu : la récognition est essentielle, sans elle nulle expérience ne peut avoir lieu. Et toute expérience laisse sa trace, sauf si l'on y met fin dès qu'elle survient. Réagir devant un défi constitue également une expérience, mais si la réponse provient du connu, le défi est vidé de tout caractère novateur, de toute vitalité. C'est alors que se développent conflit, perturbation et activité névrotique. La nature même du défi, c'est de mettre en question, d'interpeler, de déranger, d'éveiller l'intelligence et la Compréhension. Répondre à ce défi avec les termes du passé ne permet que d'éviter le présent. S'appuyer sur la conviction issue de l'expérience, c'est nier toute forme de recherche. Être intelligent, c'est avoir la liberté de se renseigner, d'étudier la nature du « moi » et du « non-moi », l'intérieur et l'extérieur. La croyance, les idéologies et l'autorité font obstacle à la perception globale et lucide que confère seule la liberté. Le désir de toute forme d'expérience est nécessairement superficiel ou d'ordre sensoriel, il rassure ou est facteur de plaisir car le désir, si intense soit-il, précède la pensée qui elle-même participe de l'extérieur. La pensée peut fort bien assembler et organiser l'intérieur, elle n'en restera pas moins extérieure. Elle ne sera jamais novatrice, ne découvrira jamais le nouveau, car elle est aussi vieille qu'usée. La pensée n'est jamais libre. La liberté est au-delà de la pensée. L'amour ne se trouve dans aucune des activités de la pensée.

Être à soi-même sa propre lumière est lumière pour tous les autres. On est sa propre lumière lorsque l'esprit est libéré du défi et de la réaction, car il est alors en état d'éveil total, d'attention intégrale. Cette attention ne s'organise pas autour d'un centre, autour de celui qui est attentif et, de la sorte, rien ne la limite. Aussi longtemps qu'existe un centre, un « moi », le processus du défi et de la réponse se perpétuera, adéquatement ou non, agréablement ou douloureusement. Le centre ne peut être sa propre lumière, car sa lumière est celle de la pensée, artificielle et qui projette de nombreuses ombres. La compassion n'est pas l'ombre de la pensée mais elle est lumière, qui n'est ni vôtre ni celle d'autrui.

Le sentier arriva peu à peu dans la vallée et le ruisseau longea le village avant de rejoindre la mer. Mais les collines demeurèrent immuables et un hibou répondit au cri d'un autre hibou. Et il y eut de l'espace pour le silence.

Rome, le 24 octobre 1973

Trente-quatrième visite

Il était assis sur un rocher dans une orangeraie ; la vallée s'étendait et se perdait dans les plissements de la montagne. Il était encore très tôt et les ombres étaient longues, douces et libres. Les cailles lançaient leurs petits cris perçants et la colombe endeuillée roucoulait, sur un rythme lent et tendre, un chant triste pour une heure si matinale. L'oiseau moqueur décrivait de grandes descentes en piqué puis tournoyait sur lui-même dans le ciel, enchanté de ce monde. Une grosse tarentule noire et velue sortit de sous le rocher, s'arrêta, huma l'air du matin et poursuivit son chemin en toute hâte. Les orangers formaient de longues lignes droites, sur des arpents et des arpents, chargés de leurs fruits brillants et de la toute nouvelle floraison : fleurs et fruits en même temps sur l'arbre. Le parfum de ces fleurs était subtil et pénétrant et, sous la chaleur du soleil, se ferait plus profond, plus entêtant. Le ciel était très bleu, très léger, et alentour collines et montagnes semblaient encore rêver.

C'était une matinée agréable, fraîche et nouvelle, emplie de cette étrange beauté que l'homme n'a pas encore détruite. Les lézards sortaient, en quête d'une place au soleil, puis s'étendaient de tout leur long, exposant leurs ventres et retournant leurs queues de côté. C'était un matin de bonheur et une douce lumière baignait la terre et l'infinie beauté de la vie. La méditation est l'essence même de cette beauté, qu'elle s'exprime ou soit silencieuse. Exprimée, elle revêt une forme, acquiert une substance. Silencieuse, on ne peut la traduire en mots, en contours ou en couleurs. Lorsqu'elles naissent du silence, l'expression ou l'action sont chargées de beauté, elles sont pleines et totales et tout conflit, toute lutte prennent fin. Les lézards retournaient à l'ombre ; les oiseaux-mouches et les abeilles butinaient parmi les arbres en fleurs.

Sans passion, il n'est pas de création. Un abandon total suscite cette passion sans fin. C'est une chose que l'abandon avec un motif, et une autre que de le faire sans calcul, sans raison. Tout ce que l'on effectue en vue d'une fin, en direction d'un but, n'est que de brève durée et devient pernicieux et commercial, vulgaire. En revanche, ce que l'on fait sans être poussé par une raison précise, une intention ou le désir d'un gain, n'a ni début ni fin. Cet abandon complet consiste à purifier l'esprit du « moi », de l'ego. Ce « moi » peut se perdre dans certaines activités, dans le réconfort d'une croyance ou un rêve extravagant, mais cette perte permet simplement de perpétuer le « moi » sous une autre forme, en s'identifiant à une autre idéologie ou à un autre type d'action. On ne peut renoncer au « moi » par l'action de la volonté, car celle-ci participe du « moi ». Tout mouvement du « moi », horizontal ou vertical, quelle qu'en soit la direction, reste pris dans le champ du temps et de la douleur. La pensée peut s'investir totalement dans une chose sensée ou insensée, raisonnable ou absurde mais, étant de par sa nature et sa structure mêmes fragmentaire, l'enthousiasme et l'intérêt qui en découleront se transformeront vite en plaisir et en peur. En ce domaine, l'abandon du « moi » est illusoire et n'a guère de sens. C'est dans la prise de conscience de tout cela que réside l'éveil de la compréhension des activités du « moi ». Dans cette attention totale n'existe plus de centre, plus de « moi ». Le besoin irrépressible de s'exprimer dans l'identification provient de la confusion qui régit notre existence et de son absence de signification profonde. Chercher une signification, c'est donner prise à la fragmentation. La pensée peut trouver mille et une façons de donner un sens à la vie, et elle ne s'en prive pas, chacun inventant ses propres significations qui ne sont en fait qu'opinions et convictions ; c'est un mouvement sans fin. C'est dans la vie elle-même que se trouve la somme des significations, mais dès lors que cette vie est conflictuelle, devient un combat, le champ de bataille des ambitions, de la concurrence, et qu'elle est placée sous le signe de la réussite, de la quête du pouvoir et d'une position sociale, alors cette vie est dépourvue de sens. Qu'est-ce que le besoin d'expression ? La création est-elle l'objet produit ? L'objet produit par la main ou l'esprit, quel que soit son degré de beauté ou d'utilité — est-ce cela que l'on recherche ? Cette passion faite d'abandon de l'ego éprouve-t-elle la nécessité de s'exprimer ? Lorsqu'il existe un besoin, une compulsion, s'agit-il bien de passion créatrice ? Aussi longtemps qu'existera une division entre le créateur et sa création, la beauté, l'amour, cesseront d'être. Vous pourrez réaliser une œuvre picturale parfaite, une magnifique sculpture mais, si votre vie quotidienne est en contradiction avec cette perfection suprême — l'abandon total du « moi » — ce que vous aurez produit ne suscitera que l'admiration du commun des hommes. C'est dans la vie elle-même que sont la couleur, la beauté et son expression. Il n'est besoin de rien d'autre.

Les ombres raccourcissaient et les cailles s'étaient tues. Ne restaient que le rocher, les arbres remplis de fruits et de fleurs, les agréables collines et la terre fertile.

Rome, le 25 octobre 1973

Trente-cinquième visite

Parmi les orangeraies de la vallée, celle-ci était particulièrement bien entretenue : rangée après rangée déjeunes arbres vigoureux, brillant sous le soleil. La terre était bonne, bien irriguée, fumée et désherbée. C'était une matinée magnifique, ciel bleu et clair, chaleur et douceur agréable de l'air. Dans les buissons, les cailles faisaient du tapage et poussaient leur cri aigu. Un épervier planait dans les airs, immobile. Il vint bientôt se poser sur la branche d'un oranger voisin et s'endormit. Il était si proche que ses serres redoutables, ses plumes merveilleusement tachetées et son bec acéré étaient parfaitement visibles ; on aurait pu le toucher. Un peu plus tôt dans la matinée, le rapace avait survolé la longue avenue de mimosas et les petits oiseaux s'étaient transmis leurs cris d'alarme. Sous les buissons, deux serpents-rois aux sombres anneaux s'étaient enroulés l'un autour de l'autre et ils passèrent tout près, sans avoir conscience d'une présence humaine. Ils sortaient de la remise où, étendus immobiles sur une étagère, les yeux sombres et brillants, ils avaient guetté les souris. Étant dépourvus de paupières, ils ont un regard étrangement fixe. Ils avaient sans doute passé la nuit là et, maintenant, ils s'éloignaient parmi les buissons. C'était là leur territoire, et on les y rencontrait souvent. Lorsqu'on en ramassait un, il s'enroulait autour de votre bras : son contact était froid à la peau. Toutes ces espèces vivantes semblaient avoir leur ordre et leur discipline propres, et leurs propres formes de jeux et de gaieté.

Le matérialisme, selon lequel rien d'autre n'existe que la matière, incarne l'activité dominante et incessante de ceux qui sont nantis comme de ceux qui ne le sont pas. Toute une partie du monde est adepte du matérialisme : la structure de sa société se fonde sur cette formule, avec toutes les conséquences que cela implique. Les autres blocs sont tout aussi matérialistes, mais un certain nombre de principes idéalistes sont utilisés quand besoin est, puis rejetés au nom de la rationalité, et de la nécessité. En transformant l'environnement, brutalement ou progressivement, par la révolution ou l'évolution, le comportement de l'homme est modifié en fonction de la culture dans laquelle il vit. Le conflit qui oppose ceux qui croient que l'homme n'est que matière et ceux qui recherchent le spirituel existe depuis des millénaires. Cette division a entraîné tant de misère, de confusion et d'illusions pour l'homme.

La pensée est un processus matériel et son activité, interne ou externe, est matérialiste. La pensée est mesurable, elle est donc du temps. A l'intérieur de ce champ, la conscience est matière. La conscience et son contenu ne font qu'un ; ils sont indissociables. Ce contenu, c'est l'ensemble de ce qui a été rassemblé par la pensée : le passé qui modifie le présent qui est aussi le futur et s'inscrit dans le temps. Le temps est le mouvement qui est pris dans le champ de la conscience, que celle-ci soit vaste ou étriquée. La pensée est mémoire, expérience et savoir. Cette mémoire, avec ses images et les ombres qu'elle projette, c'est l'ego, le « moi » et le « non-moi », le « nous » et le « eux ». C'est le soi qui, par essence, opère la division, avec tous ses attributs et ses qualités. Le matérialisme ne peut que renforcer la force et la croissance du soi. Le soi peut s'identifier, et cela se produit effectivement, à l'État, à une idéologie, aux activités du « non-moi », qu'elles soient d'ordre religieux ou non, mais il n'en demeure pas moins le soi. C'est lui qui crée ses propres croyances, ainsi que ses plaisirs et ses craintes. La pensée est de nature et de structure fragmentaire, et le conflit et la guerre font partie de ces fragments, comme les nationalités, les races, les idéologies. Une humanité matérialiste porte en elle sa propre destruction aussi longtemps qu'elle ne parviendra pas à renoncer totalement au soi. C'est là quelque chose de capital. Ce n'est qu'à partir d'une révolution de cet ordre, impliquant l'abandon du soi, qu'une société radicalement nouvelle pourra voir le jour.

Le rejet du soi est amour, compassion : passion envers toutes choses : ceux qui ont faim, ceux qui souffrent, qui sont sans abris, ainsi qu'envers le matérialiste et le croyant.

L'amour n'est pas sentimentalité, romantisme. L'amour est aussi fort, aussi souverain que la mort.

La brume qui venait de la mer s'étendit lentement sur les collines de l'ouest, comme d'immenses vagues. Elle enveloppa les collines, noya les vallées et atteindrait bientôt les orangeraies. Avec la tombée du soir, la température serait plus fraîche. Il n'y aurait pas d'étoiles, et le silence serait total. C'est là un silence réel, sans rapport avec celui que cultive la pensée, qui est dépourvu d'espace.

Rome, le 29 octobre 1973

Malibu, Californie (1). 1975

Trente-sixième visite

(1) Les cinq textes qui suivent ont été rédigés dix-huit mois plus tard. Krishnamurti se trouvait à Malibu, en Californie.

Il était extrêmement tôt mais le soleil brûlait déjà. Pas un souffle de vent ne venait agiter les feuilles. Il faisait agréablement frais dans ce temple ancien. Les pieds nus percevaient la dureté des dalles de pierre, leurs formes et leurs irrégularités. Pendant un millénaire, des millions de personnes avaient dû les fouler. Après l'éblouissement du soleil matinal, il faisait sombre à l'intérieur du temple. Ce matin-là ne s'y trouvaient que quelques personnes et l'espace étroit des couloirs semblait encore plus sombre. Un passage menait à un vaste couloir qui conduisait au tombeau central. Il y régnait une puissante odeur de fleurs et d'encens, accumulée depuis des siècles. Une centaine de brahmanes, lavés et rasés de près, les reins ceints d'un pagne d'étoffe immaculée, psalmodiaient les chants rituels. Le sanscrit est une langue vigoureuse, vibrante de profondeur. Les très anciens murs en renvoyaient l'écho, ébranlés par le son de ces nombreuses voix. Ce son était empreint d'une indicible dignité, nul mot ne pouvait rendre compte du caractère sacré de cet instant. Cette immensité ne devait rien aux mots, elle naissait de la profondeur de ces sonorités venues des siècles passés, sonorités tout à la fois contenues dans ces murs et au-delà d'eux, dans l'espace de l'incommensurable. C'est la qualité particulière de ce son qui avait abattu les murs et effacé les limites de l'esprit humain, et non le sens de ces mots, la clarté de leur élocution ou la sombre beauté de ce temple. Le chant d'un oiseau, la musique d'une flûte lointaine, le vent léger parmi les feuilles, voilà ce qui peut faire écrouler les murs que les hommes ont édifiés pour eux-mêmes.

Dans les immenses cathédrales et les gracieuses mosquées où retentissent les chants et les psalmodies des textes sacrés, c'est le son qui ouvre les cœurs, qui va droit aux larmes de la beauté. Sans espace, il n'est pas de beauté : ne demeurent que murs et mesures. Sans espace, il n'est pas de profondeur : seule règne la pauvreté, intérieure comme extérieure. Chacun dispose de si peu d'espace mental. L'esprit est tellement encombré : les mots, les souvenirs, le savoir, l'expérience, les problèmes. Il ne reste pratiquement plus d'espace, seulement le bavardage incessant de la pensée. Et c'est ainsi que se remplissent vos musées et que vos étagères croulent sous les livres. Vous occupez ensuite les lieux de divertissement, qu'ils soient de nature religieuse ou autre. Ou bien vous édifiez une muraille autour de vous-même, infime espace de souffrance et de malveillance. Que l'espace fasse défaut, à l'intérieur comme à l'extérieur, et vous devenez un être de violence et de laideur.

Chaque chose a besoin d'espace vital, d'espace de jeux et de chants. Ce qui est sacré doit avoir de l'espace pour que l'amour rayonne. On est privé d'espace lorsque l'on retient ce que l'on a, lorsque la douleur règne ou que l'on devient le centre de l'univers. L'espace que l'on occupe est celui que la pensée a édifié autour de soi : lieu de misère et de confusion. L'espace que la pensée peut mesurer, c'est la division qui vous sépare de moi, qui oppose le « nous » aux autres. Cette division suscite une douleur infinie. Il existe un arbre solitaire dans un champ immense, verdoyant et non clos.

Malibu, le 1er avril 1975

Trente-septième visite

Ce n'était pas une région d'arbres, de prairies, de rivières, de fleurs et d'allégresse. C'était une terre brûlée par le soleil, toute de sable et d'ingrates collines, sans un arbre ni un buisson. Terre de désolation, vaste étendue d'aridité. On n'y voyait pas un seul oiseau, ni la flamme du pétrole dans les derricks. La conscience se refusait à admettre une telle dévastation, parmi les ombres stériles des collines. Nous avons survolé des heures durant cette immensité désertique avant d'approcher enfin des sommets aux pics couverts de neige, de retrouver les forêts et les rivières, les villages et les villes en pleine expansion.

Posséder un vaste savoir n'exclut pas la pauvreté extrême. Plus l'on est pauvre et plus l'on souhaite acquérir de savoir. On élargit le champ de sa conscience au moyen de diverses formes de connaissance, en accumulant expériences et souvenirs, mais la pauvreté demeure. Un usage habile du savoir peut vous apporter la fortune et vous conférer position sociale et puissance, mais la pauvreté n'en cessera pas pour autant. Cette pauvreté engendre la dureté, l'insensibilité : l'incendie ravage la maison et vous n'abandonnez pas vos jeux. Cette pauvreté ne peut que renforcer l'intellect ou donner aux émotions la faiblesse de la sentimentalité. C'est à elle que l'on doit le déséquilibre, l'extérieur et l'intérieur. La connaissance intérieure fait défaut, seule existe celle de l'extérieur. C'est de cette connaissance extérieure que nous vient l'information erronée selon laquelle doit s'opérer une connaissance intérieure. La connaissance intérieure est creuse et succincte, l'esprit l'effectue rapidement, comme s'il traversait un fleuve. On fait beaucoup de bruit en traversant un fleuve et prendre ce tapage pour la véritable connaissance de soi est encore une façon d'accroître sa pauvreté. Cette expansion de la conscience est l'activité de la pauvreté. Les religions, la culture, le savoir ne peuvent en aucun cas combler cette pauvreté.

La véritable intelligence consiste à rendre au savoir la place qui lui revient. Sans certaines connaissances, il n'est pas possible de vivre dans cette société technologique et presque mécanique, mais ce savoir ne pourra transformer radicalement l'être humain et le monde dans lequel il vit. Le savoir n'est pas la perfection de l'intelligence. L'intelligence peut faire appel au savoir et le fait effectivement, transformant ainsi l'homme et la société. Mais l'intelligence ne réside pas dans le seul fait de cultiver l'intellect et son intégrité. Elle découle d'une compréhension pleine et lucide de la conscience de l'homme, de vous-même, et non d'une partie, d'un segment isolé de vous-même. L'étude et la compréhension du mouvement de votre propre esprit, de votre propre cœur donne naissance à l'intelligence. Vous êtes le contenu de votre conscience ; en vous connaissant vous-même, vous connaîtrez l'univers entier. Cette connaissance se situe au-delà des mots, car le mot n'est pas la chose. Se libérer du connu, à chaque instant de votre vie, voilà l'essence de l'intelligence. C'est cette forme d'intelligence qui agit dans l'univers si vous n'y faites pas obstacle. Ne pas se connaître soi-même, c'est détruire l'ordre sacré des choses. Les études que d'autres ont pu entreprendre sur vous ou sur eux-mêmes ne modifient en rien cette ignorance. C'est à vous et à vous seul qu'il appartient d'étudier le contenu de votre conscience. Les recherches menées par d'autres sur eux-mêmes, et donc sur vous, ne sont qu'autant de descriptions. Le mot n'est pas la chose.

Ce n'est qu'au travers des relations que l'on peut atteindre à la connaissance de soi. Cela ne s'effectue ni dans l'abstraction ni dans l'isolement. Au cœur même d'un monastère, vous êtes toujours relié à la société qui a édifié ce monastère comme lieu de refuge, ou pour fermer ses portes à la liberté. Le mouvement du comportement est à soi-même un guide infaillible. C'est le miroir de votre conscience ; vous y verrez son contenu, ses images, ses attachements, ses peurs. Vous y verrez la solitude, la joie et la souffrance. La pauvreté consiste à fuir ce miroir, au moyen des sublimations ou des identifications. Observer, sans l'accepter ni le nier, le contenu de la conscience, voilà en quoi réside la beauté et la compassion de l'intelligence.

Malibu, le 2 avril 1975

Trente-huitième visite

Que la courbe d'un grand fleuve est donc d'une extraordinaire beauté. Il faut la contempler d'une certaine hauteur, sans être trop loin ni trop près, tandis que le fleuve serpente paresseusement parmi les vertes prairies. Celui-là était très large, profond, ses eaux bleues et limpides. Nous ne volions pas à très haute altitude, ce qui nous permettait de distinguer les remous provoqués par le fort courant au milieu des eaux. L'avion suivit son cours sinueux, survolant villes et villages, jusqu'à la mer. Chaque courbe était dotée de sa propre beauté, sa propre force, son propre mouvement. Au loin apparurent les neiges éternelles des hauts sommets, baignées de rose dans le lever du jour et occupant, à l'est, tout l'horizon. Le vaste fleuve et ces gigantesques montagnes semblaient, en cet instant, contenir l'éternité — ce sentiment irrésistible d'espace hors du temps. L'avion avait mis le cap vers le sud-est mais dans cet espace n'existait aucune direction, aucun mouvement, rien hormis ce qui était alors. Pendant une heure entière, rien d'autre n'exista, pas même le bruit des moteurs. Ce n'est que lorsque le commandant de bord annonça que nous allions atterrir que cette heure s'acheva. Il n'en demeura aucun souvenir, son contenu ne fut pas enregistré par l'esprit, de sorte que la pensée ne put se l'approprier. Cette heure s'acheva et il n'en resta rien, aucune trace sur l'ardoise du souvenir. La pensée ne disposait d'aucun moyen de cultiver et de perpétuer cette heure, qui se dissipa lorsque nous avons quitté l'avion.

Les éléments dont se nourrit la pensée sont transformés en réalité, mais la vérité en est absente. La beauté n'est jamais l'expression de la pensée. L'oiseau n'a pas été créé par la pensée et c'est pourquoi il est magnifique. L'amour n'est pas façonné par la pensée et si tel est le cas, il s'agit alors de tout autre chose. Le culte de l'intellect et de son intégrité est une réalité fabriquée par la pensée. Mais cela n'est pas la compassion. La pensée ne peut fabriquer la compassion. Elle peut en faire une réalité, une nécessité, mais il ne s'agit pas de compassion. Étant par nature fragmentaire, la pensée se meut dans un monde morcelé, où règnent la division et le conflit. De sorte que le savoir est lui aussi fragmentaire et quand bien même on l'accumulerait, strate après strate, ce ne sera jamais qu'un assemblage de morceaux brisés, séparés les uns des autres. La pensée peut élaborer quelque chose qu'elle appellera intégration, mais là encore, il ne s'agira que d'un fragment parmi d'autres.

Le terme même de science signifie connaissance et l'homme espère que la science le transformera en être sain et heureux. C'est pour cela qu'il recherche avidement la connaissance de toutes les choses de la terre et de lui-même. Mais le savoir n'est pas compassion et sans elle, il entraîne malveillance, souffrance indicible et chaos. Le savoir ne peut faire de l'homme un être d'amour. Il peut engendrer des guerres et mettre au point des machines meurtrières, mais il «n'a pas la capacité de répandre l'amour dans les cœurs ou la paix dans les esprits. Avoir une conscience claire et lucide de tout cela est agir; ce n'est alors plus un acte qui se fonde sur la mémoire ou les modèles de comportements. L'amour n'est pas mémoire, ni souvenir de plaisirs passés.

Malibu, le 3 avril 1975

Trente-neuvième visite

Le hasard voulut qu'il passât plusieurs mois dans une petite maison délabrée, perchée sur la montagne et complètement isolée. Elle était entourée d'une multitude d'arbres, c'était le printemps et l'air embaumait. La solitude était celle des montagnes et de la beauté de la terre rouge. Les hauts sommets étaient couverts de neige et certains arbres étaient en fleurs. Il vivait seul parmi cette splendeur. La forêt était proche, emplie de daims, de quelques ours et de grands singes à têtes noires et longues queues, sans oublier les serpents. Dans cette solitude profonde, curieusement, on se sentait proche de tous ces animaux. On ne pouvait rien blesser, pas même la petite pâquerette du sentier. Dans cette relation, nul espace ne les séparait de vous ; cela n'avait rien d'artificiel et n'avait pas été créé par une conviction intellectuelle ou sentimentale. Il en était ainsi, tout simplement. Ces grands singes s'approchaient en bande, surtout en fin de journée. Certains s'asseyaient par terre, mais la plupart se perchaient dans les branches et vous regardaient tranquillement. Ils étaient étonnamment calmes ; de temps à autre, l'un d'entre eux se grattait et nous nous examinions mutuellement. Ils venaient pratiquement tous les soirs, prenant soin de n'être ni trop près, ni trop haut dans les arbres, et chacun avait conscience de la présence silencieuse de l'autre. Nous étions devenus bons amis, mais ils ne semblaient pas vouloir empiéter sur notre solitude. Un après-midi, comme il se promenait dans la forêt, il les rencontra soudain dans une clairière. Ils étaient une bonne trentaine, jeunes et vieux mêlés, assis en rond parmi les arbres de cet espace ouvert, parfaitement silencieux et immobiles. Il aurait pu les toucher. Ils n'éprouvaient aucune peur et il s'assit par terre. Nous nous sommes regardés jusqu'à ce que le soleil disparaisse derrière les pics neigeux.

Si l'on perd le contact avec la nature, on perd le contact avec l'humanité. Coupé de tout rapport avec la nature, on devient un tueur. On peut alors massacrer des bébés phoques, des baleines, des dauphins ou des hommes, pour le profit, le « sport », pour sa nourriture ou au nom de la science. La nature se sent alors menacée par vous et vous prive de sa beauté. Vous pourrez effectuer de longues promenades dans les bois ou camper dans des endroits merveilleux, vous resterez un tueur et tout rapport d'amitié avec ces lieux vous sera refusé. Vous n'êtes probablement proche de rien ni de quiconque, qu'il s'agisse de votre femme ou de votre mari. Vous êtes bien trop occupé, pris dans la course des profits et des pertes et dans le cycle de votre propre pensée, de vos plaisirs et de vos douleurs. Vous vivez dans les ténèbres de votre propre isolement et vouloir le fuir vous plonge dans des ténèbres encore plus profondes. Vous ne vous préoccupez que d'une survie à court terme, irréfléchie, que vous soyez accommodant ou violent. Et des milliers d'êtres meurent de faim ou sont massacrés à cause de votre irresponsabilité. Vous abandonnez la marche de ce monde aux politiciens corrompus et menteurs, aux intellectuels, aux spécialistes. Étant vous-même dépourvu d'intégrité, vous édifiez une société immorale, malhonnête, qui repose sur l'égoïsme absolu. Et quand vous tentez de fuir cet univers dont vous êtes seul responsable, c'est pour aller sur les plages, dans les bois ou faire du « sport » avec un fusil.

Il est possible que vous sachiez tout cela, mais la connaissance ne peut nullement vous transformer. Ce n'est qu'en éprouvant le sentiment de faire partie intégrante du tout que vous serez relié à l'univers.

Malibu, le 4 avril 1975

Quarantième visite

Ce n'est pas le bleu extraordinaire de la Méditerranée. Le bleu du Pacifique a quelque chose d'éthéré, surtout lorsque souffle un léger vent d'ouest et que vous roulez vers le nord en suivant la côte. C'est un bleu délicat, radieux, clair et rempli d'allégresse. On voit de temps en temps des cachalots' qui crachent en nageant vers le nord et, plus rarement, leur énorme tête lorsqu'ils se projettent hors de l'eau. Ils étaient toute une bande, ce jour-là, soufflant de conserve ; ce sont probablement des animaux très résistants. La mer semblait un lac, immobile et parfaitement calme, sans la moindre vague. Nulle trace de ce bleu dansant, chatoyant. L'océan semblait endormi et on le contemplait, émerveillé. La maison (Il s'agit de la maison de Malibu, où résidait alors Krishnamurti.) donnait sur le Pacifique. C'était une magnifique demeure, dotée d'un jardin tranquille, une pelouse verte et des fleurs. Maison très spacieuse, inondée du soleil de la Californie. Les lapins s'y plaisaient énormément, eux aussi. Ils y venaient en début et en fin de journée, et dévoraient les fleurs et les pensées fraîchement semées, les soucis et les petits buissons fleuris. Il était impossible de les empêcher d'entrer, en dépit du grillage qui bornait le terrain, et les tuer eut été un crime. Mais un chat et une effraie garantissaient l'ordre du jardin. Le chat noir patrouillait sans cesse et l'effraie, pendant la journée, se perchait sur la branche d'un gros eucalyptus. On la voyait, immobile, les yeux clos, ronde et imposante. Les lapins quittèrent les lieux, les fleurs purent s'épanouir sans crainte et le grand océan bleu poursuivit sans effort son mouvement infini.

L'homme est seul à introduire le désordre dans l'univers. Il est impitoyable et extrêmement violent. Où qu'il soit, il provoque la confusion et la souffrance, en lui-même comme dans le monde qui l'entoure. Gâchis et destruction sont de son fait et il n'éprouve nulle compassion. L'ordre ne l'habite pas ; il souille et désorganise tout ce qu'il touche. Sa politique est devenue une forme raffinée de gangstérisme, fondée sur le pouvoir, la tromperie de l'individu ou de la nation, la lutte d'un groupe contre un autre. Sa vision de l'économie est étriquée, ne tenant aucun compte du reste du monde. Sa société est immorale, qu'elle soit libre ou tyrannique. Il n'a aucun sens de la religion, bien qu'il soit croyant, fasse ses dévotions et s'impose des rituels interminables et vides de signification. Pourquoi l'homme est-il devenu ainsi, cruel, irresponsable et totalement égocentrique ? Pourquoi ? On peut avancer d'innombrables explications et ceux qui les fournissent, avec des mots subtils issus d'un savoir livresque ou d'expériences menées sur des animaux, sont pris dans les rets de la douleur humaine, de l'ambition, de l'orgueil et de la souffrance. La description n'est pas le décrit, le mot n'est pas la chose. Est-ce parce qu'il cherche des causes extérieures, l'environnement conditionnant l'homme, et qu'il espère que des modifications extérieures transformeront l'intérieur de l'homme ? Est-ce parce que ses sens exercent sur lui une telle tyrannie et qu'il se soumet à leurs exigences immédiates ? Est-ce parce qu'il vit si totalement dans le mouvement de la pensée et du savoir? Ou bien est-ce parce qu'il est tellement romantique, sentimental, qu'il devient impitoyable dès qu'on touche à ses idéaux, à ses faux-semblants et à ses prétentions ? Est-ce parce qu'il est toujours dirigé, qu'il suit comme un mouton, ou parce qu'il devient un leader, un gourou ?

Établir une division entre extérieur et intérieur, c'est le début de la souffrance et du malheur de l'homme. Il ne sort pas de cette contradiction, de cette tradition immémoriale. Enchaîné dans cette division dépourvue de sens, il est perdu et devient l'esclave d'autrui. Extérieur et intérieur sont des produits de l'imagination, une invention de la pensée, qui est fragmentaire. Cela entraîne le désordre et le conflit qui sont division. La pensée n'est pas génératrice d'ordre, le flot naturel de la vertu. La vertu n'est pas la répétition continuelle de la mémoire, des exercices. La pensée-savoir est liée au temps. La pensée, par sa nature et sa structure, «est incapable de saisir le flot de la vie dans sa globalité, dans la totalité de ce mouvement. La pensée-savoir ne peut avoir une perception pleine et lucide de ce tout. Elle ne peut en avoir conscience qu'en exerçant un choix, et il en sera ainsi aussi longtemps qu'elle se situera en tant que ce qui perçoit, ce qui regarde de l'extérieur. La pensée-savoir ne participe nullement de la perception. Le penseur est la pensée ; celui qui perçoit est ce qui est perçu. Ce n'est qu'alors que peut s'opérer un mouvement aisé, sans effort, dans notre vie quotidienne.

Malibu, le 6 avril 1975

Ojai, Californie, 1975

Quarante-et-unième visite

Krishnamurti se trouve maintenant dans la vallée d'Ojai, en Californie. C'est de cette région qu'il est question ici.

Il ne pleut pas beaucoup dans cette partie du monde : entre trente-huit et cinquante centimètres par an. Ces pluies sont bienvenues, car elles n'ont lieu qu'une fois l'an. Les sommets des montagnes sont alors enneigés et pendant l'été et l'automne, celles-ci sont sèches, brûlées par le soleil, escarpées et menaçantes. Ce n'est qu'au printemps qu'elles sont douces et engageantes. On y trouvait naguère des ours, des daims, des lynx, des cailles et un certain nombre de crotales. Aujourd'hui, ils sont en voie de disparition : l'homme redouté gagne du terrain. Il avait plu quelques jours durant et la vallée reverdissait, les orangers portaient des fruits et des fleurs. C'est une vallée splendide, calme et éloignée du village, et l'on y entend la colombe du matin. L'atmosphère se chargeait lentement des senteurs des fleurs d'oranger et ce parfum, bientôt, masquerait tous les autres, sous le soleil ardent qu'aucun souffle de vent ne vient atténuer. La vallée est cernée de montagnes et de collines ; au-delà des collines, la mer; au-delà des montagnes, le désert. En été, la canicule serait insupportable mais ici, la beauté triomphera toujours, loin de la foule et des villes exaspérantes. La nuit, le silence sera extraordinaire, dense et total. La méditation que l'on cultive est profanation de la beauté ; chaque feuille, chaque branche exprimaient le ravissement de la beauté et le grand cyprès sombre se taisait devant elle ; les faux-poivriers noueux la diffusaient.

On ne peut d'aucune façon solliciter la joie, car dans ce cas, il s'agira de plaisir. Le plaisir participe du mouvement de la pensée et la pensée ne peut nullement cultiver la joie. Lorsqu'elle poursuit ce qui a été joyeux, il ne s'agit alors plus que d'un souvenir, d'une chose morte. La beauté n'est jamais liée au temps ; elle lui échappe totalement, ainsi qu'à la culture. Elle est là lorsque le soi a disparu. Le soi est une construction du temps, du mouvement de la pensée, du connu, du mot. Avec l'abandon du soi, lorsque naît l'attention totale, l'essence de la beauté est là. L'abandon du soi n'est pas un acte calculé issu du désir-volonté. La volonté est directive et, par conséquent génératrice de résistance ; elle divise et suscite le conflit. Dissoudre le soi ne correspond pas à une évolution de la connaissance qu'on en a ; le facteur temps ne joue là aucun rôle. Il n'existe aucun moyen, aucune recette, pour mettre fin aux activités du soi. La non-action intérieure totale constitue l'attention positive d'où jaillit la beauté.

Vous avez cultivé un vaste réseau d'activités étroitement liées entre elles qui vous retient prisonnier et votre esprit, que cela conditionne, fonctionne exactement de la même façon au niveau interne. La réalisation devient alors ce qui importe le plus, mais l'acharnement que l'on investit dans cette pulsion est encore le squelette du soi. C'est la raison pour laquelle vous suivez votre gourou, votre sauveur, vos croyances et vos idéaux. La foi prend la place de la perspicacité intuitive, de la conscience globale. Plus besoin de prières, de rituels, quand le soi n'est plus là. Vous comblez les espaces vides du squelette avec du savoir, des images, des activités dépourvues de sens et il vous donne ainsi l'illusion d'être en vie.

Dans l'immobilité tranquille de l'esprit, ce qui est la beauté éternelle, hors du temps, se fait jour sans la moindre sollicitation, sans qu'on la recherche et sans le bruit de la récognition.

Ojai, le 8 avril 1975

Quarante-deuxième visite

Il existe un grand mystère dans le silence de la nuit profonde et le calme du matin immobile lorsque le soleil baigne les collines. On le trouve dans tout ce qui vit. Si l'on s'assoit tranquillement au pied d'un arbre, on sent l'insondable mystère qui entoure la terre millénaire. Au cours d'une nuit paisible, lorsque les étoiles étincellent tout près de vous, on prend conscience de l'espace en expansion et de l'ordre mystérieux qui régit toutes choses, conscience de l'incommensurable et du rien, du mouvement des collines sombres et du cri du hibou. C'est dans le silence absolu de l'esprit que ce mystère se développe hors du temps et de l'espace. Il y a un mystère dans ces anciens temples édifiés avec un soin infini, une attention qui est amour. Les mosquées élancées et les imposantes cathédrales perdent cette ombre de mystère en raison de la bigotterie, du dogme et des fastes militaires. Le mythe enfoui au plus profond de l'esprit n'est pas mystérieux : il est romantique, traditionnel et conditionné. La vérité a été repoussée dans les recoins les plus secrets de l'esprit pour faire place aux symboles, aux mots, aux images. Ceux-ci ne renferment aucun mystère, ce sont les bouillonnements de la pensée. Le savoir et ses actions peuvent susciter émerveillement, appréciation et délectation. Mais le mystère est tout autre. Ce n'est pas une expérience, quelque chose que l'on reconnaît, que l'on emmagasine et dont on se souvient. L'expérience met à mort cet incommunicable mystère. Il faut un mot, un regard, un geste pour communiquer mais pour entrer en communion avec cela, l'esprit et la totalité de votre être doivent se trouver au même niveau, au même moment, et être habités de la même intensité que celle contenue dans ce que l'on appelle le mystérieux. Cela est amour. C'est avec lui que se dévoile tout entier le mystère de l'univers.

Pas un seul nuage dans le ciel ce matin. Le soleil illuminait la vallée et toutes choses se réjouissaient, à l'exception de l'homme. Il regardait ce monde prodigieux et poursuivait son travail, tout à sa douleur et a ses plaisirs éphémères. Il n'avait pas le temps de voir, trop occupé par ses problèmes, sa souffrance et sa violence. Il ne voit pas l'arbre et, ainsi, son propre travail lui est occulté. Lorsqu'il est contraint de regarder, il déchire ce qu'il voit en mille morceaux et appelle cela analyser. Ou alors il s'enfuit, ou refuse de regarder. C'est dans l'art de voir que réside le miracle de la transformation, la transformation de ce qui est Le « ce qui devrait être » ne se produit jamais. Il y a un profond mystère dans l'acte de voir. Cela requiert beaucoup de soins, d'attention, qui sont amour.

Ojai, le 10 avril 1975

Quarante-troizième visite

Un gros serpent traversait devant vous le chemin rocailleux ; gras et lourd, il se déplaçait paresseusement. Il venait d'une mare assez vaste, un peu plus loin. Sa peau était presque noire et les reflets de la lumière du couchant la rendaient encore plus brillante. Il se mouvait avec l'aisance tranquille et la dignité que confèrent le pouvoir. Il n'avait nullement conscience d'être silencieusement observé, ni de votre proximité. Il mesurait plus d'un mètre cinquante, l'estomac déformé par ce qu'il venait d'engloutir. Il gagna un monticule et vous vous êtes approché, l'examinant de très près. Il dardait sans cesse sa langue sombre et fourchue et se dirigea vers une profonde cavité. Vous auriez pu le toucher tant son étrange beauté était attirante. Un villageois passa par là et vous cria de prendre garde : c'était un cobra. Le lendemain, les villageois avaient déposé une écuelle de lait et quelques fleurs d'hibiscus près du monticule. Sur le même chemin, un peu plus loin, se dressait un haut buisson presque dépourvu de feuilles, chargé de très longues épines grisâtres et acérées. Aucun animal n'osait s'emparer de ses succulentes feuilles. Le buisson se protégeait lui-même et malheur à quiconque le toucherait. Il y avait des daims dans les forêts voisines, aussi apeurés que curieux. Ils se laissaient approcher, à distance respectueuse, et si l'on tentait d'aller plus près, ils s'enfuyaient d'un bond dans les sous-bois. Un seul vous laissait l'approcher d'assez près, pour autant que vous fussiez seul. Il avait de grands yeux brillants et de grandes oreilles pointées en avant. Ils avaient tous un pelage brun roux, moucheté de taches blanches. Ces animaux étaient craintifs, doux et sans cesse sur le qui-vive ; il était agréable de se trouver parmi eux. L'un d'entre eux était complètement blanc ; ce devait être une espèce de phénomène.

Le bien n'est pas le contraire du mal. Le bien n'a jamais été entamé par le mal, bien qu'il en soit entouré. Le mal ne peut faire du tort au bien, mais il arrive que le bien puisse sembler nuisible et, de la sorte, le mal s'exprime de façon plus rusée, plus pernicieuse. On peut cultiver le mal, l'affiner, accroître sa violence ; il est issu du mouvement du temps, qui le nourrit et s'en sert avec adresse. Mais le bien, la bonté, ne participe pas du temps ; la pensée n'a aucun moyen de le cultiver, de l'entretenir. Son action n'est pas de l'ordre du visible. La bonté véritable n'a ni cause ni effets. Le mal ne peut se transformer en bien, car la bonté n'est pas le fruit de la pensée : elle est, tout comme la beauté, bien au-delà de la pensée. Ce qui est produit par la pensée peut être défait par elle, mais cela n'est pas le bien. La bonté, n'étant pas de l'ordre du temporel, ne possède pas de lieu, de domicile fixe. Là où règne le bien, règne l'ordre, mais il ne s'agit pas de l'ordre issu de l'autorité, de la punition et de la récompense. Cet ordre est essentiel. Sans lui, la société se détruit et l'homme n'est plus qu'un être mauvais, meurtrier, corrompu et dégénéré. Car l'homme est la société ; ils sont indissociables. La loi du bien est éternelle, immuable et intemporelle. Sa nature est de stabilité et c'est en cela qu'elle est totalement sûre. Il n'existe aucune autre forme de sécurité.

Ojai, le 14 avril 1975

Quarante-quatrième visite

L'espace est ordre. L'espace est temps, longueur, largeur et volume. Ce matin, la mer et les cieux sont immenses. L'horizon où les falaises couvertes de fleurs jaunes rencontrent la mer lointaine participe de l'ordre de la terre et du ciel. C'est cosmique. Ce grand cyprès, sombre et solitaire, procède de l'ordre de la beauté et la maison, là-bas, sur cette colline boisée, épouse le mouvement des montagnes qui dominent les coteaux bas et arrondis. Le champ verdoyant où paît une unique vache est au-delà du temps. Et l'homme qui gravit la colline est maintenu dans l'espace étroit de ses problèmes.

Il existe un espace de vacuité dont le volume n'est pas limité par le temps, la mesure de la pensée. Dans cet espace, l'esprit ne peut pénétrer ; il ne peut qu'observer et, lors de cette observation, il n'existe pas d'expérimentateur. Cet observateur n'a pas d'histoire, pas d'associations d'images, pas de mythe. Cet observateur est ce qui est. Le savoir est considérable mais il est dépourvu d'espace, car par son poids et son volume mêmes, il pervertit et occupe cet espace. Le soi ne dispose d'aucun savoir, fut-il élevé ou trivial, seule existe la structure verbale du soi, un squelette habillé par la pensée. La pensée ne peut pas non plus pénétrer dans sa propre structure, elle ne peut renier ce qu'elle a élaboré et si cela se produit, elle se prive de bénéfices supplémentaires. Dès lors que le temps du soi est dissout, l'espace qui n'a pas de mesure est.

Cette mesure réside dans le mouvement de la récompense et de la punition, du profit et de la perte, dans l'acte de comparer et de se conformer, dans la respectabilité comme dans son refus. Ce mouvement est temporel, c'est le futur et l'espoir qu'on y attache, c'est la fixation qui s'enracine dans le passé. L'ensemble de ce réseau constitue la structure même du soi et son union avec l'être suprême ou avec l'ultime principe demeure circonscrite dans son propre champ. Tout cela représente l'activité de la pensée. La pensée ne peut d'aucune façon, quoi qu'elle fasse, pénétrer dans cet espace du non-temporel. Les méthodes, les programmes, les pratiques inventés par la pensée ne sont pas les clés qui permettront d'ouvrir la porte. Il n'y a pas de porte, pas de clé. La pensée peut seulement avoir conscience de ses propres activités incessantes, de sa propre capacité à corrompre, de ses propres duperies et illusions. C'est l'observateur et l'observé. Ses dieux ne sont qu'auto-projections et le culte qu'on leur voue n'est que le culte de soi-même. Ce qui est au-delà de la pensée, au-delà du connu, ne peut être imaginé, ni transformé en mythe, ou constituer le secret de quelques initiés. C'est là et c'est à vous de le voir.

Ojai, le 17 avril 1975

Malibu, Californie (2), 1975

Quarante-cinquième visite

(2) Krishnamurti se trouve à nouveau dans la maison de Malibu, en Californie.

Le vaste fleuve semblait un lac : rien ne ridait sa surface. Les vents du matin ne s'étaient pas encore levés. Il était très tôt. Les étoiles se reflétaient dans l'eau, lumineuses, étincelantes, et l'étoile du matin était la plus brillante. De l'autre côté du fleuve, les arbres formaient une masse sombre et, parmi eux, le village dormait encore. Pas une feuille ne bougeait et les effraies avaient entrepris leur remue-ménage sur le vieux tamarinier. Elles y avaient élu domicile et quand le soleil serait levé, elles se chaufferaient sur ses branches. Les perroquets verts et bruyants étaient eux aussi silencieux. Tous, des insectes aux cigales, attendaient la venue du soleil, retenant leur souffle, en adoration. Le fleuve était immobile et les habituelles petites barques aux lumières voilées en étaient absentes. Sur la masse sombre des grands arbres mystérieux se déversa progressivement la lumière de l'aube. Tout ce qui vivait était pris dans le mystère de ce moment de méditation. Votre propre esprit était intemporel, sans mesures, nulle aune n'aurait pu mesurer la durée de ce moment. Il se produisit alors un mouvement d'éveil parmi les perroquets et les effraies, les corbeaux et les mainates, les chiens. Une voix résonna sur le fleuve. Et soudain le soleil apparut au-dessus des arbres, boule dorée à demi-cachée par les feuillages. Le vaste fleuve se réveilla à son tour et parut s'agiter : temps, longueur, largeur et volume s'écoulèrent au fil de l'eau et la vie reprit, qui ne cessait jamais.

Quel plaisir, ce matin-là, devant la pureté de la lumière et le chemin d'or que traçait le soleil sur les eaux pleines de vie. Vous étiez le monde, le cosmos, la beauté impérissable et la joie de la compassion. Sauf que vous n'étiez pas là : rien de tout cela, sinon, n'aurait pu avoir lieu. De vous dépendent le commencement et la fin, le recommencement d'une chaîne sans fin.

Le devenir implique l'incertitude et l'instabilité. Dans l'état de vacuité règne une stabilité totale et, partant, la clarté. Ce qui est totalement stable ne meurt jamais ; c'est dans le désir de devenir que réside la corruption. Le monde est tendu dans sa volonté de devenir, de réaliser, d'acquérir et cela engendre la peur de perdre et de mourir. L'esprit doit passer par ce petit trou qu'il a lui-même fabriqué, le soi, pour rencontrer l'infinitude du rien, dont la pensée ne peut mesurer la stabilité. La pensée désire s'en emparer, s'en servir, la cultiver et la mettre sur le marché. Elle veut que ce rien soit accepté et devienne respectable, afin qu'on puisse lui vouer un culte. Mais comme elle ne peut le classer dans aucune de ses catégories, la pensée décide qu'il ne peut s'agir que d'une tromperie, d'un leurre, ou encore que cela est réservé aux « happy few », à l'élite. Et c'est ainsi que la pensée poursuit ses actions pernicieuses, apeurée, cruelle, futile et toujours instable, même si sa vanité lui permet d'affirmer que la stabilité s'exprime dans ses actes, dans ses recherches, dans le savoir qu'elle a accumulé. Le rêve devient une réalité qu'elle alimente. Ce que la pensée a rendu réel n'est pas la vérité. Le rien n'est pas une réalité, mais c'est en cela que réside la vérité. Le petit trou, le soi, est la réalité de la pensée, ce squelette sur lequel elle a édifié toute son existence : la réalité de sa division, sa douleur, sa souffrance et son amour. La réalité de son ou de ses dieux, c'est la structure soigneusement élaborée de la pensée, et cela comprend ses prières, ses rituels, son culte romantique. Dans cette réalité n'entre aucune stabilité, aucune clarté.

Le savoir acquis par le soi, c'est le temps, la longueur, la largeur, le volume. On peut l'entasser, s'en servir comme d'une échelle pour accéder au devenir, pour améliorer, réaliser. Ce savoir ne peut aucunement libérer l'esprit du fardeau de sa propre réalité. Vous êtes ce fardeau. La vérité réside dans le fait de le voir, de comprendre cela. Cette vérité ne participe pas de la pensée. Voir cela, c'est agir. Cette action naît de la stabilité, de la clarté, de la vacuité.

Malibu, le 23 avril 1975

Quarante-sixième visite

Chaque créature vivante possède sa propre sensibilité, sa propre façon de vivre et sa propre conscience, mais l'homme présuppose que tout en lui est supérieur et c'est ainsi qu'il perd son amour, sa dignité et devient insensible, vide et destructeur. Dans la vallée des orangers, les arbres du printemps portaient fleurs et fruits, la matinée était claire et belle. Les montagnes, vers le nord, étaient saupoudrées de neige. Elles étaient dépouillées, rudes et distantes mais sous le ciel d'un bleu tendre du petit matin, elles semblaient très proches. On croyait pouvoir les toucher. Elles exprimaient ce sentiment d'éternité lié à leur indestructible majesté, et cette beauté qui naît d'une grandeur intemporelle. Tout était encore tranquille et l'air embaumait du parfum des fleurs d'orangers. Merveilleuse beauté de la lumière. Dans cette partie du monde, la lumière possède une qualité particulière, elle est dotée d'un rayonnement pénétrant, elle est vivante et comble le regard. Elle paraît s'insinuer au plus profond de votre conscience, ne laissant nul recoin dans l'obscurité. Tout cela suscitait une grande allégresse et chaque feuille, chaque brin d'herbe, s'en faisait l'écho. Le geai bleu sautillait d'une branche à l'autre et, pour une fois, ne poussait pas son cri strident. Admirable matinée de lumière et de profondeur.

Le temps a engendré la conscience et son contenu. Cette culture est l'œuvre du temps. Le contenu constitue la conscience. Sans lui, nous le savons, il n'est pas de conscience. Alors, il n'y a rien. Nous déplaçons les petits morceaux de cette conscience d'un domaine à l'autre, en fonction de la pression de la raison et des circonstances, mais cette action reste enclose dans le champ de la douleur, de la souffrance et du savoir. Ce mouvement est d'ordre temporel, c'est la pensée et la mesure. C'est un absurde jeu de cache-cache avec soi-même, avec l'ombre et la substance de la pensée, le passé et le futur mental. La pensée ne peut contenir ce moment, car celui-ci est hors du temps. Ce moment est la cessation du temps ; le temps s'est arrêté en cet instant, nul mouvement n'a lieu et, de la sorte, ce mouvement n'est relié à aucun autre. Étant dépourvu de cause, il n'a pas non plus de début ni de fin. La conscience ne peut le contenir. En cet instant de vacuité absolue, tout peut enfin être.

Vider la conscience de son contenu, voilà ce qu'est la méditation.

Malibu, le 24 avril 1975

Compte rendu des Conférences et des Questions et Réponses

par

KRISHNAMURTI

NEW-YORK 1935

(Traduit de l'anglais)

1935

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ÉDITIONS DE L'ÉTOILE
4, SQUARE RAPP
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NEW-YORK 1935

PREMIÈRE CAUSERIE [*]

11 Mars 1935.

Amis,

Nous essayons, la plupart d'entre nous, de résoudre nos nombreuses difficultés et nos problèmes dans les limites de la distinction artificielle que nous avons créée entre le groupe et l'individu. Or, pour moi, cette distinction de l'individu opposé au groupe pervertit et détruit la clarté de la pensée, et une telle perversion conduit naturellement à de nombreuses répressions et à des abus entre l'individu et le groupe.

Comme nous cherchons des voies et des moyens pour sortir de ce chaos, on nous offre des méthodes et des solutions habiles et compliquées, et chaque individu choisit la solution qui s'accorde à son tempérament particulier, qui dépend de sa situation sociale et de ses fantaisies religieuses.

Je ne veux pas ajouter de nouvelles théories ou explications à celles qui existent déjà. Pour moi, la vraie solution de notre problème est dans l'intelligence, qui doit être directe et simple; lorsqu'une telle intelligence existe, nous pouvons comprendre la vie dans sa totalité.

Or il est impossible d'éveiller cette intelligence en suivant un groupe ou un système, ou en se conformant à son propre tempérament ou à ses fantaisies particulières. Pour éveiller la véritable intelligence, nous devons d'abord examiner les nombreuses stupidités qui mutilent l'esprit et le cœur, et ne pas chercher une définition de l'intelligence, car, lorsque nous découvrons ce que sont ces stupidités, et lorsque nous en libérons notre esprit au moyen d'une constante vigilance, nous pouvons savoir par nous-mêmes ce qu'est la vraie intelligence.

En découvrant par nous-mêmes les limitations que le milieu nous a imposées, et en discernant la vraie signification du milieu, nous éliminons les stupidités et commençons à réaliser ce qu'est la vraie intelligence. L'expression de cette intelligence en action est l'immortalité, la béatitude de vivre dans le présent.

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[*] Ce compte rendu contient l'essentiel des causeries faites par Krishnamurti à Hollywood, le 3 mars, et à Chicago, le 7 mars 1935.

Vous avez de nombreuses idées concernant la plénitude de la vie et l'immortalité. Mais, pour moi, cette immortalité, cette richesse, cette totalité de la vie ne peut être comprise et vécue que lorsque l'esprit est entièrement libre des limitations, des stupidités, que le milieu, passé ou présent, hérité ou acquis, installe continuellement autour de nous.

Donc, si je puis vous le suggérer, ne cherchez pas auprès de moi, dans cette causerie, de nouvelles explications, ni une série de formules, ni des définitions. De telles explications et formules n'offrent que des moyens d'échapper aux conflits. La plupart des esprits désirent copier, imiter, suivre, car ils ne peuvent pas penser par eux-mêmes, ou bien le conflit est si intense qu'ils préféreraient s'évader au moyen de systèmes, de définitions, d'explications. Ce n'est qu'en étant constamment conscient du milieu et de l'imposition de ses stupidités sans cesse grandissantes, ce n'est qu'en doutant constamment de ces stupidités que nous bloquons les voies d'évasions et que nous abordons le conflit face à face, ce qui nous donne la capacité de comprendre le milieu intelligemment.

Ce que je veux expliquer au cours de cette causerie, c'est la façon dont nous créons les stupidités. Si nous ne comprenons pas cette continuelle et inconsciente création, l'enquête au sujet de l'intelligence ne nous apportera qu'une nouvelle évasion. Donc toute notre enquête devrait porter sur ce qu'est la stupidité, et sur ses causes, plutôt que sur l'intelligence.

Ainsi que je l'ai dit, tant que nous n'essayons pas de libérer l'esprit de ces stupidités que le milieu, passé et présent, a engendrées autour de nous et au moyen desquelles il mutile notre action, tant que nous ne les percevons pas, tant que nous ne comprenons pas leur vraie signification, notre enquête au sujet de l'intelligence sera futile.

Le but de ma causerie est de vous aider à découvrir ces stupidités et la façon de s'en délivrer.

Or chaque expert, chaque autorité, chaque secte, chaque parti, offre un moyen de sortir de ce conflit grandissant, dont nous savons qu'il existe. Chacun émet une idée, une théorie, une méthode pour la solution de cette terrifiante emprise. Nous pouvons diviser, je crois, ces théoriciens, ou ces gens qui donnent des explications, en deux espèces : ceux qui sont tournés vers l'extérieur, et ceux qui sont tournés vers l'intérieur.

L'homme qui est tourné vers l'extérieur dit que tous les problèmes humains peuvent être modifiés, transformés, contrôlés par l'organisation du travail, ou des moyens de production et de distribution, et ainsi de suite. Il considère l'homme comme une argile que conditionne le milieu, de sorte que, par le contrôle du milieu, par le perfectionnement du groupe, l'individu aura la possibilité de s'exprimer, c'est-à-dire qu'il ne sera plus antisocial. Et, en effet, si l'individu n'est qu'une argile conditionnée par le milieu, il suffit de contrôler le milieu, et de cette façon les ambitions, les aspirations, les désirs ne s'opposeront jamais au groupe, et l'individu ne sera pas antisocial. Les hommes seront ainsi conditionnés par de nouvelles séries d'idées et de théories, de façon qu'ils ne puissent jamais, en tant qu'individus, entrer en conflit avec le groupe ou la société.

Si vous croyez que l'homme n'est pas autre chose que de la matière qu'on peut conditionner, modeler, contrôler, il n'y a plus rien à dire. Alors la vie serait très simple. Nous n'aurions plus qu'à travailler tous au simple perfectionnement du milieu, en obéissant à certaines théories et à certaines idées, et en nous faisant conditionner par elles.

Or je ne suis ni contre ni pour ce point de vue. Je veux l'examiner plus profondément. Si l'homme n'est qu'une entité sociale, et si en transformant les circonstances et le milieu on peut créer en lui l'habitude de rechercher le seul bien-être du groupe, de façon à n'être pas antisocial, s'il en est simplement ainsi, la vie il me semble devient très creuse, et n'est plus qu'une suite d'actions inaccomplies, superficielles.

Et il y a aussi l'homme tourné vers l'intérieur, qui dit que la vie est seulement esprit. « Laissez la direction à ce qu'il y a de plus élevé dans l'homme, dit-il, et que l'homme suive, ainsi que le lui expliquent les instructeurs et les différents systèmes philosophiques; qu'il devienne plus religieux, qu'il suive les grands conducteurs d'hommes, qu'il ait de la discipline, qu'il fasse partie d'organisations spirituelles et qu'il obéisse à l'autorité spirituelle, qu'il se laisse guider par la peur, de façon à conquérir un jour les circonstances et le milieu. »

Nous avons ainsi l'exagération de l'homme qui est tourné vers le dehors, et l'exagération de celui qui est tourné vers le dedans; nous avons la personne pour qui l'homme n'est qu'une argile et doit par conséquent être conditionné, et l'autre personne, tournée vers l'intérieur, l'homme soi-disant spirituel, qui insiste pour un changement des cœurs d'abord.

Ainsi nous avons ces deux types. L'exagération de l'un ou de l'autre détruit son propre but. L'homme qui dit « le milieu d'abord », et celui qui dit « l'esprit d'abord », chacun par ses propres exagérations, et en appuyant sur son idée d'une façon erronée, détruit ses propres fins. Tandis que, pour moi, la solution, ou plutôt la manière de penser, le vrai éveil de l'intelligence qui seul peut résoudre les innombrables conflits et problèmes sociaux et individuels, réside dans le parfait équilibre entre les deux, au delà et au-dessus des deux, et cet équilibre est la voie simple et directe.

Pour étudier les divers systèmes, philosophiques aussi bien qu'économiques, pour les étudier tous à fond de façon à pouvoir les comparer entre eux, il faut un grand effort, et peu de personnes ont le temps, la capacité ou l'inclination de pénétrer leurs raisonnements compliqués et leurs théories. Et qu'arrive-t-il lorsque vous n'avez pas le temps d'examiner toutes les complications des innombrables experts concurrents? Vous choisissez un de ces experts, qui vous plaît, que vous trouvez raisonnable, et comme vous n'avez pas le temps d'approfondir son système, vous acceptez simplement son autorité. Plus l'expert est grand, plus grande est l'autorité, et plus aveugle l'obéissance.

Ainsi, graduellement, les disciples deviennent aveugles et ne font qu'accepter des dogmes; les chefs détruisent les disciples, et les disciples, à leur tour, détruisent les chefs. Graduellement nous créons une nouvelle série de stupidités, basées sur une nouvelle série de dogmes qui, à l'origine, étaient des théories, et dont nous devenons les esclaves.

Or, pour moi, les théories ont très peu de valeur, mais l'homme qui se trouve constamment en conflit avec le milieu, à la fois passé et présent, cet homme-là discerne, pénètre, essaie de comprendre, et vit par conséquent complètement dans le présent. Cet homme n'a aucun besoin de théories et d'explications. Mais ceci exige une pensée persistante, une grande lucidité, une grande pénétration du vrai sens de l'éternel mouvement du milieu. Comme la majorité des personnes ne peuvent pas faire cela, elles acceptent des théories qui deviennent pour eux des maîtres, des faits, des réalités.

Naturellement, ceci s'applique aussi aux experts en religions que nous considérons comme nos guides spirituels. Considérez la religion, je veux dire la religion en tant que croyance organisée, et vous verrez que l'autorité de l'expert est suprême. Le modèle est placé devant vous, et vous êtes forcés par la pression de l'opinion publique, par la peur, etc... à suivre. Cette adoration de l'autorité, cette adoration de l'expert, qui ignore ses limitations, est, pour moi, la racine même de l'exploitation.

Tout le processus de la vie, qui devrait être un continuel épanouissement, donc une continuelle pénétration dans la réalité, dans la vérité, est complètement détruit par l'adoration de l'autorité, des spécialistes, des credos, des théories. Tout le but est d'obtenir des individus soumis, de les obliger à obéir et à suivre. Ainsi ils deviennent graduellement inconscients de tout sauf de leur modèle, ils installent tant qu'ils le peuvent leurs existences dans les limites des édits de ce modèle, et ils appellent cela vivre. Le milieu n'est plus que le moule qui leur donne leur forme. Ainsi, l'individu, tel qu'il est à présent, n'est pas autre chose que l'expression exagérée du milieu, le milieu étant le passé et le présent, ce qui est hérité et ce qui est acquis.

Pour moi tout cela n'est pas la vraie individualité. Par la compréhension de la vraie signification du milieu, passé et présent, donc par son affranchissement du milieu, l'intelligence s'éveille, et l'expression de cette intelligence est la vraie individualité.

Actuellement vous êtes conditionnés par le milieu. Vous êtes le résultat de votre milieu, passé et présent, et ce que vous exprimez, en l'appelant votre individualité ou votre expression personnelle, n'est pas autre chose que l'expression de ce milieu qui conditionne. Pour moi la vraie expression de l'individualité est cette intelligence qui s'éveille en libérant l'esprit du milieu qui le conditionne, dans le passé et dans le présent.

Ce qu'il nous faut ensuite découvrir c'est si un système, quel qu'il soit, peut éveiller cette intelligence. Ou ne fait-il, au contraire, qu'imposer de nouvelles séries de stupidités, de nouvelles limitations? Car, si nous pouvions trouver un système parfait, nous n'aurions qu'à nous en remettre totalement à lui pour devenir intelligents.

Pour moi, les systèmes ne sont que des cristallisations de la pensée, et le groupe n'est que l'expression de cette pensée. Ces pensées cristallisées peuvent-elles, du fait que vous les suivez, éveiller votre intelligence? Ou devez-vous plutôt, sans vous envisager vous-même en tant qu'individu ni en tant que groupe, commencer à discerner par vous-même les stupidités créées par la fausse distinction entre le groupe et l'individu? Je veux dire : en ne nous considérant ni comme individu ni comme groupe, ne pouvons-nous pas penser d'une façon neuve, penser à partir du commencement, de façon à appréhender la vraie signification de chaque milieu, de chaque limitation? Eh! bien, si nous ne pouvons pas être ainsi actifs, émotionnellement et mentalement, indépendamment de tout système, le seul fait de suivre un système, et d'être actifs à l'intérieur de ses cadres, n'éveillera pas notre intelligence.

Or, une belle intelligence, lorsqu'elle est réveillée, peut véritablement coopérer, non pas avec des stupidités, mais avec d'autres intelligences.

Considérez par exemple ce qui se passe en ce qui concerne la guerre. Pour comprendre toute la question de la guerre il nous faut penser à partir du commencement, et non pas de points de vue nationalistes, sociaux, ou de classes sociales. En elle-même la guerre est une faute. Il n'y a pas d'excuses à la guerre tant qu'il y a de l'intelligence qui fonctionne. Mais comme nous sommes surtout gouvernés par des politiciens, des exploiteurs, et des gens de cette espèce, on nous contraint à passer d'une guerre à l'autre, et l'on nous donne beaucoup de raisons quant à l'inéluctabilité et la nécessité des guerres.

Tant que vous ne pensez pas clairement, fondamentalement, à partir du tout commencement en ce qui concerne cette question, un jour vous serez pour la paix et le jour suivant vous serez pour la guerre, parce que vous n'aurez pas découvert par vous-mêmes, fondamentalement, les épouvantables cruautés, les haines sociales, les exploitations qui engendrent la guerre. Ce n'est que lorsqu'existera une intelligence éveillée, non seulement en ce qui vous concerne, mais en ce qui concerne les politiciens, les gouvernants, qu'il y aura la paix.

Pour découvrir ce qui est vrai on a besoin de beaucoup d'intelligence. L'intelligence, pour moi, ne consiste pas à accumuler des connaissances. On peut être très instruit et pourtant très stupide. On peut lire de nombreuses philosophies et ignorer pourtant la béatitude de la pensée créatrice. Or celle-ci ne peut exister que lorsque l'esprit et le cœur commencent à se libérer par un conflit, par une constante lucidité, des stupidités du passé et de celles que l'on est en train de construire. Alors seulement y a-t-il l'extase de ce qui est vrai.

Quelqu'un peut-il vous dire ce qu'est la vérité? Quelqu'un peut-il vous dire ce qu'est Dieu? Personne ne le peut: il vous faut le découvrir par vous-mêmes. Et pour découvrir ce qui est vrai, ce qu'est le sens de la vie, ce qu'est l'amélioration — sans laquelle la vie devient un chaos inintéressant, une souffrance aveugle et sans signification — il faut de l'intelligence, et pour éveiller cette intelligence, il faut dépouiller l'esprit et le cœur des stupidités.

La première cause de la stupidité est cette conscience qui s'accroche au particulier, et qui de ce fait crée la distinction entre le groupe et elle-même, cette conscience dont l'essence même est la pensée de l'acquisition, du « mien ». Cette conscience limitée est la racine même et la cause de la stupidité, de la souffrance.

Une de ses manifestations est le constant besoin de sécurité, la sécurité dans les limites de notre être tout entier, physique, émotionnel, mental. La recherche de cette sécurité engendre nécessairement un conflit entre ce que nous appelons l'individu et le groupe. Les exagérations de l'individu qui s'oppose au groupe, conduisent à des frottements constants, à des luttes, à de la souffrance.

Vous pouvez voir que cette recherche de la sécurité physique s'exprime dans la possession, avec toutes ses cruautés, ses exploitations, et ses stupidités terrifiantes comme celles du nationalisme, de la guerre des classes, des haines de races.

Et de même, émotionnellement, l'amour n'est devenu que de la possession. Il a perdu son extase créatrice. Il est une série de conflits possessifs. Sa tendresse, sa grande profondeur, sa qualité éternelle, sa profonde extase, sont détruites par ce désir de posséder.

Et il y a ensuite le fait qu'on est mentalement avide de certitudes. Voilà pourquoi il y a l'adoration de l'autorité, l'adoration des maîtres. Voilà pourquoi il y a l'incessante demande de l'ultime, pour que l'esprit puisse s'y accrocher. Voilà pourquoi vous cherchez toujours la vérité, Dieu; et celui qui vous promet formellement Dieu, la vérité, l'immortalité, vous l'adorez, car il vous a donné le réconfort, la sécurité.

Graduellement, cette demande d'une sécurité détruit l'intelligence. L'esprit, par l'expérience, accumule des sécurités soigneusement gardées, qui se protègent elles-mêmes, et qui empêchent qu'on s'ajuste à l'éternel mouvement de la vie.

L'expérience, la plupart du temps, crée des sécurités, des mémoires autoprotectrices, et avec ces barrières vous abordez la vie, ce qui doit inévitablement engendrer des conflits et de la douleur. Ceci ne veut pas dire qu'il vous faut oublier le passé. Ce que je veux expliquer, c'est que, de même que physiquement nous recherchons la sécurité, ainsi mentalement nous essayons d'aller de l'incertitude vers la certitude, qui à son tour devient incertitude, et dans laquelle il n'y a, à aucun moment, une solitude complète, inexorable.

Je vous assure, lorsqu'il y a une complète nudité, lorsqu'il n'y a aucun remède possible, dans cet instant d'insécurité vitale naît la flamme de l'intelligence suprême, la béatitude de la vérité.

Dans la recherche de la sécurité, surgit la peur, qui engendre de nombreuses illusions, des fausses disciplines, des répressions, des perversions, la crainte de la mort et les recherches dans l'au-delà.

Pourquoi tant de personnes s'intéressent-elle à l'au-delà?

Parce que la vie ici est superficielle, conditionnée par le milieu, en conflit, chaotique, déraisonnable, sans joie, sans extase; alors on cherche dans le futur, et de cela surgissent des enquêtes dans l'au-delà.

L'immortalité est un continuel devenir, non pas de cette conscience que nous appelons le « je », de cette conscience qui crée les distinctions, mais de cette intelligence libérée du particulier aussi bien que du groupe. En d'autres termes, lorsque l'esprit est dépouillé de toute illusion, ou ignorance, il est capable de discerner l'infini présent. C'est une chose que l'on ne peut pas expliquer, on ne peut raisonner sur cela. C'est au delà de toute discussion. Cela a besoin d'être éprouvé, d'être vécu. Cela demande une grande constance et une grande persévérance.

Et voilà ce qui me semble être l'état du monde. Le chaos causé par le conflit de nombreuses théories conduit à des pratiques stupides et à des divisions; et, au fur et à mesure que le temps passe, nous ne faisons qu'accumuler des connaissances et des théories, qu'augmenter des divisions âpres, en créant des mouvements de masses pour des expériences antagonistes. Dans ce conflit où nous sommes immergés, l'intelligence, qui est la vraie expression et le mode de la vie, est entièrement oubliée.

Voilà l'état du monde autour de nous. Que devrait être notre action? Que devraient être notre attitude, nos pensées? Allez-vous attendre que le milieu devienne parfait par des révolutions, par des changements économiques, par des soulèvements politiques? Cette attente ne serait qu'une fuite, cette façon de compter sur le futur ne serait qu'une nouvelle évasion par l'espoir, un ajournement. Voudrez-vous, au contraire, sans vous considérer en tant qu'individus ou en tant que groupes, commencer à penser d'une façon neuve, en recommençant depuis le début, en vous débarrassant ainsi des nombreuses stupidités qui sont devenues des vertus, des nombreuses choses que vous avez acceptées comme évidentes, et en engendrant ainsi, par la vraie simplicité et la pensée directe — qui est la suprême intelligence — les fruits de l'action? Qu'allez-vous faire? Attendre l'avenir, en espérant que le milieu se perfectionnera par quelque miracle, par l'action de quelqu'un d'autre? Ou devenir si intensément lucides par votre propre conflit avec le milieu, conflit dans lequel il n'y aura aucune possibilité de fuite, qu'en lui, il y aura la plénitude de l'action?

Pour la plupart des gens, c'est cela l'alternative : simplement attendre, marquer le temps, ou être capable de discerner la vraie signification de la vie, avec ses conflits et ses douleurs, ne plus créer une nouvelle série de stupidités, une nouvelle série d'illusions, et vivre par conséquent directement et simplement. La première solution conduit à un chaos total, à l'inconséquence, à l'ennui, aux vies superficielles que mènent la plupart des gens, soit qu'ils travaillent intensément, soit qu'ils manquent de travail. L'autre, à l'extase de l'immortalité.

Partout il y a le désespoir, une attente de quelque action, l'attente que les gouvernements changent les conditions où l'on vit. Et, pendant ce temps, vos propres vies deviennent de plus en plus superficielles, creuses, avec toutes les inanités de la société moderne, et les inanités des personnes dites spirituelles.

Ainsi que je l'ai dit dès le début de ma causerie, l'intelligence est la seule solution qui engendrera l'harmonie dans ce monde de conflit, l'harmonie entre l'esprit et le cœur en action. Aucun système, aucune simple modification du milieu, ne libéreront l'homme de l'ignorance et de l'illusion, qui sont la cause de la souffrance. Chacun, par soi-même, par sa propre lucidité, dans sa propre plénitude, peut discerner la vraie signification de ces innombrables barrières qui nous limitent. Cela seulement engendrera une intelligence durable, qui révélera l'immortalité.

DEUXIÈME CAUSERIE

13 Mars 1935.

Amis,

Avant de répondre à quelques-unes des questions qui m'ont été posées, je voudrais expliquer que ce que j'ai dit, et que ce que je vais dire n'est pas un jouet intellectuel, n'est pas une nouvelle série de théories que nous pouvons prendre comme sujets de disputes pour simplement nous stimuler mentalement; ni est-ce fait pour donner une nouvelle sensation à une émotion déjà émoussée. La vraie profondeur de sa signification ne peut être découverte que lorsqu'on en fait l'expérience, autrement elle n'aurait aucune valeur dans ce monde où le conflit est continuel. Et pour en faire l'expérience on doit commencer par soi-même. Il est évident qu'on ne peut pas commencer par expérimenter sur les autres, car on ne connaîtrait ni le résultat ni la signification de cette expérience si on ne se l'appliquait à soi-même.

Donc, au lieu de penser à votre voisin, vous devriez découvrir la façon d'expérimenter réellement sur vous-mêmes. Pour aider le monde, on doit commencer par soi-même. Si l'on peut véritablement expérimenter sur soi-même de façon à se rendre continuellement adaptable (et je ne parle pas de l'ajustement constant à une discipline stéréotypée, ni de l'obéissance aveugle à un modèle, ni de la pratique incessante d'une idée) une telle expérience vécue entraînera un changement significatif dans l'action, dans la conduite, dans l'être tout entier.

Je proposerais qu'au lieu de considérer superficiellement les idées que j'expose, vous les mettiez en application afin de voir si elles ont une utilité pratique quelconque dans votre vie quotidienne.

Nous sommes, pour la plupart, nourris de certains préjugés, de traditions et de craintes, et nous sommes contraints à l'obéissance par le milieu. C'est en nous appuyant sur cet arrière-plan que nous pensons et agissons. Cet arrière-plan est devenu une partie inconsciente de nous-mêmes, et de ce centre inconscient nous partons pour penser, pour sentir, pour agir. Toutes nos actions surgissant de cette limitation de l'esprit et du cœur deviennent évidemment de plus en plus limitées, de plus en plus étroites, de plus en plus conditionnées. Ainsi l'être inconscient (ces pensées et ces sentiments habituels que nous n'avons ni mis en doute ni compris) est continuellement en train de pervertir, de déranger et d'obscurcir les actions conscientes. Si nous ne comprenons pas cet arrière-plan avec lequel nous avons été élevés — et en le comprenant nous nous en libérerions — ces préjugés, ces peurs, interviendront toujours dans la conscience et la conditionneront. La conscience est action, elle est discernement. Mais notre action se fait toujours limiter, conditionner par la peur, par la tradition. Au lieu de nous libérer, de nous affranchir, l'action ne fait qu'accentuer notre conflit, nos problèmes, et ainsi la vie n'est plus qu'une série de conflits et de luttes.

Pour échapper à ces luttes nous avons créé certaines illusions qui nous soulagent, et qui sont devenues des réalités pour nous. Je veux dire qu'en vue d'échapper à nos innombrables problèmes et conflits nous avons établi certains calmants, réguliers et reconnus. Ces calmants sont les religions organisées, l'esprit d'acquisition, le fait d'établir et de suivre une tradition, et les nombreuses évasions des sensations.

Si vous devenez conscients de vos actions, vous verrez que c'est cela qui vous arrive, à la plupart d'entre vous : vous fonctionnez à travers un arrière-plan établi de traditions ou de craintes, et vous multipliez de ce fait votre conflit et vos luttes. Au lieu de vous affranchir par l'action, vous instituez des calmants ou des évasions qui deviennent pour vous si réels, si exigeants, qu'il devient immensément difficile à l'esprit de s'en libérer.

Se libérer de la cause qui limite l'action de plus en plus, c'est-à-dire de l'inconscient, ne consiste pas à fouiller dans le passé, mais à devenir conscient dans l'action, dans le présent. Au lieu de chercher à voir si vous êtes esclaves de traditions, de peurs, de préjugés, devenez pleinement conscients dans votre action, et dans cette flamme de lucidité la cause de la limitation, par exemple la peur, se révélera. En d'autres termes, si vous êtes pleinement réveillés, pleinement lucides au cours d'une action qui exige votre être complet, vous verrez que toutes ces perversions cachées et inconscientes surgissent pour vous empêcher d'agir pleinement, complètement. C'est alors qu'est le moment de s'en occuper, et si la flamme de lucidité est intense, elle consumera ces causes de la limitation.

Au lieu de suivre un modèle, une ligne d'action bien tracée (qui, je le répète, ne peut que mutiler la pensée et l'émotion) si l'on peut être pleinement conscient au moment de l'action (et ceci ne peut se produire que lorsque la pensée et l'émotion sont intenses) les profondeurs cachées et inexplorées de la conscience se révèlent. Mais si l'on se borne à examiner l'inconscient au moyen de l'introspection, on finit par voir que les actions subissent des restrictions de plus en plus grandes, qu'elles deviennent par conséquent de plus en plus artificielles, perdant leur signification, leur richesse, devenant creuses et vides. Si vous commencez par être conscients, par traiter une question intégralement, comme un tout, vous verrez comment ramperont dans votre esprit toutes les pensées, héritées ou acquises, qui vous conditionnent et vous protègent. Alors vous découvrirez — si vous en faites vraiment l'expérience — que l'esprit et le cœur ne sont pas en conflit, ne se contredisent pas l'un l'autre, mais qu'ils sont la source même de cela que vous cherchez, de cette extase créatrice, de la vérité.

Au lieu de rechercher la paix, le bonheur, ou d'essayer de découvrir ce qu'est la vérité, ou l'immortalité, ou s'il y a un Dieu, si, dans la flamme de la conscience lucide, l'esprit et le cœur peuvent se libérer de la peur, des préjugés, des perversions, des causes qui conditionnent l'être, cette conscience même est la véritable extase de la vie, de la vérité.

QUESTION. — *Que devrait-on faire pour se débarrasser de la solitude et de la peur?*

KRISHNAMURTI. — Voyons d'abord ce que nous faisons en ce moment, et nous tâcherons ensuite de voir ce que nous devrions faire. Si nous nous sentons seuls, que faisons-nous? Nous essayons de fuir la solitude par de la compagnie, par le travail, l'amusement, l'adoration, la prière, et par toutes les évasions bien connues, astucieusement établies. Pourquoi faisons-nous cela? Nous pensons pouvoir recouvrir la solitude par ces évasions, par ces calmants. Mais pouvons-nous recouvrir une chose qui est corrompue dans son essence? Nous pouvons recouvrir momentanément la solitude, mais elle continue à tout instant d'exister.

Donc, où il y a évasion il doit y avoir persistance de la solitude. A la solitude il n'y a point de substitution. Si nous pouvons comprendre cela avec tout notre être, complètement, si nous pouvons comprendre qu'il n'y a aucune possibilité de s'évader de la solitude, de la peur, qu'arrive-t-il alors? La plupart d'entre vous ne pourront pas répondre, parce que vous n'avez jamais complètement affronté le problème. Vous ne savez pas ce qui arriverait si toutes les issues étaient complètement bloquées, s'il ne restait plus la moindre possibilité d'évasion.

Je vous propose d'en faire l'expérience. Lorsque vous vous sentirez seuls, soyez pleinement conscients, et vous verrez que votre esprit désire s'enfuir, s'échapper. Lorsque l'esprit se rend compte de sa fuite, et lorsqu'en même temps il perçoit l'absurdité de la fuite, dans cette compréhension le sentiment de solitude disparaît réellement.

Voyez-vous, lorsqu'on est en face d'un problème, et qu'on n'a aucune possibilité de s'en échapper, ce problème cesse, ce qui ne veut pas dire qu'on l'accepte. Actuellement, vous cherchez un remède à la solitude, vous cherchez une substitution, de sorte que le problème ne consiste pas pour vous à trouver la signification de la solitude, mais le remède contre la solitude, la meilleure façon de la fuir, ou de la recouvrir. Mais lorsque l'esprit n'est plus à la recherche d'une évasion, la solitude ou la peur acquièrent une toute autre signification.

Mais vous ne pourrez pas accepter ma simple parole à ce sujet: tout ce que vous pouvez dire, c'est que vous ne savez pas; vous ne savez pas si la solitude et la peur disparaîtront; mais en en faisant l'expérience vous comprendrez la pleine signification de la solitude. Si nous nous bornons à chercher un remède à la solitude ou à la peur, nous devenons très superficiels, n'est-ce pas? Pour l'homme qui a tout ce qu'il veut, ou pour l'homme qui veut tout ce qu'il n'a pas, la vie devient très creuse. Lorsqu'on ne fait que chercher des remèdes, la vie n'a plus de sens, elle est vide; mais si vous êtes au contraire face à face avec un problème brûlant, et qu'il n'y a aucune voie possible d'évasion, vous verrez que ce problème accomplira sur vous une chose miraculeuse. Ce ne sera plus un simple problème, ce sera quelque chose d'intensément vital, quelque chose à examiner, à vivre, à comprendre.

QUESTION. — *Pensez-vous qu'il faille accepter des compromis dans la vie quotidienne?*

KRISHNAMURTI. — Pensez-vous qu'il y ait une possibilité de compromis entre la guerre et la paix? Je veux dire :

si vous croyez réellement que tuer, pour une raison patriotique ou pour toute autre raison, est absolument mal, pensez-vous que vous accepteriez un compromis dans la provocation d'une guerre, ou dans la participation au conflit? Et de même pensez-vous qu'il puisse y avoir un compromis entre l'acquisition et la non-acquisition?

Il y a compromis si, à un certain moment, vous voulez acquérir et qu'à un autre moment vous ne voulez pas acquérir. Pour celui qui n'a pas le sens de l'acquisition, pour celui qui vraiment ne poursuit pas l'acquisition, qui n'est pas entraîné par elle. il n'y a pas de compromis. Mais lorsque vous avez l'instinct de possession et que vous laissez aux circonstances, aux idées, aux idéals le soin de vous pousser à perdre ce sens de la possession, alors il y a compromis, et vous commencez à chercher le moyen le meilleur et le moins nocif d'établir ce compromis.

Si vous êtes réellement libre du sens de l'acquisition, encore que vous viviez dans ce monde de possessions, il n'y a pas de compromis. Il vous faut savoir si vous êtes possessif. Ceci est très simple. Pour le faire, ne commencez pas à analyser vos actions, ce qui ne conduit qu'à la limitation de l'action, mais soyez pleinement conscients au moment de l'action elle-même.

Le temps ne vous apportera pas la libération du sens de l'acquisition. Je veux dire que des ajournements dans un futur ne pourront pas vous enseigner à ne pas vouloir acquérir. Ce n'est que dans le présent qu'on peut se libérer de l'instinct de l'acquisition, et non dans l'avenir, ce n'est que maintenant, dans l'instant présent, qu'on peut en discerner la signification. Mais comme nous ne voulons pas la discerner immédiatement, nous nous disons, en nous décevant nous-mêmes, que nous apprendrons à ne pas désirer acquérir dans les années à venir. Mais ce n'est que dans le présent et non dans le futur que nous pouvons comprendre la stupidité de l'acquisition. La libération du désir d'acquérir n'est pas le résultat d'un lent développement évolutif de l'esprit et du cœur.

Un de mes amis s'est fait prêtre il y a une dizaine d'années. Il m'a dit l'autre jour qu'il lui a fallu dix ans pour comprendre la bêtise de cette action, et je me suis demandé si c'était vrai, ou s'il n'avait pas plutôt été emporté à un tel point par ses désirs, par ses émotions, par ses craintes, par la tradition, qu'il n'avait pu penser clairement, et qu'il n'a pu commencer à penser clairement qu'au moment des désillusions. Voici ce qui lui était arrivé : il avait été emporté émotionnellement, influencé par la peur, par l'autorité, par la tradition. S'il avait été pleinement conscient au moment de sa décision, il ne lui aurait pas fallu dix ans pour découvrir la bêtise de son action.

La question est: devrait-il y avoir compromis? Naturellement, il faut qu'il y ait compromis lorsque vous avez l'instinct d'acquisition et qu'en même temps vous ne voulez pas l'avoir. Dans ce conflit entre les contraires, il faut qu'il y ait compromis. Il n'y a pas de solution à cela, et lorsque la vie devient un continuel conflit entre les contraires, il y a une lutte stupide, qui n'a pas de sens. Mais si vous discernez véritablement toute la signification de l'instinct d'acquisition, dans cette liberté il y a la richesse, l'éternelle beauté de la vie.

QUESTION. — *Vous dites que la mémoire est une barrière. Pourquoi?*

KRISHNAMURTI. — Tout ce que nous percevons directement, que nous comprenons pleinement, ne laisse pas de cicatrice sur l'esprit. Si vous vivez entièrement dans une expérience, cet incident, bien que vous puissiez vous le rappeler, n'engendrera pas en vous ces réactions dont on se sert pour se protéger. Mais si j'ai une expérience dont je ne comprends pas complètement l'entière signification, mon esprit doit devenir le centre d'un conflit, et ce conflit persistera tant que je ne comprendrai pas cette expérience pleinement. Tant que l'esprit est encombré de ces conflits, il n'est qu'un magasin de réactions défensives, que l'on appelle la mémoire, et c'est avec ces mémoires protectrices que nous abordons la vie, en créant ainsi une barrière entre la vie et nous, barrière qui engendre tous les conflits, la peur et la souffrance. C'est cela que nous faisons, la plupart du temps. Au lieu de se trouver dans un état de vide créateur, l'esprit devient un simple magasin de mémoires défensives. Ce paquet de réactions défensives, nous l'appelons le moi, cette conscience limitée.

Avec cette conscience limitée, qui n'est qu'une série de couches de mémoires auto-protectrices, invulnérables, vous approchez la vie et toutes ses expériences. Les expériences, au lieu de dissiper ces nombreuses couches, et libérer ainsi les forces créatrices de la vie, ne font que créer de nouvelles mémoires défensives qui s'ajoutent aux anciennes, de sorte que la vie devient un conflit prolongé, une confusion, une souffrance. Au lieu d'être complètement vulnérable à la vie, au lieu d'être complètement vide (non pas dans le sens négatif du mot), au lieu d'être complètement sans défense, l'esprit est devenu une machine à avertir et à guider dans le but de se protéger et de se défendre lui-même. Pour moi, de telles mémoires auto-protectrices et défensives sont des barrières fondamentales, car elles empêchent la complète fructification de la vie, qui seule est la vérité.

Examinez par vous-mêmes comment vos esprits ne sont pas vulnérables. La vulnérabilité complète est la sagesse. Lorsque vous faites une expérience, observez ce qui se passe : tous vos préjugés, vos mémoires, vos réactions de défense surgissent pour vous dicter votre action et votre conduite. Et ainsi, vous avez déjà établi la façon dont vous traiterez ce que la vie apportera de neuf et de frais.

Après tout, pour comprendre la vérité, Dieu, l'inconnu (selon ce que vous voulez l'appeler), l'esprit et le cœur doivent venir non préparés, sans sécurité. Dans la vitalité de l'insécurité est l'éternel.

En vous protégeant, vous avez construit des sécurités, des certitudes astucieuses, des mémoires subtiles, et il faut avoir une grande intelligence pour s'en délivrer. Vous ne pouvez pas simplement les écarter ou essayer de les oublier. Vous ne pouvez découvrir ces barrières que dans la pleine lucidité de l'action elle-même.

Et le fait même de m'écouter devrait être une expérience pour vous. Si vous êtes intéressés et vivants devant ce que je dis, vous verrez que vous vous présentez avec déjà toutes sortes d'objections. Vous ne vous présentez pas ouvertement, avec un désir d'y voir par vous-mêmes, d'expérimenter. Ce n'est que lorsque l'esprit et le cœur sont souples et alertes, lorsqu'ils ne sont pas esclaves de théories, de certitudes, d'assurances, que l'on commence à découvrir les barrières des mémoires en tant que réactions auto-protectrices et défensives. Ces cicatrices que nous appelons mémoires s'interposent entre nous et le mouvement de la vie qui est éternel, en causant des conflits et de la souffrance.

QUESTION. — *Comment puis-je éveiller l'intelligence?*

KRISHNAMURTI. — Pourquoi voulez-vous éveiller l'intelligence? Pouvez-vous réellement éveiller l'intelligence, ou au contraire l'esprit se dépouille-t-il des nombreuses stupidités en découvrant ainsi qu'il est l'intelligence? Je vous prie de voir la signification de cette question. Celui qui la pose veut savoir ce qu'il devrait faire pour éveiller l'intelligence. Il veut savoir la méthode, la manière, la technique. Lorsque l'esprit veut savoir « comment » il doit faire, c'est qu'en réalité il cherche un système défini, pour ensuite devenir l'esclave de ce système. Mais si au contraire vous commencez à savoir par vous-mêmes quelles sont les choses qui sont stupides, l'esprit devient admirablement, délicatement agile. C'est en découvrant et en comprenant quelles sont les stupidités, et en les évitant, qu'il y a éveil de la vraie intelligence.

Lorsque vous demandez comment on doit faire pour éveiller l'intelligence, vous demandez en réalité des règles et des codes qui vous permettront de contraindre votre esprit à suivre un sillon particulier. C'est cela que vous appelleriez une façon positive de traiter la vie : si je vous disais exactement quoi faire. Mais ce serait en réalité la négation de la pensée, cela vous rendrait esclaves d'un certain système. Si au contraire vous commenciez vraiment à être conscients de votre milieu, passé et présent, de votre pensée et de vos actions, alors, en découvrant ce qui est stupide, vous éveilleriez la vraie intelligence. Les définitions de l'intelligence tendent à mettre en servitude l'esprit et le cœur.

Nous pouvons découvrir par nous-mêmes quelles sont les choses stupides. Il n'est pas nécessaire qu'on nous en donne une liste. Nous devons découvrir par nous-mêmes la vraie cause de la stupidité. Si nous pouvons faire cela, nous n'avons pas besoin de dresser un inventaire des stupidités.

Quelle est la cause de la stupidité? Toute pensée, toute émotion, toute action qui surgit de la conscience limitée, du moi, engendre la stupidité. Tant que l'esprit n'est qu'une entité qui se défend et qui acquiert, toute action qui en découle doit mener à la confusion et à la douleur.

QUESTION. — *Qu'appelez-vous exactement le milieu?*

KRISHNAMURTI. — Il y a un milieu extérieur, tel que le pays, le lieu, la classe sociale, etc., et il y a le milieu intérieur de la tradition, des idées héritées et acquises. Ainsi nous pouvons diviser le milieu en extérieur et intérieur, mais en réalité il n'existe pas de division si définie, ces deux mondes étant intimement entrelacés.

Considérez par exemple une personne née aux Indes. Elle est élevée dans un certain système religieux, avec beaucoup de croyances, avec des préjugés de castes, elle possède des avantages et des désavantages économiques et sociaux, et ainsi de suite. Cette personne, avec cet arrière-plan hérité, engendre de nouvelles limitations qui conditionnent encore plus son esprit et son cœur. Non seulement a-t-elle hérité de ses parents, de sa religion, de son pays et de sa race un certain conditionnement, mais elle ajoute encore à celui-ci ses propres réactions, sa mémoire, ses préjugés, basés sur l'arrière-plan de l'hérédité. Cet arrière-plan de préjugés, hérités et acquis, de pensées, héritées et acquises, de peurs, de désirs, de mémoires, l'accompagne tout le temps. Tout cela constitue son milieu. Avec cet arrière-plan, avec cet esprit conditionné, cette personne aborde la vie, elle essaye de comprendre le constant mouvement de la vie. En somme, elle s'accroche à un point fixe, et essaye ainsi d'aborder la vie qui est en éternel devenir. Alors, naturellement, il doit y avoir conflit entre ce point fixe et cette chose constamment vivante, mouvante. Où existe ce conflit il y a le désir d'un soulagement, d'une évasion, et la religion devient une simple réaction défensive contre l'intelligence. Les religions, la conscience de classe, l'instinct d'acquisition, tout cela constitue les chemins d'évasion, les refuges contre le conflit qui existe entre le point statique des préjugés, de la mémoire, de la peur, de la conscience limitée du moi, et le mouvement de la vie.

Il ne peut y avoir de vraie compréhension, de joie de vivre réelle, que lorsqu'il y a unité complète, lorsque ce point fixe n'existe plus, c'est-à-dire lorsque l'esprit et le cœur suivent librement et rapidement le courant de la vie, de la vérité. En cela, il y a une extase, c'est cela l'immortalité.

Tant que l'on n'a pas discerné la vraie signification du milieu, l'esprit et le cœur sont rattachés à ce point fixe de la conscience limitée. De cela surgissent les conflits et la douleur, cette constante bataille entre un point immobile et l'éternel mouvement de la vie. De cela naît une réaction défensive contre la vie, contre l'intelligence.

La vie devient une série de conflits et d'apaisements, et vous vous êtes si complètement entourés de ces illusions, de ces évasions, qu'elles sont devenues pour vous des réalités dont vous espérez obtenir le bonheur et la paix qu'elles ne peuvent jamais vous donner. Par une continuelle vigilance, par de la pénétration, par une constante agilité de l'esprit, par le doute, les murs de ce point fixe de conscience, de ce centre avec ses illusions, doit être démoli. Alors seulement y a-t-il immortalité.

Comprendre l'immortalité, la vie, exige une grande intelligence et non un quelconque mysticisme stupide. Cela exige un discernement incessant, qui ne peut exister que grâce à une constante pénétration qui démolit les murs de la tradition, de l'instinct d'acquisition, des réactions défensives. Vous pouvez vous évader dans une illusion que vous appellerez la paix, l'immortalité, Dieu, mais elle n'aura aucune réalité, car le doute et la douleur subsisteront. Mais ce qui libérera l'esprit et le cœur de la douleur, des illusions, ce sera la pleine conscience de cet éternel mouvement de la vie. Et ce mouvement ne peut être perçu que lorsque l'esprit est délivré de ce centre, de ce centre fixe de conscience limitée.

TROISIÈME CAUSERIE

15 Mars 1935.

Amis,

Avant de répondre aux questions, je veux vous faire une courte causerie, et vous expliquer quelque chose qui est peut-être difficile à comprendre; j'essayerai de me rendre aussi clair et simple que possible.

Je crois que nous essayons, la plupart d'entre nous, de savoir ce que c'est que le vrai bonheur, car la vie devient très superficielle, futile, et plutôt ennuyeuse, si l'on n'est pas intelligemment heureux. Et alors, à la recherche de ce que nous appelons le bonheur, nous allons d'une expérience à l'autre, jusqu'à ce que nous trouvions les croyances et les idées qui nous donnent de la satisfaction. Mais ces satisfactions ne sont que des évasions. La recherche même de la vérité ne peut aboutir qu'à des séries d'évasions qui peuvent se trouver, ainsi que je l'ai dit, au moyen de l'autorité, ou des sensations, ou de la simple multiplication des expériences, ou du pouvoir. Ces évasions deviennent des critériums de valeur au moyen desquels nous recouvrons les conflits.

Après tout, lorsqu'on est conscient du conflit, il se produit un trouble qui fait que l'on est malheureux; et pour vous évader de cet état vous recherchez différentes expériences et vous cultivez certaines valeurs, certains critériums, certaines règles qui deviennent vos moyens d'évasion. Ainsi vous devenez graduellement inconscients de tout sauf de ces critériums, de ces modèles, et votre vie n'est plus autre chose qu'une vivante imitation de ces valeurs que vous avez établies dans la recherche du bonheur.

Si vous vous examinez, vous verrez que votre esprit et votre cœur sont retenus dans des séries de critériums ou de valeurs. Etant limité de la sorte, l'esprit est toujours en train d'accorder de nouvelles valeurs, d'établir de nouveaux critériums, et il ne cesse de siéger comme juge. Tant que l'esprit ne se libère pas de cette continuelle habitude d'attribuer des valeurs, il n'est jamais frais, neuf, il n'a pas en lui de vide créateur, si toutefois je puis employer ces mots sans malentendus. Ce n'est que dans ce vide créateur que naît la vérité.

Le conflit, la douleur, sont les moyens de briser cette habitude d'attribuer des valeurs. Vous avez une série de valeurs établies par l'expérience, par la tradition, et ces valeurs sont devenues vos guides; avec ces critériums et ces valeurs appartenant au passé, vous abordez les nouvelles expériences, ce qui doit évidemment créer un conflit. Cette souffrance n'est pas autre chose que la démolition des valeurs anciennes auxquelles s'est accroché l'esprit.

Or l'essence même de la stupidité est cette évasion des conflits à travers une série de valeurs établies, ou à travers la formation d'une nouvelle série de valeurs. Mais l'essence même de l'intelligence est la compréhension de la vie ou de l'expérience par un esprit et un cœur non chargés, renouvelés, neufs.

Au lieu d'aborder la vie sans exigences préconçues, vous allez vers elle avec l'esprit et le cœur déjà pleins de préjugés, et presque incapables d'ajustements rapides, de souplesse. Le manque de ce discernement instantané du mouvement de la vie crée la douleur. Un conflit est l'indication d'une limitation qui ne peut pas être conquise, mais dont la signification doit être comprise. Toute conquête d'obstacles au moyen d'une nouvelle série de valeurs n'est qu'une nouvelle forme d'évasion.

Vous pourriez dire qu'un esprit qui n'attribue pas de valeurs est en réalité l'esprit d'un primitif. C'est vrai dans un sens : le primitif aborde la vie inconsciemment, incomplètement, sans comprendre pleinement sa signification. Mais aborder la vie complètement et en comprendre la signification exige un esprit non conditionné par le passé, et ceci ne peut se produire que par une intense lucidité, par le discernement. Ceci exige, contrairement à ce qui se passe dans un esprit primitif, une action intégrale dans le présent, sans les stimulants de la peur ou de la récompense. C'est l'intelligence du complet « esseulement ».

Lorsqu'un esprit et un cœur démunis et vulnérables abordent la vie, l'inconnu, l'incommensurable, alors seulement y a-t-il l'extase de la vérité. Lorsque l'esprit n'est pas surchargé de valeurs, de mémoires, de croyances pré-établies, et lorsqu'il est capable d'aborder l'inconnu, dans cette rencontre naît la sagesse, la béatitude du présent.

Ainsi donc le conflit est la façon d'éveiller l'homme à la pleine conscience; et si nous ne sommes pas continuellement attentifs, nous créons une série d'évasions que nous appelons des valeurs, bien qu'elles puissent être changeantes, et par ces valeurs nous espérons trouver le bonheur.

Les valeurs deviennent les moyens d'évasion. Un esprit qui se trouve pris dans un conflit, et qui aborde ce conflit sans essayer de l'interpréter suivant certaines valeurs, devient pleinement, complètement lucide. Alors, cet esprit et ce cœur s'éveilleront à la réalité de la vie, à la béatitude du présent.

QUESTION. — *Préconisez-vous le renoncement et l'abnégation comme moyens de trouver le bonheur personnel?*

KRISHNAMURTI. — Le bonheur personnel n'existe pas. Donc il n'y a aucune façon de l'atteindre. Il n'y a que l'extase créatrice de la vie, dont les expressions sont nombreuses. L'idée de sacrifice, de renoncement, d'abnégation est fausse. Vous croyez que l'on peut trouver le bonheur en donnant certaines choses, en suivant certaines lignes d'action. De la sorte, vous ne faites que commercialiser votre sacrifice et votre abnégation, vous les échangez contre du bonheur. En fait, il n'est question ici ni d'abnégation ni de renoncement, mais seulement de compréhension; en elle est le bonheur créateur qui n'est pas personnel, individualiste.

Permettez-moi de le dire différemment. Je commence par accumuler, parce que je crois que le bonheur réside dans l'accumulation, mais je découvre au bout d'un certain temps que la possession n'engendre pas le bonheur. Alors, je commence à renoncer aux possessions, et j'essaye de poursuivre et de posséder l'abnégation, qui n'est qu'une autre forme de l'instinct d'acquisition. Mais si je découvre la signification intrinsèque du sens de la possession, en cela se trouve le bonheur créateur.

QUESTION. — *N'est-il pas vrai que l'essentiel peut être trouvé dans toutes les branches de la vie, dans tout?*

KRISHNAMURṬI. — Je ne crois pas qu'existent l'essentiel ou le non-essentiel. Qu'est-ce que c'est que l'essentiel? Ou le non essentiel? Un jour je veux un objet, et il devient ce qu'il y a de plus important, de plus essentiel, mais dans le fait même de le posséder, je l'ai déjà identifié à ce qui n'est pas essentiel. Ensuite, je veux un autre objet; et ainsi je vais en me déplaçant d'une chose essentielle, qui a cessé de l'être, à une autre chose essentielle, qui, à son tour, cesse de l'être.

En d'autres termes, là où existe le désir de posséder il ne peut exister de discernement durable. Et comme la plupart des gens sont esclaves de leurs ardents désirs, ils vivent dans un constant conflit entre l'essentiel et le non-essentiel. De la possession de simples objets, qui ne donne plus de satisfaction, vous passez à la possession mentale et émotionnelle de vertus, de la vérité, de Dieu. D'objets qui, une fois, furent essentiels, vous avez « avancé » vers l'abstraction. Cette abstraction devient l'essentiel.

Ne pouvons-nous pas considérer la vie, non pas de ce point de vue de l'essentiel et du non-essentiel, mais de celui de l'intelligence, de la compréhension? Pourquoi faisons-nous cette distinction entre ce qui est essentiel et ce qui ne l'est pas, entre ce qui est important et ce qui ne l'est pas? Parce que nous pensons toujours en termes d'acquisition, de bénéfice; mais si nous adoptons le point de vue de la compréhension, cette division cesse, et nous abordons la vie toujours comme un tout. C'est une des choses les plus difficiles à faire, parce que nous avons été disciplinés (et nous le sommes encore) dans des cadres religieux et économiques qui imposent certaines séries de valeurs. Pour un esprit qui vraiment n'est pas en train d'attribuer des valeurs, mais qui essaye de vivre complètement, sans le désir du gain, pour un tel esprit il n'existe pas de degrés de valeurs changeantes, et par conséquent il n'y a pas de conflit entre le transitoire et le permanent, entre ce qui est stationnaire et le mouvement constant de la vie.

QUESTION. — *Vous parlez des choses fondamentales de la vie, et pour vous c'est fort bien; mais pour l'homme ordinaire?*

KRISHNAMURTI. — De quoi discutons-nous? Nous discutons, du moins en ce qui me concerne, pour savoir comment vivre intelligemment, donc divinement, humainement, et non avec cet esprit brutal, impitoyable de compétition, d'acquisition, ou d'exploitation, que celle-ci soit d'une classe ou d'un instructeur, qu'elle soit économique ou religieuse. Tout ceci s'applique, naturellement, à nous tous, c'est-à-dire à l'homme ordinaire. Je ne m'isole pas en dehors de la moyenne, en dehors de l'homme ordinaire. Les personnes qui s'occupent de l'homme ordinaire sont celles qui, dans leur esprit, se distinguent de lui. Elles s'intéressent à l'homme ordinaire. Pourquoi? Elles disent : « Je peux abandonner la tradition, mais que se passerait-il pour l'homme ordinaire? S'il l'abandonnait aussi, il y aurait le chaos. » Donc il doit obéir à une tradition, tandis que les gens qui s'occupent de lui peuvent s'en passer.

Or si vous ne pensez pas en termes de distinctions, soit de classes, soit des besoins que l'on a, mais si vous discernez la signification d'une chose en elle-même, c'est alors que vous aiderez l'homme ordinaire à se libérer tout seul, de la tradition par exemple. En d'autres termes, si l'on est convaincu de la futilité de la tradition, si l'on en voit la signification, on aide tout naturellement les autres, sans imposition, sans exploitation. En comprenant intelligemment les choses fondamentales de la vie, on aide les autres à se dépêtrer de ce cruel chaos.

Si nous autres tous ici sentions profondément ces choses et les comprenions réellement, nous agirions avec intelligence. Tout d'abord il est évident qu'on doit commencer par soi-même. On doit s'occuper des choses fondamentales parce qu'elles sont les plus simples; et dans une civilisation qui devient de plus en plus complexe, si nous ne comprenons pas par nous-mêmes ces choses simples et fondamentales, nous ne ferons qu'ajouter à la confusion, à l'exploitation et à l'ignorance.

Donc tout ce dont nous parlons ici s'applique à chacun, et, puisque vous en avez l'occasion, ce qui, malheureusement, n'est pas le cas de tout le monde, tâchez de devenir conscients, lucides, commencez à comprendre et par conséquent à agir, et une telle action dissipera l'ignorance, cause de la douleur.

QUESTION. — *Comment peut-on lutter contre la mémoire et les obsessions de ses images?*

KRISHNAMURTI. — Tout d'abord en comprenant comment la mémoire se forme, comment elle est créée. Ainsi que j'ai essayé de l'expliquer l'autre jour, la mémoire n'est pas autre chose qu'une action incomplète. Je n'inclus pas dans cette mémoire la capacité que l'on a de se rappeler des incidents. Mais la mémoire est le résidu, la cicatrice de l'action qui n'a pas été complètement vécue ou complètement comprise. Tant que cette action n'est pas entièrement comprise, sa mémoire, sa cicatrice sur l'esprit demeure. L'esprit est principalement le résidu, ou les cicatrices, de beaucoup d'actions incomplètes, inachevées. Si l'on est conscient de sa classe, on si l'on a des préjugés religieux, on ne peut évidemment pas aborder l'expérience pleinement, complètement, mais on l'approche avec cette déformation qui inévitablement engendre un conflit. Tant que l'on ne comprend pas la cause et la signification de ce conflit, complètement, totalement, on doit subir de nouvelles cicatrices, de nouvelles barrières de la mémoire. Dans ce conflit, si l'on ne fait que s'enfuir, ou chercher des substitutions, la mémoire, en tant que barrière, doit continuellement pervertir la plénitude de la compréhension, qui seule est l'accomplissement de l'action. J'espère ne pas expliquer cela avec un langage trop compliqué.

Supposez par exemple un homme né aux Indes qui a certains préjugés religieux. Avec ces perversions de la pensée, il aborde la vie. Naturellement, il n'en discerne pas la pleine signification, car il considère toujours la vie à travers ces perversions, et par conséquent il doit y avoir conflit. Ce conflit engendre en lui une série de mémoires protectrices, de barrières, qu'il appelle des valeurs. De telles réactions défensives doivent pervertir à leur tour la compréhension de l'expérience ou de la vie.

Lorsque l'on comprend pleinement que les préjugés, ou toute autre perversion, corrompent sans cesse et déforment la plénitude de la compréhension, on commence à être lucide; et dans cette lucidité on découvre les entraves. Ce n'est que dans la flamme de la lucidité, dans la pleine conscience, et non dans l'introspection, que l'on peut découvrir les préjugés, les évasions, les valeurs auto-protectrices qui déforment continuellement l'expérience. C'est dans la plénitude de l'expérience elle-même qu'on peut discerner, découvrir et comprendre l'expérience, et non dans l'analyse intérieure intellectuelle ou dans l'auto-dissection. Si vous êtes intensément conscients dans la plénitude de l'expérience, vous verrez comment surgissent les perversions, les obstacles, les entraves.

Si l'esprit et le cœur peuvent se libérer de ces valeurs, qui ne sont que des mémoires emmaganisées pour des buts défensifs, mémoires héritées ou acquises, la vie devient un éternel devenir. Mais ceci exige, ainsi que je l'ai dit, une grande détermination, et une incessante enquête dans la cause et la signification de la douleur, des conflits. Si vous êtes tranquillement à votre aise par rapport à la vie, ou si vous ne faites que rechercher votre satisfaction, la béatitude de l'éternel présent n'est pas pour vous. Ce n'est que dans les moments de grande crise, de grand conflit, que l'esprit se libère de toutes ces accumulations auto-protectrices, de ces accroissements. Alors seulement y a-t-il l'extase de la vie, la vérité.

QUESTION. — *Si chacun abandonnait toute possession, ainsi que vous le suggérez, qu'arriverait-il à toutes les affaires et aux buts ordinaires de la vie? Les affaires et la possession ne sont-elles pas nécessaires si nous devons vivre dans le monde?*

KRISNAMURTI. — Je n'ai jamais dit de renoncer. J'ai dit que l'instinct d'acquisition est la cause de la concurrence, de l'exploitation, des distinctions de classes, des guerres, etc... Si l'on discernait la réelle signification de l'instinct possessif, s'appliquant aux objets ou aux gens ou aux idées (ce qui, en fin de compte est le désir du pouvoir sous différentes formes), si l'esprit pouvait être libre de tout cela, il pourrait y avoir un bonheur intelligent et le bien-être dans le monde. Pendant de nombreux siècles nous avons édifié un système d'acquisitions, de possessions, en recherchant le pouvoir personnel et l'autorité. Or tant que ceci existe dans vos cœurs et dans vos esprits, vous pouvez momentanément changer le système par la révolution, par une crise, par des guerres, mais tant que cette soif intérieure existe, elle conduira inévitablement, sous une autre forme, au vieux système. Et, ainsi que je l'ai dit, la libération de l'instinct d'acquisition n'est pas une chose à apprendre plus tard, après des ajournements; elle doit être comprise immédiatement, et c'est là que réside la difficulté. Si nous ne pouvons pas voir immédiatement l'erreur du sentiment de la possession, nous ne serons pas capables individuellement, donc collectivement, d'avoir une civilisation différente, une différente façon de vivre.

Donc toute mon attaque, si je puis employer ce mot, n'est pas contre un système, mais contre ce désir de posséder et d'acquérir, qui conduit finalement à celui du pouvoir.

Vous pensez en ce moment que la possession donne le bonheur. Mais si vous y pensez profondément, vous verrez que cette soif de puissance n'a pas de fin. C'est une lutte continuelle dans laquelle les conflits et la douleur ne cessent jamais. Mais c'est une des choses les plus difficiles à faire que se libérer l'esprit et le cœur du désir d'acquérir.

Vous savez, aux Indes, nous avons certaines personnes qu'on appelle des *sannyasis*, qui abandonnent le monde à la recherche de la vérité. Ils ne possèdent en général que deux pagnes, un qu'ils portent sur eux et l'autre pour le lendemain. On raconte qu'un *sannyasi* à la recherche de la vérité, après avoir consulté différents instructeurs, entendit parler d'un certain roi illuminé qui enseignait la sagesse. Il alla chez lui. Vous voyez le contraste entre ce roi et ce *sannyasi* : le roi qui possédait tout, palais, joyaux, courtisans, pouvoir, et le *sannyasi* qui ne possédait que deux pagnes de lin. Le roi l'instruisit au sujet de la vérité. Or un jour, tandis que le roi enseignait, le palais prit feu. Avec sérénité, le roi continua à enseigner, tandis que le *sannyasi*, ce saint homme, était très troublé parce que son second pagne brûlait.

Vous savez, nous sommes tous dans cette situation. Vous pouvez n'être pas possessifs au sujet de vêtements, de maisons, d'amis, mais il demeure en vous une poursuite secrète d'un bénéfice quelconque auquel vous êtes attachés, auquel vous vous accrochez, et qui dévore vos esprits et vos cœurs. Tant que ces poisons cachés et inexplorés demeurent, il doit y avoir conflit et douleur.

QUESTION. — *Vous dites que vous n'êtes affilié à aucune organisation; pourtant, il est évident que vous essayez d'amener les gens à penser d'une certaine façon. La pensée du monde peut-elle être modifiée sans une organisation dont le but serait de présenter continuellement vos idées au public?*

KRISHNAMURTI. — Je me demande si je vous fais penser suivant une certaine ligne. J'espère pas. J'essaye de montrer qu'il est nécessaire de penser, nécessaire d'aimer; et pour penser profondément, pour aimer beaucoup, on ne doit pas posséder un magasin de réactions défensives, de mémoires. Il est bien certain que lorsqu'on aime on est vulnérable. Si je ne fais que vous inciter à penser suivant une certaine ligne, je vous prie de vous méfier de moi, parce qu'alors je vous contraindrais, c'est-à-dire que je vous exploiterais, et vous m'exploiteriez à votre tour pour vos différentes fins particulières.

Ce que je dis, c'est que, pour vivre intensément, pour penser d'une façon créatrice, on doit être complètement ouvert à la vie, sans réactions auto-protectrices, tout comme il arrive quand on est amoureux. Vous devez donc être amoureux de la vie. Ceci demande une grande intelligence, non de l'information ou des connaissances, mais cette intelligence qui s'éveille lorsque vous abordez la vie ouvertement, complètement, lorsque l'esprit et le cœur sont absolument vulnérables à la vie.

Vous demandez : « La pensée du monde peut-elle être modifiée sans une organisation dont le but serait de présenter continuellement vos idées au public? ». Naturellement pas, il vous faut une organisation, ceci est évident, donc nous n'avons pas besoin de le discuter. Mais lorsque vous parlez d'organisation je crois que vous entendez une chose toute différente. La plupart des organisations sont créées pour convertir à certaines croyances, pour inciter, pour forcer les gens, par l'opinion du groupe, par des pressions, à adopter certaines méthodes, certaines idées; c'est pour cela que se forment la plupart des organisations, et non pour imprimer des livres et pour les distribuer. C'est ainsi que se forment les religions. C'est ainsi que les disciples déforment les maîtres, en transformant leur enseignement en dogmes absolus qui deviennent l'autorité grâce à laquelle on exploite. C'est pour ce but que sont nécessaires les organisations de la mauvaise espèce. Mais si, au contraire, vous êtes intéressés par les idées que j'expose, vous aiderez naturellement à imprimer et à distribuer des livres, mais sans le désir de convertir, d'exploiter.

QUESTION. — *La plupart des gens, même s'ils ont dépassé le besoin d'autorité organisée, sont troublés par le conflit intérieur du choix à faire entre le désir et la peur. Pouvez-vous expliquer comment distinguer entre les deux, ou ce que vous considérez le vrai désir?*

KRISHNAMURTI. — Existe-t-il une telle chose que le vrai désir? Que le désir essentiel et le désir non essentiel? Un jour vous voulez un chapeau, un autre jour une voiture, et ainsi de suite vous voulez satisfaire vos désirs. Et un autre jour encore, vous voulez atteindre la plus haute vérité ou Dieu. Vous passez à travers une entière série de désirs. Quel est l'essentiel dans tout cela? Les objets sont essentiels, l'amour est essentiel, la compréhension de la vérité est essentielle. Alors pourquoi diviser le désir en faux et vrai, en désirs importants et désirs sans importance? Ne pouvez-vous pas considérer tout cela différemment, aborder le désir avec intelligence? Vos esprits sont si troublés par des valeurs contradictoires que vous ne pouvez pas discerner avec exactitude.

Je me demande si j'ai bien expliqué cela. Supposez que vous soyez possessifs. Ne vous dites pas : « J'ai entendu dire cet après-midi qu'il ne faut pas être possessif, donc je vais me débarrasser de ce désir. ». N'engendrez pas en vous une résistance contradictoire. Si vous êtes possessifs, soyez-en complètement et totalement conscients; alors vous verrez ce qui se produira. L'esprit doit se libérer de ce désir contradictoire, qui se livre à des comparaisons et qui n'est en réalité qu'une réaction pour vous protéger contre la douleur. Alors vous verrez toute la signification du désir d'acquérir. Le désir d'acquisition, ou tout autre problème, vous ne pouvez le comprendre que dans son isolation, et non en le comparant, en l'opposant à autre chose. Lorsqu'il n'y a pas d'opposition, pas de désirs contradictoires, on discerne la vraie signification du désir. La continuelle contradiction dans le désir engendre la peur, et où la peur existe il y a forcément fuite. Il résulte ainsi une incessante bataille entre le désir, la raison, l'appel des achèvements et leurs contraires.

Dans cette bataille, l'intelligence, qui est le vrai achèvement, est entièrement perdue. Tant que l'esprit est empêtré dans le conflit des contraires, il ne peut y avoir qu'une évasion, une substitution du vrai problème par la distinction entre l'essentiel et le non-essentiel le faux et le vrai. En cela il n'y a pas de bonheur créateur.

QUESTION. — *N'y a-t-il pas des périodes où l'on a besoin* *de s'isoler de la confusion extérieure, afin de favoriser la réalisation de la vraie personnalité?*

KRISHNAMURTI. — Si vous placez d'abord les besoins, ils deviennent vos maîtres, et l'intelligence est détruite. Pour découvrir nos besoins, il nous faut de l'intelligence, car les besoins changent constamment, ils se renouvellent constammet. Mais si vous vous mettez à rechercher quels sont exactement vos besoins, et si vous vous limitez à ces besoins, votre vie deviendra très superficielle, étroite, mesquine.

Et de même, si vous recherchez la solitude uniquement afin de découvrir ce qu'est la vérité, la solitude n'est plus qu'un moyen d'évasion. Mais dans votre recherche au cours d'une vie active, des périodes de solitude surviendront tout naturellement. Ces moments de solitude ne sont pas faux, ils sont naturels, spontanés.

QUESTION. — *Vous avez dit, lundi, que, pour avoir la vraie intelligence, on doit avoir passé par un état de grand « esseulement ». Est-ce la seule façon de parvenir à la vraie intelligence?*

KRISHNAMURTI. — Examinons ce que nous faisons en ce moment. Nous recherchons la sécurité, en nous clôturant toujours avec des certitudes. Chaque fois que se produit un état d'incertitude complète, de doute, nous prenons immédiatement la fuite. Ainsi nous avons établi des sécurités réconfortantes, des certitudes. Je vous prie de repenser à cela et vous verrez qu'il en est ainsi. Et ce n'est que lorsqu'on est dépouillé de tout espoir, dans le sens de sécurités et de certitudes, ce n'est que lorsqu'on est complètement nu, dépouillé de toute mesure et réaction protectrices, qu'il y a l'extase de la vérité. Dans ces moments de complet « esseulement », qui ne se produisent que lorsque toutes les évasions et leurs significations ont été véritablement comprises, se trouve la béatitude du présent.

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[THE AWAKENING OF INTELLIGENCE]

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NƯỚC MỸ

I – Hai nói chuyện: J. Krishnamurti và Giáo sư Jacob Needleman

– 1 – VAI TRÒ CỦA NGƯỜI THẦY

Nói chuyện giữa Krishnamurti

và giáo sư J. Needleman

Needleman: [1] Có nhiều bàn luận về một cách mạng tinh thần giữa những người trẻ, đặc biệt ở đây tại California. Ông có thấy trong hiện tượng rất pha trộn này bất kỳ hy vọng nào về một sự nở hoa mới mẻ cho nền văn minh hiện đại, một khả năng mới mẻ của sự phát triển hay không?

KRISHNAMURTI: Về một khả năng mới mẻ của sự phát triển, bạn không nghĩ sao, thưa bạn, rằng người ta phải khá nghiêm túc, và không chỉ nhảy từ một vui thú choáng ngợp sang một vui thú khác? Nếu người ta đã quan sát tất cả những tôn giáo của thế giới và đã thấy những kết quả vô ích được tổ chức của họ, và từ sự nhận biết đó đã thấy được một cái gì đó thực sự và rõ ràng, vậy thì có lẽ có thể có một cái gì đó mới mẻ ở California, hay trong thế giới. Nhưng như tôi đã thấy, tôi e rằng không có chất lượng của nghiêm túc trong tất cả việc này. Tôi có lẽ sai lầm, bởi vì tôi chỉ thấy những người tạm gọi là trẻ tuổi này ở khá xa, lẫn trong số khán giả đông đảo, và thỉnh thoảng ở đây; và qua những câu hỏi của họ, qua tiếng cười của họ, qua tràng vỗ tay của họ, họ không gây ấn tượng cho tôi như những con người rất nghiêm túc, chín chắn, có ý định lớn lao. Dĩ nhiên, tôi có lẽ sai lầm.

Needleman: Tôi hiểu rõ điều gì ông đang nói. Câu hỏi của tôi chỉ là: có lẽ chúng ta không mong đợi nhiều để có sự nghiêm túc của những người trẻ.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó là lý do tại sao tôi không nghĩ điều đó phù hợp cho những người trẻ. Tôi không biết tại sao người ta đã tạo ra sự việc lạ thường như thế từ những người trẻ, tại sao nó đã trở thành một sự việc quan trọng như thế.

Trong vài năm nữa đến phiên họ sẽ trở thành những con người già nua.

Needleman: Như một hiện tượng, tách rời khỏi điều gì ẩn ý trong nó, sự quan tâm trong trải nghiệm thăng hoa này – hay bất kỳ từ ngữ gì người ta muốn gọi nó – dường như là một loại hạt giống mà từ đó những con người lạ thường nào đó vượt khỏi tất cả những giả dối và tất cả những người lường gạt, những người Thầy nào đó, có lẽ xuất hiện.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nhưng thưa bạn, tôi không chắc rằng tất cả những người lừa dối và những người lợi dụng không đang che đậy tất cả việc này. “Ý thức của Krishnamurti” và Thiền Định Thăng Hoa và tất cả sự vô lý đang xảy ra này – họ bị trói buộc trong tất cả việc đó. Nó là một dạng của chủ nghĩa phô trương, một hình thức của vui chơi và giải trí. Để cho cái gì đó mới mẻ xảy ra được phải có một hạt nhân của những con người thực sự hiến dâng, thực sự nghiêm túc, mà theo đuổi đến tận cùng. Sau khi trải qua tất cả những việc này, họ nói rằng, “Đây là cái gì đó mà tôi sẽ theo đuổi đến tận cùng.”

Needleman: Một con người nghiêm túc sẽ là một người nào đó phải không còn bị ảo tưởng bởi bất kỳ điều gì khác.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi sẽ không gọi nó là không còn bị ảo tưởng nhưng một hình thức của nghiêm túc.

Needleman: Nhưng một tiền đề cho việc đó?

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, tôi muốn không gọi nó là không còn bị ảo tưởng, điều đó chỉ dẫn đến thất vọng và bi quan. Tôi có ý rằng sự tìm hiểu tất cả những sự việc tạm gọi là thuộc tôn giáo, tạm gọi là thuộc tinh thần: phải tìm hiểu, phải tìm ra điều gì là sự thật trong tất cả việc này, liệu có bất kỳ sự thật nào trong nó hay không. Hay loại bỏ toàn sự việc đó và khởi đầu mới mẻ lại, và không phải trải qua tất cả những gài bẫy, tất cả những hỗn tạp của nó.

Needleman: Tôi nghĩ đó là điều gì tôi đã cố gắng nói, nhưng việc này diễn tả nó tốt hơn. Những con người mà đã cố gắng một điều gì đó và nó đã gây thất vọng cho họ.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không phải “những người khác”. Tôi có ý nói người ta phải loại bỏ tất cả những hứa hẹn, tất cả những trải nghiệm, tất cả những khẳng định huyền bí. Tôi nghĩ người ta phải khởi đầu như thể người ta tuyệt đối không biết gì cả.

Needleman: Điều đó rất khó khăn.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, thưa bạn, tôi không nghĩ rằng điều đó khó khăn. Tôi nghĩ rằng nó chỉ khó khăn cho những người đã nhét đầy vào chính họ những hiểu biết của những người khác.

Needleman: Điều đó không dành cho hầu hết chúng ta hay sao? Tôi đã nói với lớp học của tôi ngày hôm qua ở San Francisco, và tôi đã nói rằng tôi sẽ đi phỏng vấn Krishnamurti và các bạn muốn tôi đưa ra câu hỏi nào cho ông ta. Họ đã có nhiều câu hỏi, nhưng một câu gây xúc động nhất cho tôi là điều gì một người trẻ đã nói:“Tôi đã đọc đi đọc lại những quyển sách của ông ta và tôi không thể thực hiện được điều gì ông ta nói.” Có cái gì đó quá rõ ràng về việc này, nó tạo ra một tiếng chuông. Dường như trong một ý thức nhỏ nhiệm nào đó nó khởi đầu theo lối này. Để là một người khởi đầu, trong sáng!

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi không nghĩ rằng chúng ta tìm hiểu đầy đủ. Bạn có hiểu tôi có ý gì không?

Needleman: Vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Chúng ta chấp nhận, chúng ta rất dễ bị lừa dối, chúng ta thèm khát những trải nghiệm mới mẻ. Người ta nuốt chửng những gì được nói bởi bất kỳ ai đó có bộ râu quai nón, với những hứa hẹn, nói rằng bạn sẽ có một trải nghiệm tuyệt vời nếu bạn thực hiện những việc nào đó! Tôi nghĩ người ta phải nói rằng: “Tôi không biết gì cả.” Rõ ràng tôi không thể dựa dẫm vào những người khác. Nếu không có những quyển sách, không có những vị đạo sư, bạn sẽ làm gì đây?

Needleman: Nhưng con người rất dễ bị lừa dối.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn bị lừa dối khi bạn muốn cái gì đó.

Needleman: Vâng, tôi hiểu rõ điều đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy bạn nói, “Tôi sẽ tìm ra, tôi sẽ tìm hiểu từng bước một. Tôi không muốn lừa dối chính tôi.” Sự lừa dối nảy sinh khi tôi mong muốn, khi tôi tham lam, khi tôi nói rằng, “Tất cả trải nghiệm đều nông cạn, tôi muốn cái gì đó kỳ bí” – vậy là tôi bị trói buộc rồi.

Needleman: Đối với tôi ông đang nói về một trạng thái, một thái độ, một tiếp cận, mà chính nó rất xa vời trong sự hiểu rõ cho một con người. Chính tôi cảm thấy rất xa vời với cái đó, và tôi biết những sinh viên của tôi cũng như thế. Và vì vậy họ cảm thấy, đúng đắn hay sai lầm, một nhu cầu cho sự trợ giúp. Họ có thể hiểu sai trợ giúp là gì, nhưng liệu có một sự việc như là trợ giúp hay không?

KRISHNAMURTI: Ông muốn nói rằng: “Tại sao bạn yêu cầu sự trợ giúp?”

Needleman: Cho phép tôi giải thích nó như thế này. Trong chừng mực nào đó bạn phát giác bạn đang tự lừa dối chính bạn, bạn không biết chính xác . . .

KRISHNAMURTI: Nó khá đơn giản. Tôi không muốn tự lừa dối mình nữa – đúng chứ? Vì vậy tôi tìm ra cái gì là chuyển động, cái gì là sự việc mà tạo ra sự lừa dối. Rõ ràng nó hiện diện khi tôi tham lam, khi tôi mong muốn một sự việc nào đó, khi tôi không thỏa mãn. Vì vậy thay vì tấn công vào sự tham lam, mong muốn, không thỏa mãn, tôi thèm khát cái gì đó hơn nữa.

Needleman: Vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy tôi phải hiểu rõ sự tham lam của tôi. Tôi tham lam vì cái gì? Đó có phải bởi vì tôi chán ngấy thế giới này, tôi đã có những người phụ nữ, tôi đã có những chiếc xe hơi, tôi đã có tiền bạc và tôi thèm khát cái gì đó hơn nữa?

Needleman: Tôi nghĩ người ta tham lam bởi vì người ta thèm khát sự phấn khích, để được mang ra khỏi chính bản thân họ, để cho người ta không thấy sự nghèo khó của chính bản thân họ. Nhưng điều gì tôi đang cố gắng hỏi – tôi biết ông đã trả lời câu hỏi này nhiều lần trong những nói chuyện của ông, nhưng nó cứ nảy ra hoài, hầu như không thể tránh khỏi – những truyền thống quan trọng của thế giới, ngoại trừ cái gì đã trở thành của họ (chúng đã bị biến dạng và diễn giải sai lầm và lừa dối) luôn luôn nói trực tiếp hay gián tiếp về sự trợ giúp. Họ nói rằng "vị đạo sư cũng là chính bạn", nhưng cùng lúc lại có sự trợ giúp.

KRISHNAMURTI: Thưa bạn, bạn có biết từ ngữ "đạo sư" có nghĩa gì hay không?

Needleman: Không, không chính xác lắm.

KRISHNAMURTI: Người chỉ rõ. Đó là một ý nghĩa. Một ý nghĩa khác là người mang lại sự khai sáng, cất đi gánh nặng của bạn. Nhưng thay vì cất đi gánh nặng của bạn họ lại đặt gánh nặng của họ vào bạn.

Needleman: Tôi e rằng như thế.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đạo sư cũng có nghĩa người giúp đỡ bạn vượt khỏi – và vân vân, có những ý nghĩa khác nhau. Khoảnh khắc vị đạo sư nói rằng ông ấy biết, vậy thì bạn có lẽ chắc chắn rằng ông ấy không biết. Bởi vì điều gì ông ấy biết là điều gì đó thuộc quá khứ, rõ ràng là như vậy. Hiểu biết là quá khứ. Và khi ông ấy nói rằng ông ấy biết, ông ấy đang nghĩ về trải nghiệm nào đó mà ông ấy đã có, mà ông ấy đã có thể công nhận như cái gì đó vĩ đại, và sự công nhận đó được sinh ra từ hiểu biết có trước của ông ấy, nếu không ông ấy không thể công nhận nó, vì vậy trải nghiệm của ông ấy có gốc rễ của nó trong quá khứ. Vậy thì nó không là sự thật.

Needleman: Ồ, tôi nghĩ rằng hầu hết hiểu biết là như thế.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vậy là tại sao chúng ta lại muốn bất kỳ dạng truyền thống cổ xưa hay hiện đại nào trong tất cả việc này. Hãy nhìn, thưa bạn, tôi không đọc bất kỳ quyển sách nào về tôn giáo, tâm lý, triết học: người ta có thể thâm nhập vào chính mình tại một chiều sâu thăm thẳm và tìm ra mọi thứ. Để thâm nhập vào chính mình là vấn đề, làm thế nào thực hiện nó. Vì không thể thực hiện nó người ta yêu cầu, "Ông làm ơn giúp đỡ tôi nhé?"

Needleman: Vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Và người còn lại nói rằng: "Tôi sẽ giúp đỡ bạn" rồi đẩy bạn đến nơi nào khác.

Needleman: Ồ, trong chừng mực nào đó nó trả lời cho câu hỏi. Vào một ngày trước tôi đã đọc một quyển sách nói về một điều gì đó được gọi là "Sat-san".

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn biết nó có nghĩa gì không?

Needleman: Kết giao với những con người thông thái.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, với những con người tốt lành.

Needleman: À. Với những con người tốt lành!

KRISHNAMURTI: Bởi vì tốt lành, bạn thông thái. Không phải, bởi vì thông thái bạn tốt lành.

Needleman: Tôi hiểu rõ việc đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bởi vì bạn tốt lành, bạn thông thái.

Needleman: Tôi không cố gắng đưa vấn đề này đến một cái gì đó nhưng tôi thấy rằng những sinh viên của tôi và chính tôi, nói với tôi, khi chúng tôi đọc, khi chúng tôi nghe ông, chúng tôi nói rằng, "A! tôi không cần ai cả, tôi không cần kết giao với ai cả" – và cũng có một lừa dối khủng khiếp trong việc này nữa.

KRISHNAMURTI: Dĩ nhiên, bởi vì bạn đang bị ảnh hưởng bởi người nói.

Needleman: Vâng. Điều đó đúng. (Tiếng cười)

KRISHNAMURTI: Thưa bạn, hãy nhìn đi, chúng ta hãy rất đơn giản đi. Giả sử rằng, nếu không có những quyển sách, không đạo sư, không người thầy, bạn sẽ làm gì? Người ta bị rối loạn, hoang mang, khốn khổ, bạn sẽ làm gì? Không ai giúp đỡ bạn, không thuốc men, không thứ gì làm dịu cơn đau, không những tôn giáo có tổ chức, bạn sẽ làm gì?

Needleman: Tôi không thể tưởng tượng được tôi sẽ làm gì.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó là nó.

Needleman: Có lẽ có một khoảnh khắc khẩn cấp ở đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó là nó. Chúng ta đã không có sự khẩn cấp bởi vì chúng ta nói, “Ồ, người nào đó sẽ giúp đỡ tôi.”

Needleman: Nhưng hầu hết mọi người sẽ bị dồn vào trạng thái điên cuồng bởi tình huống đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi không chắc như vậy, thưa bạn.

Needleman: Tôi cũng không chắc nữa.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, tôi không chắc chút nào cả. Bởi vì từ trước đến nay chúng ta đã làm gì? Những con người mà chúng ta đã tin cậy, những tôn giáo, những nhà thờ, giáo dục, họ đã dẫn chúng ta đến sự hỗn loạn kinh tởm này. Chúng ta không được tự do khỏi đau khổ, chúng ta không được tự do khỏi sự thô tục của chúng ta, sự xấu xa của chúng ta, những hão huyền của chúng ta.

Needleman: Người ta có thể nói điều đó cho tất cả họ hay sao? Có những người khác biệt. Trong hàng ngàn người lừa dối có một đức Phật.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nhưng đó không là quan tâm của tôi, thưa bạn, nếu chúng ta nói rằng nó dẫn đến một lừa dối như thế. Không, không.

Needleman: Vậy thì hãy cho phép tôi được hỏi ông điều này. Chúng ta biết rằng nếu không làm việc tích cực thân thể có lẽ bị bệnh tật, và làm việc tích cực này là điều gì chúng ta gọi là nỗ lực. Liệu có một nỗ lực nào khác mà chúng ta có lẽ gọi là tinh thần được hay không? Ông chống lại nỗ lực, nhưng sự tăng trưởng và sự thịnh vượng thuộc mọi khía cạnh của con người không đòi hỏi cái gì đó như làm việc tích cực của một loại này hay một loại khác hay sao?

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi không biết bạn có ý gì qua từ ngữ làm việc tích cực? Làm việc tích cực thuộc vật chất phải không?

Needleman: Đó là điều gì chúng ta thường có ý nói qua từ ngữ làm việc tích cực. Hay kháng cự những ham muốn.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn thấy không, chúng ta đó kìa! Tình trạng bị quy định của chúng ta, nền văn hóa của chúng ta, được xây dựng quanh "kháng cự" này. Dựng lên một bức tường kháng cự. Vì vậy khi chúng ta nói "làm việc tích cực", chúng ta có ý gì? Lười biếng phải không? Tại sao tôi phải tạo một nỗ lực về bất kỳ việc gì? Tại sao vậy?

Needleman: Bởi vì tôi ao ước một cái gì đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không. Tại sao có lối sống của nỗ lực này? Tại sao tôi phải tạo ra một nỗ lực để đến được Thượng đế, sự khai sáng, chân lý?

Needleman: Có nhiều câu trả lời có thể được, nhưng tôi chỉ có thể tự trả lời cho chính tôi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nó có lẽ ở ngay đó, chỉ vì tôi không biết quan sát như thế nào mà thôi.

Needleman: Nhưng vậy thì phải có một chướng ngại.

KRISHNAMURTI: Quan sát như thế nào à! Nó có lẽ ở ngay góc đường, dưới bông hoa, nó có lẽ ở bất kỳ nơi nào. Vì vậy trước tiên tôi phải học cách quan sát, không phải tạo nên một nỗ lực để quan sát. Tôi phải tìm ra quan sát có nghĩa gì.

Needleman: Vâng, nhưng ông không chấp nhận rằng có lẽ có một kháng cự với đang quan sát đó?

KRISHNAMURTI: Vậy thì đừng bận tâm gì với quan sát! Nếu người nào đó đến và nói rằng, “Tôi không muốn quan sát”. Làm thế nào bạn sẽ bắt buộc anh ấy quan sát được?

Needleman: Không. Lúc này tôi đang nói về chính tôi. Tôi muốn quan sát.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nếu bạn muốn quan sát, bạn có ý gì qua từ ngữ quan sát? Bạn phải tìm ra quan sát có nghĩa gì trước khi bạn tạo một nỗ lực để quan sát. Đúng chứ, thưa bạn?

Needleman: Đối với tôi, điều đó sẽ là một nỗ lực.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không.

Needleman: Thực hiện nó một cách tinh tế và nhạy bén. Tôi muốn quan sát, nhưng tôi không muốn tìm ra quan sát có nghĩa gì. Đối với tôi, tôi đồng ý rằng đây là sự việc căn bản. Nhưng mong muốn làm nó mau lẹ, vượt qua nó này, đây không là sự kháng cự hay sao?

KRISHNAMURTI: Loại thuốc mau lẹ để vượt qua nó.

Needleman: Có cái gì đó trong tôi mà tôi phải tìm hiểu, cái đó kháng cự sự việc tinh tế và nhỏ nhiệm hơn mà ông đang trình bày này phải không? Đây không là làm việc, điều gì ông đang nói hay sao? Nó không là làm việc khi đưa ra nghi vấn một cách yên lặng, một cách tinh tế hay sao? Dường như đối với tôi nó là làm việc khi không lắng nghe cái phần muốn làm nó đó . . .

KRISHNAMURTI: Mau lẹ.

Needleman: Đối với chúng tôi đặc biệt ở phương Tây, hay có lẽ cho tất cả con người.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi e rằng khắp thế giới đều như vậy. “Hãy nói cho tôi làm cách nào đạt đến đó thật mau lẹ.”

Needleman: Và tuy nhiên ông lại nói nó ở trong một tích tắc.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đúng là như vậy, chắc chắn.

Needleman: Vâng, tôi hiểu rõ.

KRISHNAMURTI: Thưa bạn, nỗ lực là gì? Ra khỏi giường vào buổi sáng, khi bạn không muốn thức dậy, là một nỗ lực. Cái gì tạo ra sự lười biếng đó? Thiếu ngủ, ăn uống vô độ, buông thả quá mức và mọi chuyện như thế; và sáng hôm sau bạn nói rằng, "Ồ, chán quá, tôi phải thức dậy!" Bây giờ hãy chờ một chút, thưa bạn, hãy theo sát điều này. Lười biếng là gì? Nó là sự lười biếng phần thân thể, hay tư tưởng chính nó lười biếng?

Needleman: Tôi không hiểu rõ điều đó. Tôi cần một từ ngữ khác. "Tư tưởng là lười biếng?" Tôi thấy rằng tư tưởng luôn luôn giống nhau.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không thưa bạn, tôi lười biếng, tôi không muốn thức dậy và vì vậy tôi ép buộc mình phải thức dậy. Trong đó có sự việc tạm gọi là nỗ lực.

Needleman: Vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi muốn việc đó, nhưng tôi không nên có nó, tôi kháng cự nó. Sự kháng cự là nỗ lực. Tôi tức giận và tôi không được tức giận: kháng cự, nỗ lực. Điều gì đã làm cho tôi lười biếng?

Needleman: Sự suy nghĩ rằng tôi nên thức dậy.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó là nó.

Needleman: Đúng rồi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy tôi phải thực sự tìm hiểu toàn vấn đề của tư tưởng này. Không phải khẳng định rằng tư tưởng lười biếng, ép buộc thân thể ra khỏi giường, bởi vì thân thể có thông minh riêng của nó, nó biết khi nào nó bị mệt và nên nghỉ ngơi. Sáng nay tôi bị mệt; tôi đã chuẩn bị cái mền và mọi thứ để luyện tập những bài yoga và thân thể nói

“Không, xin lỗi”. Và tôi nói. “Được rồi”. Đó không là lười biếng. Thân thể nói, “Hãy để tôi một mình bởi vì bạn đã nói chuyện ngày hôm qua, bạn đã gặp quá nhiều người, bạn bị mệt.” Sau đó tư tưởng nói, “Bạn phải dậy sớm và thực hiện những bài tập bởi vì nó tốt cho bạn, bạn đã làm nó hàng ngày, nó đã trở thành một thói quen, đừng nghỉ ngơi, bạn sẽ lười biếng, hãy thực hiện nó.” Mà có nghĩa: tư tưởng đang làm cho tôi lười biếng, không phải thân thể đang làm cho tôi lười biếng.

Needleman: Tôi hiểu điều đó. Vì vậy có một nỗ lực liên quan đến tư tưởng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy không có nỗ lực! Tại sao tư tưởng lại máy móc như thế? Và có phải tất cả tư tưởng đều máy móc hay không?

Needleman: Vâng, đúng rồi, người ta đặt ra câu hỏi đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Phải vậy không?

Needleman: Tôi không thể nói rằng tôi đã khẳng định điều đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nhưng chúng ta có thể, thưa bạn. Hiểu rõ điều đó khá đơn giản. Tất cả tư tưởng không là máy móc hay sao? Trạng thái không máy móc là sự vắng mặt của tư tưởng; không phải sự lơ đãng của tư tưởng nhưng sự vắng mặt của nó.

Needleman: Làm thế nào tôi có thể tìm ra điều đó?

KRISHNAMURTI: Hãy thực hiện nó bây giờ đi, nó đơn giản lắm. Bạn có thể thực hiện nó ngay lúc này nếu bạn muốn. Tư tưởng là máy móc.

Needleman: Chúng ta hãy giả sử việc đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không phải giả sử. Đừng giả sử bất kỳ điều gì cả.

Needleman: Đúng rồi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tư tưởng là máy móc, phải không? – bởi vì nó có tánh lặp lại, tuân phục, so sánh.

Needleman: Phần đó tôi hiểu được, đang so sánh. Nhưng trải nghiệm của tôi là rằng không phải mọi tư tưởng đều thuộc cùng chất lượng. Có những chất lượng của tư tưởng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Có à?

Needleman: Trong trải nghiệm của tôi có.

KRISHNAMURTI: Chúng ta hãy tìm ra. Tư tưởng, suy nghĩ là gì?

Needleman: Dường như có tư tưởng mà rất nông cạn, rất lặp lại, rất máy móc. Nó có một sở thích nào đó. Dường như có một loại tư tưởng khác mà liên kết nhiều với thân thể của tôi, với toàn cái tôi của tôi, nó vận dụng trong một cách khác.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó là gì vậy, thưa bạn? Tư tưởng là sự phản ứng của ký ức.

Needleman: Đúng rồi, đây là một định nghĩa.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, không, tôi có thể thấy nó trong chính tôi. Tôi phải đi đến ngôi nhà đó tối nay – kỷ niệm, khoảng cách, hoạch định – tất cả cái đó là ký ức, phải vậy không?

Needleman: Vâng, đó là ký ức.

KRISHNAMURTI: Trước kia tôi đã ở đó và vì vậy ký ức được ghi lại rõ ràng và từ ký ức đó có hoặc là suy nghĩ tức khắc, hoặc là suy nghĩ mất chút ít thời gian. Vì vậy tôi đang hỏi chính tôi: tất cả tư tưởng đều giống nhau, đều máy móc, hay có tư tưởng mà không-máy móc, không-từ ngữ?

Needleman: Vâng, điều đó đúng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Có tư tưởng nếu không có từ ngữ hay sao?

Needleman: Có hiểu rõ.

KRISHNAMURTI: Chờ đã, thưa bạn. Làm thế nào hiểu rõ này xảy ra được? Nó xảy ra khi tư tưởng đang vận hành mau lẹ, hay khi tư tưởng đứng yên?

Needleman: Vâng, khi tư tưởng đứng yên.

KRISHNAMURTI: Hiểu rõ không liên quan gì với tư tưởng. Bạn có lẽ lý luận, mà là sự tiến hành của suy nghĩ, chuỗi lý luận, cho đến khi bạn nói rằng, "Tôi không hiểu nó"; sau đó bạn trở nên yên lặng, và bạn nói rằng, "A! Tôi thấy nó, tôi hiểu nó rồi." Hiểu rõ đó không là một kết quả của tư tưởng.

Needleman: Ông nói về một năng lượng mà dường như không có nguyên nhân. Chúng tôi trải nghiệm năng lượng của nguyên nhân và hậu quả, mà định hình cuộc sống của chúng tôi, nhưng sự liên hệ của năng lượng khác này với năng lượng mà chúng tôi quen thuộc là gì? Năng lượng là gì?

KRISHNAMURTI: Trước hết: năng lượng có thể được phân chia hay không?

Needleman: Tôi không biết. Làm ơn tiếp tục.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nó có thể được phân chia. Năng lượng vật chất, năng lượng của sự tức giận và vân vân, năng lượng vũ trụ, năng lượng con người, nó có thể được phân chia ra tất cả, đúng chứ? Nhưng tất cả năng lượng đều là một năng lượng, phải vậy không?

Needleman: Hợp lý, tôi nói vâng. Tôi không hiểu rõ năng lượng. Thỉnh thoảng tôi trải nghiệm cái sự việc mà tôi gọi là năng lượng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tại sao chúng ta lại phân chia năng lượng, đó là điều gì tôi muốn hiểu rõ; sau đó chúng ta có thể tiếp cận nó một cách khác hẳn. Năng lượng tình dục, năng lượng cơ thể, năng lượng tinh thần, năng lượng vũ trụ, năng lượng của người kinh doanh mà đi đến văn phòng và vân vân – tại sao chúng ta phân chia nó? Lý do cho sự phân chia này là gì?

Needleman: Dường như có nhiều bộ phận của một con người bị tách rời; và đối với tôi có vẻ là, chúng ta phân chia sự sống, bởi vì sự tách rời đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tại sao vậy? Chúng ta đã phân chia thế giới thành Chủ nghĩa Cộng sản, Chủ nghĩa Xã hội, Chủ nghĩa Đế quốc, và Thiên chúa giáo, Tin lành giáo, Ấn độ giáo, Phật giáo, và những quốc tịch, những phân chia ngôn ngữ, toàn sự việc đó là phân chia. Tại sao cái trí đã phân chia tổng thể của sự sống?

Needleman: Tôi không biết câu trả lời. Tôi thấy biển cả và tôi thấy một cái cây: có một phân chia.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không. Có một khác biệt giữa biển cả và cái cây – tôi hy vọng như thế! Nhưng đó không là một phân chia.

Needleman: Không. Nó là một khác biệt, không phải một phân chia.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nhưng chúng ta đang hỏi tại sao sự phân chia hiện diện, không chỉ phía bên ngoài nhưng còn cả bên trong chúng ta.

Needleman: Nó ở bên trong chúng ta, đó là vấn đề thú vị nhất.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bởi vì nó ở bên trong chúng ta, chúng ta vươn nó ra bên ngoài. Bây giờ tại sao có sự phân chia này trong tôi? Cái "tôi" và cái "không tôi". Bạn theo kịp chứ? Cái cao hơn và cái thấp hơn, cái Đại ngã và cái tôi thấp hèn. Tại sao có sự phân chia này?

Needleman: Có lẽ nó đã được thực hiện, ít nhất từ khởi đầu, để giúp đỡ con người tự tìm hiểu chính họ. Để bắt buộc họ tìm hiểu liệu họ có thực sự biết điều gì họ nghĩ là họ biết.

KRISHNAMURTI: Qua sự phân chia họ sẽ tìm ra à?

Needleman: Có lẽ qua ý tưởng rằng có cái gì đó mà tôi không hiểu rõ.

KRISHNAMURTI: Trong một con người có một phân chia – tại sao vậy? "Lý do nó tồn tại" là gì, cấu trúc của phân chia này là gì? Tôi thấy có một người suy nghĩ và suy nghĩ – đúng chứ?

Needleman: Tôi không thấy điều đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Có một người suy nghĩ nói rằng, "Tôi phải kiểm soát sự suy nghĩ đó, tôi không được suy nghĩ như thế này, tôi phải suy nghĩ như thế kia". Vì vậy có một người suy nghĩ mà nói rằng, "Tôi phải", hay "Tôi không được".

Needleman: Đúng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Có sự phân chia. "Tôi nên là thế này", và "Tôi không nên là thế kia". Nếu tôi có thể hiểu rõ tại sao có sự phân chia này hiện diện trong tôi – Ồ hãy nhìn kìa, hãy nhìn kìa! Hãy nhìn những quả đồi kia! Tuyệt vời, phải vậy không?

Needleman: Đẹp!

KRISHNAMURTI: Bây giờ, thưa bạn, bạn nhìn nó bằng một phân chia phải không?

Needleman: Không.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tại sao không?

Needleman: Đã không có cái "tôi" làm bất kỳ điều gì về nó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó là tất cả. Bạn không thể làm bất kỳ điều gì về nó cả. Ở đây, với tư tưởng, tôi nghĩ rằng tôi có thể làm cái gì đó.

Needleman: Vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy tôi muốn thay đổi "cái gì là". Tôi không thể thay đổi "cái gì là" ở đó, nhưng tôi nghĩ tôi có thể thay đổi "cái gì là" trong tôi. Không biết làm thế nào để thay đổi nó tôi đã trở nên thất vọng, bị hụt hẫng, tuyệt vọng. Tôi nói , "Tôi không thể thay đổi", và thế là tôi không có năng lượng để thay đổi.

Needleman: Đó là điều gì người ta nói.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy trước hết, trước khi tôi thay đổi "cái gì là", tôi phải biết ai là người thay đổi, đó là ai mà thay đổi.

Needleman: Có những khoảnh khắc người ta biết việc đó, trong một khoảnh khắc. Những khoảnh khắc đó mất đi. Có những khoảnh khắc khi người ta biết cái người thấy "cái gì là" trong chính người ta.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không thưa bạn. Xin lỗi. Chỉ thấy "cái gì là" là đủ rồi, không phải thay đổi nó.

Needleman: Tôi đồng ý. Tôi đồng ý điều đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi có thể thấy "cái gì là" chỉ khi nào người quan sát không còn. Khi bạn nhìn những quả đồi kia, người quan sát không còn.

Needleman: Vâng, tôi đồng ý.

KRISHNAMURTI: Người quan sát chỉ hiện diện khi bạn muốn thay đổi "cái gì là". Bạn nói rằng: tôi không thích "cái gì là", nó phải được thay đổi, vì vậy ngay lập tức có một phân hai. Liệu cái trí có thể quan sát "cái gì là" mà không có người quan sát được không? Nó đã xảy ra khi bạn nhìn những quả đồi kia cùng ánh sáng kỳ diệu đó trên chúng.

Needleman: Sự thật này là sự thật tuyệt đối. Khoảnh khắc người ta trải nghiệm nó người ta nói, "Vâng!" Nhưng trải nghiệm của người ta cũng là người ta quên việc này.

KRISHNAMURTI: Quên!

Needleman: Qua câu đó tôi có ý nói rằng người ta liên tục cố gắng thay đổi nó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Quên nó, và nhớ lại nó.

Needleman: Nhưng trong bàn luận này – dù ông dự tính thế nào chăng nữa – có sự trợ giúp nảy sinh từ bàn luận này. Tôi biết, rõ ràng như tôi có thể biết bất kỳ việc gì, nó không thể xảy ra nếu không có sự trợ giúp giữa chúng ta. Tôi có thể nhìn những quả đồi kia và có lẽ có không-đang nhận xét này, nhưng nó sẽ không quan trọng đối với tôi; tôi sẽ không biết rằng đó là phương cách mà tôi phải nhìn nếu muốn có sự cứu vớt tinh thần. Và tôi nghĩ, đây là một nghi vấn mà người ta luôn luôn muốn ấp ủ. Có lẽ đây là cái trí lại muốn nắm bắt và bám chặt vào cái gì đó, nhưng dẫu vậy có vẻ đó là sự quy định của con người . . .

KRISHNAMURTI: Thưa bạn, chúng ta đã nhìn những quả đồi kia, bạn không thể thay đổi nó, bạn chỉ nhìn; và bạn nhìn phía bên trong và trận chiến đã bắt đầu. Trong một khoảnh khắc bạn đã nhìn mà không có trận chiến đó, không có sự nỗ lực đó, và tất cả những việc như thế. Sau đó bạn nhớ lại vẻ đẹp của khoảnh khắc đó, của giây phút đó, và bạn muốn nắm bắt vẻ đẹp đó lần nữa. Chờ một chút, thưa bạn! Tiếp tục. Vì vậy điều gì xảy ra? Nó dựng lên một xung đột khác: sự việc mà bạn đã trải qua và bạn muốn có nó lại, và bạn không biết làm thế nào để có nó lại. Bạn biết không, nếu bạn suy nghĩ về nó, nó không giống như hệt, nó không phải sự việc đó. Vì vậy bạn gắng sức, đấu tranh. "Tôi phải kiểm soát, tôi không được ham muốn" – đúng không? Trái lại nếu bạn nói rằng, "Được rồi, nó qua rồi, đã kết thúc", khoảnh khắc đó đã qua rồi.

Needleman: Tôi phải học hỏi điều đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, không.

Needleman: Tôi phải học hỏi, phải không?

KRISHNAMURTI: Có điều gì phải học hỏi?

Needleman: Tôi phải học hỏi sự vô ích của xung đột này.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không. Có điều gì phải học hỏi? Chính bạn thấy rằng khoảnh khắc của vẻ đẹp đó trở thành một ký ức, sau đó ký ức nói , “Nó quá đẹp tôi phải có nó lại.” Bạn không quan tâm đến vẻ đẹp, bạn quan tâm đến sự theo đuổi vui thú. Vui thú và vẻ đẹp không theo cùng nhau. Vậy là nếu bạn hiểu rõ điều đó, nó kết thúc. Giống như một con rắn độc, bạn sẽ không đến gần nó nữa.

Needleman: (Cười) Có lẽ tôi đã không hiểu rõ nó, vì vậy tôi không thể nói được.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó là vấn đề.

Needleman: Vâng, tôi nghĩ điều đó phải như vậy, bởi vì người ta cứ quay trở lại và quay trở lại.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không. Đây là sự việc thực sự. Nếu tôi thấy vẻ đẹp của ánh sáng đó, và thực sự nó đẹp lạ thường, tôi chỉ thấy nó. Bây giờ cùng chất lượng của chú ý đó tôi muốn thấy chính tôi. Có một khoảnh khắc của trực nhận mà cũng đẹp lạ thường như ánh sáng đó. Vậy thì sau đó điều gì xảy ra?

Needleman: Sau đó tôi ao ước có nó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Sau đó tôi muốn nắm bắt nó, tôi muốn vun quén nó, tôi muốn theo đuổi nó.

Needleman: Và làm thế nào thấy được sự việc đó?

KRISHNAMURTI: Chỉ thấy sự việc đó đang xảy ra là đủ rồi.

Needleman: Đó là điều gì tôi quên!

KRISHNAMURTI: Nó không là một vấn đề của quên.

Needleman: Ồ, đó là điều gì tôi không hiểu rõ kỹ càng. Rằng chỉ đang thấy là đủ rồi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Hãy nhìn kìa, thưa bạn. Khi bạn thấy một con rắn chuyện gì xảy ra?

Needleman: Tôi sợ hãi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không. Chuyện gì xảy ra? Bạn chạy đi, giết nó, làm một việc gì đó. Tại sao vậy? Bởi vì bạn biết nó nguy hiểm. Bạn ý thức được sự nguy hiểm của nó. Một vực thẳm, tốt hơn nên lấy ví dụ một vực thẳm, một vách đứng sâu. Bạn biết sự nguy hiểm của nó. Không ai phải bảo cho bạn biết. Bạn thấy trực tiếp việc gì sẽ xảy ra.

Needleman: Đúng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bây giờ, nếu bạn thấy trực tiếp rằng vẻ đẹp của khoảnh khắc trực nhận đó không thể lặp lại được, nó đã qua rồi. Nhưng tư tưởng lại nói rằng, “Không, nó không qua rồi, ký ức của nó còn nguyên.” Vì vậy bạn đang làm gì lúc này? Bạn đang theo đuổi cái ký ức chết rồi của nó, không phải vẻ đẹp đang sống của nó – đúng chứ? Bây giờ nếu bạn thấy điều đó, sự thật của nó – nó kết thúc.

Needleman: Vậy thì đang thấy này còn hiếm hoi hơn chúng ta nghĩ.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nếu tôi thấy được vẻ đẹp của phút đó, nó qua rồi. Tôi không muốn theo đuổi nó. Nếu tôi theo đuổi nó, nó trở thành một vui thú. Sau đó nếu tôi không thể có được nó, nó mang lại thất vọng, đau khổ và mọi chuyện như thế. Vì vậy tôi nói, “Được rồi, kết thúc.” Vậy thì điều gì xảy ra?

Needleman: Theo trải nghiệm của tôi, tôi nghĩ điều gì xảy ra là điều quái quỉ đó được sinh ra lại. Nó có một ngàn cuộc sống. (Tiếng cười.)

KRISHNAMURTI: Không thưa bạn. Vẻ đẹp đó đã xảy ra lúc nào?

Needleman: Lúc tôi thấy mà không cố gắng thay đổi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Khi cái trí hoàn toàn yên lặng.

Needleman: Vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Phải vậy không? Đúng chứ?

Needleman: Vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Khi bạn đã thấy việc đó, cái trí của bạn yên lặng, nó đã không nói, “Tôi ước rằng tôi có thể thay đổi nó, sao chép nó và chụp ảnh nó, cái này, cái kia, và cái khác” – bạn chỉ thấy. Cái trí không đang vận hành. Hay nói khác hơn, tư tưởng không đang vận hành. Nhưng tư tưởng xuất hiện ngay lập tức để vận hành. Lúc này người ta đã hỏi, “Làm thế nào tư tưởng có thể yên lặng được? Làm thế nào người ta có thể vận dụng tư tưởng khi cần thiết, và không vận dụng nó khi không cần thiết?”

Needleman: Vâng, câu hỏi đó gây hứng thú cực kỳ cho tôi, thưa ông.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó là, tại sao chúng ta lại tôn sùng tư tưởng? Tại sao tư tưởng đã trở thành quan trọng lạ lùng như thế?

Needleman: Dường như nó có thể gây thỏa mãn cho những ham muốn của chúng ta; qua tư tưởng chúng ta tin rằng chúng ta có thể thỏa mãn.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, không phải từ sự thỏa mãn. Với hầu hết mọi người trong mọi nền văn hóa tại sao tư tưởng đã trở thành mối quan tâm sống còn như thế?

Needleman: Người ta thường tự đồng hóa chính mình như tư tưởng, như những suy nghĩ của người ta. Nếu tôi nghĩ về chính tôi tôi nghĩ về điều gì tôi suy nghĩ, loại ý tưởng nào tôi có, tôi tin tưởng cái gì. Đây là điều gì ông có ý nói phải không?

KRISHNAMURTI: Không hoàn toàn như thế. Tách rời khỏi sự đồng hóa với cái “tôi”, hay với cái “không tôi”, tại sao tư tưởng luôn luôn hoạt động?

Needleman: À, tôi hiểu rồi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tư tưởng luôn luôn đang vận hành trong hiểu biết, đúng không? Nếu không có hiểu biết, tư tưởng không hiện diện. Tư tưởng luôn luôn đang vận hành trong lãnh vực của cái đã được biết. Dù rằng máy móc, không từ ngữ và vân vân, nó luôn luôn đang làm việc trong quá khứ. Vì vậy sống của tôi là quá khứ, bởi vì nó được đặt nền tảng trên hiểu biết quá khứ, trải nghiệm quá khứ, những kỷ niệm, vui thú, đau khổ, sợ hãi quá khứ và vân vân – tất cả đều là quá khứ. Và tương lai tôi chiếu rọi từ quá khứ, tư tưởng chiếu rọi từ quá khứ. Vì vậy tư tưởng bập bềnh giữa quá khứ và tương lai. Nó luôn luôn nói rằng, “Tôi nên làm việc này, tôi không nên làm việc kia, đáng ra tôi đã phải cư xử như thế này.” Tại sao nó đang làm tất cả việc này?

Needleman: Tôi không biết. Thói quen?

KRISHNAMURTI: Thói quen. Được rồi. Tiếp tục đi. Chúng ta hãy tìm ra. Thói quen à?

Needleman: Thói quen mang lại điều gì tôi gọi là vui thú.

KRISHNAMURTI: Thói quen, vui thú, đau khổ.

Needleman: Để bảo vệ tôi. Đau khổ, vâng đau khổ.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nó luôn luôn đang làm việc trong lãnh vực đó. Tại sao vậy?

Needleman: Bởi vì nó không biết cái gì tốt đẹp hơn.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không. Không. Liệu tư tưởng có thể làm việc trong bất kỳ lãnh vực nào khác hay không?

Needleman: Loại tư tưởng đó, không.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, không phải bất kỳ loại tư tưởng nào. Liệu tư tưởng có thể làm việc trong bất kỳ lãnh vực nào khác ngoại trừ trong lãnh vực của cái đã được biết hay không?

Needleman: Không.

KRISHNAMURTI: Chắc chắn là không. Nó không thể làm việc trong cái gì đó mà tôi không biết; nó chỉ có thể làm việc trong lãnh vực này. Bây giờ tại sao nó làm việc trong lãnh vực này? Kia kìa nó ở đó, thưa bạn – tại sao? Nó là vật duy nhất mà tôi biết. Trong đó có sự an toàn, có sự bảo vệ, có sự an ninh. Đó là tất cả cái gì tôi biết được. Vì vậy tư tưởng chỉ có thể vận hành trong lãnh vực của cái đã được biết. Và khi nó chán ngán việc đó, như nó thường có, vậy thì nó tìm kiếm cái gì đó phía bên ngoài. Vậy thì cái gì nó tìm kiếm vẫn còn là cái đã được biết. Những thần thánh của nó, những ảo tưởng của nó, những trạng thái tinh thần của nó – tất cả được chiếu rọi từ quá khứ đã được biết thành đã được biết của tương lai. Vì vậy tư tưởng luôn luôn làm việc trong lãnh vực này.

Needleman: Vâng, tôi hiểu.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy tư tưởng luôn luôn đang làm việc trong một nhà tù. Nó có thể gọi đó là tự do, nó có thể gọi đó là vẻ đẹp, nó có thể gọi đó là cái gì nó thích! Nhưng nó luôn luôn ở trong những giới hạn của hàng rào kẽm gai. Bây giờ tôi muốn tìm ra liệu tư tưởng có bất kỳ nơi nào khác ngoại trừ nơi đó không? Tư tưởng không có nơi nào khi tôi nói rằng, “Tôi không biết.” “Tôi thực sự không biết.” Đúng chứ?

Needleman: Trong chốc lát.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi thực sự không biết. Tôi chỉ biết lãnh vực này và tôi thực sự không biết liệu tư tưởng có thể vận hành trong bất kỳ lãnh vực nào khác, ngoại trừ lãnh vực này hay không. Tôi thực sự không biết. Khi tôi nói rằng, “Tôi không biết”’, mà không có nghĩa rằng tôi đang chờ đợi để biết, khi tôi nói rằng tôi thực sự không biết – chuyện gì xảy ra? Tôi leo xuống cái thang. Tôi trở thành, cái trí trở thành, hoàn toàn khiêm tốn.

Lúc này trong trạng thái của “không biết” đó là thông minh. Vậy là nó có thể vận hành trong lãnh vực của cái đã được biết và được tự do để làm việc nơi nào đó nếu nó muốn.

MALIBU,CALIFORNIA

Ngày 26 tháng ba năm 1971

– 2 – VỀ KHÔNG GIAN BÊN TRONG,

VỀ TRUYỀN THỐNG VÀ LỆ THUỘC

Nói chuyện giữa J. Krishnamurti

và giáo sư J. Needleman

Needleman: Trong những nói chuyện của ông, ông đã cống hiến một ý nghĩa mới mẻ vào sự cần thiết cho con người phải trở thành uy quyền riêng của anh ấy. Tuy vậy sự khẳng định này không thể dễ dàng được biến thành một trạng thái tâm lý của con người nếu không liên quan đến kích thước thăng hoa và thiêng liêng của sự sống con người trên trái đất giữa một Vũ trụ thông minh và mênh mang? Chúng ta không những phải cố gắng thấy chính chúng ta trong khoảnh khắc, mà còn như những sinh vật của Vũ trụ? Điều gì tôi đang cố gắng đưa ra là vấn đề của kích thước vũ trụ này.

KRISHNAMURTI: Ngay khi chúng ta sử dụng từ ngữ “kích thước” đó, nó hàm ý không gian, ngược lại không có kích thước, không có không gian. Chúng ta đang nói về không gian, không gian phía bên ngoài, không gian vô tận phải không?

Needleman: Không.

KRISHNAMURTI: Hay kích thước của không gian trong chúng ta?

Needleman: Tôi nghĩ, nó phải là cái sau, nhưng không hoàn toàn không có cái trước.

KRISHNAMURTI: Có một khác biệt giữa không gian bên ngoài, mà vô giới hạn, và không gian bên trong chúng ta hay không? Hay không có không gian bên trong chúng ta gì cả và chúng ta chỉ biết không gian bên ngoài mà thôi? Chúng ta biết không gian bên trong chúng ta như một trung tâm và chu vi của nó. Kích thước của trung tâm đó, và bán kính từ trung tâm đó, là điều gì thông thường chúng ta gọi không gian đó.

Needleman: Không gian bên trong, vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vâng, không gian bên trong. Bây giờ nếu có một trung tâm, không gian phải luôn luôn bị giới hạn và vậy thì chúng ta tách rời không gian bên trong ra khỏi không gian bên ngoài.

Needleman: Vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Chúng ta chỉ biết được không gian rất giới hạn này nhưng chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta muốn vươn đến không gian khác, muốn có không gian vô giới hạn. Ngôi nhà này hiện diện trong không gian, ngược lại không thể có ngôi nhà, và bốn bức tường của căn phòng này đã tạo ra không gian của nó. Và không gian trong tôi là không gian mà trung tâm đã tạo ra quanh chính nó. Giống như cái microphone đó . . .

Needleman: Vâng, trung tâm của tư lợi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không chỉ trung tâm của tư lợi, nó có không gian riêng của nó, nếu không nó không thể hiện diện.

Needleman: Vâng, đúng rồi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Trong cùng cách như vậy, những con người có lẽ có một trung tâm và từ trung tâm đó họ tạo ra một không gian, trung tâm tạo ra một không gian quanh chính nó. Và không gian đó luôn luôn bị giới hạn, nó phải bị giới hạn; bởi vì trung tâm, không gian bị giới hạn.

Needleman: Nó được định nghĩa, nó là một không gian được định nghĩa, vâng đúng rồi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Khi bạn sử dụng những từ ngữ “không gian vũ trụ” . . .

Needleman: Tôi đã không sử dụng những từ ngữ “không gian vũ trụ”; tôi đã nói vũ trụ, kích thước của vũ trụ. Tôi không đang hỏi về không gian bên ngoài và những chuyến đi đến những hành tinh.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vậy là chúng ta đang nói về không gian mà trung tâm tạo ra quanh nó, và cũng về không gian giữa hai tư tưởng; có một không gian, một khoảng ngừng giữa hai tư tưởng.

Needleman: Vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Và trung tâm mà đã tạo ra không gian đó quanh chính nó, có không gian bên ngoài cái giới hạn. Có một không gian giữa suy nghĩ, giữa những tư tưởng; và cũng có một không gian quanh chính trung tâm, và không gian vượt khỏi cái hàng rào kẽm gai. Bây giờ câu hỏi là gì vậy, thưa bạn? Làm thế nào mở rộng không gian được? Làm thế nào thâm nhập vào một kích thước khác hẳn của không gian?

Needleman: Không phải làm thế nào nhưng . . .

KRISHNAMURTI: . . . không phải làm thế nào? Liệu có một kích thước khác hẳn của không gian ngoại trừ không gian bao quanh trung tâm hay không?

Needleman: Hay là một kích thước khác hẳn của sự thật?

KRISHNAMURTI: Không gian, lúc này chúng ta đang nói về không gian, chúng ta có thể dùng từ ngữ đó. Đầu tiên tôi phải hiểu rất rõ ràng không gian giữa hai tư tưởng.

Needleman: Khoảng ngừng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Khoảng ngừng này giữa hai tư tưởng. Khoảng ngừng có nghĩa là không gian. Và cái gì xảy ra trong khoảng ngừng này?

Needleman: Ồ, tôi thú nhận rằng tôi không biết bởi vì những suy nghĩ của tôi luôn luôn phủ chồng lên nhau. Tôi biết có những khoảng ngừng, có những khoảnh khắc khi khoảng ngừng này xuất hiện, và tôi thấy nó, và có được tự do ở đó trong chốc lát.

KRISHNAMURTI: Chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu điều này một chút xíu, đồng ý chứ? Có không gian giữa hai suy nghĩ. Có không gian mà trung tâm tạo ra quanh chính nó, mà là không gian của cô lập.

Needleman: Đúng rồi, vâng. Đó là một từ ngữ lạnh lùng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nó đang tự tách rời nó ra. Tôi nghĩ rằng chính bản thân tôi, cùng những thất vọng của tôi, cùng sự giận dữ của tôi, cùng dục tình của tôi, cùng tăng trưởng của tôi, thiền dịnh của tôi, đạt đến hạnh phúc tuyệt đối của tôi.

Needleman: Vâng, đó là sự cô lập.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nó là sự cô lập. Sự liên hệ của tôi với bạn là hình ảnh của sự cô lập đó, mà là không gian đó. Rồi thì đã tạo ra không gian đó và lại có một không gian phía ngoài hàng rào kẽm gai. Bây giờ liệu có một không gian của một kích thước hoàn toàn khác hẳn hay không? Đó là câu hỏi.

Needleman: Vâng, điều đó gói trọn câu hỏi rồi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Làm thế nào chúng ta sẽ tìm ra liệu không gian quanh tôi, quanh trung tâm có tồn tại? Và làm thế nào tôi có thể tìm ra không gian còn lại? Tôi có thể giả thiết không gian còn lại, tôi có thể sáng chế bất kỳ không gian nào tôi thích – nhưng điều đó quá trừu tượng, quá xuẩn ngốc!

Needleman: Vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy liệu có thể được tự do khỏi trung tâm, để cho trung tâm không tạo ra không gian quanh chính nó, dựng lên một bức tường quanh chính nó, cô lập, một nhà tù – và gọi đó là không gian? Liệu trung tâm đó có thể không còn hiện diện hay không? Ngược lại tôi không thể vượt khỏi nó; cái trí không thể vượt khỏi giới hạn đó.

Needleman: Vâng, tôi hiểu điều gì ông muốn nói. Nó hợp lý, chính xác.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó là, trung tâm đó là gì? Trung tâm đó là cái “tôi” và cái “không-tôi”, trung tâm đó là người quan sát, người suy nghĩ, người trải nghiệm, và trong trung tâm đó cũng là vật được quan sát. Trung tâm nói, “Đó là hàng rào kẽm gai tôi đã tạo ra quanh chính bản thân tôi.”

Needleman: Vậy là trung tâm đó cũng bị giới hạn ở đó nữa.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đúng rồi. Vì vậy nó tách rời chính nó khỏi hàng rào kẽm gai. Vì vậy hàng rào kẽm gai đó trở thành vật được quan sát. Trung tâm là người quan sát. Vì vậy có không gian giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát – đúng chứ thưa bạn?

Needleman: Vâng, tôi hiểu điều đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Và không gian đó nó cố gắng bắt nhịp cầu qua. Đó là điều gì chúng ta đang làm.

Needleman: Nó cố gắng bắt nhịp cầu qua nó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nó nói, “Điều này phải được thay đổi, điều đó không được tồn tại, điều này là hạn hẹp, điều đó là rộng rãi, tôi phải tốt hơn điều đó.” Tất cả việc đó là chuyển động trong không gian giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát.

Needleman: Tôi theo sát được điều đó, vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Và vì vậy có xung đột giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Bởi vì vật được quan sát là hàng rào kẽm gai mà phải được nhảy qua, và thế là trận chiến bắt đầu. Bây giờ liệu người quan sát có thể – mà là trung tâm, mà là người suy nghĩ, mà là người biết, mà là trải nghiệm, mà là hiểu biết – liệu trung tâm đó có thể yên lặng được không?

Needleman: Tại sao nó phải mong muốn như vậy?

KRISHNAMURTI: Nếu nó không yên lặng, không gian luôn luôn bị giới hạn.

Needleman: Nhưng trung tâm, người quan sát, không biết rằng nó bị giới hạn trong cách này.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nhưng bạn có thể thấy nó, hãy quan sát. Trung tâm là người quan sát, chúng ta hãy gọi anh ấy là người quan sát trong lúc này – người suy nghĩ, người trải nghiệm, người biết, người tranh đấu, người tìm kiếm, người mà nói rằng, “Tôi biết, và bạn không biết.” Đúng chứ? Nơi nào có một trung tâm nó phải có một không gian quanh chính nó.

Needleman: Vâng, tôi theo kịp.

KRISHNAMURTI: Và khi nó quan sát, nó quan sát qua không gian đó. Khi tôi quan sát những hòn núi kia, có không gian giữa tôi và những hòn núi. Và khi tôi quan sát chính tôi có không gian giữa tôi và sự việc tôi quan sát trong chính tôi. Khi tôi quan sát người vợ của tôi, tôi quan sát cô ấy từ trung tâm của hình ảnh về cô ấy của tôi, và cô ấy quan sát tôi với hình ảnh mà cô ấy có về tôi. Vì vậy luôn luôn có sự phân chia và không gian này.

Needleman: Khi thay đổi hoàn toàn sự tiếp cận đến chủ thể, có cái gì đó được gọi là thiêng liêng. Những lời dạy thiêng liêng, những ý tưởng thiêng liêng, những thiêng liêng, mà trong lúc này dường như bộc lộ cho tôi rằng trung tâm này và không gian này mà ông nói là một ảo tưởng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Chờ một tí. Người ta đã hiểu được việc này từ người nào đó. Vậy thì, chúng ta sắp sửa tìm ra thiêng liêng là gì? Chúng ta đang thấy bởi vì người nào đó đã bảo tôi, “Đó là thiêng liêng”, hay rằng có một sự việc thiêng liêng? Hay nó là sự tưởng tượng của tôi, bởi vì tôi ham muốn cái gì đó thiêng liêng?

Needleman: Rất thường xuyên nó là việc đó nhưng có . . .

KRISHNAMURTI: Lúc này nó là cái gì? Ham muốn để tìm ra cái gì đó thiêng liêng? Sự áp đặt vào cái trí của tôi bởi những người khác mà đã nói, “Đây là thiêng liêng”, phải không? Hay ham muốn riêng của tôi, bởi vì mọi thứ đều không thiêng liêng và tôi muốn cái gì đó thiêng liêng, thánh thiện? Tất cả những việc này nảy sinh từ trung tâm.

Needleman: Vâng, dẫu vậy . . .

KRISHNAMURTI: Hãy chờ một tí. Chúng ta sẽ tìm ra điều này, thiêng liêng là gì? Nhưng tôi không muốn chấp nhận truyền thống, hay điều gì người nào đó đã nói về thiêng liêng. Thưa bạn, tôi không biết liệu bạn đã trải nghiệm chưa? Cách đây vài năm, chỉ vì vui, tôi nhặt một hòn đá từ ngôi vườn và đặt nó trên bàn thờ và vui đùa với nó, mang những bông hoa cho nó mỗi ngày. Vào cuối tháng nó trở thành thiêng liêng khủng khiếp!

Needleman: Tôi biết điều gì ông muốn nói.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi không muốn loại thiêng liêng giả dối đó.

Needleman: Nó là một tôn thờ quá đáng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Thiêng liêng là một tôn thờ quá đáng.

Needleman: Đúng thế. Hầu hết nó đều như vậy.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy tôi sẽ không chấp nhận bất kỳ việc gì mà người nào đó trình bày về cái gì là thiêng liêng. Truyền thống! Là một người Bà la môn giáo người ta được nuôi dưỡng trong một truyền thống mà sẽ hất văng đi truyền thống của bất kỳ ai, tôi bảo đảm với bạn!

Điều gì tôi đang nói là: tôi muốn tìm ra cái gì là thiêng liêng, không phải sự thiêng liêng do con người tạo ra. Tôi chỉ có thể tìm ra được khi cái trí của tôi có không gian bao la. Và nó không thể có không gian bao la đó nếu có một trung tâm. Khi trung tâm không vận hành, có không gian bao la. Trong không gian đó, mà là thành phần của thiền định, có cái gì đó thực sự thiêng liêng, không phải được sáng chế bởi trung tâm nhỏ xíu ngu xuẩn của tôi. Có cái gì đó thiêng liêng không thể đo lường, và bạn không bao giờ có thể tìm ra nếu có một trung tâm. Và tưởng tượng thiêng liêng đó là ngu xuẩn – bạn theo kịp điều gì tôi có ý nói chứ?

Liệu cái trí có thể được tự do khỏi trung tâm này – với những mét không gian bị giới hạn kinh khủng của nó – mà có thể đo lường được, mở rộng được và thâu hẹp được và tất cả những việc như thế? Liệu nó có thể làm được hay không? Con người đã nói rằng nó không thể, và vì vậy Thượng đế đã trở thành một trung tâm khác. Vì vậy quan tâm thực sự của tôi là như thế này: liệu trung tâm đó có thể hoàn toàn trống không. Trung tâm đó là ý thức. Trung tâm đó là nội dung của ý thức, nội dung là ý thức; không có ý thức nếu không có nội dung. Bạn phải vận dụng để tìm ra việc này . . .

Needleman: Vâng, chắc chắn điều gì thông thường chúng ta có ý nói qua từ ngữ đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không có ngôi nhà nếu không có những bức tường và không có mái nhà. Nội dung là ý thức nhưng chúng ta thích tách rời chúng ra, lý luận về nó, đo lường kích cỡ ý thức của chúng ta. Trái lại trung tâm là ý thức, nội dung của ý thức, và nội dung là ý thức. Nếu không có nội dung, ý thức ở đâu? Và đó là không gian.

Needleman: Tôi theo được một chút xíu điều gì ông nói. Tôi phát hiện ra chính mình muốn nói: ồ, ở đây ông coi trọng vấn đề gì? Ở đây vấn đề quan trọng là gì?

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi sẽ đặt câu hỏi đó sau khi tôi đã tìm ra liệu cái trí có thể làm trống không tất cả nội dung hay không?

Needleman: Được rồi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vậy thì có cái gì đó mà sẽ làm việc, mà sẽ vận hành trong lãnh vực của cái đã được biết. Nhưng nếu không tìm ra cái đó mà chỉ nói rằng . . .

Needleman: Không, không, điều này là như thế.

KRISHNAMURTI: Chúng ta hãy tiếp tục. Không gian giữa hai suy nghĩ, giữa hai yếu tố của thời gian, hai chu kỳ của thời gian, bởi vì tư tưởng là thời gian. Đúng chứ?

Needleman: Vâng, đúng rồi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn có thể có hàng tá chu kỳ của thời gian nhưng nó vẫn còn là tư tưởng, có không gian đó. Vậy thì có không gian quanh trung tâm, và không gian ngoài cái tôi, ngoài hàng rào kẽm gai, ngoài bức tường của trung tâm. Không gian giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát là không gian mà tư tưởng đã tạo ra như hình ảnh người vợ của tôi và hình ảnh mà cô ấy có về tôi. Bạn theo kịp chứ, thưa bạn?

Needleman: Vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tất cả việc đó được sáng chế bởi trung tâm. Phỏng đoán cái gì vượt khỏi tất cả việc đó không có ý nghĩa gì với tôi theo cá nhân, nó là trò vui chơi của một triết gia.

Needleman: Trò vui chơi của một triết gia . . .

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi không quan tâm.

Needleman: Tôi đồng ý. Thỉnh thoảng tôi không quan tâm, vào những khoảnh khắc tốt lành của tôi, nhưng dẫu vậy . . .

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi xin lỗi, bởi vì ông là một triết gia!

Needleman: Không, không, tại sao ông phải nhớ lại việc đó, làm ơn.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy câu hỏi của tôi là: “Liệu trung tâm có thể yên lặng, hay liệu trung tâm có thể chết đi?” Bởi vì nếu không có chết đi, hay ở trạng thái rất yên lặng, lúc đó nội dung của ý thức sẽ tạo ra không gian trong ý thức và gọi nó là không gian bao la. Trong đó ẩn chứa sự lừa dối và tôi không muốn lừa dối chính tôi. Tôi không nói rằng tôi không là người da màu khi tôi là người da màu. Vì vậy liệu trung tâm đó có thể được xóa tan? Mà có nghĩa rằng, liệu có thể không có hình ảnh, bởi vì chính hình ảnh gây tách rời?

Needleman: Vâng, đó là không gian.

KRISHNAMURTI: Hình ảnh đó nói về tình yêu, nhưng tình yêu của hình ảnh không là tình yêu. Vì vậy tôi phải tìm ra liệu trung tâm có thể được hoàn toàn xóa tan, được chấm dứt, hay lưu lại đó như một mảnh mang máng ở xa xa. Ngược lại không thể thực hiện được điều đó, vậy thì tôi phải chấp nhận cái nhà tù.

Needleman: Tôi đồng ý.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi phải chấp nhận không có tự do. Vậy thì tôi có thể vĩnh viễn trang trí cái nhà tù của tôi.

Needleman: Nhưng bây giờ ông đang nói về điều có thể thực hiện được này, mà không tìm kiếm nó có ý thức . . .

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, đừng tìm kiếm nó!

Needleman: Tôi nói rằng, không tìm kiếm nó có chủ ý, cuộc sống hay cái gì đó đột ngột bộc lộ cho tôi điều có thể thực hiện được này.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nó ở đó. Cuộc sống đã không bộc lộ cho tôi. Nó đã bộc lộ cho tôi, khi tôi nhìn hòn núi kia, nhìn đó có một hình ảnh trong tôi; khi tôi nhìn người vợ của tôi tôi thấy rằng có một hình ảnh trong tôi. Đó là một sự kiện. Không phải rằng tôi phải chờ đợi mười năm để tìm ra về cái hình ảnh! Tôi biết nó ở đó, vì vậy tôi nói rằng: “Liệu có thể nhìn mà không có hình ảnh hay không?” Hình ảnh là trung tâm, người quan sát, người suy nghĩ, và mọi chuyện như thế.

Needleman: Tôi đang bắt đầu hiểu rõ đáp án cho câu hỏi của tôi. Tôi bắt đầu hiểu rõ – tôi đang nói với chính tôi – tôi bắt đầu hiểu rõ rằng không có sự phân biệt giữa con người và những lời dạy thiêng liêng. Chỉ có sự thật, hay không-sự thật.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó là tất cả. Giả dối và sự thật.

Needleman: Quá nhiều cho điều đó rồi. (Tiếng cười)

KRISHNAMURTI: Chúng ta đang hỏi: “Liệu ý thức có thể tự làm trống không chính nó khỏi nội dung của nó hay không?” Không nhờ người nào khác thực hiện nó.

Needleman: Vâng, đó là nghi vấn, vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không có một ơn lành thần thánh, siêu ngã, một tác nhân bên ngoài tưởng tượng nào đó. Liệu ý thức có thể tự làm trống không chính nó khỏi tất cả nội dung này hay không? Đầu tiên hãy thấy vẻ đẹp của nó, thưa bạn.

Needleman: Tôi thấy nó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bởi vì nó phải tự làm trống không chính nó mà không có một nỗ lực. Khoảnh khắc có một nỗ lực, có người quan sát đang tạo nỗ lực để thay đổi nội dung, mà là thành phần của ý thức. Tôi không biết liệu bạn có hiểu điều đó hay không?

Needleman: Tôi theo kịp. Hành động làm trống không này phải là không nỗ lực, ngay tức khắc.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nó phải thực hiện mà không có một tác nhân đang vận hành vào nó, dù đó là một tác nhân bên ngoài, hay một tác nhân bên trong. Bây giờ liệu việc này có thể thực hiện được mà không có bất kỳ nỗ lực nào, không có bất kỳ hướng dẫn nào – mà nói, “Tôi sẽ thay đổi nội dung”? Điều này có nghĩa đang làm trống không ý thức khỏi tất cả ý muốn, “là” hay “không là”. Thưa bạn, hãy thấy điều gì xảy ra.

Needleman: Tôi đang thấy.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi đã tự đặt nghi vấn đó cho chính tôi. Không một ai đã đặt nó cho tôi. Bởi vì nó là một vấn đề của sống, một vấn đề của sự tồn tại trong thế giới này. Nó là một vấn đề mà cái trí của tôi phải giải quyết. Liệu cái trí, với tất cả nội dung của nó, có thể tự làm trống không chính nó và tuy nhiên vẫn còn là cái trí – không phải trôi nổi bềnh bồng hay không?

Needleman: Nó không là tự tử.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không.

Needleman: Có một loại tinh tế nào đó . . .

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, thưa bạn, điều đó quá thiếu chín chắn. Tôi đã đặt câu hỏi. Câu trả lời của tôi là: thực sự tôi không biết.

Needleman: Đó là sự thật.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi thực sự không biết. Nhưng tôi sẽ tìm ra, theo ý nghĩa của không chờ đợi để tìm ra. Nội dung ý thức của tôi là bất hạnh của tôi, đau khổ của tôi, những tranh đấu của tôi, những phiền muộn của tôi, những hình ảnh mà tôi đã thâu lượm qua cuộc đời, những thần thánh của tôi, những thất vọng, những vui thú, những sợ hãi, những thống khổ, những căm hận – đó là ý thức của tôi. Liệu tất cả việc đó có thể hoàn toàn được làm trống không? Không chỉ ở mức độ hời hợt mà còn xuyên suốt? – cái tạm gọi là tầng ý thức bên trong. Nếu nó không thể thực hiện được vậy thì tôi phải sống một cuộc sống của đau khổ, tôi phải sống trong phiền muộn vô tận, mãi mãi. Không có hy vọng, cũng không có thất vọng, tôi ở trong ngục tù. Vì vậy cái trí phải tìm ra làm thế nào để tự làm trống không chính nó khỏi tất cả nội dung của chính nó, và tuy nhiên vẫn sống trong thế giới này, không phải trở thành một kẻ ngô nghê, nhưng có một bộ não mà vận hành hiệu quả. Bây giờ làm thế nào việc này có thể thực hiện được? Nó có khi nào thực hiện được hay không? Hay không có sự giải thoát nào cho con người?

Needleman: Tôi theo kịp.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bởi vì tôi không biết làm thế nào vượt khỏi điều này tôi sáng chế ra mọi thần thánh, đền chùa, những triết thuyết, những nghi lễ – bạn hiểu không?

Needleman: Tôi hiểu.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đây là thiền định, thiền định thực sự, không phải tất cả cái mớ giả dối kia. Hiểu rõ liệu cái trí với bộ não mà đã tiến hóa qua thời gian, mà là kết quả của hàng ngàn trải nghiệm, bộ não mà vận hành hiệu quả chỉ trong sự an toàn hoàn toàn – liệu cái trí có thể tự làm trống không chính nó và tuy nhiên lại có một bộ não mà vận hành như một cái máy tuyệt vời. Cũng vậy, nó thấy tình yêu không là vui thú; tình yêu không là ham muốn. Khi có tình yêu không có hình ảnh; nhưng tôi không biết tình yêu đó là gì. Tôi chỉ muốn tình yêu như vui thú, tình dục và tất cả mọi việc như thế. Phải có một liên quan giữa đang làm trống không cái trí và sự việc được gọi là tình yêu; giữa cái không biết được và cái đã được biết, mà là nội dung của ý thức.

Needleman: Tôi đang theo kịp ông. Phải có sự liên quan này.

KRISHNAMURTI: Hai cái phải hòa hợp. Đang làm trống không và tình yêu phải hòa hợp. Và có lẽ chỉ tình yêu là cốt lõi và không còn gì khác.

Needleman: Đang làm trống không này là một từ ngữ khác cho tình yêu, đó là điều gì ông đang nói phải không?

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi chỉ đang hỏi tình yêu là gì. Tình yêu có nằm trong lãnh vực của ý thức hay không?

Needleman: Không, nó không thể.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đừng đặt điều kiện. Đừng bao giờ nói có hay không; hãy tìm ra! Tình yêu trong nội dung của ý thức là vui thú, tham vọng và tất cả việc đó. Vậy thì tình yêu là gì? Tôi thực sự không biết. Tôi sẽ không giả vờ về bất kỳ điều gì nữa. Tôi không biết. Có một nhân tố nào đó trong việc này mà tôi phải tìm ra. Liệu làm trống không của ý thức cùng nội dung của nó là tình yêu, mà là cái không biết được phải không? Sự liên quan giữa cái không biết được và cái đã được biết là gì? – không phải là cái không biết huyền bí, Thượng đế hay bất kỳ danh tính nào bạn trao cho nó. Chúng ta sẽ đến được Thượng đế nếu chúng ta qua được việc này. Sự liên quan giữa cái không biết được, mà tôi không biết, mà có lẽ được gọi là tình yêu, và nội dung của ý thức, mà tôi biết (nó có lẽ là tầng ý thức bên trong nhưng tôi có thể mở toang nó và tìm ra nó) – sự liên quan giữa cái đã được biết và cái không biết được là gì? Để chuyển động giữa cái đã được biết và cái không biết được là hòa hợp, là thông minh, phải không?

Needleman: Tuyệt đối.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy tôi phải tìm ra, cái trí phải tìm ra, làm thế nào làm trống không được nội dung của nó. Đó là, không có hình ảnh, vì vậy không có người quan sát. Hình ảnh có nghĩa là quá khứ, hay hình ảnh mà đang xảy ra bây giờ, hay hình ảnh mà tôi sẽ chiếu rọi vào tương lai. Vì vậy không hình ảnh – không công thức, không ý tưởng, không lý tưởng, không nguyên tắc – tất cả điều đó hàm ý hình ảnh. Liệu có thể không có sự hình thành của hình ảnh hay không? Bạn gây tổn thương tôi hay bạn cho tôi vui thú và thế là tôi có một hình ảnh về bạn. Vì vậy không hình thành của hình ảnh khi bạn gây tổn thương cho tôi hay cho tôi vui thú.

Needleman: Liệu có thể được hay không?

KRISHNAMURTI: Dĩ nhiên có thể được. Nếu không tôi sẽ bị hủy hoại.

Needleman: Ông bị hủy hoại. Nói cách khác tôi bị hủy hoại.

KRISHNAMURTI: Chúng ta đều bị hủy hoại. Liệu có thể khi bạn chửi mắng tôi mà tôi hoàn toàn tỉnh táo, chú ý, để cho nó không để lại một dấu vết?

Needleman: Tôi biết ông có ý nói gì.

KRISHNAMURTI: Khi bạn nịnh nọt tôi – không dấu vết. Vậy thì không có hình ảnh. Thế là tôi đã thực hiện nó, cái trí đã thực hiện nó: đó là, không hình thành của hình ảnh gì cả. Nếu bạn không hình thành một hình ảnh ngay lúc này, những hình ảnh của quá khứ không có nơi chỗ.

Needleman: Tôi không theo kịp điều đó. “Nếu tôi không hình thành một hình ảnh ngay lúc này . . .?”

KRISHNAMURTI: Những hình ảnh quá khứ không có nơi chỗ. Nếu bạn hình thành một hình ảnh, vậy thì bạn có liên quan đến quá khứ.

Needleman: Bạn đang kết nối những hình ảnh của quá khứ. Điều đó đúng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nhưng nếu bạn không hình thành bất kỳ hình ảnh nào thì sao?

Needleman: Vậy thì bạn được tự do khỏi quá khứ.

KRISHNAMURTI: Thấy nó! Thấy nó!

Needleman: Rất rõ ràng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy cái trí có thể tự làm trống không chính nó khỏi những hình ảnh bằng cách không hình thành một hình ảnh ngay lúc này. Nếu tôi hình thành một hình ảnh ngay lúc này, vậy thì tôi liên quan nó với những hình ảnh quá khứ. Vì vậy ý thức, cái trí có thể tự làm trống không chính nó khỏi tất cả những hình ảnh bằng cách không hình thành một hình ảnh ngay lúc này. Vậy thì có không gian, không phải không gian quanh trung tâm. Và nếu người ta tìm hiểu, đào sâu nó xa thêm nữa, vậy thì có cái gì đó thiêng liêng, không bị sáng chế bởi tư tưởng, không liên quan đến bất kỳ tôn giáo nào.

Needleman: Cám ơn ông.

Needleman: Tôi có một câu hỏi khác mà tôi muốn hỏi ông. Chúng ta thấy được sự xuẩn ngốc của quá nhiều truyền thống mà hiện nay con người đã biến thành thiêng liêng, nhưng liệu không có truyền thống nào được truyền lại từ thế hệ sang thế hệ mà có giá trị và cần thiết, và nếu không có truyền thống đó chúng ta sẽ mất đi một chút tánh người mà hiện nay chúng ta có hay sao? Liệu không có những truyền thống được đặt nền tảng trên cái gì đó thực sự, được truyền xuống hay sao?

KRISHNAMURTI: Được truyền xuống . . .

Needleman: Những cách sống, thậm chí chỉ trong một ý nghĩa bên ngoài.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nếu tôi không được dạy từ thời niên thiếu không nên chạy trước một chiếc xe hơi . . .

Needleman: Đó sẽ là một ví dụ đơn giản nhất.

KRISHNAMURTI: Hay hãy cẩn thận với lửa, hãy cẩn thận khi chọc con chó mà có lẽ cắn bạn, và vân vân. Đó cũng là truyền thống.

Needleman: Vâng, điều đó chắc chắn như vậy.

KRISHNAMURTI: Loại truyền thống khác là bạn phải thương yêu.

Needleman: Đó là những cực độ khác.

KRISHNAMURTI: Và truyền thống của những người thợ dệt ở Ấn độ và những nơi khác. Bạn biết không, họ có thể dệt mà không cần một khuôn mẫu và tuy nhiên họ vẫn dệt trong một truyền thống mà đã bám rễ thật sâu đến độ họ thậm chí không phải suy nghĩ về nó. Nó thể hiện từ bàn tay của họ. Tôi không biết bạn có bao giờ nhìn thấy việc đó chưa? Ở Ấn độ họ có một truyền thống sâu đậm và họ làm ra những vật tuyệt vời. Cũng có truyền thống của người khoa học, người sinh vật học, người nhân chủng học, mà là truyền thống như sự tích lũy của hiểu biết, được truyền từ một người khoa học này qua một người khoa học khác, bởi một bác sĩ qua một bác sĩ khác, học hỏi. Rõ ràng loại truyền thống đó là tối thiết. Tôi muốn không gọi nó là truyền thống, bạn đồng ý chứ?

Needleman: Không, đó không là điều gì tôi suy nghĩ trong đầu. Điều gì tôi có ý nói qua từ ngữ truyền thống là một cách sống.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi sẽ không gọi đó là truyền thống. Qua từ ngữ truyền thống chúng ta không có ý nói nhân tố khác nào đó hay sao? Tốt lành có là một nhân tố của truyền thống hay không?

Needleman: Không, nhưng có lẽ có những truyền thống tốt lành.

KRISHNAMURTI: Những truyền thống tốt lành, bị quy định bởi văn hóa mà trong đó chúng ta sống. Truyền thống tốt lành của những người Bà la môn giáo thường không giết bất kỳ con người hay thú vật nào. Họ đã chấp nhận việc đó và vận hành. Chúng ta đang hỏi rằng: “Tốt lành có là truyền thống hay không? Liệu tốt lành có thể vận hành, nở hoa trong truyền thống hay không?”

Needleman: Vậy thì điều gì tôi đang hỏi là: liệu có những truyền thống mà được hình thành bởi một thông minh hoặc cá thể, hoặc tập thể, mà hiểu rõ bản chất của con người hay không?

KRISHNAMURTI: Thông minh là truyền thống hay sao?

Needleman: Không. Nhưng liệu thông minh có thể hình thành, hay định hướng một cách sống mà có thể giúp đỡ những con người còn lại chuẩn bị sẵn sàng nhiều hơn để tìm ra chính họ? Tôi hiểu rằng đây là một sự việc tự-khai sáng mà ông nói, nhưng liệu không có những con người thông minh tột đỉnh mà có thể định hình những điều kiện bên ngoài cho tôi, để cho tôi không trải qua một thời gian thật khó khăn để đạt được điều gì ông đã thấy hay sao?

KRISHNAMURTI: Điều đó có nghĩa gì vậy, thưa bạn? Bạn nói rằng bạn hiểu.

Needleman: Tôi không nói rằng tôi hiểu.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi đang nắm điểm này. Giả sử rằng bạn là một con người vĩ đại có thông minh tột đỉnh và bạn nói rằng, “Người con thương yêu của ta, hãy sống theo cách này.”

Needleman: Ồ, tôi không phải nói như thế.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn tự nhiện bộc lộ ra bầu không khí quanh bạn, hào quang của bạn, và sau đó tôi nói rằng, “Tôi sẽ cố gắng việc đó – ông ta đã đạt được nó, tôi không đạt được nó.” Liệu tốt lành có thể nở hoa trong môi trường chung quanh bạn hay không? Liệu tốt lành có thể nở hoa dưới bóng mát của bạn hay không?

Needleman: Không, nhưng lúc đó tôi sẽ không thông minh nếu tôi chuyển những sự việc đó thành những quy định của tôi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy bạn đang phát biểu rằng tốt lành không thể vận hành, làm việc, nở hoa trong bất kỳ môi trường nào.

Needleman: Không, tôi đã không nói như thế. Tôi đang hỏi, có những môi trường sống mà có thể góp phần vào sự giải thoát hay không?

KRISHNAMURTI: Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu điều này. Một con người đi đến nhà máy mỗi ngày, ngày này qua ngày khác, và tìm được sự giải thoát trong nhậu nhẹt và tất cả những chuyện như thế…

Needleman: Đây là một ví dụ về một môi trường kém cỏi, một truyền thống xấu xa.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy con người thông minh, mà quan tâm đến sự thay đổi môi trường sống, làm việc gì để giúp ích cho người đàn ông đó?

Needleman: Có lẽ con người thông minh đang thay đổi môi trường sống cho chính ông ta. Nhưng ông ta hiểu rõ cái gì đó về con người nói chung. Lúc này tôi đang nói về một người thầy vĩ đại, dù đó là gì chăng nữa. Ông ta giúp đỡ, ông ta đưa ra một lối sống cho chúng tôi mà chúng tôi không hiểu rõ, mà chúng tôi không thực hiện được cho chính mình, nhưng trong chừng mực nào đó hành động vào một cái gì đó trong chúng tôi để mang chúng tôi lại cùng nhau thêm một chút.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó là satsun, mà là sự đồng hành của tốt lành. Thật là hạnh phúc khi ở trong sự đồng hành của tốt lành bởi vì lúc đó chúng ta sẽ không cãi nhau, chúng ta sẽ không đánh nhau, chúng ta sẽ không bạo lực; nó là tốt lành.

Needleman: Đúng rồi. Nhưng có lẽ sự đồng hành của tốt lành có nghĩa rằng tôi sẽ cãi cọ, nhưng tôi sẽ thấy nó sâu sắc hơn, tôi sẽ chịu đựng nó vững vàng hơn, tôi sẽ hiểu nó rõ ràng hơn.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vậy là bạn muốn sự đồng hành của tốt lành với mục đích để thấy chính mình rõ ràng hơn?

Needleman: Vâng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Mà có nghĩa rằng bạn lệ thuộc vào môi trường để hiểu rõ về chính mình.

Needleman: Ồ, có lẽ ở bước khởi đầu.

KRISHNAMURTI: Khởi đầu là bước đầu tiên và là bước cuối cùng.

Needleman: Tôi không đồng ý.

KRISHNAMURTI: Chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu nó một chút. Hãy thấy điều gì đã xảy ra. Tôi đi cùng những con người tốt lành bởi vì trong bầu không khí đó, trong môi trường đó tôi thấy chính tôi rõ ràng nhiều hơn, bởi vì họ tốt lành nên tôi thấy những xấu xa của tôi.

Needleman: Thỉnh thoảng nó xảy ra theo cách đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi đang nắm việc này.

Needleman: Đó là một ví dụ, đúng chứ?

KRISHNAMURTI: Hay là tôi cũng tốt lành, vì vậy tôi sống cùng họ. Vậy thì tôi không cần họ.

Needleman: Không, sau đó chúng tôi không cần họ. Đúng rồi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nếu tôi tốt lành tôi không cần họ. Nhưng nếu khi tôi không tốt lành và tìm kiếm nó trong sự hiện diện của họ, sau đó tôi có thể thấy chính tôi rõ ràng. Vậy là muốn thấy chính tôi rõ ràng tôi phải có họ. Đó là điều gì thông thường xảy ra. Họ trở thành quan trọng, không phải sự tốt lành của tôi. Điều này xảy ra hàng ngày.

Needleman: Nhưng liệu không có một sự việc như là cai sữa em bé bằng cách bôi đen núm vú hay sao? Nó xảy ra rằng tôi có cần những con người này, có lẽ vào khởi đầu.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi sẽ tìm hiểu nó, tôi muốn tìm ra. Trước tiên, nếu tôi tốt lành tôi không cần họ. Tôi giống như những quả đồi và những con chim kia mà không cần gì cả.

Needleman: Đúng rồi. Chúng ta có thể loại trừ điều đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Khi tôi không tốt lành tôi cần sự đồng hành của họ, bởi vì trong sự đồng hành của họ tôi thấy chính tôi rõ ràng; tôi cảm thấy một hơi thở của trong sáng.

Needleman: Hay là tôi cảm thấy xấu xa làm sao.

KRISHNAMURTI: Khoảnh khắc tôi có một kinh hãi về chính mình, trong ý nghĩa rõ ràng nhất của từ ngữ đó, tôi chỉ đang so sánh chính tôi với họ.

Needleman: Không, không phải luôn luôn như vậy. Tôi có thể bộc lộ hình ảnh mà tôi có như một người lừa dối.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bây giờ tôi đang hỏi liệu rằng ông cần họ để bộc lộ chính ông như một người lừa dối.

Needleman: Theo nguyên tắc, không.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, không phải theo nguyên tắc. Hoặc nó như thế, hoặc nó không.

Needleman: Đó là vấn đề.

KRISHNAMURTI: Mà có nghĩa rằng nếu tôi cần họ, vậy thì tôi bị lạc lối. Vậy thì mãi mãi tôi sẽ bám vào họ. Thưa ông, điều này đã xảy ra từ khi những liên hệ của con người bắt đầu.

Needleman: Vâng, nó đã xảy ra. Nhưng nó cũng xảy ra rằng tôi dựa vào một chốc lát và sau đó tôi chỉnh đốn nó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vậy là tại sao bạn, con người tốt lành, lại không bảo với tôi rằng: "Hãy nhìn, hãy bắt đầu, bạn không cần tôi. Bạn có thể tự thấy rõ ràng chính bản thân bạn ngay lúc này."

Needleman: Có lẽ nếu tôi nói với ông như thế, ông sẽ tiếp thu một cách sai trái và hiểu lầm tôi hoàn toàn!

KRISHNAMURTI: Vậy thì tôi sẽ làm gì đây? Cứ bám vào bạn, chạy theo bạn à?

Needleman: Không phải ông sẽ làm gì, nhưng ông làm gì?

KRISHNAMURTI: Thông thường điều gì họ làm là chạy theo ông ta.

Needleman: Thông thường họ làm, đúng rồi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Và bám vào gấu áo ông ta.

Needleman: Nhưng có lẽ đó là bởi vì người thầy không thông minh.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không. Ông ta nói rằng, "Hãy nhìn, tôi không thể dạy bạn, người bạn của tôi ơi, tôi không có gì để dạy cả. Nhưng nếu tôi thực sự tốt lành tôi không có gì để dạy. Tôi chỉ có thể phơi bày mà thôi."

Needleman: Nhưng ông ta không nói nó, ông ta làm nó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi nói, "Hãy nhìn kìa, tôi không muốn dạy bạn, bạn có thể học hỏi từ chính bản thân bạn."

Needleman: Vâng, đúng rồi. Giả sử ông ta nói như thế.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vâng, ông ta nói hãy học hỏi từ chính bản thân bạn. Đừng lệ thuộc. Điều đó có nghĩa bạn, là tốt lành, đang giúp đỡ tôi thấy chính tôi.

Needleman: Thu hút bạn.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không. Bạn đang đẩy tôi vào một góc tường đến độ tôi không thể tẩu thoát được.

Needleman: Tôi hiểu điều gì ông đang nói. Nhưng nó lại là sự việc dễ dàng nhất trong thế giới này khi tẩu thoát.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi không muốn như vậy. Thưa bạn, bạn bảo tôi, “Đừng lệ thuộc, vì tốt lành không có sự lệ thuộc.” Nếu bạn muốn là tốt lành bạn không thể lệ thuộc vào bất kỳ cái gì cả.

Needleman: Bất kỳ cái gì phía bên ngoài, vâng đúng rồi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vào bất kỳ cái gì, bên ngoài hay bên trong. Đừng lệ thuộc vào bất kỳ cái gì. Nó không có nghĩa rằng chỉ đừng lệ thuộc vào người đưa thư, nó có nghĩa phía bên trong đừng lệ thuộc.

Needleman: Đúng rồi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Điều đó có nghĩa gì? Tôi lệ thuộc. Ông ta đã bảo tôi một điều: “Đừng lệ thuộc vào tôi hay bất kỳ ai, người vợ, người chồng, người con gái, người chính trị, đừng lệ thuộc.” Đó là tất cả. Ông ta đi mất. Ông ta để tôi lại với điều đó. Tôi sẽ làm gì đây?

Needleman: Hãy tìm ra liệu ông ta có đúng không?

KRISHNAMURTI: Nhưng tôi có lệ thuộc.

Needleman: Đó là điều gì tôi muốn nói.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi có lệ thuộc vào người vợ của tôi, vào vị giáo sĩ, vào một nhà phân tích tâm lý nào đó – tôi có lệ thuộc. Sau đó tôi bắt đầu. Bởi vì ông ta bảo cho tôi sự thật – bạn theo kịp không, thưa bạn? Nó ở đó. Tôi phải tìm ra nó. Tôi phải tìm ra liệu nó là sự thật, hay liệu nó là giả dối. Mà có nghĩa rằng tôi phải vận dụng lý luận của tôi, khả năng của tôi, thông minh của tôi. Tôi phải làm việc. Tôi không thể chỉ nói rằng, “Ồ, ông ta đi mất rồi”. Tôi lệ thuộc vào người nấu nướng của tôi! Vì vậy tôi phải tìm ra, tôi phải thấy sự thật và giả dối. Tôi đã thấy nó. Thấy đó không lệ thuộc vào bất kỳ ai cả.

Needleman: Đúng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Thậm chí sự đồng hành của tốt lành không dạy tôi điều gì là tốt lành, điều gì là giả dối, hay điều gì là sự thật. Tôi phải thấy nó.

Needleman: Đúng tuyệt đối.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vì vậy tôi không lệ thuộc vào bất kỳ ai để tìm ra điều gì là sự thật và điều gì là giả dối.

MALIBU CALIFORNIA

Ngày 26 tháng 3 năm 1971

[1] Jacob Needleman là giáo sư triết học tại trường Đại học San Francisco; tác giả quyển sách NhữngTôn Giáo Mới, và biên tập viên của thư viện Penguin Metaphysical Library.

II – Ba nói chuyện ở thành phố New York

– 1 – CÁCH MẠNG BÊN TRONG

Sự cần thiết phải thay đổi. Một tiến hành trong thời gian hay tức khắc? Tầng ý thức bên ngoài và tầng ý thức bên trong; những giấc mộng. Qui trình phân tích. Thấy nội dung của ý thức mà không có sự tách rời của người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Nhiễu loạn và kháng cự. “Khi có kết thúc hoàn toàn của sự phân chia giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát, lúc đó ‘cái gì là’ không còn là cái gì là.”

Những câu hỏi: Người quan sát và vật được quan sát; phân chia; kháng cự.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu câu hỏi của cái gì được giấu giếm, trong ý thức, trong những tầng sâu thẳm hơn của cái trí – mà thông thường được gọi là tầng ý thức bên trong. Chúng ta quan tâm đến việc tạo ra một cách mạng cơ bản trong chính chúng ta và vì thế trong xã hội. Cách mạng vật chất mà được cổ vũ khắp thế giới vào thời điểm hiện nay không tạo ra một thay đổi cơ bản trong con người.

Trong một xã hội thoái hóa, như xã hội này, ở Châu âu, Ấn độ và nơi nào khác, phải có những thay đổi cơ bản trong chính cấu trúc của xã hội. Và nếu con người vẫn còn bị thoái hóa trong chính anh ấy, trong hoạt động của anh ấy, anh ấy sẽ tìm cách vượt qua bất kỳ cấu trúc đó là gì, hoàn hảo như thế nào; vì vậy anh ấy phải thay đổi là điều tối thiết và khẩn cấp.

Thay đổi này phải được tạo ra qua qui trình của thời gian, qua thành tựu dần dần, qua thay đổi từ từ? Hay thay đổi này xảy ra chỉ trong tức khắc? Đó là điều gì chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau tìm hiểu.

Người ta thấy rằng phải có thay đổi trong chính người ta – người ta càng nhạy cảm bao nhiêu, người ta càng tỉnh táo và thông minh bao nhiêu, người ta càng ý thức được rằng phải có một thay đổi sinh động, bền vững và sâu thẳm. Nội dung của ý thức là ý thức – hai cái này không tách rời. Điều gì khắc sâu trong ý thức tạo ra ý thức. Và muốn tạo ra một thay đổi trong ý thức – cả tầng ý thức hiển lộ hay che giấu – nó lệ thuộc vào phân tích, vào thời gian, vào áp lực môi trường sống hay sao? Hay thay đổi này phải xảy ra hoàn toàn độc lập khỏi bất kỳ áp lực, khỏi bất kỳ cưỡng bách nào?

Bạn biết, câu hỏi này sẽ khá khó khăn khi tìm hiểu, bởi vì nó quá phức tạp và tôi hy vọng chúng ta sẽ có thể chia sẻ điều gì đang được nói. Nếu người ta không tìm hiểu vấn đề này rất nghiêm túc, thực sự dùng mọi nỗ lực, bằng sự quan tâm sâu xa, bằng đam mê, tôi sợ người ta sẽ không thể tìm hiểu xa lắm; xa trong ý nghĩa không thuộc thời gian hay không gian, nhưng rất thăm thẳm bên trong chính người ta. Người ta cần nhiều đam mê, năng lượng lớn lao và hầu hết chúng ta đều lãng phí năng lượng của chúng ta trong xung đột. Và khi chúng ta đang tìm hiểu toàn vấn đề của tồn tại này, chúng ta cần năng lượng. Năng lượng theo cùng khả năng của thay đổi; nếu không có khả năng của thay đổi, vậy thì năng lượng bị lãng phí.

Chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta không thể thay đổi. Chúng ta chấp nhận những sự việc như chúng là và vì vậy trở nên khá nản chí, sầu thảm, hoang mang và rối loạn. Liệu có thể thay đổi cơ bản và đó là điều gì chúng ta sắp sửa tìm hiểu. Nếu bạn muốn tìm hiểu – đừng theo sau chính xác điều gì người nói đang nói, nhưng sử dụng những từ ngữ của ông ta như một cái gương để quan sát chính bạn và tìm hiểu đầy đam mê, đầy quan tâm, đầy sinh lực cùng nhiều năng lượng. Vậy thì có lẽ chúng ta có thể đến được một điểm nơi nó sẽ chắc chắn rằng nếu chúng ta không có bất kỳ loại nỗ lực nào, không có bất kỳ loại động cơ nào, thay đổi cơ bản xảy ra.

Không chỉ có hiểu biết hời hợt của chúng ta, nhưng cũng còn có nội dung che giấu, sâu thẳm của ý thức chúng ta.

Làm thế nào người ta sẽ tìm hiểu nó, làm thế nào người ta sẽ phơi bày toàn nội dung của nó? Nó phải được thực hiện từng chút một, từ từ tiến triển? – hay nó phải được phơi bày trọn vẹn và được hiểu rõ ngay tức khắc, và nhờ vậy toàn qui trình phân tích kết thúc?

Bây giờ chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu vấn đề của phân tích này. Đối với người nói, phân tích là sự phủ nhận của hành động; hành động luôn luôn trong hiện tại năng động. Hành động không có nghĩa “đã làm” hay “sẽ làm”, nhưng “đang làm”. Phân tích ngăn cản hành động đó trong hiện tại, bởi vì trong phân tích có bao hàm thời gian, một lột bỏ dần dần như nó đã là, tầng này sau tầng khác, và tìm hiểu mỗi tầng, phân tích nội dung của mỗi tầng. Và nếu sự phân tích không hoàn hảo, trọn vẹn, trung thực, vậy thì phân tích đó là không trọn vẹn, phải để lại một hiểu biết mà không là tổng thể. Và phân tích kế tiếp bắt nguồn từ hiểu biết đó mà không trọn vẹn.

Hãy nhìn, tôi tìm hiểu chính bản thân tôi, phân tích chính mình và nếu phân tích của tôi là không trọn vẹn, vậy thì điều gì tôi đã phân tích trở thành hiểu biết dựa vào đó tôi tiếp tục phân tích tầng kế tiếp. Vậy là trong tiến hành đó mỗi phân tích trở thành không trọn vẹn và dẫn đến xung đột thêm nữa, và vì vậy đến không-hành động. Và trong sự phân tích có người phân tích và vật được phân tích, dù rằng người phân tích là người chuyên nghiệp, hay chính bạn, người không chuyên nghiệp; có phân hai này, người phân tích đang phân tích điều gì đó mà anh ấy nghĩ rằng khác biệt chính anh ấy. Nhưng người phân tích, anh ấy là gì? Anh ấy là quá khứ, anh ấy là hiểu biết được tích lũy của mọi sự việc anh ấy đã phân tích. Và với hiểu biết đó – mà là quá khứ – anh ấy phân tích hiện tại.

Vì vậy trong tiến hành đó có xung đột, có tranh đấu để tuân phục, hay để cưỡng bách sự việc mà anh ấy phân tích. Cũng vậy có toàn tiến hành của mơ mộng này. Tôi không biết liệu bạn đã tìm hiểu tất cả điều này cho chính bạn, hay có thể bạn đã đọc những quyển sách của những người khác, mà là điều bất hạnh nhất; bởi vì lúc đó bạn chỉ lặp lại điều gì những người khác đã nói, dù họ nổi tiếng bao nhiêu. Nhưng nếu bạn không đọc tất cả những quyển sách đó – cũng như người nói không đọc – vậy thì bạn phải tìm hiểu chính bạn, vậy thì nó trở thành cuốn hút hơn nhiều, khởi thủy hơn nhiều, trực tiếp hơn nhiều và trung thực hơn nhiều.

Trong sự tiến hành của phân tích có thế giới của những giấc mộng này. Chúng ta chấp nhận những giấc mộng như là điều cần thiết, bởi vì những nhà chuyên nghiệp nói rằng, "Bạn phải nằm mơ, nếu không bạn sẽ bị điên khùng", và có sự thật nào đó trong giấc mộng. Chúng ta đang tìm hiểu tất cả điều này bởi vì chúng ta đang cố gắng tìm ra liệu có thể thay đổi một cách cơ bản, khi có quá nhiều hoang mang, quá nhiều đau khổ, hận thù và hung bạo như thế trong thế giới; không có từ bi. Người ta phải, nếu người ta nghiêm túc, tìm hiểu tất cả điều này. Chúng ta đang tìm hiểu không chỉ dành cho sự giải trí thuộc trí năng nhưng thực sự cố gắng tìm ra liệu có thể thay đổi được không? Và khi chúng ta thấy khả năng có thể thay đổi, dù chúng ta là gì, dù nông cạn, dù hời hợt, lặp lại, bắt chước, nếu chúng ta thấy rằng có một khả năng của thay đổi cơ bản, vậy thì chúng ta có năng lượng để làm như thế. Nếu chúng ta nói rằng điều đó không thể được, vậy thì năng lượng đó bị biến mất.

Vì vậy chúng ta đang tìm hiểu vấn đề này, liệu rằng phân tích có sản sinh ra một thay đổi cơ bản hay không, hay liệu rằng nó chỉ là một giải trí thuộc trí năng, một hành động lẩn tránh. Như chúng ta đang nói, phân tích hàm ý thâm nhập vào thế giới của những giấc mộng. Những giấc mộng là gì, làm thế nào chúng hiện diện được? Tôi không biết liệu bạn đã tìm hiểu điều này chưa; nếu bạn đã làm bạn sẽ thấy rằng những giấc mộng là sự tiếp tục của cuộc sống hàng ngày của chúng ta. Điều gì bạn đang làm trong suốt ban ngày, tất cả sự ma mãnh, sự thoái hóa, căm hận, những vui thú trôi qua, tham vọng, tội lỗi và vân vân, tất cả điều đó được tiếp tục trong thế giới của những giấc mộng, chỉ trong những biểu tượng, trong những bức tranh và những hình ảnh. Những bức tranh và hình ảnh này phải được diễn giải và tất cả huyên náo lẫn dối trá của tất cả sự việc đó hiện diện.

Người ta không bao giờ hỏi tại sao người ta phải nằm mơ. Người ta đã chấp nhận những giấc mộng như là thiết yếu, như là bộ phận của sống. Bây giờ chúng ta đang hỏi chính chúng ta (nếu bạn theo cùng tôi) tại sao chúng ta lại nằm mơ. Liệu có thể khi bạn đi ngủ có một cái trí hoàn toàn yên lặng hay không? Bởi vì chỉ trong trạng thái yên lặng đó nó mới tự làm mới mẻ lại chính nó, làm trống không chính nó khỏi tất cả những chứa đựng, để cho nó được làm trong sáng, tươi trẻ, dứt khoát, không bị rối loạn.

Nếu những giấc mộng là sự tiếp tục của cuộc sống hàng ngày của chúng ta, của lao dịch, lo âu hàng ngày của chúng ta, sự ham muốn an toàn, quyến luyến, vậy thì rõ ràng, những giấc mộng trong những hình thức biểu tượng của chúng phải xảy ra. Điều đó rõ ràng rồi, phải không? Vậy là người ta hỏi: “Tại sao người ta phải nằm mơ?” Liệu những tế bào não có thể được yên tĩnh, không tiếp tục mọi công việc của ban ngày được không?

Người ta phải tìm ra điều đó bằng thể nghiệm, không phải chấp nhận điều gì người nói trình bày – và vì chúa đừng bao giờ làm điều đó, bởi vì chúng ta đang chia sẻ cùng nhau, đang tìm hiểu cùng nhau. Bạn có thể thể nghiệm nó bằng cách hoàn toàn tỉnh thức suốt ban ngày, nhìn ngắm những suy nghĩ của bạn, những động cơ của bạn, lời nói của bạn, cách bạn đi bộ và nói chuyện. Khi bạn tỉnh thức như thế có những bộc lộ của tầng ý thức bên trong, của những tầng sâu thẳm hơn, bởi vì lúc đó bạn đang phơi bày, đang mời mọc những động cơ giấu giếm, những lo âu, những nội dung của tầng ý thức bên trong hiển hiện ra bên ngoài. Vậy là khi bạn đi ngủ, bạn sẽ thấy rằng cái trí của bạn, gồm cả bộ não, tĩnh lặng lạ thường. Nó thực sự đang nghỉ ngơi, bởi vì bạn đã kết thúc điều gì bạn đã làm trong suốt ban ngày.

Nếu bạn suy xét kỹ càng và giải quyết xong tất cả mọi việc đã xảy ra ban ngày, lúc bạn đi đến giường và nằm xuống – bạn không làm việc này hay sao? – nói rằng, “Đúng ra tôi nên làm điều này, đúng ra tôi không nên làm điều kia”, “Đáng lẽ nó sẽ tốt hơn theo cách kia, tôi ước rằng tôi đã không nói điều này” – khi bạn suy xét kỹ càng và giải quyết xong tất cả mọi việc đã xảy ra suốt ngày, vậy là bạn đang cố gắng mang lại trật tự trước khi bạn ngủ. Và nếu bạn không tạo được trật tự trước khi bạn ngủ, bộ não cố gắng làm việc đó trong khi bạn đang ngủ. Bởi vì bộ não vận hành hoàn hảo chỉ trong trật tự, không trong vô trật tự. Nó vận hành hiệu quả nhất khi có trật tự trọn vẹn, dù rằng trật tự đó thuộc loạn thần kinh hay có lý luận; bởi vì trong loạn thần kinh, trong mất thăng bằng, có trật tự, và bộ não chấp nhận trật tự đó.

Vì vậy, nếu bạn suy xét kỹ càng và giải quyết xong tất cả những sự việc đã xảy ra suốt ngày trước khi bạn ngủ, lúc đó bạn đang cố gắng mang lại trật tự, và vì vậy bộ não không phải tạo ra trật tự trong khi bạn đang ngủ: bạn đã thực hiện nó trong suốt ban ngày. Bạn có thể tạo ra trật tự đó từng giây phút một trong suốt ban ngày, đó là nếu bạn tỉnh thức được mọi sự việc đang xảy ra, cả bên ngoài lẫn bên trong. Bên ngoài trong ý nghĩa của tỉnh thức được sự vô trật tự quanh bạn, sự hung dữ, sự dửng dưng, sự lãnh đạm, sự bẩn thỉu, sự nghèo khổ, những cãi cọ, những nhà chính trị và những ma mãnh của họ – tất cả việc đó đang xảy ra. Và liên hệ của bạn với người chồng của bạn, người vợ của bạn, với người bạn gái hay người bạn trai của bạn, tỉnh thức được việc đó trong suốt ban ngày, mà không sửa đổi nó, chỉ tỉnh thức được nó. Khoảnh khắc bạn cố gắng sửa đổi nó, bạn đang tạo ra vô trật tự. Nhưng nếu bạn chỉ quan sát thực sự cái gì là, vậy thì cái gì là, là trật tự.

Chỉ khi nào bạn cố gắng thay đổi “cái gì là” thì mới có vô trật tự; bởi vì bạn muốn thay đổi tùy theo hiểu biết mà bạn đã thâu lượm. Hiểu biết đó là quá khứ và bạn đang cố gắng thay đổi "cái gì là" – mà không thuộc quá khứ – tùy theo cái gì bạn đã thâu lượm được. Vì vậy có một mâu thuẫn, vì vậy có một biến dạng, vì vậy đây là vô trật tự.

Vậy là trong suốt ban ngày, nếu bạn tỉnh thức được những phương cách của những suy nghĩ của bạn, những động cơ của bạn, đạo đức giả của bạn, nói chuyện nước đôi của bạn – làm việc này, nói việc khác, suy nghĩ việc khác – cái mặt nạ bạn mang vào, vô số những lừa dối mà người ta có sẵn trong tầm tay, nếu bạn tỉnh thức được tất cả việc đó trong suốt ban ngày, bạn không phải ôm tất cả việc đó khi bạn đi ngủ, bạn đang mang lại trật tự từng giây phút một. Vì vậy khi bạn đi ngủ, bạn sẽ thấy rằng những tế bào não của bạn, mà đã ghi lại và bám vào quá khứ, trở nên yên lặng hoàn toàn, và lúc đó giấc ngủ của bạn trở thành cái gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Khi chúng ta sử dụng từ ngữ "cái trí", chúng ta bao gồm trong đó bộ não, toàn cơ quan thần kinh, những thương yêu, tất cả cấu trúc con người; chúng ta có ý nói tất cả việc đó, không phải cái gì đó tách rời. Trong đó được bao gồm trí năng, tâm hồn, toàn cơ quan thần kinh. Vậy là khi bạn đi ngủ, qui trình đã hoàn toàn kết thúc, và khi bạn thức dậy bạn thấy những sự việc chính xác như chúng là, không phải sự diễn giải của bạn về chúng hay sự ham muốn thay đổi chúng.

Vì vậy đối với người nói, sự phân tích ngăn cản hành động. Và hành động là tuyệt đối cần thiết cho mục đích mang lại trật tự cơ bản này. Vì vậy sự phân tích không là phương cách đúng. Đừng chấp nhận, làm ơn, điều gì người nói đang trình bày, nhưng hãy tự quan sát cho chính bạn, học hỏi về nó, không phải từ tôi, nhưng học hỏi bằng cách quan sát tất cả những hàm ý này của phân tích: thời gian, người phân tích và vật được phân tích – người phân tích là vật được phân tích – và mỗi phân tích phải được trọn vẹn, nếu không nó gây biến dạng sự phân tích kế tiếp. Vì vậy phải thấy rằng toàn tiến hành của những phân tích, dù rằng nó là phân tích thuộc trí năng, là hoàn toàn sai lầm! Nó không là phương cách dẫn đến sự vượt khỏi – có lẽ nó cần thiết cho những người mà trong chừng mực nào đó, hay toàn bộ, bị mất thăng bằng; và có lẽ hầu hết chúng ta đều bị mất thăng bằng.

Chúng ta phải tìm ra một phương cách để quan sát toàn nội dung của ý thức mà không có người phân tích. Nó rất vui khi bạn tìm hiểu điều này, bởi vì lúc đó bạn phủ nhận toàn bộ mọi sự việc mà con người đã nói. Bởi vì lúc đó bạn đứng một mình; khi bạn tự tìm ra cho chính bạn, nó sẽ là trung thực, thực sự, chân thật, không lệ thuộc vào bất kỳ vị giáo sư, bất kỳ người tâm lý học, bất kỳ người phân tích nào và vân vân.

Vì vậy người ta phải tìm ra một cách quan sát mà không có sự phân tích. Tôi sắp sửa tìm hiểu điều đó – tôi hy vọng các bạn không phiền khi tôi thực hiện việc này, được chứ? Đây không là sự điều trị theo nhóm! (Tiếng cười) Đây không là một thú tội cởi mở, không phải rằng người nói đang phân tích các bạn, hay đang khiến các bạn thay đổi và trở thành những con người tuyệt vời! Bạn phải làm điều này cho chính bạn, và vì hầu hết chúng ta đều là những con người phó bản thứ hai hay thứ ba, rất khó khăn khi gạt đi toàn bộ tất cả những điều mà đã bị áp đặt vào những cái trí của bạn bởi những người chuyên nghiệp, dù là những người chuyên nghiệp thuộc tôn giáo hay khoa học. Chúng ta phải tìm ra cho chính chúng ta.

Nếu sự phân tích không là phương cách – và nó đúng là như vậy, như người nói hiểu được, vì ông ta đã giải thích – vậy thì làm thế nào người ta tìm hiểu hay quan sát toàn nội dung của ý thức? Nội dung của ý thức là gì? Làm ơn đừng lặp lại điều gì một ai đó đã nói. Toàn nội dung của bạn là gì? Bạn có khi nào quan sát nó, suy xét về nó hay chưa? Nếu bạn đã làm, nó không phải là vô số những biến cố, những việc xảy ra, vui thú và không-vui thú, vô số những niềm tin, những truyền thống, vô số những hồi tưởng và những kỷ niệm thuộc cá nhân, những kỷ niệm thuộc gia đình và chủng tộc, văn hóa mà trong đó người ta đã được nuôi dưỡng – tất cả việc đó là nội dung, phải vậy không? Và những biến cố xảy ra mỗi ngày, những kỷ niệm, vô số những đau khổ, những bất hạnh, những sỉ nhục, tất cả việc đó được ghi lại. Và nội dung đó là ý thức của bạn – bạn, như một người Thiên chúa giáo, hay một người Tin lành, sống trong thế giới phương Tây này với sự tìm kiếm nhiều hơn và nhiều hơn và nhiều hơn, thế giới của vui thú, giải trí, giàu có to tát, sự huyên náo không ngừng nghỉ của truyền hình, hung bạo – tất cả điều đó là bạn, đó là nội dung của bạn.

Làm thế nào tất cả điều đó được phơi bày? – và khi phơi bày nó, liệu mỗi biến cố, mỗi việc xảy ra, mỗi truyền thống, mỗi tổn thương, mỗi đau khổ, phải được tìm hiểu từng vấn đề một? Hay nó phải được tìm hiểu tổng thể? Nếu nó phải được tìm hiểu từng vấn đề một, từ từ, bạn đang thâm nhập vào thế giới của phân tích và không có kết thúc cho nó, bạn sẽ chết khi phân tích – và biếu nhiều tiền bạc cho người phân tích, nếu đó là vui thú của bạn.

Bây giờ chúng ta sẽ tìm ra làm thế nào để quan sát những mảnh vỡ này, mà là nội dung của ý thức, một cách tổng thể – không phải phân tích. Chúng ta sẽ tìm ra làm thế nào quan sát mà không có bất kỳ phân tích nào cả. Đó là, chúng ta đã quan sát mọi thứ – cái cây, đám mây, người vợ và người chồng, người con gái và người con trai – như người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Làm ơn hãy chú ý điều này một tí. Bạn đã quan sát sự tức giận của bạn, tham lam của bạn hay ghen tuông của bạn, bất kỳ cái gì nó là, như một người quan sát đang quan sát tham lam. Người quan sát là tham lam, nhưng bạn đã tách rời người quan sát bởi vì cái trí của bạn bị quy định vào qui trình phân tích; vì vậy bạn đang luôn luôn nhìn cái cây, đám mây, mọi thứ trong cuộc sống như một người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Bạn có thấy điều đó không? Bạn nhìn người vợ của bạn qua hình ảnh mà bạn đã có về cô ấy; hình ảnh đó là người quan sát, nó là quá khứ, hình ảnh đó đã được sắp xếp vào nhau qua thời gian. Và người quan sát là thời gian, là quá khứ, là hiểu biết được tích lũy của vô số những biến cố, những tai nạn, những xảy ra, những trải nghiệm và vân vân. Người quan sát đó là quá khứ, và anh ấy xem xét vật được quan sát như thể anh ấy không thuộc về nó, nhưng tách rời khỏi nó.

Bây giờ, liệu bạn có thể quan sát mà không có người quan sát? Bạn có thể quan sát cái cây mà không có quá khứ như người quan sát? Đó là, khi có người quan sát, vậy thì có không gian giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát – cái cây. Không gian đó là thời gian, bởi vì có một khoảng cách. Thời gian đó là chất lượng của người quan sát, mà là quá khứ, mà là hiểu biết được tích lũy, mà nói, “Đó là cái cây”, hay “Đó là hình ảnh vợ tôi”.

Bạn có thể quan sát, không chỉ cái cây, nhưng còn cả người vợ của bạn hay người chồng của bạn, mà không có hình ảnh? Bạn biết không, điều này đòi hỏi kỷ luật vô cùng. Tôi sẽ trình bày cho bạn một điều gì đó: thông thường kỷ luật hàm ý tuân phục, luyện tập, bắt chước, xung đột giữa cái gì là và cái gì nên là. Và thế là trong kỷ luật có xung đột: đè nén, khuất phục, vận dụng ý chí và vân vân – tất cả điều đó được hàm ý trong từ ngữ đó. Nhưng từ ngữ đó có nghĩa học hỏi – không phải tuân phục, không phải đè nén, nhưng học hỏi. Và chất lượng của cái trí mà học hỏi có trật tự riêng của nó mà là kỷ luật. Lúc này chúng ta đang học hỏi để quan sát, không có người quan sát, không có quá khứ, không có hình ảnh. Khi bạn quan sát như thế, “cái gì là” thực sự, là một sự việc đang sống, không phải một sự việc được nghĩ là chết rồi, có thể được công nhận bởi sự kiện quá khứ, bởi hiểu biết quá khứ.

Hãy nhìn, thưa các bạn, chúng ta hãy trình bày nó đơn giản hơn điều này. Bạn nói một điều gì đó với tôi mà gây tổn thương cho tôi, và sự đau khổ của tổn thương đó được ghi lại. Ký ức của điều đó tiếp tục và khi có đau khổ thêm nữa, nó được ghi lại nữa. Vì vậy tổn thương liên tục được củng cố từ thời niên thiếu. Trái lại, nếu tôi quan sát nó trọn vẹn, khi bạn nói một điều gì đó mà gây đau khổ cho tôi, vậy thì nó không ghi lại như một tổn thương. Khoảnh khắc bạn ghi lại nó như một tổn thương, ghi lại đó được tiếp tục và trong suốt cuộc đời của bạn bạn bị tổn thương, bởi vì bạn đang thêm vào tổn thương đó. Trái lại quan sát trọn vẹn đau khổ mà không ghi lại nó, là trao chú ý tổng thể của bạn vào ngay khoảnh khắc của đau khổ. Bạn đang làm tất cả việc này phải không?

Hãy nhìn, khi bạn ra ngoài, khi bạn dạo bộ trên những đường phố này, có mọi loại tiếng ồn, có mọi loại tiếng la hét, thô tục, hung bạo, ồn ào này đang trút vào bạn. Điều đó rất hủy hoại – bạn càng nhạy cảm bao nhiêu, bạn càng bị hủy hoại nhiều bấy nhiêu, nó gây tổn thương các cơ quan của bạn. Bạn kháng cự tổn thương đó và vì vậy bạn dựng lên một bức tường. Và khi bạn dựng lên một bức tường bạn đang tách rời chính bạn. Vậy là bạn đang củng cố sự cô lập, qua đó bạn sẽ thâu nhận mỗi lúc một nhiều tổn thương thêm. Trái lại nếu bạn đang quan sát những tiếng ồn đó, chú ý vào sự ồn ào đó, lúc đó bạn sẽ thấy rằng các cơ quan của bạn không bị tổn thương.

Nếu bạn hiểu rõ một nguyên tắc căn bản này, bạn sẽ hiểu rõ điều gì đó lạ thường: rằng nơi nào có một người quan sát đang tách rời chính anh ấy khỏi sự việc anh ấy quan sát, phải có xung đột. Dù làm bất kỳ điều gì bạn muốn, chừng nào còn có một phân chia giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát, phải có xung đột. Chừng nào còn có sự phân chia giữa người Hồi giáo và người Ấn độ giáo, giữa người Thiên chúa giáo và người Tin lành giáo, giữa người da đen và người da trắng, phải có xung đột; bạn có lẽ dung thứ lẫn nhau, mà là một che đậy thuộc trí năng của không-dung thứ.

Chừng nào còn có sự phân chia giữa bạn và người vợ của bạn, phải có xung đột. Phân chia này tồn tại từ căn bản, từ nền tảng, chừng nào còn có người quan sát tách rời khỏi vật được quan sát. Chừng nào tôi còn nói, “Tức giận khác biệt với tôi, tôi phải kiểm soát tức giận, tôi phải thay đổi, tôi phải kiểm soát những suy nghĩ của tôi”, trong đó có phân chia, vì vậy có xung đột. Xung đột hàm ý đè nén, tuân phục, bắt chước, tất cả điều đó được bao gồm trong nó. Nếu bạn thực sự thấy được vẻ đẹp của điều này, rằng người quan sát là vật được quan sát, rằng hai sự việc này không tách rời, vậy thì bạn có thể quan sát tổng thể của ý thức mà không phân tích. Vậy thì bạn thấy toàn nội dung của nó ngay tức khắc.

Người quan sát là người suy nghĩ. Chúng ta đã trao quá nhiều quan trọng cho người suy nghĩ, phải không? Chúng ta sống dựa vào suy nghĩ, chúng ta làm những sự việc dựa vào suy nghĩ, chúng ta lên kế hoạch cuộc sống của chúng ta dựa vào suy nghĩ, hành động của chúng ta được thúc đẩy bởi suy nghĩ. Và suy nghĩ được tôn thờ khắp thế giới như là sự việc quan trọng lạ kỳ nhất, mà là thành phần của trí năng.

Và tư tưởng đã tự tách rời chính nó như người suy nghĩ. Người suy nghĩ nói, “Những suy nghĩ này không tốt”, “Những suy nghĩ này tốt hơn”, anh ấy nói, “Lý tưởng này tốt hơn lý tưởng kia”. Tất cả việc đó đều là sản phẩm của tư tưởng – tư tưởng mà đã tách rời chính nó, phân chia chính nó như người suy nghĩ, như người trải nghiệm. Tư tưởng đã tách rời chính nó như là cái tôi cao quí hơn và cái tôi thấp hèn hơn – ở Ấn độ nó được gọi là đại ngã, cái cao hơn. Ở đây bạn gọi nó là linh hồn, hoặc cái này hoặc cái kia. Nhưng nó vẫn còn là tư tưởng đang vận hành. Điều đó rõ ràng, phải không? Tôi có ý nói, điều này hợp lý, nó không vô lý.

Bây giờ tôi sẽ chỉ cho bạn sự vô lý của nó. Tất cả những quyển sách của chúng ta, tất cả văn chương của chúng ta, mọi thứ là tư tưởng. Và quan hệ của chúng ta được dựa vào tư tưởng – chỉ cần suy nghĩ về nó! Người vợ của tôi là hình ảnh mà tôi đã tạo ra bằng suy nghĩ. Suy nghĩ đó đã được xếp đặt vào cùng nhau bởi những càu nhàu, bởi tất cả những sự việc xảy ra giữa người vợ và người chồng – vui thú ái ân, những bực dọc, những ngăn cấm, tất cả những bản năng tách rời đều xảy ra. Tư tưởng của chúng ta là kết quả của sự liên hệ của chúng ta. Bây giờ tư tưởng là gì? Bạn được đặt cho câu hỏi đó, “Tư tưởng là gì?” Làm ơn đừng lặp lại câu trả lời của ai đó – hãy tìm ra cho chính bạn. Chắc chắn tư tưởng là sự đáp trả của ký ức, phải vậy không? – ký ức như hiểu biết, ký ức như trải nghiệm mà đã được tích lũy, được lưu trữ trong những tế bào não. Vì vậy những tế bào não chính chúng là những tế bào của ký ức. Nhưng nếu bạn không suy nghĩ gì cả, bạn sẽ ở trong một trạng thái quên lãng, bạn sẽ không thể đi đến nhà của bạn được.

Tư tưởng là sự đáp trả của ký ức được tích lũy như hiểu biết, như trải nghiệm – dù nó là trải nghiệm của bạn hay trải nghiệm được thừa hưởng, trải nghiệm cộng đồng và vân vân. Vì vậy tư tưởng là sự đáp trả của quá khứ, mà có lẽ tự chiếu rọi chính nó vào tương lai, trôi qua hiện tại, bổ sung nó như tương lai. Nhưng nó vẫn còn là quá khứ. Vì vậy tư tưởng không bao giờ được tự do – làm thế nào nó có thể tự do được? Nó có thể tưởng tượng điều gì là tự do, nó có thể lý tưởng hóa tự do nên là gì, sáng chế một không tưởng về tự do. Nhưng tư tưởng chính nó, trong chính nó, là quá khứ và vì vậy nó không là tự do, nó luôn luôn cũ kỹ. Làm ơn, đây không là một vấn đề dành cho sự đồng ý với người nói của bạn, nó là một sự kiện. Tư tưởng tổ chức cuộc sống của chúng ta, được đặt nền tảng trên quá khứ. Tư tưởng đó, được đặt nền tảng trên quá khứ, chiếu rọi cái gì ngày mai nó nên là và vì vậy có xung đột.

Từ đó nảy ra một vấn đề, đó là, đối với hầu hết chúng ta, tư tưởng đã cho nhiều vui thú. Vui thú là một nguyên tắc hướng dẫn trong sống của chúng ta. Chúng ta không đang nói rằng nó sai hay đúng, chúng ta đang tìm hiểu nó. Vui thú là sự việc mà chúng ta mong muốn nhiều nhất. Ở đây trong thế giới này và trong thế giới tinh thần, trong thiên đàng – nếu bạn có một thiên đàng – chúng ta ham muốn vui thú trong bất kỳ hình thức nào – giải trí tôn giáo, tham dự thánh lễ, tất cả gánh xiếc mà xảy ra nhân danh tôn giáo. Và vui thú của bất kỳ sự kiện nào, dù nó là của một cảnh mặt trời mọc, hay ái ân, hay bất kỳ vui thú thuộc giác quan nào, được ghi lại và suy nghĩ lại. Vì vậy tư tưởng như vui thú đóng một vai trò quan trọng lạ kỳ trong sống của chúng ta. Một điều gì đó đã xảy ra ngày hôm qua mà là một sự việc dễ thương nhất, một biến cố vui vẻ nhất, nó được ghi lại; tư tưởng bắt gặp nó, nghiền ngẫm nó và liên tục suy nghĩ về nó và muốn nó được lặp lại vào ngày mai, dù rằng nó là tình dục hay điều gì khác. Vì vậy tư tưởng trao sức sống cho một biến cố mà đã qua rồi.

Chính sự tiến hành của ghi lại là hiểu biết, mà là quá khứ, và tư tưởng là quá khứ. Vì vậy tư tưởng như vui thú, được duy trì. Nếu bạn đã nhận thấy, vui thú luôn luôn trong quá khứ; hay vui thú được tưởng tượng của ngày mai vẫn còn là sự hồi tưởng được chiếu rọi vào tương lai, từ quá khứ.

Bạn cũng có thể quan sát rằng nơi nào có vui thú và sự theo đuổi vui thú, cũng có sự nuôi dưỡng sợ hãi. Bạn không thấy nó hay sao? Sợ hãi của sự việc tôi đã làm ngày hôm qua, sợ hãi của đau đớn thân thể mà tôi đã gặp phải cách đây một tuần; suy nghĩ về nó duy trì sự sợ hãi. Không có kết thúc của đau đớn đó khi nó qua rồi. Nó qua rồi, nhưng tôi lại làm cho nó tiếp tục sống bằng cách suy nghĩ về nó.

Vì vậy tư tưởng kéo dài và trao chất dinh dưỡng cho vui thú lẫn sợ hãi. Tư tưởng chịu trách nhiệm cho điều này. Có sợ hãi của hiện tại, của tương lai, sợ hãi của chết, sợ hãi của cái không biết được, sợ hãi của không thành tựu, sợ hãi của không được thương yêu, muốn được thương yêu – có quá nhiều sợ hãi, tất cả đều được tạo ra bởi hệ thống máy móc của tư tưởng. Vì vậy có tánh hợp lý của tư tưởng và tánh vô lý của tư tưởng.

Phải có sự vận dụng của tư tưởng khi làm những sự việc. Thuộc công nghệ, trong văn phòng, khi bạn nấu nướng, khi bạn rửa chén đĩa – hiểu biết phải vận hành hoàn hảo. Có hợp lý, lý luận của tư tưởng trong hành động, trong đang làm. Nhưng cũng vậy tư tưởng trở thành hoàn toàn vô lý khi nó duy trì vui thú hay sợ hãi. Và vẫn vậy tư tưởng nói, “Tôi không thể buông bỏ vui thú của tôi”; tuy nhiên tư tưởng biết, nếu nó có nhạy cảm hay tỉnh thức, rằng có đau khổ theo cùng việc đó.

Vì vậy hãy tỉnh thức được tất cả hệ thống máy móc của tư tưởng, của chuyển động tinh tế, phức tạp của tư tưởng! Việc này không khó khăn lắm khi bạn nói, “Tôi phải tìm ra cách sống hoàn toàn khác hẳn, một cách sống không có xung đột.” Nếu đó là thực sự của bạn, đòi hỏi đầy đam mê và khăng khăng của bạn – giống như đòi hỏi cho vui thú của bạn – phải sống một cuộc sống bên trong và bên ngoài mà không còn xung đột – vậy thì bạn sẽ thấy khả năng có thể thực hiện được nó. Bởi vì, như chúng ta đã giải thích, xung đột hiện diện chỉ khi nào có phân chia giữa cái “tôi” và cái “không tôi”. Vậy thì nếu bạn thấy điều đó, không phải bằng từ ngữ hay thuộc trí năng – bởi vì đó không là thấy gì cả – nhưng khi bạn thực sự nhận ra rằng không có phân chia giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát, giữa người suy nghĩ và suy nghĩ, vậy thì bạn thấy, vậy thì bạn quan sát thực sự “cái gì là”. Và khi bạn thấy thực sự “cái gì là”, bạn vượt khỏi nó rồi. Bạn không ở cùng “cái gì là”, bạn ở cùng “cái gì là” chỉ khi nào người quan sát khác biệt “cái gì là”. Bạn đang nắm bắt được điều này chứ? Vậy là khi có sự kết thúc hoàn toàn của phân chia giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát, vậy là “cái gì là” không còn là “cái gì là” nữa. Cái trí đã vượt khỏi nó.

Người hỏi: Làm thế nào tôi có thể thay đổi sự nhận dạng của người quan sát với vật được quan sát? Tôi không thể chỉ đồng ý với ông và nói rằng “Vâng, điều đó đúng”, nhưng phải làm điều gì đó về nó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Hoàn toàn đúng, thưa bạn, không có nhận dạng gì cả. Khi bạn nhận dạng chính bạn với vật được quan sát, nó vẫn còn là khuôn mẫu của tư tưởng, phải vậy không?

Người hỏi: Chính xác, nhưng làm thế nào tôi ra khỏi nó?

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn không ra khỏi nó, tôi sẽ giải thích nó cho bạn, thưa bạn. Bạn có thấy sự thật rằng người quan sát là vật được quan sát hay không? – sự thật của nó, hợp lý của nó. Bạn có thấy điều đó không? Hay bạn không thấy?

Người hỏi: Nó vẫn chỉ là một nhận định mà nảy ra; sự kiện không hiện diện.

KRISHNAMURTI: Sự kiện không hiện diện à?

Người hỏi: Không, một nhận định của sự đồng ý nảy ra.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nhưng bạn thấy sự kiện đó, phải vậy không? Đừng đồng ý, hay không đồng ý, đây là một vấn đề rất nghiêm túc; tôi muốn rằng tôi có thể nói về thiền định, nhưng không phải lúc này, vì thiền định được hàm ý trong nó. Thưa bạn, hãy thấy sự quan trọng của điều này. Sự kiện là "tôi là sự tức giận" – không phải "tôi" khác biệt với sự tức giận. Đó là sự thật, đó là một sự kiện, phải vậy không? Tôi là sự tức giận; không phải "tôi" tách rời khỏi sự tức giận. Khi tôi ghen tuông, tôi là sự ghen tuông; không phải tôi khác biệt sự ghen tuông. Tôi làm cho chính tôi tách rời khỏi sự ghen tuông bởi vì tôi muốn làm một điều gì đó về nó, kéo dài nó, hay loại bỏ nó hay lý luận nó, bất kỳ nó là gì. Nhưng sự kiện là, cái "tôi" là sự ghen tuông, phải không?

Bây giờ làm thế nào tôi hành động khi tôi ghen tuông, khi cái "tôi" là sự ghen tuông? Trước hết tôi đã nghĩ rằng "tôi" có thể hành động khi tôi tự tách rời chính tôi khỏi sự ghen tuông, tôi đã nghĩ tôi có thể làm điều gì đó về nó, đè nén nó, lý luận nó, hay chạy trốn khỏi nó – làm vô số sự việc. Tôi đã nghĩ tôi đang làm điều gì đó. Ở đây, tôi cảm thấy rằng tôi không đang làm bất kỳ điều gì. Đó là, khi tôi nói rằng "Tôi là sự ghen tuông", tôi cảm thấy tôi không thể chuyển động. Điều đó không đúng sao, thưa bạn?

Hãy nhìn hai sự khác nhau của hoạt động, ở hành động mà xảy ra khi bạn khác biệt sự ghen tuông, đó là không kết thúc của ghen tuông. Bạn có lẽ chạy trốn nó, bạn có lẽ đè nén nó, bạn có lẽ chuyển đổi nó, bạn có lẽ tẩu thoát, nhưng nó sẽ quay trở lại, nó sẽ luôn luôn ở đó, bởi vì có sự phân chia giữa bạn và sự ghen tuông. Bây giờ có một loại hành động hoàn toàn khác hẳn khi không có phân chia, bởi vì trong đó người quan sát là vật được quan sát, anh ấy không thể làm bất kỳ điều gì về nó. Trước kia, anh ấy đã có thể làm điều gì đó về nó, bây giờ anh ấy cảm thấy anh ấy bị bất lực, anh ấy bị tuyệt vọng, anh ấy không thể làm bất kỳ điều gì. Nếu người quan sát là vật được quan sát, vậy thì không có đang nói, "Tôi có thể hay không thể làm bất kỳ điều gì về nó" – anh ấy là cái gì anh ấy là. Anh ấy là sự ghen tuông. Bây giờ, khi anh ấy là sự ghen tuông, điều gì xảy ra? Tiếp tục đi, thưa bạn!

Người hỏi: Anh ấy hiểu rõ . . .

KRISHNAMURTI: Hãy nhìn nó, từ từ. Khi tôi nghĩ rằng tôi khác biệt sự ghen tuông của tôi, lúc đó tôi cảm thấy rằng tôi có thể làm điều gì đó về nó và trong khi làm điều đó có xung đột. Ở đây trái lại, khi tôi nhận ra sự thật của nó, rằng tôi là sự ghen tuông, rằng cái "tôi", người quan sát, là vật được quan sát, vậy thì điều gì xảy ra?

Người hỏi: Không có xung đột.

KRISHNAMURTI: Yếu tố của xung đột kết thúc. Ở đó xung đột hiện diện, ở đây xung đột không hiện diện. Thế là xung đột là sự ghen tuông. Bạn nắm bắt được chứ? Đã có hành động toàn bộ, một hành động trong đó không còn nỗ lực, vì vậy nó trọn vẹn, tổng thể, nó sẽ không bao giờ quay trở lại.

Người hỏi: Ông đã nói rằng sự phân tích là dụng cụ gây chết người cho tư tưởng hay ý thức. Tôi hoàn toàn đồng ý với ông và ông sắp sửa nói ông muốn khai triển sự bàn luận rằng có những mảnh vỡ trong bộ não hay trong tư tưởng hay trong ý thức mà sẽ chống lại sự phân tích. Thưa ông, tôi sẽ rất cám ơn nếu ông tiếp tục khai triển phần bàn luận đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Về điều gì, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Ông đã đề cập đến những mảnh vỡ sẽ không cấu thành bất kỳ xung đột hay tranh đấu, chúng sẽ chống lại phân tích.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi chỉ giải thích, thưa bạn, phải có sự phân chia khi có người quan sát và vật được quan sát, như hai sự việc khác biệt. Thưa bạn, hãy nhìn, đây không là một bàn luận, không có gì để khai triển. Tôi đã trình bày nó khá thấu đáo, dĩ nhiên chúng ta có thể dành nhiều thời gian hơn nữa, bởi vì bạn càng thâm nhập vào nó nhiều bao nhiêu, bạn càng có nó nhiều bấy nhiêu. Chúng ta đã phá vỡ cuộc sống chúng ta thành nhiều mảnh, phải không? – người khoa học, người buôn bán, họa sĩ, người nội trợ và vân vân. Căn bản là gì, gốc rễ của phân chia này là gì? Gốc rễ của phân chia này là người quan sát đang tách rời khỏi vật được quan sát. Anh ấy phá vỡ sống: tôi là một người Ấn độ giáo và bạn là một người Thiên chúa giáo, tôi là một người cộng sản, bạn là một người tư sản. Vì vậy luôn luôn có phân chia này đang xảy ra. Và tôi nói, “Tại sao có phân chia này, điều gì gây ra phân chia này?” – không chỉ trong cấu trúc xã hội, kinh tế phía bên ngoài mà còn sâu xa hơn nhiều. Phân chia này được tạo ra bởi cái “tôi” và cái “không tôi” – cái tôi mà muốn cao quí hơn, nổi tiếng hơn, quan trọng hơn – trái lại cái “bạn” là khác hẳn.

Vì vậy cái “tôi” là người quan sát, cái “tôi” là quá khứ, mà phân chia hiện tại như quá khứ và tương lai. Vì vậy chừng nào còn có người quan sát, người trải nghiệm, người suy nghĩ, phải có phân chia. Nơi nào người quan sát là vật được quan sát, xung đột kết thúc và vì vậy ghen tuông kết thúc. Bởi vì ghen tuông là xung đột, phải vậy không?

Người hỏi: Ghen tuông không là bản chất của con người hay sao?

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạo lực là bản chất của con người à? Tham lam là bản chất của con người à?

Người hỏi: Tôi muốn hỏi ông một câu khác, nếu tôi được phép. Không hiểu tôi đúng hay sai, theo điều gì ông đã cho chúng tôi biết, khi nói rằng vì một con người suy nghĩ trong tâm hồn của anh ấy, anh ấy là như thế phải không? Vì vậy chúng ta phải quan sát những suy nghĩ của chúng ta và hưởng lợi từ trải nghiệm.

KRISHNAMURTI: Chính xác như thế. Khi bạn suy nghĩ, điều gì bạn suy nghĩ, bạn là nó. Bạn nghĩ rằng bạn quan trọng hơn một người nào đó, rằng bạn thấp hèn hơn một ai đó, rằng bạn hoàn hảo, rằng bạn đẹp đẽ hay không đẹp đẽ, rằng bạn tức giận – điều gì bạn suy nghĩ bạn là nó. Điều đó khá đơn giản, phải không? Người ta phải tìm ra liệu có thể sống một cuộc sống mà suy nghĩ có chức năng hợp lý của nó, và thấy khi nào suy nghĩ trở thành không hợp lý. Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu điều đó vào ngày mai.

Người hỏi: Tiếp tục với ghen tuông: Khi sự ghen tuông là “tôi”, và “tôi” là sự ghen tuông, xung đột kết thúc, bởi vì tôi biết nó là sự ghen tuông và nó biến mất. Nhưng khi tôi lắng nghe những tiếng ồn ngoài đường phố, và tôi là tiếng ồn, và những tiếng ồn là “tôi”, làm thế nào xung đột có thể kết thúc khi tiếng ồn đó cứ tiếp tục hoài?

KRISHNAMURTI: Điều đó khá đơn giản, thưa bà. Tôi đi xuống con đường và tiếng ồn đó khủng khiếp quá. Và khi tôi nói rằng tiếng ồn đó là “tôi”, tiếng ồn không kết thúc, nó tiếp tục. Đó là câu hỏi phải không? Nhưng tôi không nói rằng tiếng ồn là tôi, tôi không nói rằng đám mây là tôi, hay cái cây là tôi, tại sao tôi phải nói tiếng ồn là tôi? Chúng ta vừa vạch rõ, rằng nếu bạn quan sát, nếu bạn nói, “Tôi lắng nghe tiếng ồn đó”, lắng nghe tổng thể, không có kháng cự, vậy là tiếng ồn đó có lẽ tiếp tục mãi mãi, nó không ảnh hưởng đến bạn. Khoảnh khắc bạn kháng cự, bạn tách rời khỏi tiếng ồn – không đồng hóa chính bạn cùng tiếng ồn – tôi không biết liệu bạn có thấy được sự khác biệt hay không. Tiếng ồn tiếp tục, tôi có thể ngăn chặn chính tôi khỏi nó bằng cách kháng cự nó, đang dựng lên một bức tường giữa chính tôi và tiếng ồn đó. Vậy thì điều gì xảy ra khi tôi kháng cự một điều gì đó? Có xung đột, phải không? Bây giờ liệu tôi có thể lắng nghe tiếng ồn đó mà không có bất kỳ kháng cự nào hay không?

Người hỏi: Được, nếu ông biết rằng tiếng ồn có lẽ ngừng trong một tiếng đồng hồ nữa.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, đó vẫn còn là thành phần của kháng cự của bạn.

Người hỏi: Điều đó có nghĩa rằng tôi có thể lắng nghe tiếng ồn trên đường phố trong suốt cuộc đời còn lại của tôi kèm theo khả năng là tôi có lẽ trở nên điếc.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, hãy lắng nghe, thưa bà, tôi đang nói điều gì đó khác hẳn. Chúng ta đang nói, chừng nào còn có kháng cự, phải có xung đột. Dù tôi kháng cự người vợ của tôi hay người chồng của tôi, dù tôi kháng cự tiếng ồn của con chó đang sủa, hay tiếng ồn trên đường phố, phải có xung đột. Bây giờ làm thế nào người ta có thể lắng nghe tiếng ồn mà không có xung đột – không phải liệu nó sẽ tiếp tục vô tận, hay hy vọng nó sẽ kết thúc – nhưng làm thế nào lắng nghe tiếng ồn mà không có bất kỳ xung đột nào? Đó là điều gì chúng ta đang nói. Bạn có thể lắng nghe tiếng ồn khi cái trí hoàn toàn được tự do khỏi bất kỳ hình thức kháng cự nào – không chỉ với tiếng ồn đó, nhưng với mọi thứ trong cuộc sống – với người chồng, với người vợ, với con cái, với người chính trị. Vì vậy điều gì xảy ra? Lắng nghe của bạn trở nên tinh tường nhiều hơn, bạn trở thành nhạy cảm nhiều hơn, và vì vậy tiếng ồn chỉ là một phần, nó không là tổng thể thế giới. Chính động thái lắng nghe quan trọng hơn tiếng ồn, vì vậy lắng nghe trở thành sự việc quan trọng chứ không phải tiếng ồn.

NEW YORK CITY

Ngày 18 tháng tư năm 1971

– 2 – SỰ LIÊN HỆ

Sự liên hệ. “Bạn là thế giới.” Cái tôi tách rời; sự thoái hóa. Thấy “cái gì là” thực sự. Tình yêu không là gì. “Chúng ta không có đam mê; chúng ta có dục vọng, chúng ta có vui thú.” Hiểu rõ chết là gì. Tình yêu là tánh vĩnh hằng riêng của nó.

Những câu hỏi: Khái niệm về tốt lành và xấu xa; chia sẻ; đau khổ và sợ hãi; làm thế nào được tự do khỏi quá khứ?

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi muốn nói về sự liên hệ, về tình yêu là gì, về sự tồn tại của con người trong đó được bao hàm đang sống hàng ngày của chúng ta, những vấn đề người ta có, những xung đột, những vui thú và những sợ hãi, và sự việc lạ thường nhất mà con người gọi là chết.

Tôi nghĩ người ta phải hiểu rõ, không phải như một lý thuyết, không phải như một ý tưởng giải trí và phỏng đoán, nhưng như một sự kiện thực sự – rằng chúng ta là thế giới và thế giới là chúng ta. Thế giới là mỗi người chúng ta; cảm thấy điều đó, thực sự gắn kết với nó và không với điều gì khác, tạo ra một cảm thấy của trách nhiệm lớn lao và một hành động mà chắc chắn không là phân chia, nhưng tổng thể.

Tôi nghĩ chúng ta có khuynh hướng quên rằng xã hội của chúng ta, nền văn hóa trong đó chúng ta sống, mà đã quy định chúng ta, là kết quả của sự gắng sức, sự xung đột của con người, sự đau khổ và chịu đựng của con người. Mỗi người chúng ta là nền văn hóa đó; cộng đồng đó là mỗi người chúng ta – chúng ta không tách rời khỏi nó. Để cảm thấy điều này, không phải như một ý tưởng thuộc trí năng hay một khái niệm, nhưng thực sự cảm thấy sự thật của điều này, người ta phải tìm hiểu vấn đề của liên hệ là gì; bởi vì sống của chúng ta, sự tồn tại của chúng ta, được đặt nền tảng trên sự liên hệ. Sống là một chuyển động trong liên hệ. Nếu chúng ta không hiểu rõ điều gì được bao hàm trong liên hệ, rõ ràng chúng ta không chỉ cô lập chính chúng ta, mà còn tạo ra một xã hội trong đó những con người bị phân chia, không chỉ theo quốc gia, theo tôn giáo, mà còn trong chính họ và vì vậy họ chiếu rọi cái gì họ là vào thế giới bên ngoài.

Tôi không biết liệu bạn đã tìm hiểu sâu sắc vấn đề này cho chính bạn chưa, để tìm ra liệu rằng người ta có thể sống cùng một người khác trong hòa hợp tổng thể, trong hiệp thông hoàn toàn, để cho không có rào chắn, không có phân chia, nhưng một cảm thấy của hợp nhất trọn vẹn. Bởi vì sự liên hệ nghĩa là có liên quan – không phải trong hành động, không phải trong dự án nào đó, không phải trong một học thuyết – nhưng hoàn toàn hợp nhất trong ý nghĩa rằng sự phân chia, từng mảnh giữa những cá thể, giữa hai con người, không tồn tại ở bất kỳ mức độ nào.

Nếu người ta không tìm được sự liên hệ này, dường như đối với tôi khi chúng ta cố gắng mang lại trật tự trong thế giới, thuộc lý thuyết hay công nghệ, chúng ta chắc chắn tạo ra không chỉ những phân chia sâu thẳm giữa con người và con người, mà chúng ta cũng sẽ không thể ngăn cản được sự thoái hóa. Thoái hóa bắt đầu trong không có liên hệ; tôi nghĩ đó là gốc rễ của thoái hóa. Liên hệ như hiện nay chúng ta biết là sự tiếp tục của phân chia giữa những cá thể. Ý nghĩa gốc của từ ngữ cá thể đó có nghĩa là "không thể phân chia". Một con người trong chính anh ấy không bị phân chia, không bị phân từng mảnh, thực sự là một cá thể. Nhưng hầu hết chúng ta không là những cá thể; chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta là, và vì vậy có sự đối nghịch của cá thể với cộng đồng. Người ta phải hiểu rõ không chỉ ý nghĩa của từ ngữ tánh cá thể đó trong nghĩa lý của quyển từ điển, nhưng còn trong ý nghĩa sâu thẳm mà trong đó không có phân chia gì cả. Điều đó có nghĩa là hợp nhất trọn vẹn giữa cái trí, tâm hồn và các cơ quan thân thể. Chỉ lúc đó một tánh cá thể mới hiện diện.

Nếu chúng ta tìm hiểu thật kỹ càng sự liên hệ lẫn nhau hiện nay của chúng ta, dù nó là mật thiết hay hời hợt, sâu thẳm hay là thoáng qua, chúng ta thấy nó bị phân chia. Người vợ hay người chồng, cậu trai hay cô gái, mỗi người đều sống trong tham vọng riêng của họ, trong theo đuổi ích kỷ và riêng tư của họ, trong cái bọc riêng của họ. Tất cả việc này góp phần vào nhân tố để tạo ra một hình ảnh trong chính họ và vì vậy liên hệ với người khác của họ là qua hình ảnh đó, vì vậy không có liên hệ thực sự.

Tôi không biết liệu bạn có ý thức được cấu trúc và bản chất của hình ảnh này mà người ta đã xây dựng quanh chính người ta và trong chính người ta. Mỗi người luôn luôn đang làm việc này, và làm thế nào có thể có một liên hệ với một người khác, nếu có động cơ, ghen tị, ganh đua, tham lam, riêng tư đó và mọi phần còn lại của những sự việc đó mà được duy trì và được phóng đại trong xã hội hiện đại? Làm thế nào có thể có được sự liên hệ với một người khác, nếu mỗi người chúng ta đang theo đuổi thành tựu riêng tư của mình, thành công riêng tư của mình.

Tôi không biết liệu người ta có ý thức được tất cả điều này hay không. Chúng ta quá bị quy định đến độ chúng ta chấp nhận nó như một qui tắc, như một khuôn mẫu của cuộc sống, rằng mỗi người phải theo đuổi khuynh hướng hay tánh khí riêng của anh ấy, và tuy nhiên lại cố gắng thiết lập sự liên hệ với người khác bất kể điều này. Đó không là điều gì tất cả chúng ta đều đang làm hay sao? Bạn có lẽ lập gia đình và bạn đi làm ở văn phòng hay nhà máy; dù bạn làm bất kỳ việc gì trong suốt một ngày, bạn theo đuổi điều đó. Và người vợ của bạn trong ngôi nhà của cô ấy, cùng những rắc rối riêng của cô ấy, cùng những hão huyền riêng của cô ấy, với tất cả điều đó xảy ra. Sự liên hệ giữa hai con người này ở đâu? Nó ở trong giường ngủ, trong ái ân? Một liên hệ hời hợt như thế, giới hạn như thế, bị trói buộc như thế, trong chính nó không thoái hóa hay sao?

Người ta có lẽ hỏi: vậy thì làm thế nào bạn sẽ sống, nếu bạn không đi làm ở văn phòng, theo đuổi tham vọng đặc biệt riêng của bạn, ham muốn để thành tựu và đạt được riêng của bạn? Nếu người ta không làm được bất kỳ điều nào trong những điều này, người ta phải làm gì đây? Tôi nghĩ đó là một câu hỏi hoàn toàn sai lầm, phải không? Bởi vì chúng ta quan tâm, phải không, tạo ra một thay đổi cơ bản trong toàn cấu trúc của cái trí. Sự khủng hoảng không phải trong thế giới bên ngoài, nhưng trong chính ý thức. Và chừng nào chúng ta còn không hiểu rõ sự khủng hoảng này, không phải một cách hời hợt, không lệ thuộc một triết gia nào, nhưng thực sự tự hiểu rõ sâu thẳm cho chính chúng ta bằng cách tìm hiểu nó và thăm dò nó, chúng ta sẽ không thể tạo ra một thay đổi. Chúng ta quan tâm đến cuộc cách mạng tâm lý và cách mạng này chỉ có thể xảy ra khi có loại liên hệ đúng đắn giữa những con người.

Làm thế nào một liên hệ như thế được tạo ra? Vấn đề rõ ràng, phải không? Làm ơn, hãy chia sẻ vấn đề này cùng tôi, được chứ? Nó là vấn đề của bạn, không phải vấn đề của tôi; nó là sống của bạn, không phải sống của tôi; nó là đau khổ của bạn, phiền muộn của bạn, lo âu của bạn, tội lỗi của bạn. Trận chiến này là sống của người ta. Nếu bạn chỉ lắng nghe một diễn tả, vậy thì bạn sẽ phát giác rằng bạn chỉ đang bơi trên bề mặt và không đang giải quyết được bất kỳ vấn đề nào cả. Nó thực sự là vấn đề của bạn, và người nói chỉ đang diễn tả nó – đang biết rằng sự diễn tả không là sự việc được diễn tả. Chúng ta hãy cùng nhau chia sẻ vấn đề này, đó là: làm thế nào những con người, bạn và tôi, có thể tìm ra một liên hệ đúng đắn trong tất cả mọi hỗn loạn, căm hận, hủy diệt, đồi bại, và những sự việc khủng khiếp này đang xảy ra trong thế giới?

Muốn tìm ra được điều đó, dường như đối với tôi, người ta phải tìm hiểu điều gì đang xảy ra, thấy được cái gì thực sự "là". Không phải điều gì chúng ta thích nghĩ nó nên là, hay cố gắng thay đổi sự liên hệ của chúng ta đến một khái niệm tương lai, nhưng thực sự quan sát nó là gì ngay lúc này. Khi quan sát sự kiện, sự thật, thực tế của nó, có một khả năng thay đổi nó. Như chúng ta đã nói vào một ngày trước, khi có một khả năng lúc đó có một năng lượng lớn lao. Điều gì làm lãng phí năng lượng là ý tưởng rằng nó không thể thay đổi.

Vì vậy chúng ta phải nhìn sự liên hệ của chúng ta như nó thực sự là ngay lúc này; và quan sát nó là gì, chúng ta sẽ tìm được phương cách tạo ra một thay đổi trong thực tế đó. Vì vậy chúng ta đang diễn tả cái gì thực sự là, đó là: mỗi người sống trong thế giới riêng của anh ấy, trong thế giới của tham vọng, tham lam, sợ hãi của anh ấy, ham muốn thành công và mọi chuyện như thế – bạn biết điều gì đang xảy ra. Nếu tôi lập gia đình, tôi có những trách nhiệm, con cái, và mọi chuyện như thế. Tôi đi làm ở văn phòng, hay một nơi làm việc nào đó, và chúng tôi gặp gỡ nhau, người chồng và người vợ, cậu trai và cô gái, trong giường ngủ. Và đó là điều gì chúng ta gọi là tình yêu, đang sống những cuộc sống tách rời, bị cô lập, đang xây dựng một bức tường kháng cự quanh chúng ta, đang theo đuổi một hoạt động tự cho mình là trung tâm; mỗi người đang tìm kiếm an toàn theo tâm lý, mỗi người đang lệ thuộc vào người còn lại cho sự thanh thản, cho vui thú, cho tình bầu bạn; bởi vì trong sâu thẳm mỗi người đều bị cô độc, mỗi người cần được thương yêu, được ấp ủ, mỗi người đang cố gắng thống trị người khác.

Bạn có thể thấy điều này cho chính bạn, nếu bạn quan sát chính bạn. Liệu có bất kỳ loại liên hệ nào hay không? Không có liên hệ giữa hai con người, mặc dù họ có lẽ có con cái, một ngôi nhà, thực sự họ không có liên hệ gì cả. Nếu họ có một mục đích chung, mục đích đó duy trì họ, giữ họ lại cùng nhau, nhưng đó không là liên hệ.

Nhận ra tất cả việc này, người ta thấy rằng nếu không có liên hệ giữa hai con người, vậy thì thoái hóa bắt đầu – không những ở cấu trúc bên ngoài của xã hội, không những ở hiện tượng đồi bại bên ngoài, mà còn cả đồi bại, thoái hóa, hủy diệt bên trong bắt đầu, khi những con người thực sự không có liên hệ gì cả, giống như bạn không có. Bạn có lẽ cầm tay người khác, hôn nhau, ngủ chung, nhưng thực ra, khi bạn quan sát rất kỹ càng, liệu có liên hệ nào hay không? Được liên hệ có nghĩa không bị lệ thuộc lẫn nhau, không tẩu thoát khỏi sự cô độc của bạn qua một người khác, không cố gắng tìm sự thanh thản, bầu bạn qua một người khác. Khi bạn tìm kiếm thanh thản qua một người khác, là lệ thuộc và mọi việc còn lại của nó, liệu có thể có sự liên hệ nào hay không? Hay lúc đó các bạn đang lợi dụng lẫn nhau?

Chúng ta không bi quan, nhưng thực sự đang quan sát cái gì là: đó không là sự bi quan. Vì vậy muốn tìm ra sự liên hệ với người khác thực sự có nghĩa là gì, người ta phải hiểu rõ vấn đề của cô độc này, bởi vì hầu hết chúng ta đều bị cô độc khủng khiếp; chúng ta càng già nua bao nhiêu chúng ta càng trở nên cô độc nhiều bấy nhiêu, đặc biệt trong quốc gia này. Bạn có thấy những người già, trông họ như thế nào hay không? Bạn có thấy những tẩu thoát của họ, những vui chơi của họ hay không? Họ đã làm việc suốt cuộc đời của họ và họ muốn tẩu thoát vào một loại giải trí nào đó.

Khi thấy điều này, liệu chúng ta có thể tìm ra một cách sống mà trong đó chúng ta không sử dụng một người khác hay không? – theo tâm lý, theo cảm xúc, không lệ thuộc vào một người khác, không sử dụng một người khác như một phương tiện tẩu thoát khỏi những hành hạ riêng của chúng ta, khỏi những thất vọng riêng của chúng ta, khỏi cô độc riêng của chúng ta.

Hiểu rõ điều này là hiểu rõ sự cô độc là gì. Bạn có khi nào bị cô độc chưa? Bạn biết nó có nghĩa gì không? – rằng bạn không có liên hệ với một người nào khác, hoàn toàn bị tách rời. Bạn có lẽ ở cùng gia đình bạn, trong một đám đông, hay trong một văn phòng, bất kỳ bạn ở đâu, khi ý thức cô độc hoàn toàn này cùng tuyệt vọng của nó bỗng nhiên ập vào bạn. Nếu bạn không giải quyết việc đó trọn vẹn, sự liên hệ của bạn trở thành một phương tiện tẩu thoát và vì vậy nó dẫn đến thoái hóa, đến đau khổ. Làm thế nào người ta hiểu được cô độc này, ý thức của bị tách rời hoàn toàn này? Muốn hiểu rõ nó người ta phải nhìn vào cuộc sống riêng của người ta. Mọi hành động của bạn không phải là một hoạt động tự cho mình là trung tâm hay sao? Bạn có lẽ thỉnh thoảng từ tâm, rộng lượng, làm cái gì đó mà không có động cơ – đó là những trường hợp hiếm hoi. Tuyệt vọng này không bao giờ có thể xóa tan được qua tẩu thoát, nhưng bằng quan sát nó.

Vì vậy chúng ta đã quay trở lại câu hỏi này, đó là: làm thế nào để quan sát? Làm thế nào quan sát chính chúng ta, để cho trong quan sát đó không có xung đột gì cả? Bởi vì xung đột là thoái hóa, là sự lãng phí năng lượng, nó là trận chiến của cuộc sống chúng ta, từ khoảnh khắc chúng ta được sinh ra cho đến khi chúng ta chết. Liệu có thể sống mà không có một khoảnh khắc của xung đột nào hay không? Muốn làm điều đó, muốn tìm ra điều đó cho chính chúng ta, người ta phải học cách quan sát toàn chuyển động của chúng ta. Có quan sát mà trở thành hợp nhất, mà là sự thật, khi người quan sát không còn, nhưng chỉ quan sát. Chúng ta đã tìm hiểu điều đó vào ngày hôm trước rồi.

Khi không có liên hệ liệu có thể có tình yêu hay không? Chúng ta nói về nó, và tình yêu, như chúng ta biết nó, là liên quan đến ái ân và vui thú, phải không? Một số người trong các bạn nói “Không”. Khi bạn nói “Không”, vậy thì bạn phải không có tham vọng, vậy thì phải không có ganh đua, không có phân chia – như bạn và tôi, chúng tôi và chúng nó. Phải không có sự phân chia của quốc tịch, hay sự phân chia được tạo ra bởi niềm tin, bởi hiểu biết. Vậy thì, chỉ như vậy, bạn mới có thể nói bạn thương yêu. Nhưng với hầu hết mọi người tình yêu đều liên quan đến ái ân và vui thú, và mọi khổ sở theo cùng nó: đố kỵ, thù địch, bạn biết điều gì xảy ra giữa người đàn ông và người phụ nữ. Khi liên hệ đó không là sự thật, trung thực, thăm thẳm, hoàn toàn hợp nhất, vậy thì làm thế nào bạn có thể có hòa bình trong thế giới? Làm thế nào có thể có chấm dứt chiến tranh?

Vì vậy liên hệ là một trong những, hay nói thêm nữa, một sự việc quan trọng nhất trong cuộc sống. Điều đó có nghĩa rằng người ta phải hiểu rõ tình yêu là gì. Chắc chắn, người ta bất chợt bắt gặp nó, thật lạ kỳ, mà không nài xin nó. Khi bạn tìm ra cho chính mình tình yêu không là gì, vậy thì bạn biết tình yêu là gì – không phải thuộc lý thuyết, không phải thuộc từ ngữ – nhưng khi bạn thực sự nhận ra nó không là gì, đó là: không có một cái trí mà ganh đua, tham vọng, một cái trí mà đang gắng sức, đang so sánh, đang bắt chước; một cái trí như thế không thể thương yêu.

Vì vậy liệu bạn có thể, đang sống trong thế giới này, sống trọn vẹn không có tham vọng, hoàn toàn không bao giờ so sánh chính bạn với một người khác? Bởi vì khoảnh khắc bạn so sánh, vậy thì có xung đột, có ganh tị, có ham muốn thành tựu, vượt qua người khác.

Liệu một cái trí và một tâm hồn mà nhớ lại những tổn thương, những sỉ nhục, những sự việc đã làm cho nó vô cảm và đờ đẫn – liệu một cái trí và một tâm hồn như thế có biết tình yêu là gì hay không? Tình yêu là vui thú hay sao? Và tuy nhiên đó lại là điều gì chúng ta đang theo đuổi, có ý thức hay không ý thức. Thần thánh của chúng ta là kết quả của vui thú của chúng ta. Những niềm tin của chúng ta, cấu trúc xã hội của chúng ta, luân lý của xã hội – mà căn bản là vô luân lý – là kết quả của sự theo đuổi vui thú của chúng ta. Và khi bạn nói, "Tôi thương yêu người nào đó", đó là tình yêu hay sao? Tình yêu có nghĩa rằng: không tách rời, không thống trị, không hoạt động tự cho mình là trung tâm. Muốn tìm ra tình yêu là gì, người ta phải phủ nhận tất cả việc này – phủ nhận nó trong ý nghĩa thấy sự giả dối của nó. Khi một lần bạn thấy cái gì đó như là giả dối – mà bạn đã chấp nhận như là thực sự, như là tự nhiên, như là con người – vậy thì có thể bạn không bao giờ quay trở lại với nó; khi bạn thấy một con rắn độc hại, hay một con thú nguy hiểm, bạn không bao giờ đùa giỡn với nó, bạn không bao giờ đến gần nó. Tương tự như vậy, khi bạn thực sự thấy rằng tình yêu không là những sự việc này, cảm thấy nó, quan sát nó, gặm nhấm nó, sống cùng nó, hoàn toàn gắn kết với nó, vậy thì bạn sẽ biết tình yêu là gì, từ bi là gì – mà có nghĩa đam mê vì mọi người.

Chúng ta không có đam mê; chúng ta có dục vọng, chúng ta có vui thú. Ý nghĩa gốc của từ ngữ đam mê là đau khổ. Tất cả chúng ta đều có đau khổ của một loại này hay loại khác, mất một ai đó, đau khổ của thương xót bản thân, đau khổ của chủng tộc con người, cả tập thể lẫn cá thể. Chúng ta biết đau khổ là gì, cái chết của một ai đó mà bạn nghĩ rằng bạn đã thương yêu. Khi chúng ta trọn vẹn ở cùng đau khổ đó, không cố gắng lý luận nó, không cố gắng tẩu thoát nó, trong bất kỳ hình thức nào qua những từ ngữ hay qua hành động, khi bạn trọn vẹn ở cùng nó, không có bất kỳ chuyển động nào của tư tưởng, vậy thì bạn sẽ tìm ra, từ đau khổ đó có đam mê. Đam mê đó có chất lượng của tình yêu, và tình yêu không có đau khổ.

Người ta phải hiểu rõ toàn vấn đề của tồn tại này, những xung đột, những trận chiến: bạn biết cuộc sống mà người ta sống, quá trống rỗng, quá vô nghĩa. Những người trí năng cố gắng cho nó một ý nghĩa và chúng ta cũng muốn tìm ra ý nghĩa cho cuộc sống, bởi vì cuộc sống không có ý nghĩa như nó được sống. Phải không? Đấu tranh liên tục, làm việc liên tục, đau khổ, phiền muộn, lao dịch mà người ta trải qua trong cuộc sống, tất cả việc đó thực sự không có ý nghĩa – chúng ta trải qua nó như một thói quen. Nhưng muốn tìm ra ý nghĩa là gì, người ta cũng phải hiểu rõ ý nghĩa của chết; bởi vì sống và chết theo cùng nhau, chúng không là hai sự việc tách rời.

Vì vậy người ta phải tìm hiểu chết là gì, bởi vì đó là thành phần thuộc sống của chúng ta. Không phải cái gì đó trong tương lai xa xôi, để phải lẩn tránh, chỉ bị đối diện khi người ta bị bệnh tật không cứu chữa được, trong tuổi già hay trong một tai nạn, hay trong một trận chiến. Bởi vì nó là thành phần thuộc sống hàng ngày của chúng ta để sống mà không có một hơi thở của xung đột, nên nó là thành phần thuộc sống của chúng ta để tìm ra thương yêu có ý nghĩa gì. Nó cũng là thành phần thuộc sự tồn tại của chúng ta, và người ta phải hiểu rõ nó.

Làm thế nào chúng ta hiểu rõ được chết là gì? Khi bạn đang chết, tại khoảnh khắc cuối cùng, liệu bạn có hiểu rõ cách bạn đã sống hay không? – những căng thẳng, những đấu tranh thuộc cảm xúc, những tham vọng, động cơ; bạn có thể không ý thức được và điều đó làm cho bạn không thể trực nhận rõ ràng. Vậy thì có sự thoái hóa của cái trí trong tuổi già và mọi chuyện như thế. Vì vậy người ta phải hiểu rõ chết là gì ngay lúc này, không phải ngày mai. Như bạn quan sát, tư tưởng không muốn suy nghĩ về nó. Tư tưởng suy nghĩ về tất cả sự việc nó sẽ làm ngày mai – làm thế nào có được những phát minh mới, những phòng tắm tốt hơn, mọi sự việc mà tư tưởng có thể suy nghĩ. Nhưng nó không muốn suy nghĩ về chết, bởi vì nó không biết được chết có ý nghĩa gì.

Ý nghĩa của chết sẽ được tìm ra qua sự tiến hành của tư tưởng hay sao? Làm ơn hãy chia sẻ điều này. Khi chúng ta chia sẻ nó, vậy thì chúng ta sẽ bắt đầu thấy được vẻ đẹp của tất cả điều này, nhưng nếu bạn ngồi đó và để cho người nói tiếp tục, chỉ đang lắng nghe những từ ngữ của ông ta, vậy thì chúng ta không cùng nhau chia sẻ. Cùng nhau chia sẻ hàm ý một chất lượng nào đó, của ân cần, chú ý, thương yêu, tình yêu. Chết là một vấn đề quan trọng. Những người trẻ có lẽ nói rằng: tại sao ông phải thắc mắc về nó? Nhưng nó là thành phần thuộc sống của họ, giống như nó là thành phần thuộc sống của họ phải hiểu rõ sự trong trắng. Đừng chỉ nói rằng, “Tại sao ông lại nói về sự trong trắng, điều đó dành cho những người cổ hủ, điều đó dành cho những thầy tu dại dột.” Nó có nghĩa gì khi sống trong trắng cũng là một vấn đề cho những con người, nó cũng là thành phần thuộc sống.

Liệu cái trí có thể hoàn toàn trong trắng? Bởi vì không thể tìm ra làm thế nào sống một cuộc sống trong trắng, người ta bám vào những lời thề trong trắng và trải qua những hành hạ. Đó không là trong trắng. Trong trắng là cái gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Nó là một cái trí được tự do khỏi tất cả những hình ảnh, khỏi tất cả những hiểu biết; điều đó có nghĩa là hiểu rõ hoàn toàn qui trình của vui thú, và sợ hãi.

Tương tự như vậy, người ta phải hiểu rõ sự việc được gọi là chết này. Làm thế nào bạn tiến tới để hiểu rõ một điều gì đó mà bạn quá kinh hãi? Chúng ta không kinh hãi chết hay sao? Hay chúng ta nói rằng, “Cám ơn Thượng đế tôi sẽ chết, tôi đã có đủ về cuộc sống này cùng tất cả đau khổ của nó, hoang mang, tầm thường, hung tợn, những sự việc máy móc mà người ta bị trói buộc, cám ơn Thượng đế tất cả điều này sẽ kết thúc!” Đó không là một câu trả lời, nó cũng không là lý luận về chết, hay tin tưởng một kiếp sinh lại nào đó, như toàn thế giới Châu á đã tin tưởng. Muốn tìm ra luân hồi có ý nghĩa gì mà là một simh lại trong một tồn tại ở tương lai, bạn phải tìm ra bạn là gì ngay lúc này. Nếu bạn tin vào luân hồi, bạn là gì ngay lúc này? – nhiều từ ngữ, nhiều trải nghiệm, nhiều hiểu biết; bạn bị quy định bởi nhiều nền văn hóa khác nhau, bạn là tất cả những nhận dạng của cuộc sống của bạn, đồ đạc của bạn, ngôi nhà của bạn, tài khoản ngân hàng của bạn, những trải nghiệm vui thú và đau khổ của bạn. Đó là cái gì bạn là, phải không? Hồi tưởng của những thất bại, những hy vọng, những tuyệt vọng, tất cả điều đó là bạn ngay lúc này, và điều đó sẽ được sinh lại trong cuộc đời kế tiếp – một ý tưởng tuyệt vời, phải không?

Hay bạn nghĩ rằng có một linh hồn vĩnh cửu, một thực thể vĩnh cửu. Có bất kỳ thứ gì vĩnh cửu trong bạn hay không? Khoảnh khắc bạn nói có một linh hồn vĩnh cửu, một thực thể vĩnh cửu, thực thể đó là kết quả của suy nghĩ của bạn, hay kết quả của những hy vọng của bạn, bởi vì có quá nhiều không an toàn, mọi thứ trôi nhanh, trong một dòng chảy, trong một chuyển động. Vì vậy khi bạn nói có một cái gì đó vĩnh cửu, vĩnh cửu đó là kết quả thuộc suy nghĩ của bạn. Và tư tưởng thuộc về quá khứ, tư tưởng không bao giờ được tự do – nó có thể sáng chế bất kỳ điều gì nó thích!

Vì vậy nếu bạn tin tưởng vào một sinh lại ở tương lai, vậy thì bạn phải biết rằng tương lai bị quy định bởi cách bạn sống ngay lúc này, điều gì bạn suy nghĩ, những hành động của bạn là gì, những đức hạnh của bạn là gì? Vì vậy cái gì bạn là ngay lúc này, điều gì bạn làm ngay lúc này, có tầm quan trọng cực kỳ. Nhưng những người kia tin tưởng vào một sinh lại ở tương lai không thèm lưu tâm về điều gì đang xảy ra ngay lúc này, nó chỉ là một vấn đề của niềm tin.

Vì vậy, làm thế nào bạn tìm được chết có nghĩa gì, khi bạn đang sống đầy sinh lực, đầy năng lượng, đầy sức khỏe? Không phải khi bạn mất thăng bằng, hay bệnh tật, hay vào khoảnh khắc cuối cùng, nhưng ngay lúc này, biết rằng những cơ quan thân thể phải cạn kiệt, giống như mọi bộ máy. Bất hạnh thay chúng ta sử dụng bộ máy của chúng ta quá bất kính phải không? Biết rằng cơ quan thân thể kết thúc, bạn có bao giờ suy nghĩ chết có nghĩa gì hay không? Bạn có thể suy nghĩ về nó. Bạn có khi nào thử nghiệm để tìm ra nó có nghĩa gì khi chết phần tâm lý, phía bên trong? – không phải làm thế nào để tìm ra vĩnh cửu, bởi vì vĩnh cửu không thời gian, là ngay lúc này, không ở trong tương lai xa xôi nào đó. Muốn tìm hiểu điều đó, người ta phải hiểu rõ toàn vấn đề của thời gian; không phải thời gian tuần tự, bởi đồng hồ, nhưng thời gian mà tư tưởng đã sáng chế như một tiến hành từ từ của thay đổi.

Làm thế nào người ta tìm ra được cái sự việc lạ lùng này mà tất cả chúng ta phải gặp gỡ vào một ngày này hay một ngày khác? Liệu bạn có thể chết đi phần tâm lý ngày hôm nay, chết đi mọi thứ mà bạn đã biết hay không? Ví dụ: chết đi vui thú của bạn, quyến luyến của bạn, lệ thuộc của bạn, kết thúc nó mà không tranh cãi, không lý luận, không cố gắng tìm ra những phương cách và những phương tiện lẩn tránh nó. Bạn biết chết có nghĩa gì không, không phải phần thân thể, nhưng tâm lý, phía bên trong? Điều đó có nghĩa rằng kết thúc cái mà có sự tiếp tục; kết thúc tham vọng của bạn, bởi vì đó là điều gì sẽ xảy ra khi bạn chết, phải không? Bạn không thể đem nó theo cùng và ngồi cạnh Thượng đế được. (Tiếng cười) Khi bạn thực sự chết, bạn phải kết thúc quá nhiều việc mà không có bất kỳ tranh cãi nào. Bạn không thể nói với chết, "Hãy cho phép tôi làm xong công việc của tôi, hãy cho phép tôi viết xong quyển sách của tôi, tất cả những việc mà tôi chưa làm, hãy cho phép tôi chữa trị những tổn thương mà tôi đã gây ra cho những người khác" – bạn không có thời gian.

Vì vậy liệu bạn có thể tìm ra làm thế nào sống một cuộc sống ngay lúc này, ngay hôm nay, mà trong đó luôn luôn có một kết thúc với mọi việc mà bạn đã bắt đầu? Dĩ nhiên không phải trong văn phòng của bạn, nhưng phía bên trong kết thúc tất cả những hiểu biết mà bạn đã thâu lượm – hiểu biết là những trải nghiệm của bạn, những kỷ niệm của bạn, những tổn thương của bạn, lối sống so sánh, luôn luôn so sánh bạn với một ai đó. Kết thúc tất cả điều đó mỗi ngày, để cho ngày hôm sau cái trí của bạn được trong sáng và tươi trẻ. Một cái trí như thế không bao giờ có thể bị tổn thương, và đó là hồn nhiên.

Người ta phải tìm ra cho chính mình chết có nghĩa gì; vậy là không còn sợ hãi, vậy là mỗi ngày là một ngày mới mẻ – và tôi thực sự có ý nói điều này, người ta có thể làm được điều này – để cho cái trí của bạn và đôi mắt của bạn thấy cuộc sống như cái gì đó hoàn toàn mới mẻ. Đó là vĩnh cửu. Đó là chất lượng của cái trí mà đã bắt gặp trạng thái không thời gian này, bởi vì nó đã biết chết hàng ngày đối với mọi sự việc nó đã thâu lượm trong suốt ngày có nghĩa gì. Chắc chắn, trong đó có tình yêu. Tình yêu là điều gì đó hoàn toàn mới mẻ mỗi ngày, nhưng vui thú không phải, vui thú có sự tiếp tục. Tình yêu luôn luôn mới mẻ và vì vậy nó là vĩnh cửu riêng của nó.

Các bạn muốn hỏi bất kỳ câu hỏi nào không?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, giả sử rằng qua tự quan sát khách quan và tổng thể tôi thấy rằng tôi tham lam, ham muốn tình dục, ích kỷ và mọi việc như thế. Vậy thì làm thế nào tôi có thể biết liệu cách sống này là tốt lành hay xấu xa, nếu tôi không có khái niệm trước nào đó về tốt lành? Nếu tôi có trước những khái niệm này, chúng chỉ có thể được rút ra từ tự quan sát.

KRISHNAMURTI: Hoàn toàn đúng, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Tôi cũng thấy một khó khăn khác. Dường như ông tin tưởng vào sự chia sẻ, nhưng cùng lúc ông lại nói rằng hai người yêu nhau, hay người chồng và người vợ, không thể đặt nền tảng tình yêu của họ, không nên đặt nền tảng tình yêu của họ, vào sự gây thỏa mãn lẫn nhau. Tôi không thấy bất kỳ điều gì sai trái trong việc gây thỏa mãn lẫn nhau – đó là chia sẻ.

KRISHNAMURTI: Quý ông này nói, “Người ta phải có một khái niệm của tốt lành, nếu không, tại sao người ta phải từ bỏ tất cả tham vọng, ganh tị, tham lam này và mọi chuyện như thế?” Bạn có thể có một công thức hay một khái niệm của điều gì tốt hơn, nhưng liệu bạn có thể có một khái niệm của điều gì tốt lành hay sao?

Người hỏi: Vâng, tôi nghĩ là có.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tư tưởng có thể sinh ra điều gì là tốt lành à?

Người hỏi: Không, tôi có ý khái niệm của tốt lành đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Vâng, thưa bạn. Khái niệm của tốt lành là sản phẩm của tư tưởng; nếu không làm thế nào bạn có thể hình thành điều gì gọi là tốt lành?

Người hỏi: Những khái niệm chỉ có thể được rút ra từ tự quan sát của chúng ta.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi chỉ đang vạch rõ ra điều đó thôi, thưa bạn. Tại sao bạn lại nên có một khái niệm của tốt lành?

Người hỏi: Nếu không làm thế nào tôi biết được liệu rằng cuộc sống của tôi là tốt lành hay xấu xa?

KRISHNAMURTI: Chỉ cần lắng nghe câu hỏi. Chúng ta không biết xung đột là gì hay sao? Tôi phải có một khái niệm của không-xung đột trước khi tôi ý thức được xung đột hay sao? Tôi biết xung đột là gì – đấu tranh, đau khổ. Tôi không biết điều đó, nếu không biết một trạng thái khi không có xung đột hay sao? Khi tôi hình thành điều gì là tốt lành, tôi sẽ hình thành nó tùy theo tình trạng bị quy định của tôi, tùy theo cách suy nghĩ của tôi, cảm thấy của tôi, những đặc điểm riêng biệt của tôi và tất cả những sự việc còn lại của tình trạng bị quy định văn hóa của tôi. Tốt lành phải được chiếu rọi bởi tư tưởng hay sao? – và vậy thì tư tưởng sẽ bảo cho tôi điều gì là tốt lành và xấu xa trong cuộc sống của tôi à? Hay tốt lành không liên quan gì với tư tưởng, hay với một công thức? Tốt lành nở hoa ở đâu? – hãy nói cho tôi biết. Trong một ý niệm? Trong ý tưởng nào đó, trong lý tưởng nào đó ở tương lai? Một khái niệm có nghĩa là một tương lai, một ngày mai. Nó có lẽ rất xa xôi, hay rất gần gủi, nhưng nó vẫn còn trong thời gian. Và khi bạn có một khái niệm, được chiếu rọi bởi tư tưởng – tư tưởng là sự đáp trả của ký ức, sự đáp trả của hiểu biết được tích lũy mà lệ thuộc vào nền văn hóa trong đó bạn đã sống – bạn tìm ra tốt lành trong tương lai, được tạo tác bởi tư tưởng? Hay bạn tìm được nó khi bạn bắt đầu hiểu rõ xung đột, đau khổ và sầu muộn?

Vì vậy trong hiểu rõ “cái gì là” – không phải bằng so sánh “cái gì là” với “cái gì nên là” – trong hiểu rõ đó nở hoa tốt lành. Chắc chắn, tốt lành không liên quan gì với tư tưởng – phải không? Tình yêu liên quan với tư tưởng hay sao? Bạn có thể vun quén tình yêu bằng cách hình thành nó và nói, “Lý tưởng tình yêu của tôi là cái đó hay sao?” Bạn biết điều gì xảy ra khi bạn vun quén tình yêu hay không? Bạn không đang thương yêu. Bạn nghĩ bạn sẽ có tình yêu vào một ngày tương lai nào đó; trong khi chờ đợi bạn lại hung bạo. Vì vậy tốt lành là sản phẩm của tư tưởng hay sao? Tình yêu là sản phẩm của trải nghiệm, của hiểu biết à? Câu hỏi thứ hai là gì thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Câu hỏi thứ hai nói về chia sẻ.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn chia sẻ cái gì? Chúng ta đang chia sẻ cái gì ngay lúc này? Chúng ta đã nói về chết, chúng ta đã nói về tình yêu, về sự cần thiết của cách mạng tổng thể, về sự thay đổi tâm lý trọn vẹn, không phải sống trong khuôn mẫu cũ kỹ của công thức, của đấu tranh, đau khổ, bắt chước, tuân phục và tất cả những chuyện đó mà con người đã sống qua hàng thiên niên kỷ và đã sản sinh ra cái thế giới hỗn loạn và kỳ diệu này! Chúng ta đã nói về chết. Làm thế nào chúng ta chia sẻ điều đó cùng nhau – chia sẻ hiểu rõ về nó, không phải những câu nói bằng từ ngữ, không phải sự diễn tả, không phải sự giải thích về nó? Chia sẻ có nghĩa gì? – chia sẻ sự hiểu rõ, chia sẻ sự thật mà theo cùng hiểu rõ. Và hiểu rõ có nghĩa gì? Bạn bảo cho tôi một việc gì đó mà nghiêm túc, sinh động, thích đáng, quan trọng và tôi lắng nghe nó trọn vẹn, bởi vì nó đầy sức sống đối với tôi. Muốn lắng nghe sinh động, cái trí của tôi phải yên lặng, phải không? Nếu tôi đang huyên thuyên, nếu tôi đang nhìn nơi nào khác, nếu tôi đang so sánh điều gì bạn nói với điều gì tôi biết, cái trí của tôi không yên lặng. Chỉ khi nào cái trí của tôi yên lặng và lắng nghe trọn vẹn, mới có hiểu rõ của sự thật của sự việc. Cái đó mà chúng ta chia sẻ cùng nhau, nếu không chúng ta không thể chia sẻ; chúng ta không thể chia sẻ những từ ngữ – chúng ta chỉ có thể chia sẻ sự thật của cái gì đó khi cái trí hoàn toàn cam kết đến sự quan sát.

Khi thấy vẻ đẹp của một hoàng hôn, những quả đồi dễ thương, những cái bóng và ánh trăng – làm thế nào bạn chia sẻ nó cùng một người bạn? Bằng cách nói cho anh ấy, “Hãy nhìn quả đồi tuyệt vời kia”? Bạn có lẽ nói như thế nhưng đó là chia sẻ hay sao? Khi bạn thực sự chia sẻ điều gì đó cùng một người khác, nó có nghĩa rằng cả hai đều phải có cùng mãnh liệt, cùng thời điểm, cùng mức độ. Nếu không bạn không thể chia sẻ, phải không? Cả hai phải có cùng chung một thích thú, ở cùng mức độ, cùng đam mê – nếu không làm thế nào bạn có thể chia sẻ điều gì đó? Các bạn có thể chia sẻ một miếng bánh mì – nhưng đó không phải điều gì chúng ta đang nói.

Muốn thấy cùng nhau – mà là chia sẻ cùng nhau – cả hai chúng ta phải thấy; không phải đồng ý hay không đồng ý, nhưng cùng nhau thấy điều gì thực sự là; không phải diễn giải nó tùy theo tình trang bị quy định của tôi hay tình trạng bị quy định của bạn, nhưng cùng nhau thấy nó là gì. Và vì vậy muốn cùng nhau thấy người ta phải được tự do để quan sát, phải được tự do để lắng nghe. Điều đó có nghĩa rằng không có thành kiến. Rồi thì chỉ lúc đó, cùng chất lượng của tình yêu đó, có chia sẻ.

Người hỏi: Làm thế nào người ta có thể làm yên lặng, hay làm tự do cái trí, khỏi những gián đoạn bởi quá khứ?

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn không thể làm yên lặng cái trí: chấm hết! Đó là những lừa bịp. Bạn có thể dùng một viên thuốc và làm cho cái trí yên lặng – bạn tuyệt đối không thể làm cho cái trí yên lặng, bởi vì bạn là cái trí. Bạn không thể nói rằng, “Tôi sẽ làm cho cái trí của tôi yên lặng”. Vì vậy người ta phải hiểu rõ thiền định là gì – một cách thực sự, không phải điều gì người khác nói nó là. Người ta phải tìm ra liệu cái trí có khi nào là yên lặng; chứ không phải: làm thế nào làm cho cái trí yên lặng. Vì vậy người ta phải tìm hiểu toàn vấn đề của hiểu biết, và liệu cái trí, những tế bào não, mà bị chất nặng bởi những kỷ niệm của quá khứ, có thể tuyệt đối là yên lặng và chỉ vận hành khi cần thiết; và khi nó không cần thiết, hoàn toàn và trọn vẹn là yên lặng.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, khi ông nói về những liên hệ, ông luôn luôn nói về một người đàn ông và một người đàn bà hay một cô gái và một cậu trai. Cùng sự việc ông nói về những liên hệ này cũng sẽ áp dụng cho một người đàn ông và một người đàn ông, hay một người đàn bà và một người đàn bà phải không?

KRISHNAMURTI: Đồng tính luyến ái à?

Người hỏi: Nếu ông muốn đưa ra từ ngữ đó, vâng, thưa ông.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn thấy không, khi chúng ta đang nói về tình yêu, dù nó là của người đàn ông và người đàn ông, người đàn bà và người đàn bà, hay người đàn ông và người đàn bà, chúng ta không đang nói về một loại liên hệ đặc biệt, chúng ta đang nói về toàn chuyển động, toàn ý nghĩa của liên hệ, không phải một liên hệ với một người, hay hai người. Bạn không biết nó có nghĩa gì khi có liên hệ với thế giới hay sao? – khi bạn cảm thấy bạn là thế giới. Không phải như một ý tưởng – điều đó kinh khủng lắm – nhưng thực sự cảm thấy rằng bạn có trách nhiệm, rằng bạn cam kết với trách nhiệm này. Đó là cam kết duy nhất; không phải cam kết qua những quả bom, hay cam kết với một hoạt động đặc biệt, nhưng cảm thấy rằng bạn là thế giới và thế giới là bạn. Nếu bạn không thay đổi trọn vẹn, cơ bản, và tạo ra một thay đổi tổng thể trong chính bạn, dù bạn có làm gì phía bên ngoài, sẽ không có hòa bình cho con người. Nếu bạn cảm thấy cái đó trong máu huyết của bạn, vậy thì những câu hỏi của bạn sẽ liên quan toàn bộ đến hiện tại và tạo ra một thay đổi trong hiện tại, không phải đến những lý tưởng phỏng đoán nào đó.

Người hỏi: Lần cuối chúng ta ở cùng nhau, ông nói với chúng tôi rằng nếu một ai đó có một trải nghiệm đau đớn và nó không được đối diện trọn vẹn, hay bị lẩn tránh, nó chìm vào tầng ý thức bên trong như một mảnh. Làm thế nào chúng ta làm tự do chính chúng ta khỏi những mảnh của những trải nghiệm sợ hãi và đau khổ này để cho quá khứ không kiểm soát chặt chẽ chúng ta?

KRISHNAMURTI: Vâng, thưa bạn, đó là trình trạng bị quy định. Làm thế nào người ta làm tự do chính mình khỏi tình trạng bị quy định này? Làm thế nào tôi làm tự do chính tôi khỏi tình trạng bị quy định của nền văn hóa mà trong đó tôi được sinh ra? Trước hết, tôi phải tỉnh thức rằng tôi bị quy định – không phải một ai đó bảo cho tôi rằng tôi bị quy định. Bạn hiểu rõ sự khác biệt chứ? Nếu một ai đó bảo với tôi rằng tôi đói, đó là một điều gì hoàn toàn khác hẳn trạng thái đói thực sự. Vì vậy tôi phải tỉnh thức được tình trạng bị quy định của tôi, mà có nghĩa, tôi phải tỉnh thức được nó không chỉ hời hợt, nhưng ở mức độ sâu thẳm hơn. Đó là, tôi phải tỉnh thức tổng thể. Để tỉnh thức như thế, có nghĩa rằng tôi không đang cố gắng ra khỏi tình trạng bị quy định, không đang cố gắng được tự do khỏi tình trạng bị quy định. Tôi phải thấy nó như nó thực sự là, không mang vào một yếu tố khác, như là: muốn được tự do khỏi nó, bởi vì đó là một tẩu thoát khỏi thực tế. Tôi phải tỉnh thức. Điều đó có nghĩa gì? Tỉnh thức được tình trạng bị quy định của tôi một cách tổng thể, không phải từng phần, có nghĩa rằng cái trí của tôi phải nhạy cảm tột độ, phải không? Trái lại tôi không thể tỉnh thức. Nhạy cảm có nghĩa là quan sát mọi sự vật rất, rất kỹ càng – những màu sắc, chất lượng của con người, tất cả những sự vật quanh tôi. Tôi cũng phải tỉnh thức được cái gì thực sự là mà không có bất kỳ chọn lựa. Bạn có thể làm được việc đó không? – không phải cố gắng diễn giải nó, không phải cố gắng thay đổi nó, không phải cố gắng vượt khỏi nó hay cố gắng được tự do khỏi nó – chỉ tỉnh thức trọn vẹn được nó.

Khi bạn quan sát một cái cây, giữa bạn và cái cây có thời gian và không gian, phải không? Và cũng có hiểu biết thuộc thực vật học về nó, khoảng cách giữa bạn và cái cây – mà là thời gian – và sự tách rời hiện diện qua hiểu biết về cái cây. Muốn nhìn cái cây đó mà không có hiểu biết, không có chất lượng của thời gian, không có nghĩa đồng hóa chính mình với cái cây, nhưng quan sát cái cây thật chú ý, để cho những biên giới của thời gian không chen vào nó được; những biên giới của thời gian chen vào chỉ khi nào bạn có hiểu biết về cái cây. Liệu bạn có thể nhìn người vợ của bạn, hay người bạn của bạn, hay bất kỳ cái gì mà không có hình ảnh được không? Hình ảnh là quá khứ, mà được sắp xếp vào chung bởi tư tưởng, như càu nhàu, dọa nạt, thống trị, như vui thú, tình bạn và tất cả việc đó. Chính là cái hình ảnh mà gây tách rời; chính là cái hình ảnh mà tạo ra khoảng cách và thời gian. Hãy nhìn cái cây đó, hay bông hoa, đám mây, hay người vợ hay người chồng, mà không có hình ảnh!

Nếu bạn có thể làm việc đó, vậy thì bạn có thể quan sát tình trạng bị quy định của bạn một cách tổng thể; vậy thì bạn có thể nhìn nó bằng một cái trí không bị vấy bẩn bởi quá khứ, và vì vậy chính cái trí được tự do khỏi tình trạng bị quy định. Khi nhìn vào chính tôi – như chúng ta thường làm – tôi nhìn như một người quan sát đang nhìn vật được quan sát: chính tôi như vật được quan sát và người quan sát đang nhìn nó. Người quan sát là hiểu biết, là quá khứ, là thời gian, những trải nghiệm được tích lũy – anh ấy tách rời chính anh ấy khỏi vật được quan sát.

Bây giờ, nhìn mà không có người quan sát! Bạn làm việc này khi bạn chú ý tổng thể. Bạn biết chú ý là gì hay không? Đừng đi đến trường để học hỏi chú ý! Chú ý có nghĩa lắng nghe mà không có bất kỳ diễn giải, không có bất kỳ đánh giá nào – chỉ lắng nghe. Khi bạn đang lắng nghe như thế, không có biên giới, không có “bạn” đang lắng nghe. Chỉ có một trạng thái đang lắng nghe. Vì vậy khi bạn quan sát tình trạng bị quy định của bạn, tình trạng bị quy định hiện diện chỉ trong người quan sát, không phải trong vật được quan sát. Khi bạn nhìn mà không có người quan sát, không có cái “tôi” – những sợ hãi của anh ấy, những lo âu của anh ấy và mọi việc như thế – vậy là bạn sẽ thấy, bạn thâm nhập vào một kích thước hoàn toàn khác hẳn.

NEW YORK CITY

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– 3 – TRẢI NGHIỆM TÔN GIÁO. THIỀN ĐỊNH

Có một trải nghiệm tôn giáo? Tìm kiếm sự thật; ý nghĩa của sự tìm kiếm. “Một cái trí tôn giáo là gì?” “Chất lượng của cái trí không đang trải nghiệm là gì?” Kỷ luật; đạo đức; trật tự. Thiền định không là một tẩu thoát. Chức năng của hiểu biết và tự do khỏi cái đã được biết. “Thiền định là tìm ra liệu có một lãnh vực đã có sẵn không bị vấy bẩn bởi cái đã được biết.”

“Bước đầu tiên là bước cuối cùng.”

Những câu hỏi: Sự tương đồng của bẩn thỉu; trạng thái tỉnh thức; ý thức; tình yêu; thời gian tâm lý.

KRISHNAMURTI: Chúng ta đã nói rằng chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau nói chuyện về một vấn đề rất phức tạp, đó là: liệu có một trải nghiệm tôn giáo, và những hàm ý của thiền định là gì? Nếu người ta quan sát, khắp thế giới, có vẻ rằng con người luôn luôn đang tìm kiếm cái gì đó vượt khỏi chết riêng của anh ấy, vượt khỏi những vấn đề riêng của anh ấy, cái gì đó mà sẽ vĩnh cửu, trung thực và không thời gian. Anh ấy đã gọi nó là Thượng đế, anh ấy đã cho nó nhiều cái tên; và hầu hết chúng ta tin tưởng cái gì đó của loại này, mà không lần nào thực sự trải nghiệm nó.

Những tôn giáo khác nhau đã hứa hẹn rằng nếu bạn tin tưởng những hình thức nào đó của những nghi lễ, những giáo điều, những đấng cứu rỗi, bạn có lẽ, nếu bạn theo một loại sống nào đó, bắt gặp cái sự việc lạ thường này, bất kỳ cái tên nào mà người ta thích gán ghép cho nó. Và những người đã trực tiếp trải nghiệm nó, đã diễn giải nó tùy theo tình trạng bị quy định của họ, tùy theo niềm tin của họ, tùy theo những ảnh hưởng văn hóa và môi trường sống của họ.

Rõ ràng tôn giáo đã mất đi ý nghĩa của nó, bởi vì đã có những chiến tranh tôn giáo; tôn giáo không trả lời được những vấn đề của chúng ta, những tôn giáo đã tách rời những chủng tộc. Chúng đã tạo ra một loại ảnh hưởng văn minh nào đó, nhưng chúng đã không thay đổi con người một cách cơ bản. Khi người ta khởi đầu tìm hiểu liệu có một sự việc như trải nghiệm tôn giáo và trải nghiệm đó là gì, tại sao người ta gọi nó là “tôn giáo”, chắc chắn đầu tiên người ta phải có nhiều chân thật. Không phải sự chân thật tùy theo một nguyên tắc hay một niềm tin, hay một hình thức cam kết nào đó, nhưng thấy một cách chân thật những sự việc chính xác như chúng là, mà không có bất kỳ biến dạng, không chỉ phía bên ngoài, nhưng cũng còn cả phía bên trong: không bao giờ lừa dối chính mình. Bởi vì lừa dối rất dễ dàng nếu người ta khao khát một loại trải nghiệm nào đó, gọi nó là tôn giáo hay điều gì khác – nếu người ta thực hiện sự tìm kiếm và vân vân. Vậy thì chắc chắn bạn bị trói buộc trong một loại ảo tưởng nào đó.

Người ta phải tìm ra cho chính mình, nếu người ta có thể, trải nghiệm tôn giáo là gì. Người ta cần một ý thức vô cùng của khiêm tốn và chân thật, mà có nghĩa không bao giờ xin xỏ sự trải nghiệm, không bao giờ đòi hỏi cho chính mình một sự thật hay một thành tựu. Vì vậy người ta phải quan sát rất kỹ càng những ham muốn, những quyến luyến và những sợ hãi riêng của người ta và hiểu rõ chúng trọn vẹn, nếu người ta có thể, để cho cái trí không còn cách nào bị biến dạng, để cho sẽ không có ảo tưởng, không lừa dối. Và người ta cũng phải hỏi: trải nghiệm có nghĩa gì?

Tôi không biết liệu bạn đã tìm hiểu câu hỏi đó chưa. Hầu hết chúng ta bị nhàm chán bởi những trải nghiệm thông thường của hàng ngày. Chúng ta mệt mỏi bởi chúng và người ta càng hiểu biết, có trí năng nhiều bao nhiêu, người ta càng muốn sống chỉ trong hiện tại nhiều bấy nhiêu – bất kể điều đó có nghĩa gì – và sáng chế ra một triết lý của hiện tại. Từ ngữ trải nghiệm có nghĩa là đi qua, đi thẳng đến cuối cùng và kết thúc nó. Nhưng bất hạnh thay cho hầu hết chúng ta, mỗi trải nghiệm đều để lại một dấu vết, một kỷ niệm, dễ chịu hay khó chịu, và chúng ta chỉ muốn giữ lại những trải nghiệm dễ chịu. Khi chúng ta đang xin xỏ bất kỳ loại nào của trải nghiệm thăng hoa, tôn giáo hay tinh thần, trước hết chúng ta phải cố gắng tìm ra liệu có một trải nghiệm như thế, và cũng cả trải nghiệm có nghĩa gì. Nếu bạn trải nghiệm cái gì đó và bạn không thể công nhận nó, vậy thì trải nghiệm đó ngừng hiện diện. Một trong những ý nghĩa cốt lõi của trải nghiệm là sự công nhận. Và khi có sự công nhận, nó đã được biết rồi, nó đã được trải nghiệm rồi, ngược lại bạn không thể công nhận nó.

Vì vậy khi họ nói về trải nghiệm thăng hoa, tôn giáo hay tinh thần – từ ngữ đó đã bị sử dụng sai lầm – bạn phải biết nó rồi, mới có thể công nhận rằng bạn đang trải nghiệm cái gì đó khác hơn một trải nghiệm thông thường. Dường như hợp lý và đúng thực rằng cái trí phải có thể công nhận trải nghiệm, và sự công nhận hàm ý một cái gì đó bạn đã biết rồi, vì vậy nó không là mới mẻ.

Khi bạn muốn trải nghiệm trong lãnh vực tôn giáo, bạn muốn nó bởi vì bạn đã không giải quyết được những vấn đề của bạn, những lo âu, những thất vọng, những sợ hãi và những đau khổ hàng ngày của bạn, vì vậy bạn muốn cái gì đó nhiều hơn nữa. Trong đòi hỏi cho nhiều hơn nữa đó ẩn chứa sự lừa dối. Tôi nghĩ điều đó khá hợp lý và đúng thực. Không phải sự hợp lý đó luôn luôn đúng thực, nhưng khi người ta sử dụng hợp lý và lý luận một cách lành mạnh, thông minh, người ta biết những giới hạn của lý luận. Sự đòi hỏi cho những trải nghiệm căn bản nhiều hơn, sâu thẳm nhiều hơn, rộng rãi nhiều hơn chỉ dẫn đến một mở rộng thêm nữa con đường của cái đã được biết. Tôi nghĩ điều đó là rõ ràng, và tôi hy vọng chúng ta đang hiệp thông, đang chia sẻ lẫn nhau.

Vậy thì cũng trong sự tìm hiểu tôn giáo này người ta đang tìm kiếm để tìm ra sự thật là gì, liệu có một sự thật, liệu có một sự việc như một trạng thái của cái trí vượt khỏi thời gian. Lại nữa tìm kiếm ám chỉ một người tìm kiếm – phải vậy không? Và anh ấy đang tìm kiếm điều gì? Làm thế nào anh ấy sẽ biết rằng điều gì anh ấy đã tìm được trong sự tìm kiếm của anh ấy là sự thật? Lại nữa, nếu anh ấy tìm ra điều gì là sự thật – ít nhất điều gì anh ấy nghĩ là sự thật – điều đó lệ thuộc vào tình trạng bị quy định của anh ấy, vào những trải nghiệm quá khứ của anh ấy; vậy thì sự tìm kiếm chỉ trở thành một chiếu rọi hơn nữa của những hy vọng, những sợ hãi và những khao khát thuộc quá khứ riêng của anh ấy.

Một cái trí đang tìm hiểu – không đang tìm kiếm – phải hoàn toàn được tự do khỏi hai điều này, đó là, khỏi sự đòi hỏi cho trải nghiệm và sự tìm kiếm cho sự thật. Người ta có thể thấy tại sao, bởi vì khi bạn đang tìm kiếm, bạn tìm đến những người thầy khác nhau, đọc những quyển sách khác nhau, tham gia những nghi lễ khác nhau, tuân theo những vị đạo sư khác nhau và mọi chuyện như thế, giống như đi mua sắm mà chỉ nhìn nơi cửa sổ trưng bày. Một tìm kiếm như thế không có ý nghĩa gì cả.

Vì vậy khi bạn đang tìm hiểu vấn đề này, “Một cái trí tôn giáo là gì, và chất lượng của cái trí mà không còn đang trải nghiệm bất kỳ cái gì ra sao?” – bạn phải tìm ra liệu cái trí có thể được tự do khỏi những đòi hỏi cho trải nghiệm và có thể hoàn toàn kết thúc mọi tìm kiếm. Người ta phải tìm hiểu mà không có bất kỳ động cơ, không có bất kỳ mục đích, những sự kiện của thời gian và liệu có một trạng thái không thời gian. Muốn tìm hiểu điều đó có nghĩa là phải không có niềm tin nào cả, không bị cam kết đến bất kỳ tôn giáo, bất kỳ tổ chức tạm gọi là tinh thần nào, không tuân theo bất kỳ vị đạo sư nào, và vì vậy không có uy quyền – đặc biệt gồm cả uy quyền của người nói. Bởi vì bạn rất dễ dàng bị ảnh hưởng, bạn quá nhẹ dạ, mặc dù bạn có lẽ có học thức cao, có lẽ biết nhiều; nhưng bạn luôn luôn háo hức, luôn luôn muốn, và vì vậy nhẹ dạ.

Vì vậy một cái trí đang tìm hiểu vấn đề của tôn giáo là gì, phải hoàn toàn được tự do khỏi bất kỳ hình thức nào của niềm tin, bất kỳ hình thức nào của sợ hãi; bởi vì sợ hãi, như chúng ta đã giải thích vào một ngày trước, là một nhân tố gây biến dạng, đang tạo ra bạo lực và hung hăng. Vì vậy cái trí đang tìm hiểu chất lượng của trạng thái và chuyển động tôn giáo, phải được tự do khỏi điều này. Điều đó đòi hỏi chân thật lớn lao và một ý thức của khiêm tốn vô cùng.

Với hầu hết chúng ta, kiêu ngạo là một trong những cản trở chính. Bởi vì chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta biết, bởi vì chúng ta đã đọc nhiều, bởi vì chúng ta đã cam kết chính chúng ta, đã thực hành hệ thống này hay hệ thống kia, đã tuân theo một vị đạo sư nào đó rao giảng triết lý của ông ấy, chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta biết, ít nhất một chút xíu, và đó là sự bắt đầu của kiêu ngạo. Khi bạn đang tìm hiểu một vấn đề lạ thường như thế, phải có sự tự do của thực sự không biết một sự việc về nó. Bạn thực sự không biết, phải không? Bạn không biết sự thật là gì, Thượng đế là gì – nếu có một sự việc như thế – hay một cái trí tôn giáo thực sự là gì. Bạn đã đọc về nó, người ta đã nói về nó trong hàng thiên niên kỷ, đã dựng lên những tu viện, nhưng thực sự họ đang sống dựa vào hiểu biết của những người khác, trải nghiệm và tuyên truyền. Muốn tìm ra, chắc chắn người ta phải gạt đi hoàn toàn tất cả những điều đó, và vì vậy tìm hiểu tất cả điều này là một vấn đề rất nghiêm túc. Nếu bạn muốn đùa giỡn với nó, có mọi loại giải trí tạm gọi là tôn giáo, tinh thần, nhưng chúng không có giá trị gì cả đối với một cái trí nghiêm túc.

Muốn tìm hiểu một cái trí tôn giáo là gì, chúng ta phải được tự do khỏi tình trạng bị quy định của chúng ta, khỏi Thiên chúa giáo của chúng ta, khỏi Phật giáo của chúng ta, với tất cả sự truyền bá của hàng ngàn năm, để cho cái trí thực sự được tự do để quan sát. Điều đó rất khó khăn bởi vì chúng ta sợ ở một mình, đứng một mình. Chúng ta muốn an toàn, cả bên trong lẫn bên ngoài; vì vậy chúng ta lệ thuộc vào những con người, dù đó là vị giáo sĩ, hay vị lãnh đạo, hay vị đạo sư mà nói rằng: “Tôi đã trải nghiệm, đó là lý do tại sao tôi biết.” Người ta phải hoàn toàn đứng một mình – không phải cô lập. Có một khác nhau to tát giữa cô lập và hoàn toàn một mình, tổng thể. Cô lập là một trạng thái của cái trí trong đó sự liên hệ kết thúc, khi trong cuộc sống và hoạt động hàng ngày của bạn bạn đã thực sự dựng lên một bức tường quanh chính bạn, có ý thức hay không ý thức, để cho không bị tổn thương. Rõ ràng cô lập đó ngăn cản mọi hình thức của liên hệ. Cô đơn hàm ý một cái trí không lệ thuộc vào một người khác theo tâm lý, không quyến luyến vào bất kỳ người nào; mà không có nghĩa rằng không có tình yêu – tình yêu không là quyến luyến. Cô đơn hàm ý một cái trí mà sâu thẳm, phía bên trong không có bất kỳ ý thức của sợ hãi và vì vậy không có bất kỳ ý thức của xung đột.

Nếu bạn đi sâu như thế, vậy thì chúng ta có thể tiếp tục tìm ra kỷ luật có nghĩa gì. Với hầu hết chúng ta kỷ luật là một hình thức của luyện tập, của lặp lại; hoặc vượt qua một chướng ngại, hoặc kháng cự hay đè nén, kiểm soát, định hình, tuân phục – tất cả điều đó được hàm ý trong từ ngữ kỷ luật. Nghĩa gốc của từ ngữ đó là học hỏi; một cái trí sẵn lòng học hỏi – không phải tuân phục – phải tò mò, phải có nhiều hứng thú, và một cái trí mà đã biết rồi, không thể học hỏi. Vì vậy kỷ luật có nghĩa học hỏi tại sao người ta kiểm soát, tại sao người ta đè nén, tại sao có sợ hãi, tại sao người ta tuân phục, so sánh, và vì vậy ở trong xung đột. Chính học hỏi đó tạo ra trật tự; không phải trật tự tùy theo một thiết kế hay khuôn mẫu, nhưng trong chính sự tìm hiểu về hoang mang, vô trật tự, có trật tự. Hầu hết chúng ta hoang mang vì hàng tá lý do, mà chúng ta không cần tìm hiểu vào lúc này. Người ta phải học hỏi về sự hoang mang, cuộc sống vô trật tự mà người ta sống theo nó; không phải đem trật tự vào hoang mang, hay vào vô trật tự, nhưng học hỏi về nó. Vậy thì, khi bạn đang học hỏi, trật tự hiện diện.

Trật tự là một sự việc đang sống, không thuộc máy móc, và chắc chắn trật tự là đạo đức. Một cái trí bị hoang mang, đang tuân phục, đang bắt chước, không là trật tự – nó ở trong xung đột. Và một cái trí trong xung đột là vô trật tự và vì vậy một cái trí như thế không có đạo đức. Từ tìm hiểu điều này, từ học hỏi, trật tự hiện diện, và trật tự là đạo đức.

Làm ơn hãy quan sát nó trong chính bạn, thấy rằng người ta bị vô trật tự làm sao đâu trong sống của người ta, quá hoang mang, quá máy móc. Trong tình trạng đó người ta tìm ra một cách sống, mà sẽ có trật tự và thông minh. Làm thế nào một cái trí hoang mang, tuân phục, bắt chước, có thể có bất kỳ loại trật tự nào, bất kỳ loại đạo đức nào? Luân lý xã hội, như bạn quan sát, là hoàn toàn vô luân lý; nó có lẽ được kính trọng, nhưng cái gì được kính trọng thông thường là vô trật tự.

Trật tự là cần thiết, bởi vì chỉ từ trật tự mới có thể có một hành động tổng thể và hành động là sự sống. Nhưng hành động của chúng ta mang lại vô trật tự; có hành động chính trị, hành động tôn giáo, hành động kinh doanh, hành động gia đình – chúng là những hành động phân chia. Và tự nhiên hành động như thế là mâu thuẫn. Bạn là một con người kinh doanh và ở nhà bạn là một người tử tế – ít ra bạn giả vờ như vậy; có mâu thuẫn và vì vậy có vô trật tự. Một cái trí trong vô trật tự không thể hiểu rõ đạo đức là gì. Và ngày nay, khi có sự buông thả của mọi loại, đạo đức và trật tự bị phủ nhận. Cái trí tôn giáo phải có trật tự này, không tùy thuộc vào một khuôn mẫu, hay một thiết kế được đặt ra bởi bạn hay người khác. Nhưng trật tự đó, ý thức của cư xử đúng đắn và chân thật đó, hiện diện chỉ khi nào bạn hiểu rõ vô trật tự, hoang mang, hỗn loạn mà người ta sống trong đó.

Bây giờ tất cả việc này phải được đặt nền tảng cho thiền định. Nếu bạn không đặt những nền tảng, vậy thì thiền định trở thành một tẩu thoát. Bạn có thể đùa giỡn vô tận với loại thiền định đó. Và đó là điều gì hầu hết mọi người đang làm – sống những cuộc sống tầm thường, hoang mang, hỗn loạn và trong một chừng mực nào đó tìm một ngõ ngách để tạo ra một cái trí yên lặng. Và có tất cả những người này mà hứa hẹn cho bạn một cái trí yên lặng, dù nó có lẽ có ý nghĩa như thế nào.

Vì vậy với một cái trí nghiêm túc – và nó là một việc rất nghiêm túc, không phải một trò chơi – người ta phải được tự do khỏi tất cả niềm tin, khỏi tất cả những cam kết, bởi vì người ta cam kết với tổng thể của sự sống, không phải với một mảnh của nó. Hầu hết chúng ta cam kết với cách mạng vật chất hay chính trị, hay với một hoạt động tôn giáo, với một loại sống tu viện, tôn giáo nào đó và vân vân. Đó là những cam kết gây phân chia. Chúng ta đang nói về tự do, để cho bạn có thể cam kết toàn thân tâm của bạn, toàn năng lượng, sức sống và đam mê của bạn cùng tổng thể của sự sống, không phải một phần của nó. Tiếp theo chúng ta có thể tiếp tục tìm ra thiền định có nghĩa gì.

Tôi không biết liệu bạn đã tìm hiểu điều này chưa. Có thể một số trong các bạn đã đùa giỡn với nó, đã cố gắng kiểm soát những tư tưởng của bạn, đã tuân theo những hệ thống khác nhau, nhưng đó không là thiền định. Người ta phải gạt bỏ những hệ thống mà người ta đã được trao tặng: Zen, thiền định thăng hoa, những loại hệ thống khác đã được mang đến đây từ Ấn độ và Châu á, trong đó con người bị trói buộc. Người ta phải tìm hiểu vấn đề của những hệ thống, những phương pháp này, và tôi hy vọng bạn sẽ theo sát; chúng ta đang cùng nhau chia sẻ vấn đề này.

Khi bạn có một hệ thống để tuân theo, điều gì xảy ra cho cái trí? Những hệ thống và những phương pháp ám chỉ điều gì – một vị đạo sư phải không? Tôi không biết tại sao họ tự gọi chính họ là những vị đạo sư – tôi không thể tìm ra một từ ngữ đủ mạnh mẽ để phủ nhận toàn thế giới của những vị đạo sư, của uy quyền của họ, bởi vì họ nghĩ rằng họ biết. Một con người mà nói rằng “Tôi biết”, một con người như thế không biết. Hay nếu một con người nói rằng, “Tôi đã trải nghiệm sự thật”, hãy tuyệt đối đừng tin cậy anh ấy. Đây là những người mà cống hiến những hệ thống. Một hệ thống hàm ý luyện tập, tuân theo, lặp lại, thay đổi “cái gì thực sự là” và vì vậy đang làm gia tăng xung đột của bạn. Những hệ thống làm cho cái trí máy móc, chúng không cho bạn tự do, chúng có lẽ hứa hẹn tự do ở khúc cuối, nhưng tự do là ở ngay khởi đầu, không phải ở khúc cuối. Muốn tìm hiểu sự thật của bất kỳ hệ thống nào, nếu bạn không có tự do tại ngay khởi đầu, vậy thì chắc chắn bạn kết thúc bằng một hệ thống và vì vậy bằng một cái trí không có khả năng của tinh tế, nhạy bén và nhạy cảm. Vậy là người ta có thể gạt bỏ trọn vẹn tất cả những hệ thống.

Điều gì quan trọng không là kiểm soát tư tưởng, nhưng hiểu rõ nó, hiểu rõ nguồn gốc, khởi đầu của tư tưởng, mà ở trong chính bạn. Đó là, bộ não lưu trữ những kỷ niệm – bạn có thể quan sát điều này cho chính bạn, bạn không phải đọc những quyển sách giải thích về nó. Nếu nó đã không lưu trữ những ký ức nó sẽ không có thể suy nghĩ gì cả. Ký ức đó là kết quả của trải nghiệm, của hiểu biết – những sự việc xảy ra của bạn, hay của cộng đồng, của gia đình, của chủng tộc và vân vân. Tư tưởng khởi nguồn từ kho lưu trữ của ký ức đó. Vì vậy tư tưởng không bao giờ tự do, nó luôn luôn cũ kỹ, không có một sự việc như là sự tự do của tư tưởng. Tư tưởng không bao giờ có thể được tự do trong chính nó, nó có thể nói về tự do, nhưng trong chính nó, nó là kết quả của những kỷ niệm, những trải nghiệm và hiểu biết thuộc quá khứ; vì vậy nó cũ kỹ. Tuy nhiên người ta phải có sự tích lũy của hiểu biết này, nếu không người ta không thể vận hành, người ta không thể nói chuyện với một người khác, không thể đi về nhà, và vân vân. Hiểu biết là cần thiết.

Trong thiền định người ta phải tìm ra liệu có một kết thúc cho hiểu biết và vì vậy tự do khỏi cái đã được biết. Nếu thiền định là một tiếp tục của hiểu biết, là tiếp tục của mọi thứ mà con người đã tích lũy, vậy thì không có tự do. Có tự do chỉ khi nào có một hiểu rõ về chức năng của hiểu biết và vì vậy tự do khỏi cái đã được biết.

Chúng ta đang tìm hiểu lãnh vực của hiểu biết, nơi nào có vận hành riêng của nó và nơi nào nó trở thành một cản trở cho sự tìm hiểu thêm nữa. Trong khi những tế bào não tiếp tục vận hành, chúng chỉ có thể vận hành trong lãnh vực của hiểu biết. Đó là công việc duy nhất bộ não có thể làm, vận hành trong lãnh vực của trải nghiệm, của hiểu biết trong lãnh vực của thời gian – mà là quá khứ. Thiền định là tìm ra liệu đã có sẵn một lãnh vực mà không bị vấy bẩn bởi cái đã được biết.

Nếu tôi thiền định và tiếp tục với điều gì tôi đã học hỏi rồi, với điều gì tôi đã biết rồi, vậy thì tôi đang sống trong quá khứ, trong lãnh vực của tình trạng bị quy định của tôi. Trong đó không có tự do. Tôi có lẽ trang trí cái nhà tù trong đó tôi sống, tôi có lẽ làm mọi loại những sự việc trong nhà tù đó, nhưng vẫn còn có một giới hạn, một rào chắn. Vì vậy cái trí phải tìm ra liệu những tế bào não, mà đã phát triển qua hàng thiên niên kỷ, có thể hoàn toàn yên lặng, và đáp trả đến một kích thước chúng không biết. Điều đó có nghĩa, liệu cái trí có thể hoàn toàn đứng yên hay không?

Đây đã là vấn đề của những con người tôn giáo qua những thế kỷ; họ nhận ra rằng bạn phải có một cái trí rất tĩnh lặng, bởi vì chỉ đến lúc đó bạn mới có thể thấy. Nếu bạn đang huyên thuyên, nếu cái trí của bạn đang liên tục chuyển động, đẩy đưa khắp mọi nơi, rõ ràng nó không thể thấy, nó không thể lắng nghe tổng thể. Vì vậy họ nói rằng, “Kiểm soát nó, nắm chặt nó, giam giữ nó trong một nhà tù”; họ đã không tìm được một phương cách để tạo ra một cái trí mà hoàn toàn và tuyệt đối tĩnh lặng. Họ nói rằng, “Đừng nhượng bộ bất kỳ ham muốn nào, đừng nhìn một người phụ nữ, đừng nhìn những quả đồi xinh xinh, cây cối và vẻ đẹp của quả đất, bởi vì nếu bạn làm như thế, nó có lẽ nhắc nhở bạn về một người phụ nữ, hay một người đàn ông. Vì vậy kiểm soát, giữ chặt, và tập trung.” Khi bạn làm tất cả việc đó, bạn ở trong xung đột, và vì vậy phải có nhiều kiểm soát thêm, nhiều chế ngự thêm. Điều này đã diễn tiến qua hàng thiên niên kỷ, bởi vì họ nhận ra rằng phải có một cái trí tĩnh lặng. Bây giờ, làm thế nào cái trí trở nên tĩnh lặng? – mà không có nỗ lực, không có kiểm soát, không cho nó một biên giới? Khoảnh khắc bạn hỏi “làm thế nào” bạn đang giới thiệu một hệ thống. Vì vậy không có “làm thế nào”.

Liệu cái trí có thể trở nên tĩnh lặng hay không? Tôi không biết bạn sẽ làm gì về nó khi bạn thấy cái vấn đề, khi bạn thấy sự cần thiết, sự thật của có được cái trí tinh tế, nhạy cảm này, mà tuyệt đối tĩnh lặng. Làm thế nào nó xảy ra? Đây là vấn đề của thiền định, bởi vì chỉ một cái trí như thế mới là một cái trí tôn giáo. Chỉ một cái trí như thế mới thấy được tổng thể của sự sống như một đơn vị, như một chuyển động nguyên khối, không bị phân chia. Vì vậy một cái trí như thế hành động tổng thể, không phân chia, bởi vì nó hành động từ tĩnh lặng trọn vẹn.

Nền tảng là một sống của liên hệ trọn vẹn, mà là sống trật tự và vì vậy có đạo đức, một sống đơn giản lạ thường phía bên trong, và vì vậy hoàn toàn mộc mạc – mộc mạc của sự đơn giản thăm thẳm, mà có nghĩa rằng cái trí không đang xung đột. Khi bạn đã đặt nền tảng đó, thật dễ dàng, không có bất kỳ nỗ lực nào – bởi vì khoảnh khắc bạn máy động sự nỗ lực liền có xung đột – bạn thấy sự thật của nó. Vì vậy nó là sự trực nhận của “cái gì là” mà tạo ra một thay đổi cơ bản.

Chỉ cái trí tĩnh lặng mới hiểu rõ rằng trong một cái trí tĩnh lặng có một chuyển động hoàn toàn khác hẳn, một kích thước khác hẳn, một chất lượng khác hẳn. Cái đó không bao giờ có thể diễn tả thành những từ ngữ, bởi vì nó không thể diễn tả được. Cái gì có thể diễn tả được là cái gì đến được điểm mấu chốt này, cái điểm khi bạn đã đặt nền tảng và đã thấy được sự cần thiết, sự thật, và vẻ đẹp của cái trí tĩnh lặng.

Với hầu hết chúng ta, vẻ đẹp ở trong cái gì đó, trong một tòa nhà, trong một đám mây, trong hình thể của một cái cây, trong một khuôn mặt đẹp. Vẻ đẹp là ở “bên ngoài đó”, hay vẻ đẹp là một chất lượng của cái trí mà không có hoạt động tự cho mình là trung tâm? Bởi vì giống như hân hoan, hiểu rõ vẻ đẹp là cốt lõi trong thiền định. Vẻ đẹp là thực sự từ bỏ trọn vẹn cái “tôi”, và đôi mắt mà đã từ bỏ cái “tôi” có thể thấy cây cối, vẻ đẹp của tất cả, sự diễm ảo của đám mây;

điều đó xảy ra khi không có trung tâm như cái “tôi”. Nó xảy ra cho mỗi người chúng ta, phải không? – khi bạn thấy một hòn núi dễ thương, khi bạn bất chợt bắt gặp nó, nó kia kìa ! Mọi thứ đều đã bị gạt đi ngoại trừ sự hoành tráng của quả đồi đó, hòn núi đó, cái cây đó, thu hút bạn trọn vẹn.

Nó giống như một em bé với một đồ chơi – đồ chơi thu hút em bé, và khi món đồ chơi bị hư hỏng đứa bé quay trở lại trong bất kỳ điều gì cậu ấy đang làm, trong sự tinh nghịch và trong sự khóc lóc của cậu ấy. Cũng giống như vậy với chúng ta: khi bạn thấy hòn núi hay cái cây đơn chiếc trên một đỉnh đồi, nó thu hút bạn. Và chúng ta muốn được thu hút bởi một cái gì đó, bởi một ý tưởng, bởi một hoạt động, bởi một cam kết, bởi một niềm tin, hay chúng ta muốn được thu hút bởi một người khác; mà cũng giống như đứa trẻ với món đồ chơi.

Vì vậy vẻ đẹp có nghĩa nhạy cảm – một thân thể nhạy cảm, mà có nghĩa rằng ăn uống đúng đắn, cách sống đúng đắn, và bạn có tất cả những thứ này, nếu bạn đã thâm nhập khá sâu thẳm. Tôi hy vọng bạn sẽ, hay đang thực hiện nó ngay lúc này; vậy thì cái trí, một cách tự động và rõ ràng, không đang biết, sẽ trở nên tĩnh lặng. Bạn không thể làm cho cái trí tĩnh lặng, bởi vì bạn là người tạo ra sự phiền muộn, chính bạn bị bực bội, lo âu, hoang mang – làm thế nào bạn có thể làm cho cái trí tĩnh lặng được? Nhưng khi bạn hiểu rõ tĩnh lặng là gì, khi bạn hiểu rõ hoang mang là gì, đau khổ là gì, và liệu đau khổ có thể kết thúc, và khi bạn hiểu rõ vui thú, vậy thì từ đó một cái trí tĩnh lặng lạ thường hiện diện; bạn không phải tìm kiếm nó. Bạn phải bắt đầu tại khởi đầu và bước đầu tiên là bước cuối cùng, và đây là thiền định.

Người hỏi: Khi ông đặt ra sự tương đồng của hòn núi, những quả đồi, bầu trời đẹp đẽ – điều đó là sai lầm cho những con người này, đó không là sự tương đồng đối với họ – tương đồng là những bẩn thỉu.

Krishnamurti: Đúng, hãy hiểu như thế – tương đồng của những đường phố dơ bẩn ở New York, tương đồng của những điều kiện bần cùng, nghèo khổ, những khu nhà ổ chuột, những cuộc chiến tranh mà mỗi người chúng ta đã góp phần. Bạn không cảm thấy theo cách đó, bởi vì bạn đã tự tách rời, đã tự cô lập; vì vậy, không có sự liên hệ với người khác, bạn trở nên thoái hóa và cho phép sự thoái hóa lan tràn trong thế giới. Đó là lý do tại sao thoái hóa này, bẩn thỉu này, những cuộc chiến tranh này, căm hận này, không thể được kết thúc bởi một hệ thống chính trị hay tôn giáo, hay bất kỳ tổ chức nào khác. Bạn phải thay đổi. Bạn không thấy điều này hay sao? Bạn phải kết thúc trọn vẹn là cái gì bạn là. Không qua ý chí; – thiền định là làm trống không cái trí khỏi ý chí; lúc đó một hành động hoàn toàn khác hẳn xảy ra.

Người hỏi: Nếu người ta có đặc ân của trở nên tỉnh thức tổng thể, sau đó làm thế nào chúng ta có thể giúp đỡ những người bị quy định, mà có sự oán giận sâu kín trong họ?

Krishnamurti: Tại sao, nếu tôi được phép hỏi, bạn sử dụng từ ngữ đặc ân? Có cái gì thiêng liêng hay đặc ân về tỉnh thức? Đó là một việc tự nhiên, phải không, tỉnh thức? Nếu bạn tỉnh thức được tình trạng bị quy định riêng của bạn, sự lao dịch, sự bẩn thỉu, sự tồi tàn, chiến tranh, hận thù, nếu bạn tỉnh thức được tất cả điều đó, bạn sẽ thiết lập một liên hệ với người khác trọn vẹn, bạn có liên hệ với mọi con người khác trong thế giới. Bạn hiểu rõ điều này chứ? Nếu tôi liên hệ với người nào đó trọn vẹn, tổng thể – không phải như một ý tưởng hay một hình ảnh – vậy thì tôi liên hệ với mọi con người trên thế giới. Vậy thì tôi sẽ thấy tôi sẽ không gây tổn thương cho một người khác – họ đang gây tổn thương cho chính họ. Vậy thì hãy đi đi, giảng thuyết, nói chuyện về nó – không phải với ham muốn giúp đỡ người khác, bạn hiểu rõ chứ? – đó là sự việc khủng khiếp nhất khi nói, “Tôi muốn giúp đỡ một người khác”. Bạn là ai mà giúp đỡ một người khác? – kể cả người nói.

Thưa bạn, hãy nhìn, vẻ đẹp của cái cây hay bông hoa không muốn giúp đỡ bạn, nó ở đó; nó dành cho bạn để nhìn sự xấu xa hay vẻ đẹp, và nếu bạn không thể nhìn nó, vậy thì hãy tìm ra tại sao bạn đã trở nên dửng dưng quá, lãnh đạm quá, nông cạn quá và trống rỗng quá. Nếu bạn tìm ra điều đó, vậy thì bạn ở trong trạng thái nơi những dòng nước của sự sống trôi chảy, bạn không phải làm bất kỳ việc gì cả.

Người hỏi: Sự liên hệ giữa thấy chính xác những sự việc như chúng là và ý thức là gì?

Krishnamurti: Bạn chỉ biết được ý thức bởi nội dung của nó, và nội dung của nó là điều gì đang xảy ra trong thế giới, trong đó bạn là một bộ phận. Làm trống không tất cả nội dung đó không là không có ý thức, nhưng có một kích thước hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Bạn không thể giả thuyết về kích thước đó – hãy dành việc đó cho những nhà khoa học, những triết gia. Điều gì chúng ta có thể làm là tìm ra liệu có thể tháo gỡ cái trí bằng cách trở nên tỉnh thức, bằng cách trở nên chú ý tổng thể.

Người hỏi: Chính tôi không biết tình yêu là gì hay sự thật là gì, hay Thượng đế là gì, nhưng ông diễn tả nó như, “Tình yêu là Thượng đế”, thay vì “Tình yêu là tình yêu”. Ông có thể giải thích tại sao ông nói “Tình yêu là Thượng đế” hay không?

Krishnamurti: Tôi đã không nói tình yêu là Thượng đế.

Người hỏi: Tôi đọc một trong những quyển sách của ông . . .

Krishnamurti: Tôi xin lỗi, đừng đọc những quyển sách! (Tiếng cười) Từ ngữ đó đã được sử dụng quá nhiều, nó bị chất đầy bởi những thất vọng và hy vọng của con người. Bạn có Thượng đế của bạn, những người Cộng sản có những Thượng đế của họ. Vì vậy hãy tìm ra, nếu tôi được phép đề nghị, tình yêu là gì. Bạn chỉ có thể tìm ra tình yêu là gì, bằng cách biết nó không là gì. Không phải biết thuộc trí năng, nhưng thực tế trong cuộc sống gạt đi nó không là gì –

ghen tuông, tham vọng và tham lam, tất cả phân chia xảy ra trong cuộc sống, tôi và bạn, chúng tôi và chúng nó, người da đen và người da trắng. Bất hạnh thay bạn sẽ không làm được việc đó bởi vì nó cần năng lượng, và năng lượng chỉ đến khi bạn quan sát cái gì là và không trốn chạy nó. Khi bạn thấy thực sự cái gì là, vậy thì trong thấy nó, bạn có năng lượng để vượt khỏi nó. Bạn không thể vượt khỏi nó nếu bạn cố gắng tẩu thoát khỏi nó, diễn giải nó, hay khuất phục nó. Chỉ quan sát thực sự cái gì là, vậy thì bạn có dư thừa năng lượng, vậy thì bạn có thể tìm ra tình yêu là gì. Tình yêu không là vui thú, và thực sự tìm ra nó, phía bên trong, cho chính bạn, bạn không biết điều đó có nghĩa gì hay sao? Nó có nghĩa rằng không có sợ hãi, không có quyến luyến, không có lệ thuộc, nhưng một liên hệ không phân chia.

Người hỏi: Ông có thể nói về vai trò của nghệ sĩ trong xã hội – anh ấy thực hiện một chức năng vượt khỏi sự riêng tư của anh ấy phải không?

Krishnamurti: Một nghệ sĩ là ai? Một ai đó vẽ một bức tranh, viết một bài thơ, mà muốn diễn tả chính anh ấy qua việc vẽ tranh hay qua việc viết một quyển sách hay một vở kịch. Tại sao chúng ta phân chia nghệ sĩ khỏi phần còn lại của chúng ta? – hay người trí thức khỏi phần còn lại của chúng ta? Chúng ta đã đặt người trí thức ở một mức độ, người nghệ sĩ có lẽ ở một mức độ cao hơn, và người khoa học ở mức độ còn cao hơn nữa. Và sau đó chúng ta nói, “Vai trò của họ trong xã hội là gì?” Câu hỏi không phải là, vai trò của họ là gì, nhưng vai trò của bạn trong xã hội là gì, bởi vì bạn đã tạo ra sự hỗn loạn này. Vai trò của bạn là gì? Hãy tìm ra, thưa bạn. Đó là, tìm ra tại sao bạn sống trong cái thế giới nghèo khó, căm hận và đau khổ này; rõ ràng nó không tác động đến bạn.

Hãy nhìn, bạn đã lắng nghe những buổi nói chuyện này, đã cùng chia sẻ một số những sự việc này, đã hiểu rõ, chúng ta hãy hy vọng, nhiều. Vậy thì bạn trở thành một trung tâm của liên hệ đúng đắn và vì vậy chính là trách nhiệm của bạn phải thay đổi cái xã hội hủy hoại, thoái hóa, kinh khủng này.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, ông có thể trình bày về thời gian tâm lý được không?

Krishnamurti: Thời gian là tuổi già, thời gian là đau khổ, thời gian không chú ý. Có thời gian tuần tự theo đồng hồ. Thời gian đó phải tồn tại, ngược lại bạn sẽ không đón kịp chuyến xe buýt của bạn, nấu một bửa ăn, và mọi chuyện như thế. Nhưng có một loại thời gian khác mà chúng ta đã chấp nhận. Đó là, "Ngày mai tôi sẽ là, ngày mai tôi sẽ thay đổi, ngày mai tôi sẽ trở thành"; thuộc tâm lý chúng ta đã tạo ra thời gian – ngày mai. Có một ngày mai, thuộc tâm lý hay không? Chúng ta bị ngập tràn sự kinh hãi khi rất nghiêm túc đặt ra câu hỏi đó. Bởi vì chúng ta muốn ngày mai: "Tôi sẽ vui sướng gặp bạn vào ngày mai, ngày mai tôi sẽ hiểu rõ, cuộc sống của tôi sẽ khác hẳn vào ngày mai, ngày mai tôi sẽ nhận được sự khai sáng." Vì vậy ngày mai trở thành sự việc quan trọng nhất trong cuộc sống của chúng ta. Bạn đã trải qua ái ân ngày hôm qua, tất cả những vui thú, tất cả những đau khổ – dù là bất kỳ việc gì – và bạn muốn nó vào ngày mai, bởi vì bạn muốn cùng vui thú đó được lặp lại.

Hãy đặt câu hỏi đó cho chính bạn và tìm ra sự thật của nó. "Có một ngày mai hay không?" ngoại trừ trong tư tưởng mà chiếu rọi vào ngày mai. Vì vậy ngày mai là sáng chế của tư tưởng như thời gian, và nếu không có ngày mai thuộc tâm lý, điều gì xảy ra trong sống ngày hôm nay? Vậy thì có một cách mạng kinh khủng, đúng chứ? Vậy thì toàn hành động của bạn trải qua một thay đổi cơ bản, phải vậy không? Vậy thì bạn là tổng thể trọn vẹn ngay lúc này, không đang chiếu rọi từ quá khứ, qua hiện tại, vào tương lai.

Điều đó có nghĩa sống, chết hàng ngày. Hãy thực hiện nó, và bạn sẽ tìm ra nó có nghĩa gì khi sống trọn vẹn ngày hôm nay. Đó không phải tình yêu là gì hay sao? Bạn không nói, "Tôi sẽ thương yêu ngày mai", đúng chứ? Bạn thương yêu hoặc bạn không thương yêu. Tình yêu không có thời gian, chỉ đau khổ có thời gian – đau khổ là tư tưởng, giống như vui thú. Vì vậy người ta phải tìm ra cho chính mình thời gian là gì, và tìm ra liệu có một “không ngày mai”. Đó là sống, vậy là có một sự sống mà vĩnh hằng, bởi vì vĩnh hằng không có thời gian.

NEW YORK CITY

Ngày 25 tháng tư năm 1971

III – Hai nói chuyện: J. Krishnamurti và Alain Naudé.

– 1 – GÁNH XIẾC ĐẤU TRANH CỦA CON NGƯỜI

Đối thoại giữa J. Krishnamurti

và Alain Naudé.

Naudé: [1] Ông nói về tổng thể của sự sống. Khi chúng ta nhìn quanh chúng ta có quá nhiều vô trật tự ở khắp nơi; dường như rằng con người rất bị rối loạn. Trong thế giới chúng ta thấy rằng có chiến tranh, vô trật tự sinh thái, vô trật tự chính trị và xã hội, tội phạm, và tất cả những tội lỗi của công nghiệp hóa lẫn dư thừa dân số. Và dường như rằng con người càng cố gắng giải quyết những vấn đề này nhiều bao nhiêu, chúng càng gia tăng nhiều bấy nhiêu. Rồi thì có con người, chính anh ấy, mà đầy những vấn đề. Anh ấy không chỉ có vấn đề của thế giới quanh anh ấy, nhưng còn đầy những vấn đề phía bên trong – cô độc, thất vọng, ganh tị, tức giận – tất cả việc này chúng ta có lẽ gọi là rối loạn. Và chẳng mấy chốc anh ấy chết. Bây giờ chúng ta đã luôn luôn được bảo rằng có cái gì đó mà luôn luôn được gọi là Thượng đế, vĩnh hằng, sáng tạo. Và về điều này con người chẳng biết gì cả. Anh ấy đã cố gắng sống cho điều này, tiếp cận đến điều này nhưng lại nữa nó đã tạo ra những vấn đề. Từ điều gì ông đã trình bày quá nhiều, có vẻ rằng người ta phải tìm ra cách giải quyết ba bộ vấn đề này, ba khía cạnh này của cuộc sống cùng một lúc, bởi vì đây là những vấn đề đang thách thức con người. Có một cách đặt ra câu hỏi phù hợp để cho nó sẽ trả lời ba bộ vấn đề này cùng một lúc hay không?

Krishnamurti: Trước hết, thưa bạn, tại sao chúng ta tạo ra phân chia này? Hay chỉ có một chuyển động mà phải được nhận thấy trên chính làn sóng? Vì vậy đầu tiên chúng ta hãy tìm ra tại sao chúng ta đã phân chia toàn bộ sự tồn tại này thành thế giới bên ngoài tôi, thế giới bên trong tôi, và cái gì đó vượt khỏi tôi. Sự phân chia này hiện diện bởi vì những hỗn loạn bên ngoài và chúng ta chỉ quan tâm đến hỗn loạn bên ngoài, và hoàn toàn không lưu tâm đến hỗn loạn bên trong? Không tìm ra một giải pháp cho bên ngoài, hay cho bên trong, chúng ta cố gắng tìm ra một giải pháp trong một niềm tin, trong thần thánh?

Naudé: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy khi đặt một câu hỏi thuộc loại này, chúng ta đang giải quyết ba vấn đề tách rời hay như một chuyển động tổng thể.

Naudé: Làm thế nào chúng ta có thể biến chúng thành một chuyển động duy nhất? Chúng được liên quan như thế nào? Hành động gì trong con người mà sẽ làm cho chúng giống hệt nhau?

Krishnamurti: Tôi sẽ không trình bày điều đó lúc này. Tôi muốn hỏi tại sao con người lại phân chia thế giới, toàn bộ sự tồn tại của anh ấy, thành ba loại này? Tại sao? – và từ đó chuyển động. Bây giờ tại sao tôi, như một con người, đã phân chia thế giới bên ngoài tôi khỏi thế giới bên trong tôi, và khỏi thế giới mà tôi đang cố gắng nắm bắt – mà tôi chẳng biết gì cả – và với nó tôi trao tất cả những niềm hy vọng đầy vô vọng?

Naudé: Đúng.

Krishnamurti: Bây giờ tại sao tôi làm việc này? Không quả quyết lắm, chúng ta đang hỏi: đó có phải chúng ta không thể giải quyết cái bên ngoài với những hỗn loạn, hoang mang, hủy hoại, hung tợn, bạo lực của nó và mọi kinh hoàng đang xảy ra, và vì vậy chúng ta quay vào cái bên trong, và hy vọng nhờ đó giải quyết cái bên ngoài? Và vì không thể giải quyết sự hỗn loạn bên trong, sự không đầy đủ bên trong, sự hung tợn, sự bạo lực bên trong và mọi chuyện của nó, vì không thể giải quyết cả hai cái này, sau đó chúng ta rời bỏ cả hai, cái bên ngoài và cái bên trong, để đến một kích thước nào khác?

Naudé: Vâng, nó giống như thế đó. Đó là điều gì chúng ta làm.

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì luôn luôn xảy ra quanh chúng ta và trong chúng ta.

Naudé: Vâng. Có những vấn đề bên ngoài mà sinh ra những vấn đề bên trong. Vì không thể giải quyết riêng một vấn đề, hay cả hai, chúng ta tạo ra sự hy vọng về một cái gì khác, trạng thái thứ ba nào đó, mà chúng ta gọi là Thượng đế.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, một tác nhân bên ngoài.

Naudé: Một tác nhân bên ngoài mà sẽ là nguồn an ủi, giải pháp cuối cùng. Nhưng cũng có một sự thật rằng có những sự việc mà thực sự là những vấn đề bên ngoài: mái nhà bị dột, bầu trời đầy ô nhiễm, sông ngòi đang cạn kiệt, có những vấn đề như thế. Và có những cuộc chiến tranh – chúng là những vấn đề bên ngoài có thể thấy được. Cũng có những vấn đề mà chúng ta nghĩ là những vấn đề bên trong, những ao ước, những sợ hãi và những lo âu khép kín và bí mật của chúng ta.

Krishnamurti: Vâng.

Naudé: Có thế giới, và có phản ứng của con người với nó, đang sống trong nó của con người. Và vì vậy có hai thực thể này – ít nhất trong một loại thực tế nào đó chúng ta có thể nói rằng có. Và vì thế có thể hành động đang cố gắng giải quyết những vấn đề thực tế tràn ngập vào trạng thái bên trong của con người và gây ra những vấn đề ở đó.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó có nghĩa rằng chúng ta vẫn còn đang phân chia cái bên ngoài và cái bên trong như hai chuyển động tách rời.

Naudé: Vâng, đúng vậy. Chúng ta làm như thế.

Krishnamurti: Và tôi cảm thấy đó là một tiếp cận hoàn toàn sai lầm. Mái nhà có bị dột và thế giới thì dư thừa dân số, có sự ô nhiễm, có những cuộc chiến tranh, có mọi loại ma mãnh đang xảy ra. Và vì không thể giải quyết được những việc đó chúng ta quay vào bên trong; giải quyết những vấn đề bên trong chúng ta nương dựa một tác nhân bên ngoài nào đó, vẫn còn xa hơn khỏi tất cả việc này. Trái lại nếu chúng ta có thể xử lý toàn bộ sự tồn tại này như một chuyển động duy nhất, vậy thì có lẽ chúng ta có thể sẽ giải quyết tất cả những vấn đề này một cách thông minh và hợp lý và trong trật tự.

Naudé: Vâng. Dường như đó là điều gì ông nói. Ông làm ơn chỉ cho chúng tôi làm thế nào ba vấn đề này thực sự là một vấn đề?

Krishnamurti: Tôi đang dẫn đến điều đó, tôi đang dẫn đến nó. Thế giới phía bên ngoài của tôi được tạo ra bởi tôi – không phải cây cối, không phải những đám mây, những con ong và vẻ đẹp của đất đai – nhưng sự hiện diện của con người trong liên hệ, mà được gọi là xã hội, cái đó được tạo ra bởi bạn và bởi tôi. Vì vậy thế giới là tôi và tôi là thế giới. Tôi nghĩ đó là việc đầu tiên phải được thiết lập: không phải như một sự việc trừu tượng hay một sự việc thuộc trí năng nhưng trong cảm thấy thực sự, trong nhận thức thực sự. Đây là một sự kiện, không phải một giả thuyết, không phải một khái niệm thuộc trí năng, nhưng nó là một sự kiện rằng thế giới là tôi và tôi là thế giới. Thế giới là xã hội trong đó tôi sống, với văn hóa, luân lý, bất bình đẳng của nó, mọi hỗn loạn đang xảy ra trong xã hội, đó là chính tôi trong hành động. Và văn hóa là cái gì tôi đã tạo ra và cái gì tôi bị trói buộc. Tôi nghĩ rằng đó là một sự kiện tuyệt đối và không thể chối cãi.

Naudé: Vâng, tại sao con người không thấy được điều này trọn vẹn? Chúng ta có những người chính trị, chúng ta có những người sinh thái, chúng ta có những người kinh tế, chúng ta có những người đang cố gắng giải quyết những vấn đề bên ngoài chỉ như những vấn đề bên ngoài.

Krishnamurti: Có thể bởi vì không có loại giáo dục đúng đắn: sự chuyên biệt hóa, sự ham muốn để chinh phục và đi đến mặt trăng rồi chơi golf ở đó, và vân vân và vân vân! Chúng ta luôn luôn muốn thay đổi cái bên ngoài qua đó hy vọng thay đổi cái bên trong. “Tạo ra môi trường đúng đắn” – những người cộng sản đã nói nó hàng trăm lần – “rồi thì cái trí con người sẽ thay đổi theo môi trường đó.”

Naudé: Đó là điều gì họ nói. Thật ra, mọi trường đại học nổi tiếng, với tất cả những khoa của nó, với tất cả những chuyên gia của nó, hầu như người ta có thể nói rằng những trường đại học nổi tiếng này được thành lập và được xây dựng trên niềm tin rằng thế giới có thể được thay đổi bởi một lượng hiểu biết đặc biệt trong những khoa khác nhau.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, tôi nghĩ rằng chúng ta đã mất đi sự việc cơ bản này, đó là: thế giới là tôi và tôi là thế giới. Tôi nghĩ rằng cảm thấy đó, không như một ý tưởng, cảm thấy đó mang lại một cách nhìn hoàn toàn khác hẳn vào tổng thể vấn đề.

Naudé: Nó là một cách mạng vĩ đại. Thấy vấn đề như một vấn đề, vấn đề của con người và không phải vấn đề của môi trường của anh ấy, đó là một bước vĩ đại, mà con người sẽ không chấp nhận.

Krishnamurti: Con người sẽ không theo hướng đó. Họ đã quen cái tổ chức bên ngoài này và hoàn toàn bỏ qua điều gì đang xảy ra bên trong. Vì vậy khi người ta nhận ra rằng thế giới là tôi và tôi là thế giới, lúc đó hành động của tôi không bị tách rời, không là cá thể phản kháng cái cộng đồng; cũng không là sự quan trọng của cá thể và sự cứu rỗi của anh ấy. Khi người ta nhận ra rằng thế giới là tôi và tôi là thế giới, vậy thì bất kỳ hành động nào xảy ra, bất kỳ thay đổi nào xảy ra, nó sẽ thay đổi toàn ý thức của nhân loại.

Naudé: Ông muốn giải thích điều đó không?

Krishnamurti: Tôi, như một con người, nhận ra rằng thế giới là tôi và tôi là thế giới: nhận ra, cảm thấy được gắn kết thăm thẳm, tỉnh thức đầy đam mê về sự thật này.

Naudé: Vâng, rằng thật ra hành động của tôi là thế giới; cách cư xử của tôi là cách duy nhất mà thế giới có, bởi vì những sự kiện trong thế giới là cách cư xử. Và cách cư xử là cái bên trong. Vì vậy cái bên trong và cái bên ngoài là một bởi vì những sự kiện của lịch sử, những sự kiện của cuộc sống, thực ra là điểm tiếp xúc này giữa cái bên trong và cái bên ngoài. Thật ra nó là cách cư xử của con người.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy ý thức của thế giới là ý thức của tôi.

Naudé: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Ý thức của tôi là thế giới. Bây giờ sự khủng hoảng ở trong ý thức này, không phải trong tổ chức, không phải trong làm đường sá tốt hơn – phá sập những quả đồi để xây dựng nhiều đường sá hơn.

Naudé: Những xe tăng to hơn, những hỏa tiển liên lục địa.

Krishnamurti: Ý thức của tôi là thế giới và ý thức của thế giới là tôi. Khi có một thay đổi trong ý thức này nó gây ảnh hưởng tổng thể ý thức của thế giới. Tôi không biết bạn có thấy điều đó không?

Naudé: Nó là một sự kiện lạ thường.

Krishnamurti: Nó là một sự kiện.

Naudé: Chính là ý thức đang ở trong vô trật tự; không có vô trật tự ở bất kỳ nơi nào khác.

Krishnamurti: Rõ ràng!

Naudé: Vì vậy những căn bệnh của thế giới là những căn bệnh của ý thức con người, và những căn bệnh của ý thức con người là những căn bệnh của tôi, đau khổ của tôi, vô trật tự của tôi.

Krishnamurti: Bây giờ khi tôi nhận ra rằng ý thức của tôi là ý thức của thế giới, và ý thức của thế giới là tôi, bất kỳ thay đổi nào xảy ra trong tôi gây ảnh hưởng tổng thể của ý thức.

Naudé: Với việc này con người luôn luôn nói rằng: điều đó nghe rất đúng, tôi có lẽ thay đổi, nhưng vẫn còn có một chiến tranh ở Indo-China!

Krishnamurti: Hoàn toàn đúng, sẽ có.

Naudé: Và những khu nhà ổ chuột và dư thừa dân số.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên, sẽ có. Nhưng nếu mỗi người chúng ta thấy được sự thật của điều này, rằng ý thức của thế giới là ý thức của tôi, và ý thức của tôi là ý thức của thế giới; và nếu mỗi người chúng ta cảm thấy sự trách nhiệm của điều đó – người chính trị, người khoa học, người kỹ sư, viên chức, một người kinh doanh – nếu mọi người đã cảm thấy điều đó, vậy thì cái gì? Và chính là công việc của chúng ta phải làm cho họ cảm thấy điều này; đó là chức năng của con người tôn giáo, chắc chắn như vậy phải không?

Naudé: Đây là một công việc vĩ đại.

Krisshnamurti: Hãy chờ đó, hãy cho phép tôi tiếp tục. Vậy là sau đó nó là một chuyển động. Nó không là một chuyển động cá thể và sự cứu rỗi của anh ấy. Nó là sự cứu rỗi, nếu bạn thích sử dụng từ ngữ đó, của tổng thể của ý thức con người.

Naudé: Tổng thể, và sự lành mạnh thuộc thân thể và tinh thần của chính ý thức, đó là một và trong đó được chứa đựng điều gì có vẻ là cái bên ngoài, và điều gì có vẻ là cái bên trong.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng. Chúng ta hãy nắm lấy yếu tố này.

Naudé: Vì vậy thực ra điều gì ông đang nói là sự lành mạnh đó, sự thông minh đó, và tổng thể của ý thức đó, thực sự luôn luôn là một thực thể không thể tách rời được.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, điều đó đúng. Bây giờ khi những người mà muốn tạo ra một sự khác biệt của thế giới, những người giáo dục, những tác giả, những người tổ chức, khi họ nhận ra thế giới như nó là lúc này là trách nhiệm của họ, vậy là tổng thể của ý thức con người bắt đầu thay đổi. Đó là điều gì đang xảy ra trong một phương hướng khác, chỉ khi nào họ đang nhấn mạnh sự tổ chức, sự phân chia; họ đang làm chính xác cùng sự việc.

Naudé: Trong một cách tiêu cực.

Krishnamurti: Trong một cách hủy diệt. Vì vậy từ đó câu hỏi phát sinh: liệu ý thức con người này, mà là tôi – mà là cộng đồng, mà là xã hội, mà là văn hóa, mà là tất cả những kinh hoàng được tạo tác bởi tôi trong ngữ cảnh của xã hội, trong nền văn hóa mà là tôi – liệu ý thức này có thể trải qua một thay đổi cơ bản? Đó là câu hỏi. Không phải tẩu thoát vào Thượng đế giả thuyết nào đó, không phải tẩu thoát. Bởi vì khi chúng ta hiểu rõ sự thay đổi trong ý thức này, Thượng đế ở đó, bạn không phải tìm kiếm.

Naudé: Ông làm ơn giải thích sự thay đổi trong ý thức này gồm có cái gì?

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì chúng ta sắp sửa trình bày lúc này.

Naudé: Và sau đó có lẽ chúng ta có thể hỏi về thần thánh nếu nó nảy sinh.

Krishnamurti: (Ngừng một chút) Trước hết, liệu có thể có một thay đổi trong ý thức hay không? Hay bất kỳ thay đổi nào được tạo ra có ý thức không là thay đổi gì cả? Nói về một thay đổi trong ý thức hàm ý thay đổi từ việc này sang việc kia.

Naudé: Và cả việc này lẫn việc kia vẫn ở trong ý thức.

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì tôi muốn thiết lập trước nhất. Rằng là khi chúng ta nói phải có một thay đổi trong ý thức, nó vẫn còn trong lãnh vực của ý thức.

Naudé: Cách chúng ta thấy cái rắc rối và cách chúng ta thấy cái giải pháp, mà chúng ta gọi là thay đổi – tất cả vẫn còn trong cùng lãnh vực.

Krishnamurti: Tất cả cùng trong một lãnh vực và vì vậy không thay đổi gì cả. Đó là, nội dung của ý thức là ý thức và hai cái không tách rời. Chúng ta cũng hãy rõ ràng về điểm này. Ý thức được tạo thành do tất cả những sự việc mà đã được thâu lượm bởi con người như trải nghiệm, như hiểu biết, như đau khổ, như hoang mang, hủy hoại, bạo lực – tất cả điều đó là ý thức.

Naudé: Cộng thêm tạm gọi là những giải pháp.

Krishnamurti: Thượng đế, không-Thượng đế, những lý thuyết khác nhau về Thượng đế, tất cả điều đó là ý thức. Khi chúng ta nói về thay đổi trong ý thức chúng ta vẫn đang thay đổi những mảnh từ góc này sang góc khác.

Naudé: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Di chuyển một chất lượng vào một góc khác của lãnh vực.

Naudé: Đang nhào nặn những chứa đựng của cái hộp khổng lồ này.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, đang nhào nặn những chứa đựng. Và vì vậy…

Naudé: Chúng ta đang thay đổi những thay đổi trong cùng bộ của những sự việc.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng. Bạn đã giải thích nó hoàn hảo, tốt hơn tôi nhiều. Khi chúng ta nói về thay đổi, thật ra chúng ta đang nghĩ về nhào nặn những chứa đựng – đúng chứ? Điều đó ám chỉ một người nhào nặn và vật anh ấy đang nhào nặn. Nhưng nó vẫn còn trong lãnh vực của ý thức.

Naudé: Có hai câu hỏi nảy sinh. Ông đang nói rằng không có ý thức nào cả ở phía bên ngoài nội dung của ý thức phải không? Và thứ hai, không có thực thể nào cả để nhào nặn, không có thực thể được gọi là cái "tôi" ở phía bên ngoài nội dung của ý thức này?

Krishnamurti: Chắc chắn là không.

Naudé: Có hai câu phát biểu quan trọng, thưa ông. Ông vui lòng giải thích chúng chứ?

Krishnamurti: Câu đầu tiên là gì?

Naudé: Câu đầu tiên ông đang nói, nếu tôi đã hiểu đúng, là: ý thức này mà chúng ta đang bàn luận, mà là tất cả chúng ta là và tất cả chúng ta có, và chúng ta đã thấy là chính cái vấn đề, ông đang nói rằng ý thức này là chính nội dung của nó, và rằng không có gì được gọi là ý thức phía bên ngoài nội dung của ý thức?

Krishnamurti: Tuyệt đối đúng.

Naudé: Ông đang nói, ở phía bên ngoài những vấn đề của con người, ở phía bên ngoài sự đau khổ của anh ấy, ở phía bên ngoài sự suy nghĩ của anh ấy, ở phía bên ngoài những hình thành cái trí của anh ấy, không có cái gì mà chúng ta gọi là ý thức?

Krishnamurti: Tuyệt đối đúng.

Naudé: Đây là câu phát biểu quan trọng. Ông giải thích điều này được không? Tất cả chúng tôi đều nghĩ và – điều này đã được chấp nhận trên căn bản lý luận bởi những tôn giáo Ấn độ từ sự khởi đầu của thời gian – rằng có một ý thức siêu nhiên ở phía bên ngoài của cái vỏ này mà là ý thức chúng ta đang nói.

Krishnamurti: Muốn tìm ra liệu có một cái gì đó vượt khỏi ý thức này, tôi phải hiểu rõ nội dung của ý thức này. Cái trí phải vượt khỏi chính nó. Sau đó tôi sẽ tìm được liệu có cái gì đó khác hẳn cái này hay không. Nhưng khi quy định rằng có cái gì đó chẳng có ý nghĩa gì cả, nó chỉ là một phỏng đoán.

Naudé: Ông đang nói rằng cái gì thông thường chúng ta gọi là ý thức, và cái gì chúng ta đang nói, là chính nội dung của ý thức này? Người chứa đựng và vật được chứa đựng là một sự vật không thể tách rời.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng.

Naudé: Và câu thứ hai ông đang nói là: không có thực thể nào để quyết định, để vận dụng, và để nhào nặn, khi những nội dung được nhào nặn không còn hiện diện.

Krishnamurti: Đó là, ý thức của tôi là ý thức của thế giới, và ý thức của thế giới là tôi. Đây là một sự thật, không chỉ là sự sáng chế của tôi hay bị lệ thuộc vào sự chấp nhận của bạn. Nó là một sự thật tuyệt đối. Cũng vậy nội dung là ý thức: nếu không có nội dung không có ý thức. Bây giờ khi chúng ta muốn thay đổi nội dung, chúng ta đang nhào nặn.

Naudé: Nội dung đang tự nhào nặn chính nó, bởi vì ông có một quan điểm thứ ba, rằng không có ai ở phía bên ngoài của nội dung này thực hiện bất kỳ nhào nặn gì cả.

Krishnamurti: Hoàn toàn đúng.

Naudé: Vì vậy người nhào nặn và nội dung là một, và vật chứa đựng và những chứa đựng là một.

Krishnamurti: Người suy nghĩ ở trong ý thức này nói rằng anh ấy phải thay đổi, chính là ý thức đang cố gắng thay đổi. Tôi nghĩ điều đó khá rõ ràng.

Naudé: Để cho thế giới, ý thức và cái thực thể mà giả sử sẽ thay đổi nó, tất cả là cùng một thực thể, đang lừa bịp, như nó đã là trong ba vai trò khác biệt.

Krishnamurti: Nếu đó là như thế, vậy thì một con người phải thực hiện công việc gì để mang lại một trống không hoàn toàn khỏi nội dung của ý thức? Làm thế nào ý thức đặc biệt này, mà là tôi và thế giới cùng tất cả những đau khổ của nó, làm thế nào nó trải qua sự thay đổi trọn vẹn? Làm thế nào cái trí – mà là ý thức, cùng tất cả những nội dung của nó, cùng hiểu biết được tích lũy của quá khứ – làm thế nào cái trí đó tự làm trống không chính nó khỏi tất cả những nội dung của nó?

Naudé: Nhưng người ta sẽ nói, khi nghe điều gì ông đã nói, vì hiểu nó không chính xác, họ sẽ nói: liệu ý thức đó có thể được trống không. Và khi ý thức đó được trống không, giả sử điều này có thể thực hiện được, nó không dẫn dắt người ta đến một trạng thái mơ màng và hôn trầm đáng kể hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Trái lại. Đã đến được điểm này đòi hỏi nhiều tìm hiểu, nhiều lý luận, hợp lý, và cùng nó có thông minh.

Naudé: Bởi vì một số người có lẽ nghĩ rằng cái ý thức trống không, mà ông nói, là cái gì đó giống như ý thức của đứa bé mới sinh ra.

Krishnamurti: Không, thưa bạn, không phải vậy. Chúng ta hãy từ từ tìm hiểu điều này, từng bước một. Chúng ta hãy bắt đầu lại. Ý thức của tôi là ý thức của thế giới. Thế giới là tôi và nội dung của ý thức của tôi là nội dung của thế giới. Nội dung của ý thức là chính ý thức.

Naudé: Và đó cũng là thực thể mà nói anh ấy ý thức.

Krishnamurti: Bây giờ tôi đang hỏi chính tôi, khi nhận ra tôi là cái đó, vậy thì cái gì được thay đổi?

Naudé: Cái gì được thay đổi mà sẽ giải quyết được ba bộ vấn đề này mà thực sự là một?

Krishanmurti: Cái gì được hàm ý qua từ ngữ thay đổi? Cái gì được hàm ý qua từ ngữ cách mạng? – không phải cách mạng vật chất.

Naudé: Chúng ta đã vượt khỏi điều đó.

Krishnamurti: Cách mạng vật chất là sự hủy diệt ngu ngốc, sơ khai và vô lý nhất.

Naudé: Nó là sự phân chia trong ý thức này.

Krishnamurti: Vâng.

Naudé: Ông đang nói nó là gì mà sẽ khôi phục trật tự cho ý thức này? – một trật tự mà là tổng thể.

Krishnamurti: Liệu có thể có trật tự trong ý thức này hay không?

Naudé: Đó là bước kế tiếp?

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì bạn đang hỏi.

Naudé: Vâng. Bởi vì chúng ta thấy rằng sự vô trật tự, mà là đau khổ và phiền muộn, là sự vô trật tự trong ý thức không thể phân chia này, câu hỏi kế tiếp phải là: chúng ta sẽ làm gì về nó?

Krishnamurti: Vâng.

Naudé: Và bởi vì không có thực thể mà có thể làm điều gì đó về nó . . .

Krishnamurti: Chờ đã, đừng chuyển tới vấn đề đó ngay tức khắc.

Naudé: Bởi vì chúng ta đã thấy rằng sự vô trật tự là thực thể.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta có nhận ra điều đó không? Không. Chúng ta có nhận ra rằng người suy nghĩ là bộ phận của ý thức này và không là một thực thể tách rời phía bên ngoài ý thức này? Chúng ta có nhận ra rằng người quan sát, đang thấy nội dung, đang tìm hiểu, đang phân tích, đang quan sát tất cả nó, là chính nội dung hay không? Rằng người quan sát là nội dung hay không?

Naudé: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng phát biểu một sự thật là một việc, thấu triệt nó là một việc khác.

Naudé: Điều đó đúng. Tôi nghĩ rằng chúng ta không hiểu rõ trọn vẹn rằng không có thực thể tách rời khỏi sự việc mà chúng ta đang cố gắng thay đổi này.

Krishnamurti: Khi chúng ta nói về thay đổi dường như nó hàm ý rằng có một thực thể tách rời bên trong ý thức, cái người mà có thể tạo ra một thay đổi.

Naudé: Chúng ta nghĩ rằng ở một mức nào đó chúng ta có thể ra khỏi sự hỗn loạn và quan sát nó, và nhào nặn nó. Chúng ta luôn luôn bảo với chính mình, "Ồ, tôi vẫn còn ở đây để làm việc gì đó về nó." Và thế là chúng ta nhào nặn nhiều hơn và nhiều hơn.

Krishnamurti: Hỗn loạn nhiều hơn, rối loạn nhiều hơn.

Naudé: Một thay đổi của trang trí và những sự việc trở nên tồi tệ hơn.

Krishnamurti: Ý thức của thế giới là ý thức của tôi. Trong ý thức đó là tất cả nội dung của sự nỗ lực của con người, đau khổ của con người, kinh tởm, ma mãnh của con người, tất cả những hoạt động của con người đều ở trong ý thức đó. Trong ý thức đó con người đã tạo ra thực thể này mà nói rằng, "Tôi tách rời khỏi ý thức của tôi." Người quan sát ở đó nói rằng, "Tôi khác biệt với sự việc được quan sát." Người suy nghĩ nói rằng, "Những suy nghĩ của tôi khác biệt với tôi." Đầu tiên, đó là như thế phải không?

Naudé: Tất cả chúng ta đều tin tưởng rằng hai thực thể khác biệt nhau. Chúng ta nói với chính mình, "Tôi không được giận dữ, tôi không được đau khổ, tôi phải tu dưỡng, tôi phải thay đổi chính tôi." Chúng ta luôn luôn đang nói điều này hoặc hàm ý hoặc có ý.

Krishnamurti: Bởi vì chúng ta nghĩ hai sự việc này là tách rời. Lúc này chúng ta đang cố gắng vạch rõ rằng chúng không tách rời, rằng chúng là một, bởi vì nếu không có suy nghĩ không có người suy nghĩ.

Naudé: Điều đó đúng.

Krishnamurti: Nếu không có gì được quan sát không có người quan sát.

Naudé: Có một trăm người quan sát và một trăm người suy nghĩ trong suốt thời gian một ngày. .

Krishnamurti: Tôi chỉ đang nói rằng: điều đó như thế à? Tôi quan sát con chim ưng đuôi đỏ đó đang bay qua. Tôi thấy nó. Khi tôi quan sát con chim đó, tôi đang quan sát bằng cái hình ảnh tôi đã dựng lên về con chim đó, hay tôi chỉ đang quan sát? Chỉ có sự quan sát thuần túy phải không? Nếu có một hình ảnh, mà là những từ ngữ, ký ức và mọi chuyện quanh nó, vậy thì có một người quan sát đang nhìn ngắm con chim bay ngang qua. Nếu chỉ có sự quan sát, vậy thì không có người quan sát.

Naudé: Ông làm ơn giải thích tại sao có một người quan sát khi tôi nhìn con chim bằng một hình ảnh?

Krishnamurti: Bởi vì người quan sát là quá khứ. Người quan sát là người kiểm duyệt, là hiểu biết, trải nghiệm, ký ức được tích lũy; đó là người quan sát, cùng với chúng anh ấy quan sát thế giới. Hiểu biết được tích lũy của anh ấy khác biệt với hiểu biết được tích lũy của bạn.

Naudé: Ông đang nói rằng toàn ý thức này, mà là vấn đề, không khác biệt với người quan sát mà đang xử lý nó, và điều này dường như sẽ mang chúng tôi đến một bế tắc, bởi vì sự việc chúng tôi đang cố gắng thay đổi là cái người đang cố gắng thay đổi nó? Và câu hỏi là: vậy thì cái gì?

Krishnamurti: Đó chỉ là như thế. Nếu người quan sát là vật được quan sát, bản chất của sự thay đổi trong ý thức là gì? Đó là điều gì chúng ta đang cố gắng tìm ra. Chúng ta nhận ra rằng phải có một cách mạng cơ bản trong ý thức. Làm thế nào điều này sẽ xảy ra được? Nó sẽ xảy ra qua người quan sát phải không? Khi người quan sát tách rời khỏi vật được quan sát, vậy thì sự thay đổi này chỉ là đang nhào nặn những nội dung khác nhau của ý thức.

Naudé: Điều đó đúng.

Krishnamurti: Bây giờ chúng ta hãy theo chầm chậm. Người ta nhận ra rằng người quan sát là vật được quan sát, người suy nghĩ là suy nghĩ, đó là một sự kiện. Chúng ta hãy ngừng ở đó một phút.

Naudé: Ông đang nói rằng người suy nghĩ là tổng thể của tất cả những suy nghĩ này mà tạo ra sự rối loạn phải không?

Krishnamurti: Người suy nghĩ là suy nghĩ dù rằng nó là nhiều, hay một.

Naudé: Nhưng có một khác biệt, bởi vì người suy nghĩ nghĩ về chính anh ấy như một loại thực thể cụ thể rõ ràng. Thậm chí qua cuộc bàn luận này, người suy nghĩ thấy chính anh ấy như một thực thể cụ thể mà tất cả những suy nghĩ này, tất cả những hỗn loạn này lệ thuộc vào nó.

Krishanmurti: Thực thể cụ thể đó, như bạn nói, là kết quả của tư tưởng.

Naudé: Thực thể cụ thể đó được . . .

Krishnamurti: … được xếp đặt vào chung bởi tư tưởng.

Naudé: Được xếp đặt vào chung bởi những tư tưởng của anh ấy.

Krishanmurti: Bởi tư tưởng, không phải “của anh ấy”, bởi tư tưởng.

Naudé: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Và tư tưởng thấy rằng phải có một thay đổi. Thực thể cụ thể này, mà là kết quả của tư tưởng, hy vọng thay đổi cái nội dung.

Naudé: Chính nó.

Krishnamurti: Và vậy là có một trận chiến giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Trận chiến gồm có cố gắng để kiểm soát, thay đổi, định hình, đè nén, tạo tác một hình thù mới, tất cả việc đó, đó là trận chiến luôn luôn diễn ra trong sống của chúng ta. Nhưng khi cái trí hiểu rõ sự thật rằng người quan sát, người trải nghiệm, người suy nghĩ, là suy nghĩ, là trải nghiệm, là vật được quan sát, lúc đó điều gì xảy ra? – đang biết rằng phải có một thay đổi cơ bản.

Naudé: Đó là một sự kiện.

Krishanmurti: Và khi người quan sát, mà muốn thay đổi, nhận ra anh ấy là bộ phận của cái gì phải được thay đổi?

Naudé: Rằng thật ra anh ấy là một tên trộm đang giả vờ làm một người cảnh sát phải bắt giữ anh ấy.

Krishnamurti: Đúng. Vì vậy điều gì xảy ra?

Naudé: Ông thấy đó, thưa Ông, người ta không tin tưởng điều này; họ nói, "Bằng cách vận dụng ý chí tôi đã ngừng hút thuốc, bằng cách vận dụng ý chí tôi đã thức dậy sớm, tôi đã giảm cân và tôi đã học những ngôn ngữ"; họ nói, "Tôi là ông chủ của số mạng của tôi, tôi có thể thay đổi" – mọi người rất tin tưởng điều này. Mọi người tin tưởng rằng trong chừng mực nào đó anh ấy có thể vận dụng ý chí vào cuộc sống riêng của anh ấy, vào cách cư xử riêng của anh ấy, và vào suy nghĩ riêng của anh ấy.

Krishnamurti: Mà có nghĩa gì, người ta phải hiểu rõ ý nghĩa của sự nỗ lực. Nó là gì, tại sao nỗ lực lại hiện diện. Đó là phương cách để tạo ra một thay đổi trong ý thức phải không? Qua nỗ lực, qua ý chí?

Naudé: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Mà có nghĩa gì vậy? Thay đổi nhờ vào xung đột. Khi có sự vận hành của ý chí, nó là một hình thức của kháng cự; để vượt qua, để đè nén, để phủ nhận, để tẩu thoát – tất cả việc đó là ý chí trong hành động. Điều đó có nghĩa rằng lúc đó cuộc sống là một trận chiến liên tục.

Naudé: Ông đang nói rằng chỉ một yếu tố trong ý thức này đang chi phối một yếu tố khác.

Krishnamurti: Rõ ràng. Một mảnh chi phối một mảnh khác.

Naudé: Và rằng vẫn còn có xung đột phải không? Vẫn còn có vô trật tự bởi chính sự kiện đó. Vâng, điều này rõ ràng rồi.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy, sự kiện trung tâm vẫn còn tồn tại. Phải có một thay đổi cơ bản trong ý thức và của ý thức. Bây giờ làm thế nào điều này sẽ được tạo ra? Đó là câu hỏi thực sự.

Naudé: Vâng.

Krishanmurti: Chúng ta đã tiếp cận nó bằng cách suy nghĩ rằng một mảnh vỡ cao cấp hơn phần còn lại, hơn những mảnh vở còn lại bên trong lãnh vực của ý thức.

Naudé: Thực sự chúng ta đã tiếp cận như thế.

Krishnamurti: Bây giờ mảnh vỡ đó mà chúng ta gọi là cao cấp, thông minh, có trí năng, có lý lẽ, hợp lý, là sản phẩm của nhiều mảnh vỡ còn lại. Một mảnh vỡ đã đảm trách uy quyền trên những mảnh vỡ còn lại. Nhưng nó vẫn còn là một mảnh vỡ và thế là có một trận chiến giữa nó và nhiều mảnh vỡ còn lại. Và vì vậy liệu có thể thấy rằng sự phân chia này không giải quyết được những vấn đề của chúng ta hay không?

Naudé: Bởi vì nó gây ra sự phân chia và sự xung đột, mà ngay từ khởi đầu đã là vấn đề của chúng ta.

Krishnamurti: Đó là, khi có sự phân chia giữa người đàn ông và người phụ nữ, có sự xung đột. Khi có một phân chia giữa người Đức và người Anh hay người Nga, có xung đột.

Naudé: Và tất cả điều này là sự phân chia trong chính ý thức. Cũng vậy, sự vận dụng của ý chí vào ý thức lại là một phân chia bên trong ý thức.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy người ta phải được tự do khỏi ý tưởng rằng qua ý chí bạn có thể thay đổi nội dung. Đó là điều quan trọng phải hiểu rõ.

Naudé: Vâng, rằng sự vận dụng của ý chí đơn giản chỉ là sự chuyên chế của một mảnh trên một mảnh khác.

Krishanamurti: Điều đó đơn giản. Người ta cũng nhận ra rằng được tự do khỏi ý chí là được tự do khỏi sự phân chia này.

Naudé: Nhưng những tôn giáo trên thế gới luôn luôn kêu gọi ý chí chen vào và làm điều gì đó.

Krishnamurti: Vâng. Nhưng chúng ta đang phủ nhận toàn bộ công việc đó.

Naudé: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy một cái trí sẽ làm, hay sẽ không làm gì, khi nó thấy rằng ý chí không là phương cách, khi nó thấy rằng một mảnh vỡ đang thống trị một mảnh vỡ khác vẫn còn là mảnh vỡ và thế là xung đột? – và thế là vẫn còn trong lãnh vực của đau khổ. Lúc đó một cái trí như thế sẽ làm gì?

Naudé: Vâng, đây thực sự là câu hỏi.

Krishnamurti: Bây giờ, với một cái trí như thế liệu có bất cứ việc gì để làm hay không?

Naudé: Khi ông nói điều đó, người ta nói rằng,“Nếu không có việc gì để làm vậy thì gánh xiếc vẫn tiếp tục.”

Krishnamurti: Không, thưa bạn. Hãy nhìn! Gánh xiếc tiếp tục chỉ khi nào có sự vận dụng của ý chí.

Naudé: Ông đang nói rằng gánh xiếc mà chúng ta đang bàn luận và đang cố gắng thay đổi, thật ra được tạo tác bởi ý chí phải không?

Krishnamurti: Ý chí của tôi chống lại ý chí của bạn, và vân vân.

Naudé: Ý chí của tôi chống lại thành phần khác của tôi.

Krishanmurti: Và vân vân.

Naudé: Ham muốn hút thuốc của tôi . . .

Krishnamurti: Chính xác là như thế. Một cái trí mà bắt đầu nói, “Tôi phải thay đổi,” nhận ra rằng một mảnh vỡ đang khẳng định nó phải thay đổi vẫn còn trong xung đột với một mảnh vỡ khác, mà là thành phần của ý thức. Nó hiểu rõ điều đó. Vì vậy nó cũng hiểu rõ rằng ý chí, mà con người đã trở thành quá quen thuộc, mà anh ấy đã thân thuộc là cách duy nhất để tạo ra sự thay đổi . . .

Naudé: . . . không là nhân tố của thay đổi.

Krishnamurti: Không là nhân tố của thay đổi. Vì vậy một cái trí như thế đã đến được một tầng cao hoàn toàn khác hẳn.

Naudé: Nó đã khai quang nhiều.

Krishnamurti: Một số lượng rác rưởi to tát.

Naudé: Nó đã khai quang sự phân chia giữa cái bên trong và cái bên ngoài; sự phân chia giữa ý thức và nội dung của nó. Nó cũng đã khai quang sự phân chia giữa thực thể ý thức và ý thức tùy thuộc vào anh ấy và vô số những mảnh vỡ. Và nó đã khai quang sự phân chia giữa những mảnh khác nhau trong ý thức đó.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy điều gì đã xảy ra? Điều gì đã xảy ra cho cái trí mà đã thấy tất cả việc này? Không phải lý thuyết nhưng thực sự cảm thấy nó và nói , "Không còn ý chí nữa trong sống của tôi". Mà có nghĩa không còn kháng cự nữa trong sống của tôi.

Naudé: Điều này thật lạ thường! Nó giống như tìm được bầu trời ở đáy đại dương, một ngày. Nó là một thay đổi rất cơ bản, thật khó khăn khi nói thay đổi đó gây ảnh hưởng đến mức độ nào.

Krishnamurti: Nó đã xảy ra rồi! Đó là quan điểm của tôi.

Naudé: Ông đang nói rằng không còn ý chí nữa, không còn nỗ lực nữa, không còn phân chia nữa giữa cái bên ngoài và cái bên trong…

Krishnamurti: . . . không còn phân chia nữa bên trong ý thức.

Naudé: Không còn phân chia nữa.

Krishnamurti: Rất quan trọng phải hiểu rõ điều đó, thưa bạn.

Naudé: Không còn người quan sát tách rời khỏi cái gì anh ấy vừa quan sát.

Krishnamurti: Mà có nghĩa gì? Không phân chia trong ý thức. Mà có nghĩa ý thức chỉ tồn tại khi có sự xung đột giữa những mảnh vỡ.

Naudé: Tôi không chắc rằng tôi đã hiểu rõ điều đó. Ý thức là những mảnh vỡ của nó hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Ý thức là những mảnh vỡ của nó và ý thức là trận chiến giữa những mảnh vỡ.

Naudé: Ông đang nói rằng có những mảnh vỡ chỉ bởi vì chúng ở trong xung đột, ở trong trận chiến phải không? Khi chúng không đang đấu tranh với nhau chúng không là những mảnh vỡ, bởi vì chúng không đang hành động như những bộ phận. Hành động của một bộ phận vào một bộ phận khác kết thúc. Đó là điều gì nó có nghĩa khi ông nói sự phân chia. Đó là sự phân chia là gì.

Krishnamurti: Hãy thấy điều gì đã xảy ra!

Naudé: Những mảnh vỡ biến mất khi chúng không hành dộng chống lại lẫn nhau.

Krishnamurti: Tất nhiên! Khi người Pakistan và người Ấn độ …

Naudé: . . . không còn đang đánh nhau, không còn người Pakistan và người Ấn độ nữa.

Krishnamurti: Tất nhiên.

Naudé: Ông đang nói rằng đó là sự thay đổi phải không?

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ đó. Tôi chưa biết được. Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu nó. Một cái trí con người đã nhận ra rằng thế giới là “tôi” và tôi là thế giới, ý thức của tôi là ý thức của thế giới, và ý thức của thế giới là tôi. Nội dung của ý thức cùng tất cả những đau khổ của nó và vân vân là ý thức. Và bên trong ý thức đó có một ngàn mảnh vỡ. Một mảnh vỡ của nhiều mãnh vỡ đó trở thành uy quyền, người kiểm duyệt, người quan sát, người đánh giá, người suy nghĩ.

Naudé: Ông chủ.

Krisshnamurti: Ông chủ. Và vì vậy anh ấy duy trì sự phân chia. Hãy thấy sự quan trọng của điều này! Khoảnh khắc anh ấy đảm trách uy quyền, anh ấy phải duy trì sự phân chia.

Naudé: Vâng. Rõ ràng. Bởi vì nó là một bộ phận của ý thức đang hành động vào phần còn lại của ý thức.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy anh ấy phải duy trì sự xung đột. Và sự xung đột là ý thức.

Naudé: Ông đã nói rằng những mảnh vỡ là ý thức; và thật ra bây giờ ông đang nói rằng những mảnh vỡ là nội dung?

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên.

Naudé: Những mảnh vỡ là xung đột. Không có mảnh vỡ nếu không có xung đột?

Krishnamurti: Khi ý thức hoạt động phải không?

Naudé: Khi nó ở trong xung đột.

Krishnamurti: Chắc chắn. Ngược lại có tự do, tự do để quan sát. Vì vậy cách mạng cơ bản trong ý thức, và của ý thức, xảy ra khi không có xung đột gì cả.

MALIBU, CALIFORNIA

Ngày 27 tháng ba năm 1971

– 2 – VỀ TỐT LÀNH VÀ XẤU XA

Nói chuyện giữa J. Krishnamurti

và Alain Naudé

Naudé: Tốt lành và xấu xa thực sự tồn tại, hay chúng chỉ là những quan điểm bị quy định? Có một sự việc như xấu xa và nếu có, nó là gì? Có một sự việc như tội lỗi? Và có một sự việc như tốt lành? Và nó có nghĩa gì khi ở trong tốt lành thực sự lẫn thăm thẳm?

Krishnamurti: Sáng nay tôi đang suy nghĩ về cùng đề mục như những câu hỏi của bạn hàm ý, liệu có một tốt lành tuyệt đối và một xấu xa tuyệt đối: như ý tưởng của Thiên chúa giáo về tội lỗi và ý tưởng của Châu á về Nghiệp – như hành động mà nuôi dưỡng nhiều đau khổ và phiền muộn thêm nữa, và tuy nhiên vượt khỏi sự xung đột của đau khổ và phiền muộn một tốt lành được sinh ra. Vào một ngày khác tôi đã suy nghĩ về điều đó khi trông thấy trên truyền hình vài người đang giết chết những con hải cẩu nhỏ bé. Đó là một sự việc khủng khiếp, tôi đã quay đầu đi thật mau lẹ. Giết chóc luôn luôn là sai lầm, không chỉ những con người mà cả những thú vật. Và những con người tôn giáo, không phải những con người mà tin tưởng tôn giáo, nhưng cái trí tôn giáo thực sự, luôn luôn lánh xa mọi hình thức giết chóc. Dĩ nhiên, khi bạn ăn một cây rau bạn đang giết chóc – một cây rau – nhưng đó là hình thức tối thiểu nhất của giết chóc và hình thức đơn giản nhất của tồn tại: tôi sẽ không gọi đó là giết chóc. Ở Ấn độ, ở Châu âu và ở Châu mỹ người ta đã nhìn thấy sự chấp nhận của giết chóc trong chiến tranh, trong sát nhân có tổ chức, đó cũng là chiến tranh. Cũng vậy “giết chóc” con người bằng những từ ngữ, bằng một cử chỉ, bằng một cái nhìn, bằng khinh miệt: hình thức giết chóc này cũng bị chê trách bởi những người tôn giáo. Nhưng bất kể tất cả việc đó, giết chóc đã và đang xảy ra – giết chóc, bạo lực, hung tợn, dữ dằn, hiếu chiến – cuối cùng tất cả đều dẫn đến, trong hành động hay trong tư tưởng, dẫn đến gây tổn thương, dẫn đến tàn sát những người khác. Cũng vậy người ta đã nhìn thấy trong những hang động cổ xưa kia ở Bắc Phi và nam Nước Pháp nơi con người đang phô trương sự chiến đấu với những thú vật, nơi có lẽ sự chiến đấu với những điều xấu xa được hiểu rõ. Hay chiến đấu như một hình thức vui chơi, để giết chết cái gì đó, để chinh phục? Vì vậy khi người ta nhìn thấy tất cả việc này, người ta hỏi liệu có một sự việc như xấu xa trong chính nó, hoàn toàn không có tốt lành; và khoảng cách giữa xấu xa và tốt lành là gì. Xấu xa là sự giảm bớt của tốt lành, từ từ chết dần trong xấu xa? Hay tốt lành là sự giảm bớt của xấu xa, dần dần trở nên tốt lành? Đó là, qua khoảng cách thời gian, chuyển động từ tốt lành đến xấu xa, và từ xấu xa đến tốt lành?

Naudé: Ông có ý nói chúng là hai đầu của cùng cây gậy phải không?

Krishnamurti: Hai đầu của cùng cây gậy – hay chúng là hai sự việc hoàn toàn tách rời? Vì vậy xấu xa là gì và tốt lành là gì? Thế giới Thiên chúa giáo, Tòa xử tội của La mã, ngày trước thường đốt cháy con người vì những ý tưởng trái nghịch, nghĩ rằng việc đó là tốt lành.

Naudé: Những người Cộng sản cũng làm như vậy.

Krishnamurti: Những người Cộng sản thực hiện nó trong cách riêng của họ: cho sự tốt lành của cộng đồng, cho sự tốt lành của xã hội, cho sự tốt lành của một nền kinh tế thịnh vượng cho toàn thể con người, và vân vân. Cũng vậy ở Châu á họ đã làm tất cả loại sự việc này trong những hình thức khác nhau. Nhưng chỉ mới đây, luôn luôn có một nhóm người, sống và hiểu rằng giết chóc trong bất kỳ hình thức nào được coi như là xấu xa. Bây giờ tất cả việc đó đang từ từ biến mất, vì những lý do kinh tế và văn hóa.

Naudé: Ông có ý nói một nhóm người xa lánh sự giết chóc…

Krishnamurti: . . . từ từ đang biến mất. Vì vậy nó đó kìa. Bây giờ liệu có một sự việc như tốt lành tuyệt đối, và xấu xa tuyệt đối hay không? Hay nó là một phân hạng: tốt lành tương đối và xấu xa tương đối?

Naudé: Và liệu chúng có tồn tại như những sự kiện phía bên ngoài của những quan điểm bị quy định hay không? Ví dụ, với người Pháp trong suốt cuộc chiến tranh, người Đức xâm lăng là xấu xa; và tương tự như vậy với người Đức, người lính Đức là tốt lành, anh ấy đại diện cho sự bảo vệ. Bây giờ liệu có một tốt lành và một xấu xa, tuyệt đối hay không? Hay nó chỉ là kết quả của một quan điểm bị quy định?

Krishnamurti: Tốt lành có lệ thuộc vào môi trường sống, vào văn hóa, vào những quy định thuộc kinh tế? Và nếu nó là như vậy, nó có là tốt lành hay không? Tốt lành có thể nở hoa như một quy định thuộc văn hóa, thuộc môi trường sống hay không? Và xấu xa cũng là kết quả của văn hóa thuộc môi trường sống phải không? Nó vận hành bên trong cái khung đó, hay nó vận hành bên ngoài nó? Tất cả những câu hỏi này được hàm ý khi chúng ta hỏi: có một tốt lành tuyệt đối và một xấu xa tuyệt đối hay không?

Naudé: Đúng rồi.

Krishnamurti: Trước hết, tốt lành là gì? Từ ngữ "tốt lành" không liên quan đến từ ngữ "Thượng đế" hay sao? Thượng đế là hình thức cao nhất của tốt lành, sự thật, hoàn hảo, và khả năng để biểu lộ trong liên hệ cái chất lượng của Thượng đế đó, mà là tốt lành; và bất kỳ điều gì đối nghịch được hiểu là xấu xa. Nếu tốt lành được liên quan đến Thượng đế, vậy thì xấu xa được liên quan đến quỉ dữ. Quỉ dữ là những xấu xa, những tối tăm, những, . . .

Naudé: . . . ma mãnh . . .

Krishnamurti: . . . những biến dạng, những sự việc gây hư hại trực tiếp có mục đích, như sự ham muốn gây tổn thương – tất cả việc đó là đối nghịch với tốt lành; đó là, ý tưởng của Thượng đế là tốt lành và quỉ dữ là xấu xa – đúng chứ? Bây giờ trong chừng mực nào đó tôi nghĩ chúng ta đã giải thích rõ tốt lành là gì và xấu xa là gì. Vì vậy chúng ta đang hỏi liệu có một sự việc như tốt lành tuyệt đối, và xấu xa tuyệt đối không thể nào thay đổi được.

Naudé: Xấu xa như một sự kiện, như một sự việc.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy trước hết chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu liệu có tốt lành tuyệt đối hay không. Không phải trong ý nghĩa của tốt lành được liên quan đến Thượng đế, hay đang phỏng chừng chính nó đến ý tưởng của Thượng đế, bởi vì lúc đó tốt lành chỉ trở thành phỏng đoán. Bởi vì đối với hầu hết mọi người, thật ra Thượng đế là một tham vọng khi có một niềm tin trong cái gì đó – cái gì đó hoàn hảo, cao quí.

Naudé: Hạnh phúc to tát?

Krishnamurti: Hạnh phúc to tát và vân vân. Bây giờ điều gì là tốt lành? Tôi cảm thấy tốt lành là trật tự tổng thể. Không chỉ phía bên ngoài, nhưng đặc biệt phía bên trong. Tôi nghĩ rằng trật tự có thể là tuyệt đối, như trong toán học tôi tin rằng có sự trật tự hoàn hảo. Và chính là vô trật tự mới dẫn đến hỗn loạn, hủy diệt, phân hạng, đến điều tạm gọi là xấu xa.

Naudé: Vâng

Krishnamurti: Trái lại trật tự tổng thể trong thân tâm của một người, trật tự trong cái trí, trật tự trong tâm hồn của một người, trật tự trong những hoạt động thân thể của một người – sự hòa hợp giữa ba cái này là tốt lành.

Naudé: Lúc trước những người Hi lạp đã nói rằng con người hoàn hảo đã hòa hợp được trong sự hòa đồng tổng thể cái trí của anh ấy, tâm hồn của anh ấy và thân thể của anh ấy.

Krishnamurti: Hoàn toàn đúng. Vì vậy lúc này chúng ta sẽ nói rằng tốt lành là trật tự tuyệt đối. Và vì hầu hết những con người đều sống trong vô trật tự họ góp phần vào mọi hình thức của ma mãnh, mà cuối cùng dẫn đến sự hủy diệt, đến hung bạo, đến bạo lực, đến vô số tổn thương, cả tinh thần lẫn vật chất. Với tất cả việc đó một từ ngữ có lẽ được sử dụng: “tội lỗi”. Nhưng tôi không thích từ ngữ: “tội lỗi” đó bởi nó chất đầy ý nghĩa của Thiên chúa giáo, cùng chỉ trích và thành kiến.

Naudé: Tình trạng bị quy định.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng. Ở Ấn độ và ở Châu á những từ ngữ “xấu xa”, “tội lỗi” luôn luôn bị chất đầy – như “tốt lành” luôn luôn bị chất đầy. Vì vậy liệu chúng ta có thể gạt bỏ tất cả những tích lũy quanh những từ ngữ này và thấy nó hoàn toàn mới mẻ lại. Đó là liệu: có trật tự tuyệt đối trong chính một người hay không? Liệu trật tự tuyệt đối này có thể được tạo ra trong chính một người và vì vậy trong thế giới bên ngoài hay không? Bởi vì thế giới là tôi, và tôi là thế giới; ý thức của tôi là ý thức của thế giới, và ý thức của thế giới là tôi. Vì vậy khi có trật tự bên trong con người lúc đó có trật tự trong thế giới. Bây giờ liệu trật tự này, xuyên suốt, có thể là tuyệt đối? Mà có nghĩa: trật tự trong cái trí, trong tâm hồn và trong những hoạt động thuộc thân thể. Đó là, hòa hợp trọn vẹn. Làm thế nào điều này có thể được tạo ra? Đó là một vấn đề.

Tiếp theo một vấn đề khác là: trật tự là cái gì đó được sao chép theo một mẫu thiết kế phải không? Trật tự được thiết lập trước bởi tư tưởng, bởi trí năng và được sao chép trong hành động bởi tâm hồn? Hay trong liên hệ? Vì vậy trật tự là một bản sao phải không? Làm thế nào trật tự này có thể được tạo ra?

Naudé: Đúng.

Krishnamurti: Trật tự là đạo đức. Và vô trật tự là không đạo đức, là gây hư hại, gây hủy diệt, là không thuần khiết – nếu chúng ta có thể sử dụng từ ngữ đó.

Naudé: Người ta nghĩ về từ ngữ tiếng Phạn “Adharma”.

Krishnamurti: Adharma, vâng. Vì vậy liệu trật tự là cái gì đó được xếp đặt vào chung theo một khuôn mẫu được rút ra từ hiểu biết, tư tưởng phải không? Hay trật tự ở bên ngoài lãnh vực của tư tưởng và hiểu biết? Người ta cảm thấy có tốt lành tuyệt đối, không phải như một ý niệm thuộc cảm giác, nhưng người ta thấy, nếu người ta thâm nhập vào chính mình thăm thẳm, rằng có một sự việc như thế: tốt lành trọn vẹn, tuyệt đối, không thể thay đổi được, hay trật tự. Và trật tự này không phải là một việc được xếp đặt vào chung bởi tư tưởng; nếu nó như vậy, vậy thì nó theo một mẫu thiết kế, nhưng nếu nó được bắt chước lúc đó sự bắt chước dẫn đến vô trật tự, hay đến tuân phục. Tuân phục, bắt chước, và phủ nhận cái gì là, là khởi đầu của vô trật tự, cuối cùng dẫn đến điều gì có lẽ được gọi là xấu xa. Vì vậy chúng ta đang hỏi: liệu tốt lành, mà là (như chúng ta đã nói) trật tự và đạo đức, nó có là sản phẩm của tư tưởng hay không? Mà có nghĩa liệu nó có thể được vun quén bởi tư tưởng? Đạo đức có khi nào được vun quén hay không? Vun quén hàm ý từ từ hiện diện, mà có nghĩa thời gian.

Naudé: Kết hợp những sự việc để hình thành một ý tưởng tổng thể.

Krishnamurti: Vâng. Bây giờ đạo đức là kết quả của thời gian hay sao? Và vì vậy trật tự là một vấn đề của tiến hóa phải không? Và vì vậy trật tự tuyệt đối, tốt lành tuyệt đối, là một vấn đề của vun quén, tăng trưởng từ từ, tất cả đang bao hàm thời gian à? Như chúng ta đã nói vào một ngày trước, tư tưởng là sự phản hồi của ký ức, hiểu biết, và trải nghiệm, đó là quá khứ, được lưu trữ trong bộ não. Quá khứ hiện diện trong chính những tế bào não. Vì vậy đạo đức ở trong quá khứ và vì vậy nó có thể được tu dưỡng, được hướng thượng? Hay đạo đức, trật tự, chỉ ở trong ngay lúc này? Ngay lúc này không liên quan đến quá khứ.

Naudé: Ông đang nói rằng tốt lành là trật tự và trật tự đó không là sản phẩm của tư tưởng; nhưng trật tự, nếu nó có tồn tại, phải hiện diện trong cách cư xử, cách cư xử trong thế giới và trong liên hệ. Người ta luôn luôn nghĩ rằng cư xử đúng cách trong liên hệ, trong thế giới, phải được lên kế hoạch, rằng trật tự luôn luôn là kết quả của lên kế hoạch. Và khi người ta nghe ông trình bày, người ta thường xuyên có ý tưởng rằng tỉnh thức, trạng thái của đang là mà ông nói trong đó không có nơi chỗ cho hành động của tư tưởng, họ có cảm thấy rằng đây là một loại năng lượng không hiện diện trong hình thức vật chất của con người, mà không thể có hành động và không thể có liên quan với thế giới của con người và những sự kiện lẫn cách cư xử. Vì vậy họ nghĩ rằng nó không có giá trị thực sự, và không phải điều gì có lẽ ông gọi là một ý nghĩa quan trọng liên quan đến thời gian và quá khứ.

Krishnamurti: Đúng, thưa bạn.

Naudé: Ông đang nói rằng tốt lành là trật tự và trật tự không được lên kế hoạch.

Krishnamurti: Khi chúng ta nói về trật tự, chúng ta có ý rằng trật tự trong cách cư xử, trong liên hệ, không phải một trật tự trừu tượng, không phải một tốt lành trong thiên đàng, nhưng trật tự, tốt lành trong liên hệ và hành động trong ngay lúc này. Khi chúng ta nói về đang lên kế hoạch, rõ ràng phải có đang lên kế hoạch ở một mức độ nào đó.

Naudé: Kiến trúc.

Krishnamurti: Kiến trúc, xây dựng đường rầy xe lửa, đi lên mặt trăng và vân vân, phải có một mẫu thiết kế, một lên kế hoạch, một phương pháp làm việc thông minh và phối hợp đúng cách đang xảy ra. Chắc chắn chúng ta không đang lẫn lộn hai sự việc: phải có đang lên kế hoạch, trật tự, hợp tác, cùng nhau thực hiện những kế hoạch nào đó, một thành phố được xếp đặt hài hòa, một cộng đồng – tất cả việc đó đòi hỏi lên kế hoạch. Chúng ta đang nói về điều gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Chúng ta đang hỏi liệu có trật tự tuyệt đối trong cách cư xử của con người, liệu có tốt lành tuyệt đối, như trật tự, trong chính một người và vì vậy trong thế giới. Và chúng ta đã nói, trật tự không được lên kế hoạch, không bao giờ có thể được lên kế hoạch. Nếu nó được lên kế hoạch, vậy thì cái trí đang tìm kiếm an toàn, bởi vì bộ não đòi hỏi an toàn; vì đang tìm kiếm an toàn nó sẽ đè nén, hay hủy diệt, hay gây biến dạng cái gì là và cố gắng tuân phục, bắt chước. Chính sự bắt chước và tuân phục này là vô trật tự, từ đó tất cả những ma mãnh bắt đầu, những loạn thần kinh và những hình thức biến dạng khác của cái trí và tâm hồn. Lên kế hoạch hàm ý hiểu biết.

Naudé: Suy nghĩ.

Krishnamurti: Hiểu biết, suy nghĩ và ra lệnh tư tưởng như những ý tưởng. Vì vậy chúng ta đang hỏi: đạo đức có là kết quả của lên kế hoạch hay không? Rõ ràng nó không phải. Khoảnh khắc sống của bạn được lên kế hoạch theo một khuôn mẫu vậy thì bạn không đang sống, bạn chỉ đang tuân phục theo một tiêu chuẩn nào đó và vì vậy sự tuân phục đó dẫn đến mâu thuẫn trong chính một người. “Cái gì là” và “cái gì nên là”, mà nuôi dưỡng mâu thuẫn và thế là xung đột. Chính xung đột đó là nguồn gốc của vô trật tự. Vì vậy trật tự, đạo đức, tốt lành là ở trong khoảnh khắc của ngay lúc này. Và vì vậy nó được tự do khỏi quá khứ. Tự do đó có thể là tương đối.

Naudé: Ông có ý gì vậy?

Krishnamurti: Người ta có lẽ bị quy định bởi văn hóa mà trong đó người ta sống, bởi môi trường sống và vân vân. Người ta hoặc cởi bỏ chính người ta khỏi tất cả tình trạng bị quy định và vì vậy được tự do tuyệt đối ; hoặc có lẽ có sự cởi bỏ từng phần tình trạng bị quy định.

Naudé: Vâng, cởi bỏ một bộ của những quy định . . .

Krishnamurti: . . . và rơi vào một bộ khác.

Naudé: Hay chỉ cởi bỏ một bộ giống như Thiên chúa giáo cùng những điều cấm kỵ của nó.

Krishnamurti: Để cho sự cởi bỏ từ từ dường như có trật tự, nhưng không phải vậy; bởi vì sự cởi bỏ từ từ của tình trạng bị quy định có lẽ tạm thời cho vẻ bề ngoài của tự do, nhưng nó không là tự do tuyệt đối.

Naudé: Ông đang nói rằng tự do không là kết quả của một sự vận hành riêng biệt liên quan đến một tình trạng bị quy định này hay một tình trạng bị quy định khác phải không?

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng.

Naudé: Ông đã nói rằng tự do là ngay tại khởi đầu và không phải tại khúc cuối. Đó là điều gì ông có ý nói phải không?

Krishnamurti: Vâng, đó là như vậy. Tự do là ngay lúc này, không phải trong tương lai. Vì vậy tự do, trật tự, hay tốt lành, là ngay lúc này, mà tự diễn tả chính nó trong cách cư xử.

Naudé: Vâng, nếu ngược lại nó không có ý nghĩa.

Krishnamurti: Nếu ngược lại nó không có ý nghĩa gì cả. Cách cư xử trong liên hệ không phải chỉ với một cá nhân đặc biệt, mà gần gũi với bạn, nhưng cách cư xử với mọi người.

Naudé: Khi không có tất cả những yếu tố đó của quá khứ mà sắp đặt cho hầu hết mọi người cư xử, cái gì sẽ sắp đặt cho chúng ta cư xử? Dường như đối với quá nhiều người tự do này là một sự việc không hiện hữu, một bầu trời trơ trụi, một sự việc phi vật chất. Trong tự do đó, nó là gì mà sẽ sắp đặt cho chúng ta cư xử trong thế giới của con người và những sự kiện bằng trật tự?

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, hãy nhìn. Trong nói chuyện vừa qua chúng ta đã nói rằng tôi là thế giới và thế giới là tôi. Chúng ta đã nói ý thức của thế giới là ý thức của tôi. Ý thức của tôi là ý thức của thế giới. Khi bạn đưa ra một câu phát biểu thuộc loại đó, hoặc nó chỉ là từ ngữ và vì vậy không có ý nghĩa gì cả, hoặc nó là một cái gì đó thực sự, đang sống, sinh động. Khi người ta nhận ra rằng nó sinh động, trong sự nhận ra đó là từ bi – từ bi thực sự, không phải cho một hay hai người, nhưng từ bi cho mọi người, cho mọi thứ. Tự do là từ bi này, mà không phải trừu tượng như một ý tưởng.

Naudé: Như một trạng thái rút lui.

Krishnamurti: Liên hệ của tôi chỉ trong ngay lúc này, không trong quá khứ, bởi vì nếu liên hệ của tôi bị bám rễ trong quá khứ tôi không có liên hệ ngay lúc này. Vì vậy tự do là từ bi, và tự do đó đến khi có sự nhận biết thăm thẳm và thực sự rằng tôi là thế giới, thế giới là tôi. Tự do, từ bi, trật tự, đạo đức, tốt lành là một; và đó là tuyệt đối. Và bây giờ liên hệ nào có không-tốt lành – mà đã được gọi là xấu xa, tội lỗi, tội tổ tông – liên hệ nào có cái đó cùng ý thức tuyệt vời của trật tự này?

Naudé: Mà không là sản phẩm của suy nghĩ, của văn minh, của văn hóa.

Krishnamurti: Sự liên hệ giữa hai cái là gì? Không có liên hệ gì cả. Vì vậy khi chúng ta chuyển động khỏi trật tự này – chuyển động khỏi trong ý nghĩa của cư xử xấu xa – người ta thâm nhập vào lãnh vực của xấu xa, nếu chúng ta có thể sử dụng từ ngữ đó? Hay xấu xa là sự việc gì đó hoàn toàn tách rời khỏi tốt lành?

Naudé: Liệu sự lệch hướng khỏi trật tự của tốt lành là đã có sẵn một lối vào lãnh vực của xấu xa, hay liệu hai cái này không bao giờ tiếp xúc với nhau?

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng. Tôi có lẽ cư xử xấu xa. Tôi có lẽ nói dối. Tôi có lẽ gây tổn thương có ý thức hay không ý thức cho người khác, nhưng tôi có lẽ bào chữa nó. Tôi có thể xóa sạch nó bằng cách xin lỗi, bằng cách nói rằng “hãy tha thứ cho tôi”. Nó có thể được làm ngay lập tức.

Naudé: Nó có thể được kết thúc.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy tôi đang tìm ra cái gì đó, đó là: không-kết thúc được nó, ấp ủ nó trong cái trí của người ta ngày này sang ngày khác, như hận thù, như ác cảm.

Naudé: . . . tội lỗi, sợ hãi . . .

Krishnamurti: . . . điều đó có nuôi dưỡng xấu xa không? Bạn theo kịp chứ?

Naudé: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Nếu tôi tiếp tục nó, ấp ủ nó trong cái trí của tôi sự ác cảm mà tôi có với bạn, mang theo nó ngày này sang ngày khác, sự ác cảm mà liên quan đến hận thù, ganh tị, ghen tuông, thù địch – tất cả việc đó là bạo lực. Vì vậy sự liên hệ của bạo lực với xấu xa và tốt lành là gì? Chúng ta đang sử dụng từ ngữ "xấu xa" rất …

Naudé: . . . thận trọng.

Krishnamurti: Thận trọng. Bởi vì tôi không thích từ ngữ đó chút nào cả. Vậy thì sự liên hệ giữa bạo lực và tốt lành là gì? Rõ ràng là không có liên hệ gì cả! Nhưng bạo lực mà tôi đã vun quén – dù rằng nó là sản phẩm của xã hội, sản phẩm của văn hóa, môi trường sống, hay kế thừa từ thú vật – bạo lực đó, bằng cách trở nên tỉnh thức được nó, có thể được lau sạch ngay.

Naudé: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Không phải một lau sạch dần dần; lau sạch nó như bạn lau sạch một . . . sạch sẽ.

Naudé: . . . lau sạch một vết bẩn khỏi bức tường.

Krishnamurti: Vậy là bạn luôn luôn trong tốt lành đó.

Naudé: Vậy là ông đang nói tốt lành đó là một việc hoàn toàn tiêu cực?

Krishnamurti: Vâng, nó phải là như thế.

Naudé: Và trong cách đó tiêu cực không liên quan gì đến tích cực, bởi vì nó không là kết quả của một suy giảm hay gia tăng từ từ của tích cực. Tiêu cực hiện diện khi tích cực hoàn toàn vắng mặt.

Krishnamurti: Vâng; giải thích nó cách khác. Phủ nhận của ác cảm, phủ nhận của bạo lực và phủ nhận của sự tiếp tục bạo lực, phủ nhận của nó đó là tốt lành.

Naudé: Là trống không.

Krishnamurti: Sự trống không của bạo lực là sự phong phú của tốt lành.

Naudé: Vì vậy tốt lành luôn luôn là tổng thể.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, nó không bao giờ bị vỡ vụn, không bao giờ bị phân chia. Thưa bạn, hãy chờ! Vì vậy có một việc như xấu xa tuyệt đối hay không? Tôi không biết liệu bạn có khi nào suy nghĩ điều này: tôi đã thấy ở Ấn độ một bức tượng nhỏ xíu bằng đất sét mà trong đó những cái kim, hay những cái gai, được ghim vào nó; tôi đã thấy nó rất thường xuyên. Cái hình ảnh được tin tưởng là đại diện cho một con người mà bạn muốn gây tổn thương. Ở Ấn độ có những cái gai rất dài, bạn đã thấy chúng rồi, từ những bụi cây, và chúng được ghim vào những bức tượng nhỏ.

Naudé: Tôi không biết họ đã làm việc đó ở Ấn độ.

Krishnamurti: Tôi đã thấy nó. Bây giờ có một hành động được khẳng định trước để sinh ra tội lỗi trong một người khác, để gây tổn thương một người khác.

Naudé: Một ý định.

Krishnamurti: Cái ý định, sự xấu xa, sâu thẳm, hận thù.

Naudé: Cố ý. Đây phải là sự xấu xa, thưa ông.

Krishanmurti: Liên hệ của nó đến tốt lành là gì – tốt lành là tất cả điều đó mà chúng ta vừa nói? Đây là một ý định thực sự để gây tổn thương con người.

Naudé: Người ta có lẽ nói, vô trật tự được tổ chức .

Krishnamurti: Vô trật tự được tổ chức, đó là vô trật tự được tổ chức của một xã hội mà chối từ tốt lành. Bởi vì xã hội là tôi. Tôi là xã hội; nếu tôi không thay đổi, xã hội không thể thay đổi. Và đây là ý định cố ý để gây tổn thương người khác, dù rằng nó được tổ chức như chiến tranh hay không.

Naudé: Thật ra, chiến tranh có tổ chức là sự biểu lộ to tát hơn của hiện tượng mà ông đang nói ở Ấn độ, ghim những cái gai xuyên qua những bức tượng nhỏ.

Krishnamurti: Điều này rất phổ biến, điều này cổ xưa như những quả đồi. Vì vậy tôi đang nói sự ham muốn gây tổn thương này, cố ý hay không cố ý, và nhượng bộ nó, và nuôi dưỡng nó, là cái gì? Bạn sẽ gọi nó là xấu xa chứ?

Naudé: Dĩ nhiên.

Krishnamurti: Vậy thì chúng ta sẽ nói rằng ý muốn là xấu xa.

Naudé: Hung hăng là xấu xa. Bạo lực là xấu xa.

Krishnamurti: Chờ đó, hãy thấy nó. Ý muốn là xấu xa, bởi vì tôi muốn gây tổn thương bạn.

Naudé: Dẫu vậy một ai đó có lẽ nói: ý muốn làm cho bạn tốt lành – ý muốn đó cũng xấu xa hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Bạn không thể có ý muốn làm cho tốt lành. Hoặc bạn tốt lành, hoặc không tốt lành, bạn không thể có ý muốn tốt lành. Ý muốn là sự tập trung của tư tưởng như kháng cự.

Naudé: Vâng, ông đã nói rằng tốt lành là sự vắng mặt của một mẫu thiết kế.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy tôi đang hỏi: xấu xa có liên quan với tốt lành, hay hai sự việc hoàn toàn tách rời? Và có một sự việc như xấu xa tuyệt đối hay không? Có tốt lành tuyệt đối, nhưng xấu xa tuyệt đối không thể tồn tại. Đúng chứ?

Naudé: Vâng, bởi vì xấu xa luôn luôn tích lũy, nó luôn luôn đến một mức độ này hay mức độ kia.

Krishnamurti: Vâng. Vì vậy một con người có ý định sâu đậm để gây tổn thương một người khác – một biến cố nào đó, một tai nạn nào đó, tình yêu hay sự chăm sóc nào đó, có lẽ thay đổi toàn sự việc. Nhưng khi nói rằng có một tội lỗi tuyệt đối, một xấu xa tuyệt đối là sự việc khủng khiếp nhất. Đó là xấu xa.

Naudé: Những người Thiên chúa giáo đã nhân cách hóa xấu xa như quỉ Sa-tăng và như một sức mạnh hầu như không thể thay đổi, hầu như bình đẳng với tốt lành, hầu như bình đẳng với Chúa. Những người Thiên chúa giáo đã tôn vinh xấu xa thành vĩnh cửu.

Krishnamurti: Hãy nhìn, thưa bạn. Bạn đã nhìn thấy những bụi cây kia ở Ấn độ, chúng có những cái gai thật dài, chiều dài gần hai inch.

Naudé: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Có những con rắn gây độc hại, những con rắn gây chết người, có những thứ khác rất hung tợn trong thiên nhiên, giống như cá mập trắng, con vật khủng kiếp đó mà chúng ta đã thấy vào ngày hôm trước. Đó là xấu xa hay sao?

Naudé: Không.

Krishnamurti: Không à?

Naudé: Không, thưa Ông.

Krishnamurti: Nó đang tự bảo vệ chính nó: cái gai đang tự bảo vệ chính nó chống lại thú vật, để cho những chiếc lá không bị ăn.

Naudé: Vâng và con rắn cũng thế.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy con rắn cũng thế.

Naudé: Và con cá mập đang tuân theo tự nhiên của nó.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy hãy thấy nó có ý gì. Bất kỳ cái gì mà tự bảo vệ trong ý nghĩa thân thể không là xấu xa. Nhưng bảo vệ chính bạn phần tâm lý, kháng cự bất kỳ chuyển động nào, dẫn đến vô trật tự.

Naudé: Nếu tôi có thể ngắt ngang ở đây. Đây là một đề tài tranh luận mà nhiều người sử dụng cho chiến tranh. Ví dụ, họ nói rằng xây dựng một quân đội và sử dụng nó ở Đông Nam Á là một loại bảo vệ vật chất mà con cá mập . . .

Krishnamurti: Điều đó quá vô lý cho một đề tài tranh luận. Toàn thế giới bị phân chia vì những lý do vật chất như “quốc gia của tôi” và “quốc gia của bạn”, “Thượng đế của tôi” và “Thượng đế của bạn” – việc đó và những lý do kinh tế là nguyên nhân của chiến tranh, chắc chắn như vậy phải không? Nhưng tôi đang cố gắng chuyển tới một điều gì đó khác hẳn. Thiên nhiên rất khủng khiếp trong những cách nào đó.

Naudé: Hung tợn.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng những con người chúng ta nhìn nó và nói rằng: “Đó là xấu xa, kinh tởm làm sao”.

Naudé: Sét đánh.

Krishnamurti: Những vụ động đất hủy diệt hàng ngàn người trong một vài giây. Vì vậy khoảnh khắc chúng ta khẳng định rằng có xấu xa tuyệt đối, chính khẳng định đó là phủ nhận tốt lành. Tốt lành hàm ý phủ nhận tổng thể cái tôi. Bởi vì cái “tôi” luôn luôn tách rời. Cái “tôi”, “gia đình của tôi”, bản ngã, cái con người, cái vị kỷ, là trung tâm của vô trật tự, bởi vì nó là một nhân tố gây phân chia. Cái “tôi” là cái trí, là tư tưởng. Và chúng ta không bao giờ có thể chuyển động khỏi những hoạt động tự cho mình là trung tâm này. Chuyển động trọn vẹn khỏi nó là trật tự, tự do, tốt lành tuyệt đối. Và vẫn còn trong cái vòng tròn tự cho mình là trung tâm nuôi dưỡng vô trật tự; ở đó luôn luôn có xung đột. Và chúng ta nói rằng sự xung đột này do bởi xấu xa, do bởi quỉ dữ, do bởi nghiệp xấu, do bởi môi trường sống, do bởi xã hội; nhưng xã hội là tôi và tôi đã dựng lên xã hội này. Vì vậy nếu cái “tôi” này không hoàn toàn được thay đổi, tôi luôn luôn đang đóng góp, một mức độ to tát hay một mức độ nhỏ bé, vào vô trật tự.

Trật tự có nghĩa là cư xử trong tự do. Và tự do có nghĩa tình yêu và không là vui thú. Khi người ta quan sát tất cả việc này người ta thấy rất rõ ràng rằng có một ý thức lạ thường của trật tự tuyệt đối.

MALIBU, CALIFORNIA

Ngày 28 tháng ba năm 1971

[1] Alain Naudé, nhạc sĩ, trong sáu năm liên hệ gần gũi với K như thư ký và phụ tá của ông, và (như ông nói) trên tất cả như người học trò của ông. Lúc này đang sống ở Mỹ.

IV – Hai nói chuyện: J. Krishnamurti và Swami Venkatesananda

– 1 – Đạo sư và sự tìm kiếm.

Bốn trường phái của Yoga được tìm hiểu cẩn thận.

(Karma, Bhakti, Raja, Gnana Yoga).

Swami Venkatesananda: [1] Krishnaji, tôi đến đây trên tư cách một con người khiêm tốn thưa thỉnh một đạo sư, không phải trong ý nghĩa của tôn sùng anh hùng nhưng trong ý nghĩa chính xác mà từ ngữ đạo sư có nghĩa, đó là người lấy đi sự tối tăm, lấy đi sự dốt nát. Từ ngữ “gu” đại diện cho sự tối tăm của dốt nát và “ru” đại diện cho người lấy đi, người cởi bỏ. Vì vậy đạo sư là ngọn đèn xua tan sự tối tăm của dốt nát và lúc này ông là ngọn đèn khai sáng cho tôi. Chúng tôi ngồi trong căn lều ở đây tại Saanen đang lắng nghe ông và tôi không thể nào kềm hãm được việc hình dung ra những cảnh tương tự; ví dụ như cảnh Buddha đang giảng thuyết cho Bikshus, hay Vasishta đang hướng dẫn Rama trong sân cung điện của Dasaratha. Chúng ta có vài ví dụ về những vị đạo sư này trong Upanishads; trước hết có Varuna, vị đạo sư. Ông ấy chỉ thúc đẩy môn đệ của ông ấy bằng những từ ngữ “Tapasa Brahma . . . Tapo Brahmeti”. “Brahman là gì? – Đừng hỏi tôi.” Tapo Brahman, tapas, khổ hạnh hay kỷ luật – hay như chính ông thường nói, “Hãy tìm ra” – là Brahman và chính môn đệ phải tìm ra sự thật, mặc dù trải qua những chặng đường. Yajnyavalkya và Uddhalaka đã chấp nhận một tiếp cận trực tiếp nhiều hơn. Yajnyavalkya hướng dẫn người vợ của ông ấy Maitreyi, đã sử dụng phương pháp neti-neti. Ông không thể diễn tả Brahman một cách tích cực, nhưng khi ông loại bỏ mọi thứ khác, nó ở đó. Như ông đã nói vào một ngày trước, tình yêu không thể được diễn tả – “đây là nó” – nhưng chỉ bằng cách loại bỏ cái gì không là tình yêu. Uddhalaka đã sử dụng nhiều cách tương tự để giúp đỡ môn đệ của ông ấy thấy được sự thật và sau đó khóa chặt nó bằng câu nói nổi tiếng Tat-Twam-Asi. Dakshinamurti hướng dẫn những môn đệ của ông ấy bằng sự im lặng và

Chinmudra. Người ta nói rằng Sanatkumaras đã đến ông ấy để xin những lời chỉ dẫn. Dakshinamurti chỉ giữ im lặng và bộc lộ Chimundra và những môn đệ nhìn ông ta và được khai sáng. Người ta tin rằng một người không thể nhận ra sự thật nếu không có sự trợ giúp của vị đạo sư. Rõ ràng thậm chí những người đều đặn đi đến Saanen đều được giúp đỡ rất nhiều trong sự tìm kiếm của họ. Bây giờ, theo ông vai trò của một đạo sư, một người trực nhận hay một người tỉnh thức là gì?

Krisnaji: Thưa bạn, nếu bạn đang sử dụng từ ngữ đạo sư, trong ý nghĩa cổ điển mà là người xua tan tối tăm, xua tan dốt nát, liệu một người khác, dù anh ấy có là gì chăng nữa, được khai sáng hay ngu dốt, thực sự có thể giúp đỡ để xua tan tối tăm này trong chính người ta hay không? Giả sử “A” bị dốt nát và bạn là đạo sư của ông ấy – đạo sư trong ý nghĩa được chấp nhận, người xua tan tối tăm và người mang gánh nặng giùm người khác, người vạch ra – liệu một đạo sư như thế có thể giúp đỡ một người khác? Hay nói khác hơn một đạo sư có thể xua tan bóng tối của một người khác? – không phải lý thuyết nhưng thực tế. Liệu bạn, nếu bạn là đạo sư như thế, có thể xua tan tối tăm của anh ấy, xua tan cho một người khác? Biết rằng anh ấy bất hạnh, rối loạn, không đủ phẩm chất của bộ não, không đủ tình yêu, hay bị đau khổ, liệu bạn có thể xua tan việc đó? Hay anh ấy phải vận dụng hết sức mình vào chính anh ấy? Bạn có lẽ vạch ra, bạn có lẽ nói, “Hãy nhìn, đi qua cái cửa đó,” nhưng anh ấy phải vận dụng toàn bộ từ khởi đầu đến tận cùng. Vì vậy, bạn không là một đạo sư trong ý nghĩa được chấp nhận của từ ngữ đó, nếu bạn nói rằng một người khác không thể giúp đỡ được.

Swamiji: Nó chỉ như thế này: “nếu” và “nhưng”. Cái cửa ở đó. Tôi phải đi qua. Nhưng có sự dốt nát này về cái cửa ở đâu. Bằng cách vạch ra, ông xua tan sự dốt nát đó.

Krishnaji: Nhưng tôi phải đến đó. Thưa bạn, bạn là đạo sư và bạn chỉ ra cái cửa đó. Bạn đã kết thúc công việc của bạn.

Swamiji: Vì vậy sự tối tăm của dốt nát được xua tan.

Krishnaji: Công việc của bạn được kết thúc và bây giờ phần của tôi là đứng dậy, đi, và thấy cái gì được bao hàm khi đang đi. Tôi phải làm tất cả việc đó.

Swamiji: Điều đó hoàn hảo.

Krishnaji: Vậy là bạn không xua tan sự tối tăm của tôi.

Swamiji: Tôi xin lỗi, nhưng tôi không biết làm thế nào đi ra khỏi căn phòng này. Tôi bị dốt nát về sự hiện diện của cái cửa trong một phương hướng nào đó và vị đạo sư xua tan sự tối tăm của dốt nát đó. Và sau đó tôi thực hiện những bước cần thiết để đi ra.

Krishnaji: Thưa bạn, chúng ta hãy rất rõ ràng. Dốt nát là không có hiểu rõ, hay không có hiểu rõ về chính mình, không phải cái tôi to lớn hay cái tôi nhỏ xíu. Cái cửa là cái "tôi" mà tôi phải đi qua nó. Nó không ở bên ngoài của cái "tôi". Nó không là một cái cửa thực sự như cái cửa được sơn đó. Nó là một cái cửa mà tôi phải đi qua nó. Bạn nói rằng, "Hãy làm việc đó."

Swamiji: Chính xác.

Krishnaji: Lúc đó chức năng của bạn như vị đạo sư được kết thúc. Bạn không trở nên quan trọng. Tôi không đặt những vòng hoa quanh đầu của bạn. Tôi phải làm tất cả mọi việc. Bạn đã không xua tan sự tối tăm của dốt nát. Hay nói cách khác, bạn đã vạch ra cho tôi, "Bạn là cái cửa mà chính bạn phải đi qua."

Swamiji: Nhưng Krishnaji, ông sẽ chấp nhận rằng hành động vạch ra đó là cần thiết?

Krishnaji: Vâng, dĩ nhiên. Tôi vạch ra, tôi làm điều đó. Tất cả chúng ta làm điều đó. Tôi hỏi một người đàn ông trên đường, "Ông làm ơn chỉ cho tôi con đường đến Saanen", và ông ấy bảo cho tôi biết; nhưng tôi không phí thời gian để diễn tả sự tận tụy và nói rằng, "Chúa ơi, ông là người vĩ đại nhất." Việc đó quá trẻ con!

Swamiji: Cám ơn ông, thưa ông. Việc liên hệ gần gũi đến vị đạo sư là gì, có vấn đề của kỷ luật là gì, mà ông đã định nghĩa là học hỏi. Kinh Vedanta phân loại những người tìm kiếm tùy theo phẩm chất, hay sự chín chắn của họ, và lập ra những phương pháp phù hợp cho sự học hỏi. Người môn đệ có trực nhận nhạy bén được trao sự hướng dẫn trong im lặng, hay bằng những từ ngữ đánh thức ngắn gọn như Tat-Twam-Asi, anh ấy được gọi là Uttamadhikari. Người môn đệ có khả năng bình thường được trao cho những chữa trị rõ ràng hơn, anh ấy được gọi là Madhyamadhikari. Những con người tối tăm được giải trí bằng những câu chuyện, những nghi lễ, vân vân, hy vọng có chín chắn vững vàng hơn; anh ấy được gọi là Adhamadhikari. Có lẽ ông sẽ bình phẩm về điều này?

Krishnaji: Vâng, những người khá nhất, những người trung bình, và những người kém cỏi. Điều đó hàm ý, thưa bạn, rằng chúng ta phải tìm ra chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ chín chắn.

Swamiji: Tôi được phép giải thích điều đó chứ? Một ngày trước ông đã nói, “Toàn thế giới đang bừng cháy, bạn phải nhận thấy sự nghiêm trọng của nó.” Và điều đó tác động vào tôi nhiều lắm – thậm chí muốn nắm bắt sự thật. Nhưng có lẽ có hàng triệu người không bận tâm; họ không hứng thú. Những người đó chúng ta sẽ gọi là Adhama, những kẻ thấp kém nhất. Có những người khác giống như những người Hippies và vân vân đang chơi đùa với nó, mà có lẽ được giải trí bằng những câu chuyện và những người nói rằng, “Chúng ta là những con người bất hạnh,” hay những người nói với bạn rằng, “Chúng ta biết xã hội là một mớ hỗn loạn, chúng ta sẽ uống L.S.D.”, và vân vân. Và có nhiều người khác hưởng ứng ý tưởng đó, rằng thế giới đang bừng cháy, và điều đó ngay tức khắc lóe sáng họ. Chúng ta tìm thấy họ ở mọi nơi. Làm thế nào người ta giúp đỡ họ đây?

Krishnaji: Làm thế nào giúp đỡ những người hoàn toàn không chín chắn, những người chín chắn một phần, và những người tự nghĩ rằng họ chín chắn.

Swamiji: Đúng.

Krishnaji: Muốn làm việc đó, chúng ta phải hiểu rõ chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ chín chắn. Bạn nghĩ chín chắn là gì? Nó có lệ thuộc vào tuổi tác, thời gian hay không?

Swamiji: Không.

Krishnaji: Vì vậy chúng ta có thể loại bỏ điều đó. Thời gian, tuổi tác không thể hiện chín chắn. Vậy thì có sự chín chắn của những con người rất học thức, những con người có khả năng về trí năng cao.

Swamiji: Không, anh ấy có lẽ làm biến dạng và thay đổi những từ ngữ.

Krishnaji: Vì vậy, chúng ta sẽ loại bỏ những người đó. Bạn nghĩ ai là một người chín chắn, trưởng thành?

Swamiji: Người có thể quan sát.

Krishnaji: Hãy chờ đó. Rõ ràng người đi đến nhà thờ, đền chùa, thánh đường được loại bỏ; người trí năng, người tôn giáo và người cảm xúc cũng vậy. Chúng ta nên nói, nếu chúng ta loại bỏ tất cả điều đó, chín chắn hàm ý không tự cho mình là trung tâm – không có cái "tôi" ưu tiên và mọi người khác chỉ là thứ phụ, hay ưu tiên cho những cảm xúc của tôi. Vì vậy chín chắn hàm ý sự vắng mặt của cái "tôi".

Swamiji: Dùng một từ ngữ chính xác hơn, sự phân chia.

Krishnaji: Cái "tôi" mà tạo ra những mảnh vỡ. Bây giờ, làm thế nào bạn cuốn hút được con người đó? Và đối với con người một nửa này và một nửa khác, cái "tôi" và cái "không tôi", mà đùa giỡn với cả hai? Và người còn lại hoàn toàn là cái "tôi", mà tự buông thả trong chính anh ấy? Làm thế nào bạn cuốn hút được ba người này?

Swamiji: Làm thế nào ông đánh thức được ba người này? – đó là vấn đề.

Krishnaji: Hãy chờ! Con người hoàn toàn là cái “tôi”, không có sự thức dậy trong anh ấy. Anh ấy không quan tâm. Thậm chí anh ấy không lắng nghe bạn. Anh ấy sẽ lắng nghe bạn nếu bạn hứa hẹn cho anh ấy một cái gì đó, thiên đàng, địa ngục, sợ hãi hay nhiều lợi lộc hơn trong thế giới, nhiều tiền bạc hơn; nhưng anh ấy thực hiện nó với mục đích kiếm được. Vì vậy con người mà ao ước kiếm được, thành tựu, là không chín chắn.

Swamiji: Hoàn toàn đúng.

Krishnaji: Dù rằng Niết bàn, Thiên đàng, Moksha, đạt được hay khai sáng, anh ấy không chín chắn. Bây giờ, bạn sẽ làm gì với một người như thế?

Swamiji: Kể cho anh ấy những câu chuyện.

Krishnaji: Không, tại sao tôi lại phải kể cho anh ấy những câu chuyện, gây rối loạn cho anh ấy nhiều hơn nữa bằng những câu chuyện của tôi hay bằng những câu chuyện của bạn? Tại sao không để anh ấy lại một mình? Anh ấy sẽ không lắng nghe.

Swamiji: Điều đó hung tợn quá.

Krishnaji: Hung tợn về phần ai? Anh ấy sẽ không lắng nghe bạn. Chúng ta hãy thực tế một tí. Bạn đến với tôi. Tôi hoàn toàn là cái “tôi”. Tôi không quan tâm bất kỳ điều gì ngoại trừ cái “tôi”, nhưng bạn nói rằng “Hãy nhìn kìa, bạn đang gây ra hỗn loạn trong thế giới, bạn đang tạo ra sự đau khổ như thế cho con người”, và tôi nói rằng, làm ơn hãy đi đi. Dù trình bày bằng cách nào bạn thích; giải thích nó trong những câu chuyện, che đậy nó bằng những viên thuốc, những viên thuốc ngọt ngào, nhưng anh ấy sẽ không thay đổi cái “tôi”. Nếu anh ấy có thay đổi, anh ấy sẽ đến khoảng giữa – cái “tôi” và cái “không tôi”. Đây được gọi là tiến hóa. Con người thấp kém nhất đến được khoảng giữa.

Swamiji: Làm thế nào?

Krishnaji: Bằng cách gõ cửa. Cuộc sống xô đẩy anh ấy, dạy dỗ anh ấy. Có chiến tranh, hận thù; anh ấy bị hủy diệt. Hay anh ấy đi vào một nhà thờ. Nhà thờ là một cái bẫy cho anh ấy. Nó không khai sáng anh ấy, nó không nói rằng, “Vì Chúa hãy phá vỡ đi,” nhưng nó nói rằng nó sẽ cho anh ấy cái gì anh ấy muốn – sự giải trí, dù rằng giải trí của Jesus, hay giải trí của Hindu, hay Phật giáo, hay Hồi giáo hay bất kỳ tôn giáo nào – nó sẽ cho anh ấy sự giải trí, chỉ cần nhân danh Chúa. Vì vậy chúng giữ anh ấy ở cùng một mức độ, với những bổ sung nhỏ bé, một chút xíu đánh bóng, văn hóa tốt hơn, quần áo đẹp hơn, vân vân. Đó là điều gì đang xảy ra. Anh ấy có thể tạo thành (như bạn vừa nói) tám mươi phần trăm của thế giới, có lẽ nhiều hơn, chín mươi phần trăm.

Swamiji: Ông có thể làm gì?

Krishnaji: Tôi sẽ không thêm vào nó, tôi sẽ không kể cho anh ấy những câu chuyện, tôi sẽ không giải trí cho anh ấy; bởi vì có những người khác đang sẵn sàng giải trí cho anh ấy.

Swamiji: Cám ơn ông.

Krishnaji: Rồi thì có loại ở giữa, cái “tôi” và cái “không tôi”, mà làm những đổi mới xã hội, một chút ít tốt lành ở đây và ở kia, nhưng luôn luôn cái “tôi” đang vận hành. Theo xã hội, theo chính trị, theo tôn giáo, trong mọi phương hướng, cái “tôi” đang vận hành. Nhưng lặng lẽ hơn một chút, cùng đánh bóng hơn một chút. Bây giờ với anh ấy bạn có thể nói một chút “Hãy nhìn kìa, một đổi mới xã hội cũng được thôi trong nơi chỗ của nó nhưng nó không dẫn bạn đến đâu cả,” và vân vân. Bạn có thể nói chuyện với anh ấy. Có lẽ anh ấy sẽ lắng nghe bạn. Người trước sẽ không lắng nghe bạn gì cả. Người này sẽ lắng nghe bạn, hơi hơi chú ý và có lẽ nói điều này quá nghiêm túc, điều này đòi hỏi quá nhiều công việc và rơi lại khuôn mẫu cũ kỹ của anh ấy. Chúng ta sẽ nói chuyện với anh ấy và để anh ấy lại. Điều gì anh ấy muốn làm tùy thuộc vào anh ấy. Bây giờ có con người còn lại mà đang ra khỏi cái "tôi", đang bước ra khỏi gánh xiếc của cái "tôi". Đó kìa, bạn có thể nói chuyện với anh ấy. Anh ấy sẽ chú ý nghe bạn. Vậy là người ta nói chuyện với cả ba loại này, không phân biệt giữa những người chín chắn và những người không chín chắn. Chúng ta sẽ nói chuyện với cả ba loại, ba kiểu, và để nó lại cho họ.

Swamiji: Người không quan tâm, anh ấy sẽ bỏ đi.

Krishnaji: Anh ấy sẽ rời khỏi căn lều, anh ấy sẽ rời khỏi căn phòng. Đó là công việc của anh ấy. Anh ấy đi đến nhà thờ, bóng đá, giải trí của anh ấy, hay bất kỳ nơi nào. Nhưng ngay lúc bạn nói rằng "anh không chín chắn và tôi sẽ chỉ bảo anh thêm", anh ấy trở thành . . .

Swamiji: Được khuyến khích.

Krishnaji: Hạt giống của thuốc độc ở đó rồi. Thưa bạn, nếu mảnh đất là đúng, hạt giống sẽ nẩy mầm. Nhưng nói rằng, "Anh chín chắn, và anh không chín chắn", điều đó hoàn toàn sai lầm. Tôi là ai mà bảo một ai đó rằng anh ấy không chín chắn? Điều đó dành cho anh ấy tìm ra.

Swamiji: Nhưng liệu một người ngu dốt có thấy rằng anh ấy là một người ngu dốt hay không?

Krishnaji: Nếu anh ấy là một người ngu dốt chắc chắn anh ấy sẽ không lắng nghe bạn. Bạn thấy không, thưa bạn, chúng ta khởi hành với ý tưởng của muốn giúp đỡ.

Swamiji: Đó là điều gì chúng ta đang đặt nền tảng cho toàn bàn luận của chúng ta.

Krishnaji: Tôi nghĩ sự tiếp cận của muốn giúp đỡ không có giá trị, ngoại trừ trong thế giới y khoa hay trong thế giới công nghệ. Nếu tôi bị bệnh tôi cần đi đến bác sĩ để được điều trị. Ở đây, theo tâm lý, nếu tôi mê muội, tôi sẽ không lắng nghe bạn. Nếu tôi hơi tỉnh táo, tôi sẽ lắng nghe bạn tùy theo trạng thái trống không của tôi, tùy theo những tâm trạng của tôi. Vì vậy đối với một con người mà nói rằng, "Tôi muốn được tỉnh thức thực sự, được duy trì sự tỉnh thức thuộc tâm lý”, đối với anh ấy bạn có thể nói chuyện. Thế là chúng ta nói chuyện với tất cả họ.

Swamiji: Cám ơn ông. Điều đó khai sáng một hiểu lầm lớn lao. Khi ngồi một mình, tôi phản ảnh lại những điều gì ông đã giải thích lúc sáng sớm. Tôi không thể chế ngự được cảm giác tự nhiên. “A, Buddha đã nói như thế, hay Vasishtha đã nói như thế”, mặc dù ngay tức khắc tôi cố gắng cắt đi những hình ảnh tưởng tượng của từ ngữ để tìm ra ý nghĩa. Ông giúp chúng tôi tìm ra ý nghĩa, mặc dù có lẽ đó không là ý định của ông. Vasishtha và Buddha cũng vậy. Những con người đến đây gặp ông như họ đã gặp những người vĩ đại kia. Tại sao? Có cái gì trong bản chất con người mà tìm kiếm, mà dò dẫm và nắm chặt một cái nạng? Lại nữa, không giúp đỡ họ có lẽ là một tàn nhẫn, nhưng giúp đỡ họ quá nhiều mà không dành cho họ cơ hội để tự suy nghĩ có lẽ là một tàn nhẫn vô cùng. Người ta làm gì đây?

Krishnaji: Câu hỏi là, tại sao con người cần những cái nạng?

Swamiji: Vâng, và liệu có giúp đỡ họ hay không.

Krishnaji: Đó là như thế này: bạn có nên cho họ những cái nạng để dựa dẫm hay không. Hai câu hỏi được bao hàm. Tại sao con người cần những cái nạng? Và liệu bạn là người cho họ những cái nạng phải không?

Swamiji: Người ta nên hay người ta không nên?

Krishnaji: Người ta nên hay người ta không nên, và liệu bạn có khả năng cho họ sự giúp đỡ? – hai câu hỏi đó được bao hàm. Tại sao con người muốn những cái nạng, tại sao con người muốn lệ thuộc vào những người khác, dù đó là Jesus, Buddha, hay những vị thánh cổ xưa, tại sao?

Swamiji: Trước hết, có cái gì đó mà đang tìm kiếm. Chính đang tìm kiếm tự nó có vẻ là tốt lành.

Krishnaji: Vậy sao? Hay nó là sự sợ hãi của họ vì không đạt được cái gì đó mà những vị thánh, những con người vĩ đại, đã vạch ra? Hay sợ hãi của sai lầm, của không được hạnh phúc, của không được khai sáng, hiểu rõ, hay bất kỳ điều gì bạn gọi nó?

Swamiji: Cho phép tôi được trích dẫn một câu diễn tả hay ho từ Bhagavadgita? Krishna đã nói: bốn loại người đến với tôi. Một con người đang bị phiền muộn; anh ấy đến với tôi để được cởi bỏ sự phiền muộn. Sau đó có con người mà là người hiếu kỳ; anh ấy chỉ muốn biết Thwợng đế, sự thật này là gì, và liệu có thiên đàng và địa ngục hay không? Người thứ ba muốn nhiều tiền bạc hơn. Anh ấy cũng đến với Thượng đế và cầu nguyện để có nhiều tiền bạc hơn. Và Gyani, người thông thái, cũng đến. Tất cả họ đều tốt lành, bởi vì tất cả họ, trong chừng mực này hay chừng mực khác, đều đang tìm kiếm Thượng đế. Nhưng trong tất cả những người này, tôi nghĩ người Gyani là người tốt lành nhất. Vì vậy sự tìm kiếm có lẽ vì những lý do khác nhau.

Krishnaji: Vâng, thưa bạn. Có hai câu hỏi này. Trước hết, tại sao chúng ta tìm kiếm? Tiếp theo tại sao con người cần có những cái nạng? Bây giờ, tại sao người ta tìm kiếm, tại sao người ta phải tìm kiếm?

Swamiji: Tại sao người ta phải tìm kiếm – bởi vì người ta phát hiện một cái gì đó đang bị mất mát.

Krishnaji: Điều đó có nghĩa gì? Tôi không được hạnh phúc và tôi muốn hạnh phúc. Đó là một hình thức của tìm kiếm. Tôi không biết khai sáng là gì. Tôi đã đọc nó trong những quyển sách và nó cuốn hút tôi và tôi tìm kiếm nó. Cũng vậy tôi tìm kiếm một công việc tốt hơn, bởi vì có nhiều tiền bạc hơn, nhiều lợi lộc hơn, nhiều tận hưởng hơn và vân vân. Trong tất cả việc này có tìm kiếm, dò dẫm, mong muốn. Tôi có thể hiểu rõ con người mong muốn có một công việc tốt hơn, bởi vì xã hội được cấu thành hiện nay đã xếp đặt quá chặt chẽ đến độ nó bắt buộc anh ấy tìm kiếm nhiều tiền bạc hơn, một công việc tốt hơn. Nhưng thuộc tâm lý, phía bên trong, tôi đang tìm kiếm cái gì? Và khi tôi tìm ra nó, trong tìm kiếm của tôi, làm thế nào tôi biết được cái gì tôi tìm ra là sự thật?

Swamiji: Có lẽ sự tìm kiếm chấm dứt.

Krishnaji: Đợi đã. Thưa bạn. Làm thế nào tôi biết được. Trong tìm kiếm của tôi, làm thế nào tôi biết được đây là sự thật? Làm sao tôi biết được? Liệu đã khi nào tôi có thể nói “Đây là sự thật”? Vì vậy tại sao tôi phải tìm kiếm nó? Vì vậy điều gì làm cho tôi tìm kiếm? Điều gì làm cho người ta tìm kiếm là câu hỏi cơ bản nhiều hơn là sự tìm kiếm, và nói rằng, “Đây là sự thật.” Nếu tôi nói, “Đây là sự thật”, tôi phải biết nó rồi. Nếu tôi biết nó rồi, nó không là sự thật. Nó là cái gì đó chết rồi, quá khứ, mà bảo với tôi rằng đó là sự thật. Một vật chết không thể nói cho tôi sự thật là gì.

Vì vậy tại sao tôi tìm kiếm? Bởi vì, trong sâu thẳm tôi bị bất hạnh, trong sâu thẳm tôi bị rối loạn, trong sâu thẳm tôi có sự đau khổ vô cùng và tôi muốn tìm ra một phương cách vượt khỏi nó. Bạn xuất hiện như một đạo sư, như một người khai sáng, hay như một vị thầy, và nói rằng, “Hãy nhìn, đây là con đường để thoát ra.” Lý do căn bản cho sự tìm kiếm của tôi là tẩu thoát khỏi nỗi thống khổ này và tôi giả sử rằng tôi có thể tẩu thoát khỏi sự đau khổ, và sự khai sáng đó ở đằng kia, hay trong chính tôi. Làm thế nào tôi có thể tẩu thoát khỏi nó? Tôi không thể ở trong ý nghĩ của lẩn tránh nó, kháng cự nó, chạy trốn khỏi nó; nó ở đó. Bất kỳ nơi nào tôi đi, nó vẫn còn ở đó. Vì vậy điều gì tôi phải làm là tìm ra trong chính tôi tại sao đau khổ đã hiện diện, tại sao tôi đang trải qua đau khổ. Vậy thì, đó có là một tìm kiếm hay không? Không. Khi tôi muốn tìm ra tại sao tôi đang đau khổ, đó không là tìm kiếm. Thậm chí nó không là một nghi vấn. Nó cũng giống như tìm đến một bác sĩ và nói tôi bị đau bụng quá, và ông ấy nói rằng bạn đã ăn loại thức ăn sai lầm. Thế là tôi sẽ tránh thức ăn sai lầm. Nếu nguyên nhân đau khổ của tôi ở trong chính tôi, không nhất thiết được tạo ra bởi môi trường trong đó tôi sống, vậy thì tôi phải tìm ra làm thế nào tôi được tự do khỏi nó cho chính tôi. Bạn có lẽ, như vị đạo sư, vạch ra rằng đó là cái cửa, nhưng ngay khi bạn vạch ra nó, công việc của bạn chấm dứt. Sau đó tôi phải làm việc, sau đó tôi phải tìm ra làm cái gì, sống như thế nào, suy nghĩ như thế nào, cảm thấy cách sống này như thế nào mà trong đó không còn đau khổ.

Swamiji: Vậy thì tại mức độ đó sự giúp đỡ, sự vạch ra được hợp lý.

Krishnaji: Không được hợp lý, nhưng bạn làm nó tự nhiên.

Swamiji: Giả sử một con người bị mắc kẹt nơi nào đó, khi anh ấy tiến tới, khi đi đến đó, anh ấy vướng phải cái bàn này...

Krishnaji: Anh ấy phải hiểu rằng cái bàn ở đó. Anh ấy phải hiểu rằng khi anh ấy đang đi về phía cái cửa có một chướng ngại trên lối đi. Nếu anh ấy đang tìm hiểu, anh ấy sẽ tìm ra. Nhưng nếu bạn đến và nói rằng "Có cái cửa, có cái bàn, đừng vướng phải nó," bạn đang đối xử với anh ấy như một đứa bé, hướng dẫn anh ấy đi đến cái cửa. Không có ý nghĩa gì đối với nó.

Swamiji: Để cho nhiều sự giúp đỡ, sự vạch ra, được hợp lý?

Krishnaji: Bất kỳ con người được tôn kính nào có tấm lòng nhân hậu sẽ nói rằng, đừng đi đến đó, có một vực thẳm. Lần trước tôi đã gặp một vị đạo sư rất nổi tiếng ở Ấn độ. Ông ấy đã đến gặp tôi. Có một tấm thảm trên sàn nhà và chúng tôi đã nói rất lễ phép với ông ấy, mời ông ấy ngồi trên tấm thảm – và ông ấy lặng lẽ ngồi trên tấm thảm, thiết lập cung cách của vị đạo sư, đặt cái gậy cầm tay phía trước ông ấy và bắt đầu bàn luận – nó là một trình diễn thật tuyệt vời mà ông ấy đã dựng lên! Và ông ấy đã nói: con người cần một đạo sư bởi vì chúng ta, những đạo sư hiểu biết nhiều hơn những người đang theo đuổi; tại sao anh ấy phải trải qua tất cả sự hiểm nguy một mình? Chúng ta sẽ giúp anh ấy. Không thể bàn luận với ông ấy bởi vì ông ấy đã giả sử rằng một mình ông ấy biết và mọi người khác đều dốt nát. Khoảng mười phút sau ông ấy bỏ đi, đầy bực tức.

Swamiji: Đó là một trong những sự việc khiến Krishnaji nổi tiếng ở Ấn độ! – Kế tiếp, trong khi ông vạch rõ ra sự vô ích hoàn toàn của mù quáng chấp nhận những giáo điều, những công thức, ông sẽ không yêu cầu sự phủ nhận tức khắc của họ. Trong khi truyền thống có thể là một khối đã chết rồi, có lẽ sẽ xứng đáng phải hiểu rõ nó và nguồn gốc của nó; nếu không, khi hủy diệt một truyền thống một ảnh hưởng tương đương có thể nảy sinh.

Krishnaji: Hoàn toàn đúng.

Swamiji: Vì vậy liệu tôi có thể đưa ra một vài niềm tin truyền thống cho sự tìm hiểu của ông để cho chúng ta có lẽ khám phá nơi nào và làm thế nào điều gì ông gọi là “những ý định tốt lành” bị đổi hướng đột ngột đến địa ngục – cái vỏ giam giữ chúng ta? Mỗi nhánh của Yoga tạo những kỷ luật riêng của nó trong những luận điệu cứng ngắt rằng nếu người ta theo đuổi chúng trong tinh thần đúng đắn người ta sẽ chấm dứt được đau khổ. Tôi sẽ liệt kê chúng cho những lời bình phẩm của ông.

Thứ nhất, Karma Yoga: nó đòi hỏi Dharma hay một đời sống đạo đức, mà thường được trải rộng để bao gồm những Varnashrama Dharma. Một câu nói của Krishna “Swadharme . . . Bhayavaha” – dường như đã thể hiện rằng nếu một con người tự nguyện đầu hàng chính anh ấy đến những luật lệ nào đó của cách cư xử, cái trí của anh ấy sẽ được tự do để quan sát và học hỏi với sự trợ giúp của những Bavana nào đó. Ông có thể bình phẩm về những điều này? – cái khái niệm của Dharma và những luật lệ và những quy định:“làm điều này”,“điều đó đúng”, “điều kia sai”...

Krishnaji: Mà thực sự có nghĩa, đặt ra điều gì là cách cư xử đúng đắn, và tôi tự nguyện chấp nhận nó. Có một người thầy đặt ra điều gì là cách cư xử đúng đắn, và tôi đến và tự nguyện, dùng từ ngữ của bạn, bám chặt nó, chấp nhận nó.

Có một sự việc như chấp nhận tự nguyện hay không? Và người thầy nên đặt ra điều gì là cách cư xử đúng đắn, mà có nghĩa ông ấy đã đặt ra cái khuôn mẫu, cái khuôn, tình trạng bị quy định hay sao? Bạn tuân theo sự nguy hiểm của nó? – trong việc đã đặt ra tình trạng bị quy định của anh ấy mà sinh ra cách cư xử đúng đắn, mà sẽ dẫn người ta đến thiên đàng.

Swamiji: Đó là một khía cạnh của nó. Khía cạnh khác mà tôi quan tâm nhiều hơn, là nếu điều đó được chấp nhận, vậy thì cái dụng cụ tâm lý được tự do để quan sát.

Krishnaji: Tôi hiểu. Không, thưa bạn. Tại sao tôi nên chấp nhận nó? Bạn là người thầy. Bạn đặt ra khuôn mẫu của cách cư xử. Làm thế nào tôi biết rằng bạn đúng? Bạn có lẽ sai. Và tôi sẽ không chấp nhận uy quyền của bạn. Bởi vì tôi hiểu rằng uy quyền của những đạo sư, uy quyền của vị giáo sĩ, uy quyền của Giáo hội – tất cả chúng đều đã thất bại. Vì vậy, với một người thầy mới đang đặt ra một luật lệ mới, tôi sẽ nói rằng, “Vì Chúa ông đang đùa giỡn cùng trò chơi đó; tôi không chấp nhận nó.” Và liệu có một sự việc như chấp nhận tự nguyện – chấp nhận tự nguyện, tự do? Hay tôi đã bị ảnh hưởng rồi, vì bạn là một người thầy, bạn là con người vĩ đại, và bạn hứa hẹn cho tôi một phần thưởng vào phút cuối của nó, có ý thức hay không ý thức, mà dẫn tôi đến chấp nhận “tự nguyện” nó? Tôi không chấp nhận nó một cách tự do. Nếu tôi tự do, tôi không chấp nhận nó gì cả. Tôi sống đúng đắn.

Swamiji: Vậy là đúng đắn phải đến từ bên trong?

Krishnaji: Rõ ràng, còn gì không phải nữa, thưa bạn? Hãy nhìn vào điều gì xảy ra trong sự tìm hiểu cách cư xử. Họ nói những hoàn cảnh, môi trường, văn hóa phía bên ngoài, tạo ra những loại cư xử nào đó. Đó là, nếu tôi sống trong một môi trường cộng sản cùng sự thống trị của nó, cùng những đe dọa, những trại tập trung của nó, tất cả việc đó sẽ làm cho tôi cư xử trong một cách nào đó; tôi khoác vào một cái mặt nạ, bị khiếp sợ, và tôi cư xử trong một cách nào đó. Trong một xã hội mà hơi hơi tự do, nơi không có nhiều luật lệ, bởi vì không ai tin tưởng những luật lệ, nơi mọi thứ được cho phép, ở đó tôi chơi đùa.

Swamiji: Bây giờ, cái nào được chấp nhận hơn từ quan điểm tinh thần?

Krishnaji: Không cái nào cả. Bởi vì cách cư xử, đạo đức, là cái gì đó không bị vun quén bởi tôi hay bởi xã hội. Tôi phải tìm ra làm thế nào để sống đúng đắn. Đạo đức là cái gì đó mà không là một chấp nhận của những khuôn mẫu, hay tuân theo một khuôn mẫu xơ cứng của lề thói. Tốt lành không là lề thói. Chắc chắn, nếu tôi tốt lành bởi vì người thầy của tôi nói rằng tôi tốt lành, nó là vô nghĩa. Vì vậy không có sự việc như chấp nhận tự nguyện của cách cư xử đúng đắn mà được đặt ra bởi vị đạo sư, bởi một người thầy.

Swamiji: Người ta phải tìm ra nó cho chính người ta.

Krishnaji: Vì vậy tôi phải bắt đầu tìm hiểu. Tôi phải bắt đầu nhìn, tôi phải tìm ra sống như thế nào. Tôi chỉ có thể sống khi không có sợ hãi.

Swamiji: Có lẽ đáng ra tôi đã giải thích điều này. Theo Shankara nó chỉ được dành cho những người thấp hơn.

Krishnaji: Người nào là thấp và cao? Người chín chắn và người không chín chắn? Shankara hay X Y Z nói rằng, “Đặt ra luật lệ cho những người thấp và cho những người cao” và họ thực hiện nó. Họ đọc những quyển sách của Shankara, hay một người uyên bác nào đó đọc nó cho họ, và họ nói điều đó thật kỳ diệu rồi quay lại và sống cuộc sống riêng của họ. Đây là một sự kiện rõ ràng. Bạn thấy nó ở nước Ý. Họ lắng nghe Đức giáo hoàng – họ lắng nghe nghiêm túc được hai hay ba phút rồi sau đó tiếp tục cuộc sống hàng ngày của họ; không một ai lưu tâm, nó không tạo ra khác biệt nào. Đó là lý do tôi muốn hỏi, tại sao những người tạm gọi là Shankaras, những đạo sư, đặt ra những luật lệ về cách cư xử là gì.

Swamiji: Nếu không sẽ có hỗn loạn.

Krishnaji: Dù thế nào cũng có hỗn loạn rồi. Có hỗn loạn khủng khiếp. Ở Ấn độ họ đã đọc Shankara và tất cả những người thầy được hàng ngàn năm. Hãy nhìn họ!

Swamiji: Có lẽ, theo họ, sự thay thế không thể xảy ra được.

Krishnaji: Sự thay thế là gì? Rối loạn? Đó là điều gì họ đang sống. Thay vì hiểu rõ Shankara tại sao lại không hiểu rõ sự rối loạn trong đó họ đang sống? Nếu họ hiểu rõ sự rối loạn, họ có thể thay đổi được nó.

Swamiji: Có lẽ điều đó dẫn chúng ta đến nghi vấn về Bhawana này nơi một chút xíu tâm lý được bao hàm. Chuyển đến Sadhana của Karma Yoga, trong số những sự việc khác kinh Bhavagad Gita đặt ra một Nimitta Bhawana. Không nghi ngờ gì cả Bhawana là Đang tồn tại và Nimitta Bhawana là đang là một phương tiện không cái tôi trong bàn tay của Thượng đế hay Đang Tồn Tại Vô Hạn. Nhưng nó cũng được sử dụng để có ý nghĩa một thái độ hay một cảm thấy trong hy vọng rằng nó sẽ giúp đỡ một người bắt đầu học hỏi quan sát chính anh ấy và vì vậy Bhawana sẽ tràn ngập thân tâm đang tồn tại của anh ấy. Cho những con người không có bao nhiêu hiểu rõ có lẽ điều đó rất cần thiết; hay liệu điều đó sẽ thường xuyên làm xao lãng họ bằng trạng thái tự dối gạt? Làm thế nào chúng ta sẽ khiến điều này vận hành được?

Krishnaji: Câu hỏi bạn đang hỏi là gì, thưa bạn?

Swamiji: Có kỹ thuật của Bhawana.

Krishnaji: Điều đó hàm ý một hệ thống, một phương pháp, bằng cách luyện tập nó, cuối cùng bạn đạt được sự khai sáng. Bạn luyện tập với mục đích để đến với Thượng đế hay bất kỳ điều gì. Khoảnh khắc bạn luyện tập một phương pháp, điều gì xảy ra? Tôi luyện tập ngày qua ngày cái phương pháp được đặt ra bởi bạn. Điều gì xảy ra?

Swamiji: Có một câu nói nổi tiếng, "Vì bạn suy nghĩ vậy là bạn trở thành".

Krishnaji: Tôi nghĩ rằng qua luyện tập phương pháp này tôi sẽ đạt được sự khai sáng. Vì vậy tôi làm gì đây? Mỗi ngày tôi luyện tập nó. Tôi trở thành mỗi lúc một máy móc.

Swamiji : Nhưng có một cảm thấy.

Krishnaji: Cái lề thói máy móc đang xảy ra cùng sự cảm thấy được thêm vào, "Tôi thích nó", "Tôi không thích nó", "nó là một nhàm chán" – bạn biết đó, có một trận chiến đang xảy ra. Vì vậy bất kỳ điều gì tôi luyện tập, bất kỳ kỷ luật nào, bất kỳ thực hành trong ý nghĩa được chấp nhận của từ ngữ làm cho cái trí của tôi mỗi lúc một chật hẹp hơn, bị giới hạn và xơ cứng, và bạn hứa hẹn tại khúc cuối, thiên đàng. Tôi nói nó giống như những chiến binh được tập tành ngày này qua ngày khác – rèn luyện, rèn luyện – cho đến khi họ không còn là gì cả ngoại trừ những dụng cụ của viên thượng sĩ hay sĩ quan chỉ huy. Cho họ một chút khởi đầu. Vì vậy tôi đang nghi vấn toàn bộ sự tiếp cận của hệ thống và phương pháp hướng về sự khai sáng. Thậm chí trong những nhà máy, một con người chỉ di chuyển một công tắc hoặc đẩy cái này hay cái kia không sản xuất được nhiều bằng con người được tự do học hỏi khi anh ấy làm việc.

Swamiji: Ông có thể đặt điều đó vào Bhawana hay không?

Krishnaji: Tại sao không?

Swamiji: Vì vậy nó vận hành?

Krishnaji: Đây là cách duy nhất. Đó là Bhawana thực sự: học hỏi khi bạn đang sống. Vì vậy hãy thức dậy. Học hỏi khi bạn đang sống, vì vậy hãy tỉnh táo khi bạn đang sống. Nếu dạo bộ và tôi có một hệ thống, một phương pháp của dạo bộ, phương pháp đó là tất cả mà tôi đang quan tâm: tôi sẽ không thấy chim chóc, cây cối, ánh sáng tuyệt vời trên chiếc lá, không gì cả. Và tại sao tôi phải chấp nhận người thầy mà cho tôi cái phương pháp, cái khuôn mẫu? Ông ấy có lẽ đặc biệt như tôi, và có những người thầy mà rất lạ lùng. Vì vậy tôi khước từ tất cả việc đó.

Swamiji: Lại nữa vấn đề là vấn đề của người bắt đầu.

Krishnaji: Ai là người bắt đầu? Người không chín chắn?

Swamiji: Có thể.

Krishnaji: Vì vậy bạn đang cho anh ấy một món đồ chơi để chơi đùa?

Swamiji: Một loại khai mở nào đó.

Krishnaji: Vâng một món đồ chơi và anh ấy đang thụ hưởng món đồ chơi đó và luyện tập suốt ngày và cái trí của anh ấy vẫn còn nhỏ nhen.

Swamiji: Có lẽ đó cũng là câu trả lời của ông cho nghi vấn về Bhakti Yoga. Lại nữa, trong chừng mực nào đó họ muốn những người này phải phá vỡ.

Krishnaji: Tôi không chắc chắn lắm, thưa bạn.

Swamiji: Tôi sẽ bàn luận Bhakti này. Chuyển đến Bhakti Yoga, Bhakta được khuyến khích thờ phụng Thượng đế ngay cả trong những đền chùa và những hình ảnh, cảm thấy sự hiện diện của thần thánh ở bên trong. Trong khá nhiều lời cầu nguyện, nó được lặp đi và lặp lại, “Ngài là Lan Khắp . . . Ngài là Hiện Diện Mọi Nơi.”, vân vân. Krishna yêu cầu những người hiến dâng thấy Thượng đế trong những vật của thiên nhiên và sau đó như “Tất cả”. Cùng thời điểm đó nhờ vào japa, hay sự lặp lại của câu kinh cùng sự tỉnh thức tương quan được ý nghĩa của nó, người hiến dâng được yêu cầu trực nhận rằng sự hiện diện của thần thánh phía bên ngoài giống hệt với sự hiện diện của thần thánh phía bên trong. Vẫn vậy cái cá thể nhận ra trạng thái một của anh ấy cùng cái tập thể. Có bất kỳ việc gì sai lầm cơ bản với hệ thống đó?

Krishnaji: Ồ! Vâng, thưa bạn. Khối Cộng sản không tin tưởng Thượng đế nào cả. Những người Cộng sản đã đặt chính thể ở trên Thượng đế. Họ ích kỷ, họ bị kinh hãi, nhưng không có Thượng đế, không những câu kinh, vân vân. Một người khác không biết những câu kinh, japa, sự lặp lại như anh ấy nói, "Tôi muốn tìm ra sự thật là gì. Tôi muốn tìm ra liệu có một Thượng đế hay không. Có lẽ không có sự việc như thế." Và kinh Gita và tất cả kinh khác đều giả sử rằng có. Họ giả sử rằng có Thượng đế. Họ là ai mà bảo cho tôi là có hay không có, kể cả Krishna hay X, Y, Z? Tôi nói nó có lẽ là tình trạng bị quy định riêng của bạn; bạn được sinh ra trong một môi trường đặc biệt và với một tình trạng bị quy định đặc biệt, với một thái độ đặc biệt và bạn tin tưởng điều đó. Rồi sau đó bạn đặt ra những luật lệ. Nhưng nếu tôi khước từ tất cả uy quyền, kể cả những người Cộng sản, kể cả những uy quyền của phương Tây và phương Đông, tất cả uy quyền, lúc đó tôi ở đâu? Lúc đó tôi phải tìm ra, bởi vì tôi không hạnh phúc, tôi bị đau khổ.

Swamiji: Nhưng có lẽ tôi được tự do khỏi tình trạng bị quy định.

Krishnaji: Đó là công việc của tôi – được tự do. Nếu không tôi không thể học hỏi. Nếu tôi vẫn là một người Ấn độ giáo trong suốt cuộc đời của tôi, tôi chấm dứt. Người Thiên chúa giáo vẫn là người Thiên chúa giáo và người Cộng sản đều chết rồi. Nhưng liệu có thể – đó thực sự là một nghi vấn – khước từ tất cả tình trạng bị quy định mà chấp nhận uy quyền? Liệu tôi có thể thực sự khước từ tất cả uy quyền và đứng một mình để tìm ra? Và tôi phải đứng một mình. Trái lại, nếu tôi không đứng một mình trong ý nghĩa sâu thẳm của từ ngữ đó, tôi chỉ đang lặp lại điều gì Shankara, Buddha, hay X, Y, Z đã nói. Mục đích của nó là gì, khi biết rất rõ rằng sự lặp lại đó không là sự thật? Vì vậy, tôi, – chín chắn hay không chín chắn, hay nửa chừng – tôi không được, tất cả họ không được học hỏi để đứng một mình hay sao? Điều đó đau đớn lắm; họ nói rằng, "Chúa tôi ơi, làm sao tôi có thể đứng một mình?” – không con cái, không Thượng đế, không Bí thư Cộng sản? Có sợ hãi.

Swamiji: Ông nghĩ rằng mọi người có thể vận dụng được điều này?

Krishnaji: Tại sao không, thưa bạn? Nếu bạn không thể, vậy thì bạn bị trói buộc trong nó. Không có số lượng nào của những vị Thượng đế, và những câu kinh, và những ma mãnh sẽ giúp đỡ bạn. Họ có lẽ che đậy nó. Họ có lẽ bỏ nó vào chai. Họ có lẽ nén nó lại và cất trong tủ lạnh. Nhưng nó luôn luôn ở đó.

Swamiji: Bây giờ có phương pháp khác, phương pháp đứng một mình: Raja Yoga. Lại nữa ở đây người học được yêu cầu vun quén những chất lượng đạo đức nào đó mà, ở một khía cạnh, tạo cho anh ấy là một công dân tốt và ở khía cạnh khác, cởi bỏ những rào chắn tâm lý có thể có. Sadhana này, mà chủ yếu là trạng thái tỉnh thức được tư tưởng bao gồm ký ức, tưởng tượng và giấc ngủ, có vẻ gần gần giống như sự giảng dạy của ông. Asana và Pranayama là những trợ giúp, có lẽ . Và thậm chí Dyana của Yoga không được dự tính để mang lại trạng thái tự nhận biết, mà đã được công nhận không là sản phẩm cuối cùng của một chuỗi những hành động. Krishna đã khẳng định rõ ràng rằng Yoga nêu rõ sự trực nhận: “Atma Shuddhaye”. Ông có chấp nhận sự tiếp cận này hay không? Không có nhiều trợ giúp được liên quan ở đây; thậm chí Iswara chỉ là “Purusha Visheshaha”. Nó là một loại đạo sư, không thể thấy được trong qui trình bên trong. Ông có chấp nhận sự tiếp cận này: có phương pháp ngồi tham thiền này và cố gắng khoét sâu vào sâu hơn và sâu hơn.

Krishnaji: Tất nhiên. Vậy thì người ta phải tìm hiểu vấn đề của thiền định.

Swamiji: Và Patanjali định nghĩa thiền định như là, “Sự vắng mặt của tất cả ý tưởng thuộc thế giới hay bất kỳ ý tưởng lạc đề nào.” Đó là Bhakti Sunyam.

Krishnaji: Hãy nhìn kìa, thưa bạn, tôi không đọc gì cả. Ở đây ngay lúc này tôi là: tôi không biết. Tôi chỉ biết rằng tôi bị đau khổ và rằng tôi có một cái trí khá tốt lành. Tôi không có uy quyền – Shankara, Krishna, Patanjali, không ai cả – tôi tuyệt đối một mình. Tôi phải đối mặt với cuộc sống của tôi và tôi phải là một công dân tốt lành – không lệ thuộc những người Cộng sản, những người Tư bản, hay những người Xã hội – công dân tốt lành có nghĩa là cách cư xử, không phải là một công việc ở văn phòng và khác biệt khi ở nhà. Trước hết, tôi muốn tìm ra làm thế nào được tự do khỏi đau khổ này. Tiếp theo bởi vì được tự do, tôi sẽ tìm ra liệu có một sự việc như Thượng đế hay bất kỳ cái gì. Vì vậy làm thế nào tôi sẽ học hỏi để được tự do khỏi gánh nặng khủng khiếp này? Đó là nghi vấn đầu tiên của tôi. Tôi chỉ có thể hiểu rõ nó trong liên hệ với một người khác. Tôi không thể ngồi một mình và đào sâu vào nó bởi vì tôi có lẽ làm biến dạng nó; cái trí của tôi quá mê muội, quá thành kiến. Vì vậy tôi phải tìm ra trong liên hệ – với thiên nhiên, với những con người – cái gì là sợ hãi này, đau khổ này; trong liên hệ, bởi vì nếu tôi ngồi một mình tôi có thể tự lừa dối mình rất dễ dàng. Nhưng bằng cách tỉnh thức trong liên hệ, tôi có thể nắm bắt được nó ngay tức khắc.

Swamiji: Nếu bạn tỉnh thức.

Krishnaji: Đó là điểm mấu chốt. Nếu tôi tỉnh thức, cảnh giác, tôi sẽ tìm ra; và việc đó không mất thời gian.

Swamiji: Nhưng nếu người ta không?

Krishnaji: Vì vậy, vấn đề là thức dậy, tỉnh thức, cảnh giác. Có một phương pháp cho nó không? Hãy theo dõi nó, thưa bạn. Nếu có một phương pháp mà sẽ giúp đỡ tôi tỉnh thức, tôi sẽ luyện tập nó; nhưng đó là tỉnh thức à? Bởi vì trong đó được bao hàm lề thói, sự chấp nhận của uy quyền, sự lặp lại; điều đó dần dần đang làm tỉnh thức của tôi bị xơ cứng. Vì vậy tôi khước từ điều đó: sự luyện tập tỉnh thức. Tôi nói rằng tôi chỉ có thể hiểu rõ đau khổ trong liên hệ và hiểu rõ đó chỉ đến qua tỉnh thức. Vì vậy tôi phải tỉnh thức. Tôi tỉnh thức vì sự thôi thúc của tôi là kết thúc đau khổ. Nếu tôi đói, tôi muốn có thức ăn và tôi tìm kiếm thức ăn. Trong cùng cách như vậy tôi khám phá ra cái gánh nặng khủng khiếp của đau khổ trong tôi và tôi khám phá nó qua liên hệ – cách tôi cư xử với bạn, cách tôi nói chuyện với mọi người. Trong tiến hành của liên hệ đó, sự việc này được bộc lộ.

Swamiji: Trong liên hệ đó, bạn luôn luôn tự-tỉnh thức, nếu tôi có thể giải thích nó như thế.

Krishnaji: Vâng, tôi thức dậy, tỉnh thức, quan sát.

Swamiji: Nó dễ dàng quá cho một con người bình thường phải không?

Krishnaji: Vâng, nếu một người nghiêm túc và nói rằng, “Tôi muốn tìm ra.” Con người bình thường, tám mươi hay chín mươi phần trăm trong số họ, thực sự không quan tâm. Nhưng một người nghiêm túc, anh ấy nói, “Tôi sẽ tìm ra – tôi muốn xem thử liệu cái trí có thể được tự do khỏi đau khổ.” Và điều đó chỉ có thể phát giác được trong liên hệ. Tôi không thể sáng chế đau khổ. Trong liên hệ đau khổ đến.

Swamiji: Đau khổ ở bên trong.

Krishnaji: Dĩ nhiên, thưa bạn, nó là một hiện tượng thuộc tâm lý.

Swamiji: Ông sẽ không muốn một người ngồi xuống và tham thiền và mài bén?

Krishnaji: Vậy là chúng ta hãy quay trở lại câu hỏi về thiền định. Thiền định là gì? Không lệ thuộc điều gì Patanjali và những người khác nói bởi vì có lẽ họ hoàn toàn sai lầm. Và tôi có lẽ bị sai lầm khi tôi nói tôi biết cách thiền định. Vì vậy chính người ta phải tìm ra, người ta phải hỏi, “Thiền định là gì?” Thiền định có là đang ngồi yên lặng, đang tập trung, đang kiểm soát tư tưởng, đang quan sát?

Swamiji: Đang quan sát, có lẽ.

Krishnaji: Bạn có thể quan sát khi bạn đang dạo bộ.

Swamiji: Điều đó khó khăn.

Krishnaji: Bạn quan sát khi đang ăn, khi bạn đang lắng nghe mọi người, khi một ai đó nói điều gì đó gây tổn thương bạn, nịnh nọt bạn. Điều đó có nghĩa, bạn phải luôn luôn tỉnh thức – khi bạn đang huênh hoang, khi bạn đang nói những điều giả dối – bạn theo kịp chứ? Muốn quan sát, bạn cần một cái trí rất yên lặng. Đó là thiền định. Toàn thể việc đó là thiền định.

Swamiji: Đối với tôi có vẻ như Patanjali phát triển tuần tự một luyện tập làm cho cái trí yên lặng, không phải trên trận chiến của cuộc sống, nhưng bắt đầu nó khi bạn một mình và mở rộng nó sang liên hệ.

Krishnaji: Nhưng nếu bạn tẩu thoát khỏi trận chiến . . .

Swamiji: Trong một khoảng thời gian chút xíu . . .

Krishnaji: Nếu bạn tẩu thoát khỏi trận chiến bạn đã không hiểu rõ trận chiến. Trận chiến là bạn. Làm thế nào bạn có thể tẩu thoát khỏi chính bạn? Bạn có thể dùng một viên thuốc, bạn có thể giả vờ rằng bạn đã tẩu thoát được, bạn có thể lặp lại những câu kinh, japas và làm tất cả mọi loại sự việc, nhưng trận chiến đang tiếp tục. Bạn nói rằng, “Hãy lặng lẽ đi khỏi nó và sau đó quay trở lại nó.” Đó là một phân chia. Chúng ta đang đề nghị rằng, “Hãy nhìn trận chiến bạn có liên hệ; bạn bị trói buộc vào nó: bạn là nó.”

Swamiji: Điều đó dẫn chúng ta đến sự học hỏi cuối cùng: bạn là nó.

Krishnaji: Bạn là trận chiến.

Swamiji: Bạn là nó, bạn là trận chiến, bạn là người chiến đấu, bạn đi khỏi nó, bạn ở cùng nó – mọi thứ. Có lẽ đó là điều gì được hàm ý trong Gnana Yoga. Theo Gnana Yoga, người tìm kiếm được yêu cầu tự cung cấp cho anh ấy bốn phương tiện, Viveka, tìm kiếm cái thật sự và gạt bỏ cái giả dối. Vairagya, không tìm kiếm vui thú; Shat Satsampath, mà có nghĩa sống một cuộc sống thực tế hướng về sự thực hành Yoga này; và Mumukshutva, một hiến dâng trọn vẹn để tìm kiếm Sự Thật. Môn đồ sau đó được tiếp cận một vị đạo sư và Sadhana của ông ấy gồm có Sravana (nghe), Manana (ngẫm nghĩ) và Niryudhyajna (thâm nhập), điều đó tất cả chúng tôi đều thực hiện ở đây. Vị đạo sư chọn lựa những phương tiện khác nhau để khai sáng học trò, mà thường thường được hàm ý nhận ra Tất Cả hay Sự Tồn Tại Tổng Thể. Shankara diễn tả nó như vậy: “Vô hạn một mình là thật, thế giới là không thật. Cá thể không khác biệt vô hạn, vì vậy không có phân chia ở đó.” Shankara nói rằng thế giới là Maya mà qua đó ông ấy có ý rằng sự xuất hiện của thế giới là không thật, điều đó người ta phải tìm hiểu và khám phá. Krishna diễn tả nó như vậy trong Gita:“Người thực hành yoga lúc đó ý thức rằng hành động, người làm của hành động, những phương tiện được cần đến, và mục đích mà hành động được hướng đến, tất cả là một tổng thể và vì vậy sự phân chia được vượt qua.”

Ông phản ứng như thế nào đối với phương pháp Gnana Yoga này? Trước hết có Sadhana Chaturdhyaya này, mà môn đồ chuẩn bị cho chính anh ấy. Sau đó anh ấy đến vị đạo sư và ngồi và nghe Sự Thật từ vị đạo sư và ngẫm nghĩ nó và thâm nhập sự thật, cho đến khi nó trở thành một cùng anh ấy; và sự thật thường được nói dựa vào những công thức này. Nhưng những công thức này mà chúng ta lặp lại được giả thiết là được nhận ra. Điều này có lẽ có một giá trị nào không?

Krishnaji: Thưa bạn, nếu bạn đã không đọc những quyển này – Patanjali, Shankara, Chan Upanishads, Raja Yoga, Karma Yoga, Bhakti Yoga, Gnana Yoga, không gì cả – bạn sẽ làm gì?

Swamiji: Tôi sẽ phải tìm ra.

Krishnaji: Bạn sẽ làm gì?

Swamiji: Đấu tranh.

Krishnaji: Mà bạn đang làm trong chừng mực nào đó. Bạn sẽ làm gì? Bạn sẽ bắt đầu ở đâu? – không biết về điều gì những người khác đang nói, gồm cả điều gì những người lãnh đạo Cộng sản đã nói – Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin. Tôi ở đây, một con người bình thường, tôi không đọc thứ gì cả, tôi muốn biết. Tôi phải bắt đầu ở đâu? Tôi phải làm việc – Karma Yoga – trong một ngôi vườn, như một người nấu bếp, trong một nhà máy, trong một văn phòng, tôi phải làm việc. Và cũng vậy có vợ và con cái: tôi yêu họ, tôi ghét họ, tôi là một người nghiện ngập tình dục, bởi vì đó là sự tẩu thoát duy nhất đã cống hiến cho tôi trong cuộc sống. Tôi ở đây. Đó là bản đồ cuộc sống của tôi, và tôi bắt đầu từ đây. Tôi không thể bắt đầu từ đằng kia; tôi bắt đầu ở đây và tôi tự hỏi chính mình tất cả điều đó là gì. Tôi không biết gì về Thượng đế. Bạn có thể sáng chế, giả vờ: tôi kinh hãi sự giả vờ. Nếu tôi không biết, tôi không biết. Tôi sẽ không trích dẫn những Shankara, những Buddha, hay bất kỳ ai. Vì vậy tôi nói rằng: đây là nơi tôi khởi đầu. Liệu tôi có thể tạo ra trật tự trong sống của tôi? – trật tự, không bị sáng chế bởi tôi hay bởi họ, nhưng trật tự mà là đạo đức. Liệu tôi có thể tạo ra nó? Và muốn đạo đức phải không có trận chiến, không có xung đột trong tôi hay phía bên ngoài. Vì vậy, phải không có hung hăng, không có bạo lực, không có hận thù, không có đối kháng. Tôi khởi đầu từ đó. Và tôi tìm ra rằng tôi bị sợ hãi. Tôi phải được tự do khỏi sợ hãi. Ý thức được nó là tỉnh thức được tất cả việc này, tỉnh thức được tôi đang ở đâu; từ đó tôi sẽ chuyển động, tôi sẽ làm việc. Và sau đó tôi tìm ra rằng tôi có thể một mình – không mang mọi gánh nặng của ký ức, của những Shankara, những Buddha, Marx, Engel – bạn theo kịp không? Tôi có thể một mình bởi vì tôi hiểu rõ trật tự trong sống của tôi; và tôi đã hiểu rõ trật tự bởi vì tôi đã khước từ vô trật tự, bởi vì tôi đã học hỏi về vô trật tự. Vô trật tự có nghĩa xung đột, chấp nhận uy quyền, thỏa hiệp, bắt chước, tất cả điều đó. Đó là vô trật tự, luân lý xã hội là vô trật tự. Từ đó tôi sẽ tạo ra trật tự trong chính tôi; không phải chính tôi như một con người nhỏ bé ngớ ngẩn ở quá khứ, nhưng như một Con Người.

Swamiji: Ông giải thích nó như thế nào?

Krishnaji: Chính là một con người đang trải qua địa ngục này. Mọi con người đang trải qua địa ngục này. Vì vậy, nếu tôi, như một con người, hiểu rõ điều này, tôi đã khám phá cái gì đó mà tất cả những con người có thể khám phá.

Swamiji: Nhưng làm thế nào người ta biết rằng người ta đang lừa dối chính người ta?

Krishnaji: Rất đơn giản. Trước hết, khiêm tốn: tôi không muốn thành tựu bất kỳ việc gì.

Swamiji: Tôi không biết ông có bất ngờ gặp những con người mà nói, “Tôi là người khiêm tốn nhất trên thế giới.”

Krishnaji: Tôi biết. Tất cả đều quá ngu xuẩn. Không có ham muốn, không có thành tựu.

Swamiji: Khi người ta ở trong nó, trong một tô súp, làm sao người ta biết được?

Krishnaji: Dĩ nhiên bạn sẽ biết. Khi ham muốn của bạn nói rằng, “Tôi phải giống ông Smith là vị Thủ tướng, vị tướng lãnh, hay Giám đốc Điều hành”, vậy thì có sự khởi đầu của hãnh tiến, kiêu ngạo, thành tựu. Tôi biết khi tôi muốn giống như một vị anh hùng, khi tôi muốn trở thành như Buddha, khi tôi muốn đạt được sự khai sáng, khi ham muốn nói rằng, “Hãy là một cái gì đó.” Ham muốn nói ở trong là một cái gì đó có vui thú tuyệt vời.

Swamiji: Nhưng chúng ta vẫn giải quyết gốc rễ của vấn đề trong tất cả việc này?

Krishnaji: Dĩ nhiên chúng ta phải. Cái “Tôi” là gốc rễ của vấn đề. Tự cho mình là trung tâm là gốc rễ của vấn đề.

Swamiji: Nhưng nó là gì? Nó có nghĩa gì?

Krishnaji: Tự cho mình là trung tâm à? Tôi quan trọng hơn bạn, nhà cửa của tôi, tài sản của tôi, thành tựu của tôi, cái

“Tôi” là trước hết.

Swamiji: Nhưng một vị thánh tử đạo có lẽ nói rằng, “Tôi không là gì cả, tôi có thể bị bắn chết.”

Krishnaji: Ai? – họ không như vậy.

Swamiji: Họ có lẽ nói họ hoàn toàn không ích kỷ, không có cái tôi.

Krishnaji: Không, thưa bạn, tôi không quan tâm đến điều gì một ai đó nói.

Swamiji: Ông ấy có lẽ đang phô trương chính ông ấy.

Krishnaji: Chừng nào tôi hoàn toàn rõ ràng trong chính tôi, tôi không đang tự lừa dối mình. Tôi có thể tự lừa dối mình ngay khoảnh khắc tôi có một đo lường. Khi tôi so sánh chính tôi với một người có một chiếc xe Rolls Royce, hay với Buddha, tôi có một sự đo lường. So sánh chính tôi với một ai đó là khởi đầu của ảo tưởng. Khi tôi không so sánh, tại sao tôi phải chuyển động từ đó?

Swamiji: Để là Cái Tôi?

Krishnaji: Dù tôi là bất kỳ điều gì; đó là: tôi xấu xí, tôi đầy tức giận, lừa dối, sợ hãi, điều này và điều kia. Tôi khởi đầu từ đó và xem liệu có thể được tự do khỏi tất cả điều này. Suy nghĩ của tôi về Thượng đế giống như suy nghĩ về việc leo lên những quả đồi kia, mà tôi không bao giờ muốn.

Swamiji: Nhưng thậm chí như thế vào một ngày trước ông đã nói một điều gì đó lý thú: cá thể và tập thể là một. Làm thế nào cá thể nhận ra sự đồng nhất đó với tập thể?

Krishnaji: Nhưng đó là một sự kiện. Ở đây tôi đang sống ở Gstaad; người nào đó đang sống ở Ấn độ, nó là cùng vấn đề, cùng lo âu, cùng sợ hãi – chỉ những biểu lộ khác nhau nhưng gốc rễ của sự việc đều giống hệt. Đó là điểm mấu chốt. Thứ hai, môi trường sống mà đã sản sinh tánh cá thể này và tánh cá thể này đã tạo ra môi trường sống. Tham lam của tôi đã tạo ra xã hội thối nát này. Sự tức giận của tôi, hận thù của tôi, sự phân chia của tôi đã tạo ra quốc gia và tất cả sự hỗn loạn này. Vì vậy tôi là thế giới và thế giới là tôi. Hợp lý, theo trí năng , theo từ ngữ, nó là như thế.

Swamiji: Nhưng làm thế nào người ta cảm thấy được nó?

Krishnaji: Điều đó chỉ đến khi bạn thay đổi. Khi bạn thay đổi bạn không còn là một người quốc gia. Bạn không còn lệ thuộc vào bất kỳ cái gì.

Swamiji: Theo tinh thần, tôi có lẽ nói tôi không là một người Ấn độ giáo, hay tôi không là một người Ấn độ.

Krishnaji: Nhưng, thưa bạn, đó chỉ là một ma mãnh. Bạn phải cảm thấy nó trong máu huyết của bạn.

Swamiji: Làm ơn giải thích điều đó có nghĩa gì.

Krishnaji: Nó có nghĩa, thưa bạn, khi bạn thấy sự nguy hiểm của chủ nghĩa quốc gia, bạn vượt khỏi nó. Khi bạn thấy sự nguy hiểm của phân chia, bạn không còn lệ thuộc vào mảnh vỡ. Chúng ta không thấy sự nguy hiểm của nó. Đó là tất cả.

SAANEN

Tháng bảy 1969

– 2 – Bốn “mahavakya” từ kinh Upanishads được bàn luận.

Chuyển tải và lý tưởng Bodisattva.

Vedanta và sự kết thúc của hiểu biết.

Swami Venkatesananda: Krishnaji, chúng ta đang ngồi gần nhau và đang tìm hiểu, đang lắng nghe, đang học hỏi. Thậm chí bậc thánh hiền và người tìm kiếm cũng đã làm như thế, và đó là lời giới thiệu khi họ nói về kinh Upanishads. Kinh Upanishads này chứa đựng điều gì được biết đến như là Mahavakyas, Những Lời Giảng Dạy Vĩ Đại, mà lúc đó có lẽ có cùng ảnh hưởng vào người tìm kiếm như những lời của ông tác động vào tôi lúc này. Tôi thỉnh cầu ông diễn tả điều gì ông suy nghĩ về chúng, liệu chúng vẫn còn có giá trị, hay chúng cần sửa đổi và trình bày theo cách khác?

Kinh Upanishads nói lên hình ảnh về sự thật trong những Mahavakya dưới đây:

Prajnanam Brahma:“Ý thức là vô hạn, cái tuyệt đối, sự thật tối thượng.”

Aham Brahmasmi: “Tôi là vô hạn đó”, hay “Cái tôi là vô hạn đó” – bởi vì cái “tôi” ở đây không liên quan đến ý tưởng về chính anh ấy.

Tat Tvam-asi: “Bạn là cái đó”.

Ayam Atma Brahma: “Cái tôi là vô hạn”, hay “Cá thể là vô hạn.”

Đây là bốn Mahavakya được sử dụng bởi bậc thánh hiền cổ xưa để là thông điệp đưa người tìm kiếm về nhà, và họ cũng đang ngồi giống như chúng ta, mặt đối mặt, vị đạo sư và môn đồ, bậc thánh hiền và người tìm kiếm.

Krishnaji: Vâng, câu hỏi là gì, thưa bạn?

Swamiji: Ông nghĩ gì về chúng? Những Mahavakya này bây giờ còn có giá trị hay không? Chúng có cần một sửa đổi hay một trình bày lại?

Krishnaji: Những câu nói này, giống như “Tôi là cái đó”, “Tat Tvam-asi” và “Ayam Atma Brahma”?

Swamiji: Đó là, “Ý thức là Brahman”.

Krishnaji: Thưa bạn, liệu không có một nguy hiểm của lặp lại điều gì đó mà không biết ý nghĩa của nó hay sao? “Tôi là cái đó.” Nó thực sự có nghĩa gì?

Swamiji: “Bạn là cái đó.”

Krishnaji: “Bạn là cái đó.” Cái đó có nghĩa gì? Người ta có thể nói, “Tôi là con sông ”. Con sông đó mà đằng sau nó có khối nước khổng lồ, đang chuyển động, không ngưng nghỉ, đang trôi chảy liên tục và liên tục, qua nhiều quốc gia. Tôi có thể nói, “Tôi là con sông đó.” Câu đó có giá trị bằng câu, “Tôi là Brahman.”

Swamiji: Vâng. Vâng.

Krishnaji: Tại sao chúng ta nói, “Tôi là cái đó”? Và không phải “Tôi là con sông đó,” cũng không phải “Tôi là người đàn ông nghèo khổ đó”, người đàn ông mà không có khả năng, không thông minh, ngu dốt – ngu dốt này được tạo ra bởi di truyền, bởi nghèo khó, bởi bị khinh khi cực độ, tất cả việc đó! Tại sao chúng ta không nói, “Tôi cũng là người đó”? Tại sao chúng ta luôn luôn gắn kết chính mình với cái gì đó mà chúng ta giả sử là cao quý nhất?

Swamiji: “Cái đó”, có lẽ, chỉ có nghĩa rằng cái mà không bị quy định.

YO VAI BHUMA TATSUKHAM

Cái mà không bị quy định.

Krishnaji: Không bị quy định, vâng.

Swamiji: Vì vậy, bởi vì trong chúng ta có sự thôi thúc để phá vỡ tất cả quy định, chúng ta tìm kiếm cái không bị quy định.

Krishnaji: Liệu một cái trí bị quy định có thể, liệu một cái trí mà nhỏ nhen, tầm thường, đang sống dựa vào những giải trí hời hợt có thể, liệu cái trí đó có thể biết được hay tượng hình nên được, hay hiểu rõ, hay cảm thấy, hay quan sát được cái không bị quy định?

Swamiji: Không. Nhưng nó có thể tự cởi bỏ chính nó.

Krishnaji: Đó là tất cả mà nó có thể làm được.

Swamiji: Vâng.

Krishnaji: Không phải nói rằng, “Có cái không bị quy định, tôi sẽ suy nghĩ về nó”, hay “Tôi là cái đó”. Quan điểm của tôi là, tại sao chúng ta luôn luôn gắn kết chính mình với điều gì chúng ta nghĩ là cao quý nhất? Không phải điều gì chúng ta nghĩ là thấp hèn nhất?

Swamiji: Có lẽ trong Brahman không có sự phân chia giữa cao quý nhất và thấp hèn nhất, cái không bị quy định.

Krishnaji: Đó là mấu chốt. Khi bạn nói rằng, “Tôi là cái đó”, hay “Bạn là cái đó”, đó là một câu phát biểu về một sự thật được giả thiết . . .

Swamiji: Vâng.

Krishnaji: . . . mà có lẽ không là sự thật gì cả.

Swamiji: Có lẽ ở đây tôi nên giải thích lại rằng bậc thánh hiền mà nói ra Mahawakyas được tin tưởng đã có một trải nghiệm trực tiếp của nó.

Krishnaji: Bây giờ, nếu ông ấy đã có trải nghiệm của nó, ông ta có thể chuyển tải cho người khác được sao?

Swamiji: (Tiếng cười)

Krishnaji: Và câu hỏi cũng nảy sinh, liệu người ta có thể trải nghiệm thực sự cái gì đó mà không thể trải nghiệm được? Chúng ta sử dụng từ ngữ “trải nghiệm” quá dễ dàng – “nhận ra”, “trải nghiệm”, “đạt được”, “tự nhận biết”, tất cả những điều này – liệu người ta có thể thực sự trải nghiệm cảm thấy của trạng thái ngây ngất tột cùng? Chúng ta hãy nắm bắt điều đó trong chốc lát, từ ngữ đó. Liệu người ta có thể trải nghiệm được nó hay không?

Swamiji: Cái vô hạn?

Krishnaji: Liệu người ta có thể trải nghiệm được cái vô hạn? Đây thực sự là một câu hỏi hoàn toàn cơ bản, không chỉ ở đây nhưng trong cuộc sống. Chúng ta có thể trải nghiệm cái gì đó mà chúng ta đã biết rồi. Tôi trải nghiệm việc đã gặp gỡ bạn. Đó là một trải nghiệm, đã gặp gỡ bạn, hay bạn đã gặp gỡ tôi, hay tôi đã gặp gỡ ông X. Và lần sau khi tôi gặp gỡ bạn tôi nhận ra bạn, phải không? Tôi nói, “Vâng, tôi đã gặp anh ấy tại Gstaad.” Vì vậy trong trải nghiệm có yếu tố của công nhận.

Swamiji: Vâng. Đó là trải nghiệm khách quan.

Krishnaji: Nếu tôi đã không gặp bạn, tôi phải đi qua bạn – bạn sẽ đi qua tôi. Có một yếu tố của công nhận, phải không?

Swamiji: Có lẽ.

Krishnaji: Nếu không nó không là một trải nghiệm. Tôi gặp gỡ bạn – đó là một trải nghiệm phải không?

Swamiji: Trải nghiệm khách quan.

Krishnaji: Nó có thể là một trải nghiệm, phải không? Tôi gặp gỡ bạn lần đầu tiên. Vậy thì điều gì xảy ra trong lần gặp gỡ đầu tiên đó giữa hai con người. Điều gì xảy ra?

Swamiji: Một ấn tượng, ấn tượng của ưa thích.

Krishnaji: Một ấn tượng của ưa thích và không ưa thích, như là, “Anh ấy là một người rất thông minh”, hay “Anh ấy là một người ngu dốt”, hay “Anh ấy nên như thế này hay như thế kia”. Tất cả đều dựa vào nền tảng quá khứ thuộc sự nhận xét của tôi, dựa vào những giá trị của tôi, dựa vào những thành kiến của tôi, ưa thích và không ưa thích, dựa vào khuynh hướng của tôi, dựa vào tình trạng bị quy định của tôi. Nền tảng quá khứ đó gặp gỡ bạn và đánh giá bạn. Sự đánh giá, sự nhận xét, là điều gì chúng ta gọi là trải nghiệm.

Swamiji: Nhưng liệu không có, KRISHNAJI, một . . . khác?

Krishnaji: Hãy chờ đã, thưa bạn, cho phép tôi trình bày xong vấn đề này. Rốt cuộc trải nghiệm là sự đáp trả đến một thách thức, phải không? Phản ứng đến một thách thức. Tôi gặp bạn và tôi phản ứng. Nếu tôi không phản ứng gì cả, với bất kỳ ý nghĩa nào của ưa thích, không ưa thích, thành kiến, chuyện gì sẽ xảy ra?

Swamiji: Vâng?

Krishnaji: Chuyện gì xảy ra trong một liên hệ mà trong đó một người – bạn, có lẽ như thế – không có thành kiến, không có phản ứng; bạn đang sống trong một trạng thái hoàn toàn khác hẳn và bạn gặp gỡ tôi. Rồi thì chuyện gì xảy ra?

Swamiji: An bình.

Krishnaji: Tôi phải nhận ra sự an bình đó trong bạn, chất lượng đó trong bạn, nếu không tôi chỉ đi qua bạn. Vì vậy khi chúng ta nói rằng, “Trải nghiệm cái tối thượng”, liệu cái trí, mà bị quy định, bị thành kiến, bị sợ hãi, có thể trải nghiệm được cái tối thượng hay không?

Swamiji: Rõ ràng là không.

Krishnaji: Rõ ràng là không. Và sợ hãi, thành kiến, sự hứng khởi, sự ngu dốt, là cái thực thể mà nói, “Tôi sẽ trải nghiệm cái tối thượng”. Khi ngu dốt, sợ hãi, lo âu, bị quy định đó kết thúc, liệu có trải nghiệm cái tối thượng hay không?

Swamiji: Trải nghiệm “cái đó”.

Krishnaji: Không, tôi vẫn chưa nói rõ ràng. Nếu cái thực thể – mà là sợ hãi, lo âu, tội lỗi và mọi chuyện như thế – nếu cái thực thể đó đã tự làm tan biến chính nó, đã cởi bỏ sợ hãi và vân vân, liệu còn có trải nghiệm hay không?

Swamiji: Bây giờ câu hỏi hay ho đó thực sự đã được diễn tả bằng quá nhiều từ ngữ. Ông ấy đã đưa ra một câu hỏi giống hệt:

VIJNATARAM ARE KENA VIJANIYAT

“Bạn là người biết, làm thế nào bạn có thể biết được người biết? “Bạn là những trải nghiệm!” Nhưng có một gợi ý mà Vedanta đưa ra và đó là: chúng ta đã nói quá nhiều về một trải nghiệm khách quan:

PAROKSANUBHUTI

Không có một trải nghiệm khác hay sao? Không phải vì sự gặp gỡ X Y Z của tôi, nhưng sự cảm thấy “Tôi là”, mà không bị tạo ra bởi vì tôi đã gặp phải ham muốn ở một nơi nào đó, hay bởi vì tôi bị đối diện với ham muốn nào đó. Tôi không đến hỏi một bác sĩ hay một ai đó để khẳng định “Tôi là” đó. Nhưng có cảm thấy này và có hiểu rõ này, “Tôi là”. Trải nghiệm này dường như hoàn toàn khác biệt với trải nghiệm khách quan.

Krishnaji: Thưa bạn, mục đích của trải nghiệm là gì?

Swamiji: Chính xác điều gì ông đã và đang nói: loại bỏ những sợ hãi, và loại bỏ tất cả những phiền toái, tất cả những bị quy định. Để thấy cái gì tôi là, trong sự thật, khi tôi không bị quy định.

Krishnaji: Không, thưa bạn. Tôi có ý nói rằng: tôi ngu dốt.

Swamiji: Tôi ngu dốt à?

Krishnaji: Tôi ngu dốt; và bởi vì tôi gặp bạn, hay X Y Z, mà rất sáng láng, rất thông minh . . . ?

Swamiji: Có sự so sánh.

Krishnaji: So sánh: qua so sánh tôi phát giác rằng tôi rất ngu dốt. Và tôi nói rằng, “Vâng, tôi ngu dốt, tôi phải làm gì đây?”, và chỉ ở nguyên trong trạng thái ngu dốt của tôi. Cuộc sống tiếp tục, một biến cố xảy ra, mà lay động tôi. Trong chốc lát tôi thức dậy và tranh đấu – tranh đấu để không ngu dốt, để thông minh hơn, và vân vân. Vì vậy thông thường trải nghiệm có ý nghĩa của đánh thức bạn dậy, đang cho bạn một thách thức mà bạn phải đáp lại. Hoặc bạn đáp lại nó trọn vẹn, hoặc không trọn vẹn. Nếu sự đáp lại không trọn vẹn, vậy thì nó trở thành một phương tiện của đau khổ, đấu tranh, xung đột. Nhưng nếu bạn đáp lại đầy đủ, mà là trọn vẹn, bạn là thách thức. Bạn là thách thức, không phải người bị thách thức, nhưng bạn là thách thức. Vì vậy bạn không cần thách thức nào cả, nếu bạn luôn luôn đang đáp lại trọn vẹn đến mọi thứ.

Swamiji: Điều đó thật tuyệt vời, nhưng (cười) làm thế nào người ta đến được đó ?

Krishnaji: A, hãy đợi đấy, thưa bạn. Chúng ta chỉ cần thấy nhu cầu cho trải nghiệm. Tôi nghĩ nó thực sự lạ thường, nếu bạn có thể thâm nhập nó. Tại sao con người lại cần đến không chỉ trải nghiệm khách quan, mà người ta có thể hiểu được – trong việc đi đến mặt trăng họ đã thâu lượm được nhiều thông tin, nhiều dữ kiện . . .

Swamiji: . . . những viên đá . . .

Krishnaji: Có lẽ loại trải nghiệm đó là cần thiết, bởi vì nó làm tăng thêm hiểu biết, hiểu biết của những sự việc khách quan, thực tế. Bây giờ ngoại trừ loại trải nghiệm đó, liệu có bất kỳ nhu cầu cho trải nghiệm nào nữa hay không?

Swamiji: Thuộc chủ quan.

Krishnaji: Vâng. Tôi không thích dùng từ ngữ “chủ quan” và “khách quan”. Liệu có nhu cầu cho trải nghiệm hay không? Chúng ta đã nói rằng: trải nghiệm là sự đáp lại đến một thách thức. Tôi thách thức bạn, tôi hỏi, “Tại sao?” Bạn có lẽ trả lời nó và nói rằng, “Vâng, hoàn toàn đúng, tôi đồng ý với bạn.” “Tại sao?” Nhưng khoảnh khắc có bất kỳ loại kháng cự nào cho câu hỏi đó, “Tại sao?”, bạn đang đáp lại không trọn vẹn rồi. Và vì vậy có xung đột giữa chúng ta, giữa sự thách thức và sự đáp lại. Bây giờ, đó là một việc. Và có một ham muốn để trải nghiệm, chúng ta hãy ví dụ như Thượng đế, cái gì đó Tối thượng, cái cao quý nhất; hay hạnh phúc tột cùng, hân hoan, vui sướng vô hạn, một ý thức của an bình, bất kỳ từ ngữ nào bạn thích. Liệu cái trí có thể trải nghiệm nó hay không?

Swamiji: Không.

Krishnaji: Vậy thì cái gì trải nghiệm nó?

Swamiji: Ông muốn chúng tôi tìm hiểu cái trí là gì?

Krishnaji: Không.

Swamiji: Cái "Tôi" là gì?

Krishnaji: Tại sao cái "Tôi", tôi hay bạn, cần có trải nghiệm? – đó là quan điểm của tôi – cần có trải nghiệm về cái cao quý nhất, mà hứa hẹn hạnh phúc hay hân hoan, ân lành hay an bình?

Swamiji: Rõ ràng bởi vì trong trạng thái hiện tại chúng ta cảm thấy không trọn vẹn.

Krishnaji: Đó là tất cả. Đó là tất cả.

Swamiji: Đúng.

Krishnaji: Bởi vì đang ở trong một trạng thái không có an bình, chúng ta muốn trải nghiệm một trạng thái mà là an bình thường hằng, vĩnh cửu, tuyệt đối.

Swamiji: Nó không nhiều đến độ tôi bị rối loạn, và có một trạng thái của an bình; tôi muốn biết cảm thấy "Tôi bị rối loạn" này là gì. Có phải cái "Tôi" bị rối loạn, hay cái "Tôi"ngu dốt? Tôi ngu dốt, hay trạng thái ngu dốt chỉ là một quy định mà tôi có thể cởi bỏ?

Krishnaji: Bây giờ cái thực thể mà cởi bỏ nó là ai vậy?

Swamiji: Thức dậy. Cái "Tôi" thức dậy.

Krishnaji: Không, thưa bạn. Đó là sự khó khăn. Trước tiên chúng ta hãy chấm dứt vấn đề này. Tôi bị bất hạnh, đau khổ, chất đầy phiền muộn. Và tôi muốn trải nghiệm cái gì đó không có phiền muộn. Đó là khao khát của tôi. Tôi có một lý tưởng, một mục đích, và bằng cách tranh đấu theo đuổi nó cuối cùng tôi đạt được lý tưởng đó. Đó là khao khát của tôi. Tôi muốn trải nghiệm lý tưởng đó và bám chặt vào trải nghiệm đó. Đó là điều gì con người muốn – tách rời khỏi tất cả những câu nói khôn ngoan, những cuộc nói chuyện khôn ngoan.

Swamiji: Vâng, vâng; và có lẽ đó là lý do tại sao một bậc thánh hiền vĩ đại khác ở Nam Ấn độ đã nói (trong Tamil):

ASAI ARUMIN ASAI ARUMIN

ISANODAYINUM ASAI ARUMIN

Câu đó rất hay.

Krishnaji: Câu đó có nghĩa gì vậy?

Swamiji: “Xóa sạch tất cả những khao khát này. Thậm chí ham muốn để là một với Thượng đế, xóa sạch nó đi”, ông ấy nói.

Krishnaji: Vâng, tôi hiểu. Bây giờ hãy theo dõi, thưa bạn. Nếu tôi – nếu cái trí – có thể làm tự do chính nó khỏi sự thống khổ này, lúc đó nhu cầu cho một trải nghiệm về cái Tối thượng là gì? Sẽ không có.

Swamiji: Không. Chắc chắn rồi.

Krishnaji: Nó không còn bị trói buộc trong tình trạng bị quy định riêng của nó. Vì vậy nó là cái gì đó khác; nó đang sống trong một kích thước khác hẳn. Vì vậy ham muốn để trải nghiệm cái tối thượmg theo căn bản là sai lầm.

Swamiji: Nếu nó là một ham muốn.

Krishnaji: Bất kỳ nó là gì! Làm thế nào tôi biết được cái tối thượng? Bởi vì những bậc thánh hiền đã nói về nó? Tôi không chấp nhận những thánh hiền. Họ có lẽ đang bị vướng trong ảo tưởng, họ có lẽ đang nói hợp lý hay vô lý. Tôi không biết; tôi không quan tâm. Tôi phát hiện rằng chừng nào cái trí còn đang ở trong một trạng thái sợ hãi, nó muốn tẩu thoát khỏi nó, và nó chiếu rọi một ý tưởng của cái Tối thượng, và muốn trải nghiệm cái đó. Nhưng nếu nó tự làm tự do chính nó khỏi sự đau khổ riêng của nó, vậy thì nó hoàn toàn ở trong một trạng thái khác hẳn. Thậm chí nó không cần đến trải nghiệm bởi vì nó ở một mức độ khác hẳn.

Swamiji: Đúng rồi, đúng rồi.

Krishnaji: Bây giờ, tại sao những bậc thánh hiền, theo điều gì bạn đã trình bày, nói rằng, “Bạn phải trải nghiệm cái đó, bạn phải là cái đó, bạn phải nhận ra cái đó”?

Swamiji: Họ đã không nói , “Bạn phải” . . .

Krishnaji: Diễn tả nó bằng bất kỳ cách nào bạn thích. Tại sao họ phải nói tất cả những việc này? Tại sao không tốt đẹp hơn khi nói rằng, “Hãy nhìn đây, những người bạn của tôi, hãy loại bỏ sợ hãi của bạn đi. Hãy loại bỏ những thù hận ghê tởm của bạn, hãy loại bỏ tánh trẻ con của bạn, và khi bạn đã làm điều đó . . .”

Swamiji: . . . không còn gì nữa tồn tại.

Krishnaji: Không còn gì nữa. Bạn sẽ thấy được vẻ đẹp của nó. Vậy thì, bạn không phải hỏi.

Swamiji: Tuyệt, tuyệt!

Krishnaji: Bạn thấy đó, thưa bạn, cách khác là một trạng thái đạo đức giả; nó dẫn đến đạo đức giả. “Tôi đang tìm kiếm Thượng đế”, nhưng tôi lại luôn luôn bêu xấu mọi người. (Tiếng cười).

Swamiji: Vâng, đó có thể là đạo đức giả.

Krishnaji: Nó là như vậy, nó là như vậy.

Swamiji: Điều đó tiếp tục dẫn tôi đến một câu hỏi cuối cùng và có lẽ rất bất kính.

Krishnaji: Không, thưa bạn, không có bất kính.

Swamiji: Tôi không đang nịnh nọt ông, cũng không đang chê trách ông, KRISHNAJI, khi tôi nói rằng nó là một trải nghiệm tuyệt vời khi ngồi gần ông và nói chuyện cùng ông như thế này. Thông điệp của ông thật vĩ đại, và ông đã nói trong hơn bốn mươi năm về những sự việc mà ông nghĩ là rất quan trọng cho con người. Bây giờ ba câu hỏi. Ông có nghĩ rằng một con người có thể chuyển tải nó cho một người khác? Vẫn vậy ông có nghĩ rằng những người khác có thể chuyển tải nó cho những người khác? Nếu như thế, làm thế nào đây?

Krishnaji: Chuyển tải cái gì, thưa bạn?

Swamiji: Thông điệp này mà ông đã hiến dâng suốt cuộc đời của ông cho nó. Ông gọi nó là gì? – Ông có lẽ gọi nó là thông điệp.

Krishnaji: Vâng, hãy gọi nó là cái gì bạn thích. Điều đó không đặt thành vấn đề. Tôi là – người mà đang nói, ông ta có đang chuyển tải một thông điệp, ông ta có đang nói cho bạn một thông điệp hay không?

Swamiji: Không. Ông có lẽ gọi nó là một thức dậy, một nghi vấn…

Krishnaji: Không, không. Tôi đang hỏi, thưa bạn. Chỉ thấy nó.

Swamiji: Tôi nghĩ rằng chúng tôi cảm thấy như thế, những người lắng nghe . . .

Krishnaji: Ông ta đang nói gì vậy? Ông ta nói rằng, “Hãy thấy, hãy thấy bạn.”

Swamiji: Chính xác.

KRISHNAJI: Không còn gì thêm nữa.

Swamiji: Không còn gì thêm nữa là cốt lõi.

KRISHNAJI: Không còn gì thêm nữa là cốt lõi. Tự thấy chính bạn. Quan sát chính bạn. Thâm nhập vào chính bạn bởi vì trong tình trạng như chúng ta là hiện nay, chúng ta sẽ tạo ra một thế giới kỳ quái. Bạn có lẽ đi đến mặt trăng, bạn có lẽ đi xa hơn nữa, đến sao Venus, sao Mars và tất cả những vì sao khác, nhưng bạn sẽ luôn luôn chuyển bạn đến đằng đó. Đầu tiên hãy thay đổi chính mình! Hãy thay đổi chính bạn – không phải đầu tiên – thay đổi chính bạn. Vì vậy muốn thay đổi, hãy thấy chính bạn, thâm nhập vào chính bạn – quan sát, lắng nghe, học hỏi. Đó không là một thông điệp. Bạn có thể tự thực hiện nó nếu bạn muốn.

Swamiji: Nhưng một ai đó phải nói . . .

KRISHNAJI: Tôi đang nói với bạn. Tôi nói rằng, "Hãy nhìn, hãy nhìn cái cây tuyệt vời này; hãy nhìn bông hoa African đẹp đẽ này."

Swamiji: Trước khi ông nói điều đó, tôi đã không nhìn nó.

KRISHNAJI: A! Tại sao vậy?

Swamiji: (Tiếng cười)

KRISHNAJI: Tại sao? Nó ở đó, quanh bạn.

Swamiji: Vâng.

KRISHNAJI: Tại sao bạn đã không nhìn?

Swamiji: Có thể có cả ngàn câu trả lời.

KRISHNAJI: Không, không. Tôi đã yêu cầu bạn nhìn bông hoa đó. Bằng cách yêu cầu bạn nhìn bông hoa đó, bạn có nhìn bông hoa đó không?

Swamiji: Tôi có cơ hội, vâng.

KRISHNAJI: Không. Bạn có thực sự nhìn bông hoa đó bởi vì ai đó yêu cầu bạn nhìn hay không?

Swamiji: Không.

KRISHNAJI: Không, bạn không thể. Đó là như thế. Tôi nói với bạn, "Bạn đói." Bạn có đói bởi vì tôi nói câu đó hay không?

Swamiji: Không.

KRISHNAJI: Bạn biết khi bạn đói, và tuy nhiên bạn lại muốn ai đó yêu cầu bạn nhìn một bông hoa.

Swamiji: Tôi có lẽ biết khi tôi đói, nhưng chính là người mẹ mà bảo cho tôi biết thức ăn ở đâu?

KRISHNAJI: Không, không. Chúng ta không đang nói về thức ăn đang ở đâu, nhưng chúng ta đang nói “đói ”. Bạn biết khi bạn đói. Nhưng tại sao ai đó phải yêu cầu bạn nhìn một bông hoa?

Swamiji: Bởi vì tôi không đói để khao khát nhìn bông hoa.

KRISHNAJI: Tại sao không?

Swamiji: Tôi thỏa mãn với một cái gì khác.

KRISHNAJI: Không. Tại sao bạn không đang nhìn bông hoa đó? Trước hết tôi nghĩ rằng thiên nhiên không có giá trị gì cho hầu hết chúng ta. Chúng ta nói rằng, “Ồ, tôi có thể nhìn cái cây đó bất kỳ lúc nào tôi muốn.” Đó là một việc. Cũng vậy, chúng ta quá tập trung vào những phiền muộn riêng của chúng ta, những hy vọng riêng của chúng ta, những ham muốn và những trải nghiệm riêng của chúng ta, đến độ chúng ta tự khóa chặt chính mình trong một cái cũi của suy nghĩ riêng của chúng ta; và chúng ta không nhìn vượt khỏi nó. Ông ta nói rằng, “Đừng làm việc đó. Hãy nhìn mọi thứ và nhờ vào nhìn mọi thứ bạn sẽ khám phá cái cũi của bạn.” Đó là tất cả.

Swamiji: Đó không là một thông điệp hay sao?

KRISHNAJI: Nó không là một thông điệp trong ý nghĩa . . .

Swamiji: Không.

KRISHNAJI: Không thành vấn đề bạn gọi nó là gì – hãy gọi nó là một thông điệp đi. Được rồi. Tôi bảo cho bạn điều đó. Bạn đùa giỡn với nó, hay bạn thâu nhận nó rất nghiêm túc. Và nếu nó rất nghiêm túc với bạn, theo tự nhiên bạn bạn sẽ nói về nó cho một ai đó. Bạn không phải nói rằng, “Tôi sẽ truyền bá về nó . . .”

Swamiji: Không, không.

KRISHNAJI: Bạn sẽ nói rằng, “Hãy nhìn vẻ đẹp của những bông hoa kia.”

Swamiji: Vâng.

KRISHNAJI: Bạn nói điều đó. Và con người không lắng nghe bạn. Và đó kìa – chấm dứt! Vậy là sự truyền bá có cần thiết phải không?

Swamiji: Truyền bá, thưa Ông.

KRISHNAJI: Vâng, truyền bá, chính là từ ngữ đó – truyền bá.

Swamiji: Vâng. Chúng ta đang nói về bốn mươi năm nói chuyện này . . .

KRISHNAJI: . . . nhiều hơn bốn mươi năm . . .

Swamiji: Vâng, hàng triệu người đã và đang nói trong nhiều thế kỷ, đang lãng phí . . . của họ.

KRISHNAJI: Chúng ta đã nói, vâng. Chúng ta đã và đang truyền bá . . .

Swamiji: . . . một cái gì đó rất quan trọng, mà tôi chắc ông coi là rất quan trọng.

KRISHNAJI: Nếu không tôi sẽ không tiếp tục.

Swamiji: Tôi đã đọc một số quyển sách mà ông đã xuất bản, nhưng cái trải nghiệm khi đang ngồi và đang nói chuyện với ông này . . .

KRISHNAJI: . . . khác hẳn đọc một quyển sách.

Swamiji: Hoàn toàn, hoàn toàn, khác hẳn!

KRISHNAJI: Tôi đồng ý.

Swamiji: Đêm qua tôi đã đọc một quyển và đã có được một chút ý nghĩa. Làm thế nào người ta tạo ra việc đó được?

KRISHNAJI: Bạn là một người nghiêm túc, và một người nghiêm túc khác có một sự tiếp xúc, có một sự liên hệ, có một đến gần nhau trong trạng thái nghiêm túc. Nhưng nếu bạn không nghiêm túc, bạn sẽ chỉ nói rằng, “Ồ, thật vui khi nói về tất cả những điều này, nhưng nó dẫn đến đâu?” – và bỏ đi.

Swamiji: Vâng.

KRISHNAJI: Chắc chắn, thưa bạn, với bất kỳ loại liên hệ nào mà muốn có ý nghĩa phải có một gặp gỡ ở cùng mức độ, cùng thời điểm, cùng mãnh liệt, nếu không không có sự chuyển tải, không có liên hệ. Và có lẽ đó là điều gì xảy ra khi chúng ta đang ngồi đây. Bởi vì một người cảm thấy sự khẩn cấp của cái gì đó cùng sự mãnh liệt của nó, có một sự liên hệ được thiết lập mà hoàn toàn khác hẳn khi đọc một quyển sách.

Swamiji: Một quyển sách không có sự sống.

KRISHNAJI: Những từ ngữ được in không có sự sống, nhưng bạn có thể cho sự sống vào những từ ngữ được in nếu bạn nghiêm túc.

Swamiji: Vì vậy làm thế nào nó tiếp tục từ đó?

KRISHNAJI: Từ đó bạn nói, liệu có thể chuyển tải sang người khác cái chất lượng khẩn cấp này, cái chất lượng mãnh liệt này, và hành động mà xảy ra ngay lúc này?

Swamiji: . . . thực sự ngay lúc này.

KRISHNAJI: Vâng, không phải ngày mai hay ngày hôm qua.

Swamiji: Hành động, mà có nghĩa quan sát tại cùng mức độ.

KRISHNAJI: Và luôn luôn đang vận hành – đang thấy và đang hành động, đang thấy, đang hành động, đang thấy, đang hành động.

Swamiji: Vâng.

KRISHNAJI: Làm thế nào việc này xảy ra được? Trước hết, thưa bạn, như chúng ta đã nói ngày hôm qua, hầu hết mọi người đều không quan tâm đến tất cả việc này. Họ đùa giỡn với nó. Có rất, rất ít người thực sự nghiêm túc. Chín mươi lăm phần trăm đều nói rằng, “Ồ, nếu ông đang giải trí điều đó được thôi, nhưng nếu ông không giải trí, ông không được nghinh đón” – giải trí, theo ý tưởng giải trí của họ. Vậy thì bạn sẽ làm gì? Biết rằng chỉ có rất, rất ít người trong thế giới này thực sự nghiêm túc, bạn sẽ làm gì? Bạn nói với họ, và bạn nói với những người muốn được giải trí. Nhưng bạn không quan tâm liệu họ có lắng nghe hay không lắng nghe bạn.

Swamiji: Cám ơn ông, cám ơn ông.

KRISHNAJI: Tôi không nói, “Đối với những người cần những cái nạng, hãy đưa cho họ những cái nạng!”

Swamiji: Không.

KRISHNAJI: Cũng không đối với những người muốn thanh thản, một hướng đi của tẩu thoát, “Hãy đi một nơi nào đó khác . . .”

Swamiji: . . . đến khách sạn Palace! . . .

KRISHNAJI: Thưa bạn, tôi nghĩ, có lẽ đó là điều gì xảy ra trong tất cả những tôn giáo này, tất cả những người tạm gọi là đạo sư. Họ đã nói rằng, “Tôi phải giúp đỡ người này, người kia, người khác.”

Swamiji: Vâng.

KRISHNAJI: Những người dốt nát, những người hơi dốt nát, và những người rất thông minh. Mỗi người phải có một món ăn riêng đặc biệt của họ. Họ có lẽ đã nói điều đó; tôi không quan tâm. Tôi chỉ đưa ra bông hoa, hãy để cho họ ngửi nó, hãy để cho họ dập nát nó, hãy để cho họ nấu nướng nó, hãy để cho họ xé nó ra nhiều mảnh. Tôi không phải làm gì với nó cả.

Swamiji: Ồ, họ tôn vinh thái độ khác đó, lý tưởng Bodhisattva.

KRISHNAJI: Lại nữa, lý tưởng Bodhisattva – nó không là một sáng chế, của riêng chúng ta, niềm hy vọng vô vọng, ham muốn cho một loại thanh thản đó hay sao? Matraiya Bodhisattva, ý tưởng rằng Ngài đã từ bỏ cái Tối thượng trong cuộc sống, sự khai sáng và đang chờ đợi tất cả con người . . .

Swamiji: Cám ơn ông.

* * *

KRISHNAJI: Vedanta là gì?

Swamiji: Từ ngữ đó có nghĩa là, “Sự kết thúc của Vedas” . . . Không phải trong cái cách của “chấm câu”.

KRISHNAJI: Sự kết thúc của tất cả hiểu biết.

Swamiji: Hoàn toàn đúng, hoàn hoàn đúng. Vâng, sự kết thúc của hiểu biết; nơi mà hiểu biết không còn được đặt thành vấn đề nữa.

KRISHNAJI: Vì vậy, hãy rời bỏ nó.

Swamiji: Vâng.

KRISHNAJI: Tại sao không tiến tới từ đó để diễn tả điều gì nó không là?

Swamiji: Khi tôi đang ngồi và đang lắng nghe ông, tôi đã nghĩ về một bậc thánh hiền khác được nói rằng đã đi đến một con người vĩ đại hơn. Ông ấy hỏi, “Nhìn kìa cái trí của tôi luôn luôn khuấy động; làm ơn hãy bảo cho tôi biết tôi phải làm gì đây?” Và con người vĩ đại trả lời, “Hãy cho tôi danh sách điều gì ông đã biết rồi, để cho tôi có thể tiến tới từ đó.”Ông ấy nói, “Ồ, sẽ phải mất thời gian nhiều lắm, bởi vì tôi có tất cả những công thức, tất cả những câu nói, tất cả việc đó.” Con người vĩ đại trả lời, “Nhưng đó chỉ là một bộ của những từ ngữ. Tất cả những từ ngữ kia được chứa đựng trong những quyển từ điển, nó không có ý nghĩa gì cả. Lúc này ông biết cái gì?” Bậc thánh hiền trả lời, “Đó là điều gì tôi biết. Tôi không biết bất kỳ điều gì khác nữa.”

KRISHNAJI: Vedanta, như nó nói, có nghĩa là sự kết thúc của hiểu biết.

Swamiji: Vâng, nó tuyệt vời. Tôi không bao giờ nghe được như thế trước kia. “Sự kết thúc của hiểu biết.”

KRISHNAJI: Tự do khỏi hiểu biết.

Swamiji: Vâng đúng như thế.

KRISHNAJI: Vậy thì tại sao họ không theo như vậy?

Swamiji: Quan điểm của họ là bạn phải trải qua nó với mục đích vượt khỏi nó.

KRISHNAJI: Trải qua cái gì?

Swamiji: Trải qua tất cả hiểu biết này, tất cả hỗn tạp này, rồi sau đó loại bỏ nó.

PARIVEDYA LOKAN LOKAJITAN

BRAHMANO NIRVEDAMAYAT

Đó là, "Sau khi tìm hiểu tất cả những điều này và phát hiện rằng chúng không có ích gì cho bạn, vậy thì bạn phải loại bỏ nó."

KRISHNAJI: Vậy thì tại sao tôi phải đạt được nó? Nếu Vedanta có nghĩa rằng sự kết thúc của hiểu biết, mà chính từ ngữ đó có nghĩa, sự kết thúc của Vedas, mà là hiểu biết – vậy thì tại sao tôi phải trải qua tất cả qui trình nhọc nhằn để thâu lượm hiểu biết, và sau đó loại bỏ nó đi?

Swamiji: Nếu không như vậy ông sẽ không ở trong Vedanta. Sự kết thúc của hiểu biết là, khi đã đạt được hiểu biết này, đi đến kết thúc của nó.

KRISHNAJI: Tại sao tôi phải đạt được nó?

Swamiji: Ồ, để cho nó có thể được kết thúc.

KRISHNAJI: Không, không. Tại sao tôi phải đạt được nó? Tại sao, từ ngay khởi đầu, tôi không thấy hiểu biết là gì và loại bỏ nó?

Swamiji: Thấy hiểu biết là gì?

KRISHNAJI: Và loại bỏ, loại bỏ tất cả việc đó: không bao giờ tích lũy. Vedanta có nghĩa là sự kết thúc của tích lũy hiểu biết.

Swamiji: Đó là nó. Điều đó đúng.

KRISHNAJI: Vậy thì tại sao tôi phải tích lũy?

Swamiji: Có lẽ, để trải qua.

KRISHNAJI: Trải qua à? Tại sao tôi phải? Tôi biết ngọn lửa cháy. Tôi biết khi nào tôi đói, khi nào tôi phải ăn. Tôi biết tôi không được đánh bạn; tôi không đánh bạn. Tôi không trải qua qui trình đánh bạn, đang thâu lượm hiểu biết rằng tôi sẽ bị đánh lại. Vì vậy tôi xóa sạch mỗi ngày. Tôi tự làm tự do chính tôi khỏi cái gì tôi đã học hỏi, mỗi giây phút. Vì vậy mỗi giây phút là sự kết thúc của hiểu biết.

Swamiji: Vâng, đúng.

KRISHNAJI: Bây giờ bạn và tôi chấp nhận điều đó, đó là một sự thật, đó là cách duy nhất để sống – nếu không bạn không thể sống. Vậy thì tại sao họ đã nói rằng, "Bạn phải trải qua mọi hiểu biết, trải qua tất cả việc này?" Tại sao họ không bảo với tôi, "Hãy nhìn người bạn của tôi ơi, bởi vì bạn sống ngày này sang ngày khác đang thâu lượm hiểu biết, hãy kết thúc nó mỗi ngày đi"? Không phải "Vedanta nói như thế và như thế".

Swamiji: Không, không.

KRISHNAJI: Hãy sống cùng nó!

Swamiji: Hoàn toàn đúng. Lại nữa sự phân chia, sự phân loại này.

KRISHNAJI: Đó chỉ là như thế. Chúng ta quay trở lại.

Swamiji: Quay trở lại.

KRISHNAJI: Chúng ta quay trở lại một mảnh vỡ, một phân chia của sự sống.

Swamiji: Vâng, nhưng tôi quá dốt nát, tôi không thể đến được đó; vì vậy tôi thích đạt được tất cả . . . này hơn.

KRISHNAJI: Vâng, rồi sau đó loại bỏ nó.

Swamiji: Trong những câu chuyện về tinh thần hay tôn giáo của Ấn độ, đã có những bậc thánh hiền sinh ra đã là những bậc thánh hiền: Ramana Maharishi, Shuka Maharishi, vân vân và vân vân. Ồ, họ được phép xóa sạch hiểu biết, ngay cả trước khi đạt được nó. Và dĩ nhiên trong những trường hợp của họ, sự biện hộ thường thường là họ đã làm tất cả việc đó trước kia rồi . . .

KRISHNAJI: Trong những cuộc đời quá khứ của họ.

Swamiji: Những cuộc đời quá khứ.

KRISHNAJI: Không, thưa bạn, ngoại trừ sự đạt được của hiểu biết và sự kết thúc của hiểu biết, Vedanta nói điều gì nữa?

Swamiji: Vedanta diễn tả sự liên hệ giữa cá thể và vũ trụ.

KRISHNAJI: Vĩnh cửu.

Swamiji: Vũ trụ hay Vô hạn, hay nó là gì chăng nữa. Nó bắt đầu rất hay:

ISAVASYAM IDAM SARVAM

YAT KIMCHA JAGATYAM JAGAT

"Cho đến khi toàn vũ trụ này được lan tỏa bởi . . . duy nhất đó."

KRISHNAJI: Việc duy nhất đó . . .

Swamiji: . . . và vân vân. Và rồi nó hầu như thế này, một đối thoại giữa người thầy và đệ tử của ông ấy.

KRISHNAJI: Thưa bạn, không kỳ lạ sao khi ở Ấn độ luôn luôn có người thầy và đệ tử này, người thầy và đệ tử?

Swamiji: Vâng – vị Đạo sư.

KRISHNAJI: Nhưng họ không bao giờ nói, "Bạn là người thầy cũng như người đệ tử."

Swamiji: Thỉnh thoảng họ đã nói.

KRISHNAJI: Nhưng luôn luôn kèm theo sự do dự, kèm theo sự sợ hãi. Nhưng tại sao? – nếu sự thật là, bạn là người thầy và bạn là người học trò. Trái lại bạn bị mất hút, nếu bạn lệ thuộc vào bất kỳ người nào khác. Đó là một sự thật. Và cũng vậy tôi muốn hỏi tại sao, trong những bài hát, trong văn chương Ấn độ giáo, họ đã ngợi khen vẻ đẹp của nhiên nhiên, cây cối, bông hoa, sông ngòi, chim chóc. Tại sao hầu hết con người ở Ấn độ không có cảm thấy cho tất cả việc đó?

Swamiji: Bởi vì họ chết rồi phải không?

KRISHNAJI: Tại sao vậy? Và tuy nhiên họ lại nói về vẻ đẹp, văn chương, họ trích dẫn Sanskrit, và chính Sanskrit lại là ngôn ngữ tuyệt vời nhất.

Swamiji: Họ không có cảm thấy cho . . .

KRISHNAJI: Và không có cảm thấy cho người nghèo khó.

Swamiji: Vâng, đó là bi kịch tồi tệ nhất trong tất cả.

KRISHNAJI: Cũng không có cảm thấy cho sự tồi tàn, cho sự bẩn thỉu.

Swamiji: Và thiên đàng biết rõ họ nhận được ý tưởng này từ đâu bởi vì nó không tìm thấy được trong bất kỳ quyển kinh thánh nào. Điều đó có nghĩa rằng chúng ta đang lặp lại những quyển kinh mà không nhận ra ý nghĩa của chúng.

KRISHNAJI: Đó là như vậy.

Swamiji: Krishna:

ISVARAH SARVABHUTANAM

HRIDDESSERJUNA TISTHATI

“Tôi đã được ngự trong những tâm hồn của tất cả những sinh vật.” Không một ai băn khoăn về những tâm hồn của tất cả những sinh vật. Ông nghĩ điều gì là nguyên nhân? Họ lặp lại nó hàng ngày, mỗi buổi sáng họ được yêu cầu lặp lại một chương của kinh Bhagavad Gita.

KRISHNAJI: Mỗi buổi sáng họ thực hiện những nghi lễ và lặp lại những sự việc.

Swamiji: Bây giờ tại sao những câu kinh đã mất đi ý nghĩa của chúng rồi? Rõ ràng ý nghĩa vĩ đại được đưa vào những từ ngữ bởi những tác giả. Thậm chí chúng ta được yêu cầu lặp lại hằng ngày với mục đích chúng ta có lẽ giữ được chúng . . .

KRISHNAJI: Sinh động.

Swamiji: Giữ chúng sinh động. Khi nào và làm thế nào tôi đã giết chết cái tinh thần? Làm thế nào nó có thể xảy ra được? Làm thế nào ngăn cản được nó?

KRISHNAJI: Bạn nghĩ lý do là gì, thưa bạn? Không, bạn biết tiếng Ấn độ giỏi hơn.

Swamiji: Tôi bị choáng váng bởi nó.

KRISHNAJI: Tại sao bạn nghĩ nó xảy ra? Nó là do dư thừa dân số hay sao?

Swamiji: Không, dư thừa dân số là một kết quả, không phải nguyên nhân.

KRISHNAJI: Vâng, có phải rằng họ đã chấp nhận truyền thống này, uy quyền này . . .

Swamiji: Nhưng truyền thống nói điều gì đó tốt lành.

KRISHNAJI: Nhưng họ đã chấp nhận nó. Họ không bao giờ nghi vấn nó. Thưa bạn, tôi đã thấy những bậc Cao học và Cử nhân ở Ấn độ, họ đã đậu những mảnh bằng, rất thông minh, sáng láng – nhưng họ không biết làm thế nào để đặt một bông hoa trên một cái bàn. Họ không biết gì ngoại trừ ký ức, ký ức, sự vun quén ký ức. Đó không là một trong những nguyên nhân hay sao?

Swamiji: Có lẽ. Chỉ toàn ghi nhớ.

KRISHNAJI: Ghi nhớ mọi thứ.

Swamiji: Mà không suy nghĩ. Tại sao con người lại từ chối suy nghĩ?

KRISHNAJI: Ồ, đó là sự khác biệt – lười biếng, sợ hãi, luôn luôn muốn muốn dẫm lên lối mòn truyền thống để cho anh ấy không đi sai lầm.

Swamiji: Nhưng chúng ta đã loại bỏ truyền thống mà họ nói đã không còn phù hợp cho chúng ta.

KRISHNAJI: Dĩ nhiên. Nhưng chúng ta tìm ra một truyền thống mới mà phù hợp với chúng ta – chúng ta được an toàn.

Swamiji: Chúng ta đã không bao giờ cảm thấy truyền thống lành mạnh là một truyền thống tốt lành phải được giữ gìn.

KRISHNAJI: Hãy quẳng đi mọi truyền thống! Chúng ta hãy tìm ra, thưa bạn, liệu những người thầy, những vị đạo sư và những bậc thánh hiền này, đã thực sự giúp đỡ con người hay không? Marx có thực sự giúp đỡ con người hay không?

Swamiji: Không.

KRISHNAJI: Họ đã áp đặt những ý tưởng của họ vào con người.

Swamiji: Và những người khác đã sử dụng cùng những ý tưởng. . .

KRISHNAJI: Vì vậy tôi nghi vấn toàn bộ sự việc này, bởi vì họ không thực sự quan tâm đến hạnh phúc của con người.

Swamiji: Mặc dù họ nói như thế.

KRISHNAJI: Nếu những người theo chủ nghĩa Marx và tất cả những người lãnh đạo Soviet thực sự quan tâm đến con người vậy thì sẽ không có những trại tập trung. Sẽ có tự do. Sẽ không có những biện pháp đàn áp.

Swamiji: Nhưng tôi đoán họ suy nghĩ rằng, chúng ta phải bỏ tù những người điên khùng . . .

KRISHNAJI: Đó là như thế. Người điên khùng là một người mà nghi ngờ uy quyền của tôi.

Swamiji: Người cai trị của ngày hôm qua có lẽ là người điên khùng của ngày hôm nay.

KRISHNAJI: Điều đó luôn luôn xảy ra, điều đó không thể tránh khỏi, đó là lý do tại sao tôi đang hỏi, liệu không quan trọng phải thúc đẩy con người, một con người, nhận ra rằng anh ấy là người duy nhất chịu trách nhiệm hay sao.

Swamiji: Mỗi một người.

KRISHNAJI: Tuyệt đối! Cho điều gì anh ấy làm, điều gì anh ấy suy nghĩ, điều gì anh ấy hành động. Nếu không chúng ta kết thúc trong ghi nhớ này, và sự tối tăm hoàn toàn này.

Swamiji: Đó là thông điệp của ông. Và làm thế nào bám chặt được nó?

KRISHNAJI: Bằng cách thúc đẩy nó mỗi ngày (Tiếng cười). Và thúc đẩy nó vào chính anh ấy. Bởi vì con người quá hăm hở để đẩy trách nhiệm của anh ấy qua những người khác. Quân đội là nơi tẩu thoát an toàn nhất – bạn được bảo phải làm gì. Bạn không có bất kỳ trách nhiệm nào. Tất cả đều đã được lên kế hoạch sẵn, bạn sẽ làm gì, bạn nên suy nghĩ như thế nào, hành động mang khẩu súng của bạn, bạn bắn như thế nào – và hết! Họ cung cấp cho bạn một bữa ăn, chỗ ngủ, và muốn ái ân bạn có thể đi đến ngôi làng. Đó là sự chấm dứt của nó. Và lạ lùng thay họ lại nói về Nghiệp.

Swamiji: Đó là Nghiệp. PRARABDHA KARMA

KRISHNAJI: Họ đổ lỗi cho Nghiệp.

Swamiji: Đó là Nghiệp – tôi là một người Brahmin, và tôi biết việc gì đã xảy ra. Chúng ta đùa giỡn với Nghiệp đó và tiếp theo nó trở lại tác động vào chúng ta.

KRISHNAJI: Tạo nên những thảm khốc hiện nay ở Ấn độ.

Swamiji: Chúng ta đùa giỡn với ý tưởng về nghiệp và chúng ta đã nói rằng: nó là Nghiệp của bạn, bạn phải chịu đựng. Nghiệp của tôi là tốt lành và vì vậy tôi thoát khỏi tất cả việc đó; tôi là một ông chủ đất. Và bây giờ họ đã lật ngược những cái bàn lại.

KRISHNAJI: Hoàn toàn đúng.

Swamiji: Một người ăn chay – bà ấy là một người ăn chay cuồng tín – đã hỏi tôi, “Liệu sự ăn chay thuần túy có cần thiết cho luyện tập yoga hay không?” Tôi đã trả lời rằng, “Không quan trọng lắm đâu. Chúng ta hãy nói về điều nào đó khác đi.” Và bà ta kinh hãi. Bà ấy đã quay lại gặp tôi và hỏi, “Làm thế nào ông có thể nói điều đó được? Ông không thể nói rằng sự ăn chay có giá trị phụ. Ông phải nói rằng nó có giá trị chính.” Tôi đã trả lời, “Hãy tha thứ cho tôi – tôi đã nói điều gì đó, nhưng nó không đặt thành vấn đề đâu.” Sau đó tôi hỏi bà ấy, “Bà có tin tưởng chiến tranh, những lực lượng phòng vệ, đang bảo vệ quốc gia của bạn và vân vân hay không?” Bà ấy đã trả lời, “Có chứ, “nếu không làm thế nào chúng ta có thể sống được – chúng ta phải tin tưởng.” Tôi hỏi lại, “Nếu tôi gọi bà là kẻ ăn thịt người, bà phản ứng thế nào với câu nói đó? Người đàn ông này giết con thú nhỏ để duy trì cuộc sống của anh ấy, nhưng bà đang giết con người để duy trì cuộc sống của chính bà. Giống như một con thú ăn thịt.” Bà ấy không thích điều đó – nhưng tôi nghĩ sau này bà ấy sẽ hiểu rõ ý nghĩa.

KRISHNAJI: Tốt.

Swamiji: Thật tuyệt vời. Người ta không muốn suy nghĩ. Và tôi giả sử với ông, KRISHNAJI, nếu ông nói sự thật, ông trở nên rất không được ưa chuộng. Một vị giáo sĩ đã nói rằng:

APRIYASYA TU PATHYASYA VAKTA SROTA NA VIDYATE

Rất hay! “Người ta thích nghe những sự việc dễ chịu; dễ chịu để nói và dễ chịu để nghe.”

SAANEN

Ngày 26 tháng bảy năm 1969

[1] Alain Naudé, nhạc sĩ, trong sáu năm liên hệ gần gũi với K như thư ký và phụ tá của ông, và (như ông nói) trên tất cả như người học trò của ông. Lúc này đang sống ở Mỹ.

V – Ba nói chuyện ở Madras

– 1 – NGHỆ THUẬT THẤY

Thấy, không từng phần nhưng tổng thể. “Động thái thấy là sự thật duy nhất.” Chỉ một mảnh của cái trí vô hạn được sử dụng. Ảnh hưởng gây tách rời của văn hóa, truyền thống. “Sống trong một góc nhỏ của một cánh đồng đã bị biến dạng. “Bạn không thể hiểu rõ qua một mảnh vỡ.” Tự do khỏi “cái góc nhỏ”. Vẻ đẹp của thấy.

Ngày hôm trước chúng ta đã nói quan sát là rất quan trọng. Nó hoàn toàn là một nghệ thuật mà người ta phải chú ý rất nhiều. Chúng ta chỉ thấy rất từng phần, chúng ta không bao giờ thấy trọn vẹn bất kỳ cái gì, bằng tánh tổng thể của cái trí chúng ta, hay bằng sự trọn vẹn của tâm hồn chúng ta. Và nếu chúng ta không học hỏi nghệ thuật lạ thường này, đối với tôi dường như chúng ta đang vận hành, đang sống, qua một phần rất nhỏ của cái trí chúng ta, qua một mảnh nhỏ của bộ não. Chúng ta không bao giờ thấy bất kỳ cái gì trọn vẹn, vì những lý do khác nhau, bởi vì chúng ta quan tâm quá nhiều đến những vấn đề riêng của chúng ta, hay chúng ta quá bị quy định, quá bị chất đầy bởi niềm tin, bởi truyền thống, bởi quá khứ, đến độ việc này thực sự ngăn cản chúng ta thấy hay lắng nghe. Chúng ta không bao giờ thấy một cái cây, chúng ta thấy cái cây qua hình ảnh chúng ta có về nó, ý tưởng về cái cây đó; nhưng ý tưởng, hiểu biết, trải nghiệm, hoàn toàn khác hẳn cái cây thực sự. Ở đây người ta được vây quanh bởi rất nhiều cây cối, may mắn thay, và nếu bạn quan sát quanh bạn, khi người nói đang tiếp tục chủ đề thấy, nếu bạn thực sự quan sát nó, bạn sẽ phát giác rằng thấy nó trọn vẹn là một điều khó khăn cực kỳ, để cho không có hình ảnh, không có bức màn, xuất hiện giữa thấy và sự kiện thực sự. Làm ơn hãy thực hiện việc này, đừng nhìn tôi – hãy quan sát cái cây, tìm ra liệu bạn có thể thấy nó trọn vẹn hay không. Bằng trọn vẹn tôi có ý nói rằng với tánh tổng thể của cái trí và tâm hồn của bạn, không phải một mảnh vỡ của nó, bởi vì chiều nay điều gì chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu đòi hỏi sự quan sát như thế, thấy như thế, nếu bạn không thực sự thực hiện việc này (không phải là phỏng đoán, lý luận hay tạo ra những chủ đề khác nhau mà chẳng liên quan gì cả) tôi e rằng bạn không thể theo sát điều gì chúng ta sắp sửa cùng nhau tìm hiểu.

Chúng ta không bao giờ thấy, hay thực sự nghe, điều gì người khác đang nói; chúng ta hoặc là đầy cảm giác, cảm tính hay rất trí năng – mà rõ ràng là ngăn cản chúng ta thực sự không thấy được màu sắc, vẻ đẹp của ánh sáng, cây cối, chim chóc, và không lắng nghe những con quạ kia; chúng ta không bao giờ liên hệ trực tiếp với bất kỳ sự việc gì. Và tôi nghi ngờ rất nhiều, liệu chúng ta có liên hệ với bất kỳ thứ gì hay không, thậm chí với những ý tưởng, những tư tưởng, những động cơ, những ấn tượng riêng của chúng ta; luôn luôn có cái hình ảnh mà đang quan sát, ngay cả khi chúng ta quan sát chính chúng ta.

Vì vậy điều cốt lõi là phải hiểu rõ rằng động thái thấy là sự thật duy nhất; không còn gì khác nữa. Nếu tôi biết làm thế nào để thấy một cái cây, hay một con chim, hay một khuôn mặt dễ thương, hay nụ cười của một em bé – nó kìa, tôi không phải làm bất kỳ điều gì nữa. Nhưng thấy con chim đó, chiếc lá đó, lắng nghe tiếng ríu rít của chim chóc, trở nên hầu như không thể được bởi vì cái hình ảnh mà người ta đã dựng lên, không chỉ về thiên nhiên nhưng cũng còn về những người khác. Và những hình ảnh này thực sự ngăn cản chúng ta không thấy và cảm thấy; cảm thấy hoàn toàn khác hẳn cảm giác và cảm tính.

Và, như chúng ta đã nói, chúng ta thấy mọi thứ theo từng mảnh và chúng ta được đào tạo từ thời niên thiếu để nhìn, để quan sát, để học hỏi, để sống trong một mảnh vỡ. Và còn có sự vô hạn của cái trí mà chúng ta không bao giờ tiếp xúc hay biết được; cái trí đó rộng lớn, không thể đo lường được, nhưng chúng ta không bao giờ tiếp xúc được nó, chúng ta không biết được chất lượng của nó bởi vì chúng ta không bao giờ nhìn vào bất kỳ cái gì một cách trọn vẹn, bằng tánh tổng thể của cái trí chúng ta, của quả tim chúng ta, của hệ thần kinh chúng ta, của đôi mắt chúng ta, của đôi tai chúng ta. Đối với chúng ta từ ngữ, ý tưởng là quan trọng cực kỳ, không phải những động thái thấy và làm. Nhưng khi có ý niệm, mà là một niềm tin, một ý tưởng – vì có cái này – sống theo ý niệm, ngăn cản chúng ta thấy thực sự, làm thực sự. Và vì vậy chúng ta nói rằng chúng ta có những vấn đề về hành động, về làm gì và không làm gì, và xung đột xảy ra giữa hành động và ý tưởng.

Làm ơn hãy quan sát điều gì tôi đang nói, không chỉ nghe những từ ngữ của người nói, nhưng tự quan sát chính bạn, sử dụng người nói như cái gương mà trong đó bạn có thể thấy chính bạn. Điều gì người nói phải trình bày không có tầm quan trọng bao nhiêu, và chính người nói cũng không quan trọng gì cả, nhưng điều gì bạn thâu lượm được từ tự quan sát chính mình mới quan trọng. Nó là như thế bởi vì phải có một cách mạng tổng thể, một thay đổi cơ bản trong những cái trí của chúng ta, trong cách sống của chúng ta, trong cảm thấy của chúng ta, trong những hoạt động hàng ngày của cuộc sống chúng ta. Và để tạo ra một cách mạng sâu thẳm, cơ bản như thế, chỉ có thể được khi chúng ta biết làm thế nào để thấy; bởi vì khi bạn thấy, bạn không chỉ đang thấy bằng đôi mắt của bạn nhưng bạn còn đang thấy bằng cái trí của bạn. Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn có khi nào lái một chiếc xe hơi; nếu bạn đang lái xe bạn không chỉ ý thức bằng mắt được chiếc xe đang đến gần, nhưng cái trí của bạn còn ở xa xa để canh chừng khúc quẹo của con đường, con đường phía bên kia, những chiếc xe khác đang chạy cùng chiều và ngược chiều. Và thấy này không chỉ là thấy qua đôi mắt và hệ thần kinh của bạn, nhưng thấy bằng quả tim của bạn, bằng cái trí của bạn, và bạn không thể thấy trọn vẹn theo lối này nếu bạn đang sống, đang vận hành, đang suy nghĩ, đang hành động trong một mảnh vỡ của cái trí tổng thể.

Hãy quan sát điều gì đang xảy ra trong thế giới – chúng ta đang bị quy định bởi xã hội, bởi văn hóa trong đó chúng ta sống, và văn hóa đó là sản phẩm của con người – không có gì thiêng liêng, hay thần thánh, hay vĩnh cửu về văn hóa. Văn hóa, xã hội, sách báo, máy thu thanh, tất cả những thứ mà chúng ta lắng nghe và nhìn thấy, những ảnh hưởng của chúng mà chúng ta hoặc ý thức được hoặc không ý thức được, tất cả việc này khuyến khích chúng ta sống trong một mảnh rất nhỏ thuộc cánh đồng bao la của cái trí. Bạn trải qua trường trung học, cao đẳng, và học một phương pháp kỹ thuật để kiếm sống; trong bốn mươi, năm mươi năm kế tiếp bạn dành hết cuộc đời của bạn, thời gian của bạn, năng lượng của bạn, tư tưởng của bạn, trong lãnh vực nhỏ xíu chuyên dụng đó. Và có lãnh vực bao la của cái trí. Nếu chúng ta không tạo ra một thay đổi cơ bản trong sự phân chia này, không thể có cách mạng gì cả; sẽ chỉ có những bổ sung, thuộc kinh tế, xã hội hay tạm gọi là văn hóa nhưng con người sẽ tiếp tục trải qua đau khổ, sẽ tiếp tục sống trong xung đột, trong chiến tranh, trong khốn khổ, trong phiền muộn và trong vô vọng.

Trước đây tôi không rõ liệu bạn có đọc trên báo chí, một trong những vị tướng của quân đội Liên xô đã báo cáo lên Nhà nước rằng trong quân đội họ đang huấn luyện những binh lính dưới dạng thôi miên như thế nào – bạn biết nó có nghĩa gì không? Bạn được đưa vào trạng thái bị thôi miên và được dạy cách giết người, cách vâng lời tuyệt đối, vận hành với sự độc lập hoàn toàn, nhưng trong một khuôn mẫu, dưới uy quyền của một người tối cao. Lúc này văn hóa và xã hội đang làm chính xác cùng một sự việc như thế đối với mỗi người trong chúng ta. Văn hóa và xã hội đã thôi miên các bạn. Làm ơn lắng nghe điều này rất cẩn thận, điều này không chỉ được thực hiện trong quân đội ở Liên xô, nhưng nó cũng đang được thực hiện khắp thế giới. Khi bạn đọc hoài kinh Gita, hay kinh Koran, hay lặp lại vài câu kinh nào đó, những từ ngữ nào đó được lặp lại liên tục, bạn sẽ làm chính xác cùng sự việc. Khi bạn nói rằng, “Tôi là một người Ấn độ giáo”, “Tôi là một người Phật giáo”, “Tôi là một người Hồi giáo”, “Tôi là một người Thiên chúa giáo”, cùng cái khuôn mẫu đang được lặp lại, bạn đã bị ghi nhớ, bạn đã bị thôi miên; và công nghệ cũng đang làm chính xác cùng sự việc. Bạn có thể là một luật sư tài giỏi, một kỹ sư hạng nhất, hay một họa sĩ, hay một nhà khoa học vĩ đại, nhưng luôn luôn trong một mảnh vỡ của tổng thể. Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn có thấy việc này, không phải bởi vì tôi diễn tả nó, nhưng thực sự nhìn thấy điều gì xảy ra. Người Cộng sản đang thực hiện nó, người Tư bản đang thực hiện nó, mọi người, những bậc phụ huynh, những trường học, giáo dục, tất cả đều đang định hình cái trí để vận hành trong một khuôn mẫu nào đó, một mảnh vỡ nào đó. Và chúng ta luôn luôn quan tâm tạo ra sự thay đổi trong khuôn mẫu đó, trong mảnh vỡ đó.

Vì vậy, làm thế nào người ta nhận ra điều này, không phải lý thuyết, không phải thuần túy như một ý tưởng, nhưng thấy sự thật của nó – bạn hiểu rõ chứ, thấy sự thật? Sự thật là điều gì đang xảy ra hàng ngày và được nói đến trên báo chí, bởi những nhà chính trị, qua văn hóa và truyền thống, trong gia đình, làm cho bạn phải gọi chính bạn là người Ấn độ, hay bất kỳ người nào bạn nghĩ bạn là. Tiếp theo khi bạn thấy, bạn phải tra hỏi chính mình (tôi chắc chắn bạn sẽ làm nếu bạn thấy nó), và đó là lý do tại sao hiểu rõ cách bạn thấy là điều rất quan trọng. Nếu bạn thực sự thấy nó, vậy thì câu hỏi sẽ là, “Làm thế nào cái trí tổng thể có thể hành động được?” (Tôi không có ý nói cái mảnh vỡ, không phải cái trí bị quy định, cũng không phải cái trí hiểu biết, có giáo dục, cái trí mà sợ hãi, cái trí mà nói rằng, “có Thượng đế” hay “không có Thượng đế”, “có gia đình của tôi, gia đình của bạn, quốc gia của tôi, quốc gia của bạn”. Vậy thì bạn sẽ hỏi, “Làm thế nào tánh tổng thể của cái trí này có thể hiện diện, làm thế nào nó có thể vận hành trọn vẹn, ngay cả khi đang học một phương pháp kỹ thuật. Mặc dù nó học một phương pháp kỹ thuật và sống trong sự liên hệ với những người khác, trong xã hội vô trật tự hiện nay – vì đang ấp ủ nghi vấn này trong cái trí, người ta phải hỏi câu hỏi căn bản này: "Làm thế nào tánh tổng thể của cái trí này có thể được trở nên nhạy cảm trọn vẹn, để cho một mảnh vỡ cũng trở thành nhạy cảm. Tôi không biết liệu bạn có hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi chưa, chúng ta sẽ bàn về nó trong một cách khác.

Hiện nay chúng ta không nhạy cảm, có những mảnh riêng trong cánh đồng này mà nhạy cảm, nhạy cảm khi cá tính riêng biệt của chúng ta, hay những đặc điểm riêng biệt của chúng ta, hay những vui thú riêng biệt của chúng ta bị khước từ – vậy thì có một trận chiến. Chúng ta nhạy cảm trong những mảnh vỡ, trong những phần riêng, nhưng chúng ta không nhạy cảm tổng thể; vì vậy câu hỏi là, "Làm thế nào cái mảnh vỡ, mà là một bộ phận của tổng thể, mà đang bị làm xơ cứng mỗi ngày, bởi sự lặp lại, làm thế nào cái mảnh vỡ đó cũng có thể được làm nhạy cảm như tổng thể?" Câu hỏi này khá rõ ràng rồi phải không. Làm ơn hãy nói cho tôi biết.

Có lẽ đây là một câu hỏi mới mẻ đối với bạn, có thể bạn chưa bao giờ tự hỏi chính mình về nó. Bởi vì trong mảnh vỡ nhỏ xíu đó của cánh đồng đó mà là sự sống của chúng ta, tất cả chúng ta đều thỏa mãn khi sống cùng một chút phiền muộn và xung đột càng ít bao nhiêu càng tốt, đánh giá nền văn hóa tuyệt vời của cái mảnh nhỏ xíu đó khi so sánh với những nền văn hóa khác, phương Tây, cổ xưa hay bất kỳ nền văn hóa khác. Thậm chí chúng ta không ý thức được những hàm ý của việc này là gì – của sống trong một mảnh nhỏ xíu, một góc của một cánh đồng bao la. Chúng ta không nhận ra rằng chúng ta quan tâm đến cái mảnh nhỏ đó sâu đậm đến chừng nào, và chúng ta đang cố gắng tìm ra những giải pháp cho vấn đề bên trong mảnh vỡ đó, bên trong cái góc nhỏ xíu đó của sự sống bao la này. Chúng ta tự hỏi chính mình, làm thế nào cái trí (mà trong cánh đồng bao la này lại đang bị mê muội, bởi vì chúng ta chỉ quan tâm đến cái mảnh nhỏ xíu) làm thế nào chúng ta có thể trở nên tỉnh thức trọn vẹn được toàn sự sống này, trở nên nhạy cảm trọn vẹn?

Bây giờ, trước hết không có phương pháp. Bởi vì bất kỳ phương pháp, hệ thống, lặp lại hay thói quen nào, theo cơ bản chỉ là bộ phận của cái góc nhỏ trong cánh đồng đó. (Chúng ta có đang đi cùng nhau, đang chuyển động cùng nhau, hay bạn đang rơi lại đằng sau?) Việc đầu tiên là thấy được sự kiện thực sự của cái góc nhỏ xíu này và những đòi hỏi của nó là gì. Sau đó chúng ta có thể đặt câu hỏi, “Làm thế nào chúng ta đánh thức tổng thể của cái trí được nhạy cảm trọn vẹn?”, bởi vì trong đó có sẵn sự cách mạng trung thực và duy nhất. Khi có nhạy cảm trọn vẹn của tổng thể cái trí, lúc đó chúng ta sẽ hành động hoàn toàn khác hẳn; suy nghĩ, cảm thấy của chúng ta, sẽ hoàn toàn của một kích thước khác hẳn. Nhưng không có phương pháp. Đừng nói, “Làm thế nào tôi đến được, tôi thành tựu được, trở nên nhạy cảm được?” – bạn không thể đi đến trường đại học để trở nên nhạy cảm, bạn không thể đọc những quyển sách hay được dạy bảo phải làm gì để trở nên nhạy cảm. Đây là điều gì bạn đã và đang làm trong cái góc của cánh đồng, và nó đã khiến bạn mỗi lúc càng vô cảm, mà có thể thấy được trong cuộc sống hàng ngày của bạn, với sự lãnh đạm, hung hăng, và bạo lực của nó. (Tôi không biết liệu bạn đã thấy những hình ảnh trên những tạp chí về những người lính Việt và Mỹ đang bị thương hay không. Bạn có lẽ thấy nó và nói rằng, “Tôi cảm thấy tội nghiệp quá”, nhưng điều đó không xảy đến cho bạn, cho gia đình của bạn, cho con trai của bạn.) Vì vậy chúng ta trở nên vô cảm bởi vì chúng ta đang vận hành, đang sống, đang hành động bên trong cái góc nhỏ xíu tầm thường của một cánh đồng bị biến dạng.

Không có phương pháp. Làm ơn hãy nhận ra điều này, bởi vì khi bạn nhận ra nó, bạn được tự do khỏi gánh nặng khủng khiếp của tất cả uy quyền, và vì vậy được tự do khỏi quá khứ. Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn có thấy được điều này hay không. Quá khứ được bao hàm trong nền văn hóa của chúng ta, mà chúng ta nghĩ là quá tuyệt vời (truyền thống, những niềm tin, những ký ức, sự vâng lời nó), và tất cả việc đó được gạt đi trọn vẹn, mãi mãi, khi bạn nhận ra rằng không có phương pháp thuộc bất kỳ loại nào có thể mang lại sự tự do khỏi "cái ngõ ngách nhỏ xíu đó". Nhưng bạn phải học hỏi tất cả về cái ngõ ngách nhỏ xíu đó. Vậy là bạn được tự do khỏi cái gánh nặng mà đã làm cho bạn vô cảm. Những người lính được huấn luyện để giết người, rèn luyện ngày này sang ngày khác, ngày này sang ngày khác, vô lương tâm, để cho họ không còn sót lại tính người nào cả. Và đó là loại sự việc đang được thực hiện cho mỗi người chúng ta, hàng ngày, luôn luôn, bởi báo chí, bởi những nhà lãnh đạo chính trị, bởi những vị đạo sư, bởi vị Giáo hoàng, bởi những vị Giám mục, mọi nơi, khắp thế giới.

Bây giờ, vì không có phương pháp, người ta phải làm gì đây? Phương pháp hàm ý luyện tập, lệ thuộc, phương pháp của bạn, phương pháp của tôi, con đường của anh ấy và con đường của một người khác, vị đạo sư của tôi mà biết giỏi hơn một chút, vị đạo sư này mà giả dối, vị đạo sư đó mà không (nhưng tất cả các vị đạo sư đều giả dối, bạn có thể nhận thấy điều này ngay từ lúc đầu, dù rằng họ là những đấng Lạt ma Tây tạng hay những Giáo sĩ Thiên chúa giáo, hay Ấn độ giáo) – tất cả họ đều giả dối bởi vì họ đều vẫn đang vận hành trong cái ngõ ngách nhỏ xíu của một cánh đồng đã bị phỉ nhổ và bị chà đạp và bị phá hoại.

Người ta phải làm gì đây? Lúc này bạn hiểu câu hỏi của tôi chứ? Vấn đề là như thế này: chúng ta không biết chiều sâu và sự vô hạn của cái trí. Bạn có thể đọc về nó, bạn có thể đọc những nhà tâm lý học hiện đại, hay những bậc thầy cổ xưa mà đã nói về nó – đừng tin tưởng họ bởi vì chính bạn phải tìm ra, không lệ thuộc vào ai cả. Chúng ta không biết nó – cái trí – bạn không biết nó, vì vậy bạn không thể có bất kỳ ý niệm nào về nó. Bạn hiểu rõ điều gì chúng ta đang nói hay không? Bạn không thể có bất kỳ ý tưởng nào, bất kỳ quan điểm nào, bất kỳ hiểu biết nào về nó. Vậy là bạn được tự do khỏi bất kỳ giả thuyết nào, bất kỳ học thuyết nào.

Vì vậy một lần nữa, người ta phải làm gì đây? Tất cả mọi điều mà người ta phải làm là thấy. Thấy cái ngõ, ngôi nhà nhỏ xíu mà người ta đã dựng lên trong một cái góc của một cánh đồng bao la, một tổng thể không thể đo lường được; và đang sống trong đó, đang chiến đấu, đang cãi cọ, đang hoàn thiện (bạn biết tất cả mọi việc đang xảy ra ở đó), thấy nó. Và đó là lý do tại sao điều cốt lõi là phải hiểu rõ thấy có nghĩa gì, bởi vì khoảnh khắc có xung đột bạn lại lệ thuộc vào cái góc bị cô lập đó. Nơi nào có thấy nơi đó không có xung đột. Đó là lý do tại sao người ta phải học hỏi từ ngay khởi đầu – không, không phải khởi đầu, nhưng ngay lúc này – thấy. Không phải ngày mai, bởi vì không có ngày mai – chỉ có sự tìm kiếm vui thú, hay sợ hãi, hay đau khổ mới sáng chế ra “ngày mai”. Thực ra không có ngày mai thuộc tâm lý, nhưng bộ não, cái trí đã sáng chế ra thời gian; nhưng chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu điều này sau đây.

Vậy là điều gì người ta phải làm là thấy. Bạn không thể thấy, nếu bạn không nhạy cảm, và bạn không nhạy cảm nếu bạn có một hình ảnh giữa bạn và sự việc được thấy. Bạn có hiểu không? Vì vậy thấy là động thái của tình yêu. Bạn có biết điều gì khiến cho cái trí tổng thể được nhạy cảm hay không? – chỉ có tình yêu. Bạn có thể học một phương pháp kỹ thuật và cũng cả tình yêu; nhưng nếu bạn có một phương pháp kỹ thuật và không tình yêu bạn sẽ hủy diệt thế giới. Hãy quan sát nó trong chính các bạn, thưa các bạn, hãy tìm hiểu nó trong những cái trí riêng và những quả tim riêng của các bạn và các bạn sẽ thấy nó cho chính các bạn. Thấy, quan sát, lắng nghe, đây là những động thái vĩ đại nhất, bởi vì bạn không thể thấy nếu bạn đang nhìn ra từ cái góc nhỏ xíu đó, bạn không thể thấy điều gì đang xảy ra trong thế giới, nỗi thất vọng, lo âu, sự cô độc, đau khổ, những giọt nước mắt của những người mẹ, những người vợ, những người yêu, của tất cả những người kia mà bị giết chết.

Nhưng bạn phải thấy tất cả việc này, không phải bằng cảm giác, không phải bằng cảm tính, không nói rằng, “Ồ! Tôi chống lại chiến tranh” hay, “Tôi ủng hộ chiến tranh”, bởi vì cảm giác và cảm tính đó là điều phá hoại nhất – chúng lẩn trốn những sự kiện và vì vậy lẩn trốn cái gì là. Vì vậy, thấy là cốt lõi. Thấy là hiểu rõ; bạn không thể hiểu rõ qua cái trí, qua trí năng, hay hiểu rõ qua một mảnh vỡ. Có hiểu rõ chỉ khi cái trí tuyệt đối tĩnh lặng, mà có nghĩa rằng khi không còn hình ảnh.

Thấy phá sập tất cả những rào chắn. Hãy nhìn kìa, thưa các bạn, chừng nào còn có sự tách rời giữa bạn và cái cây, giữa bạn và tôi, giữa bạn và người hàng xóm của bạn (“người hàng xóm” đó ở xa hàng ngàn dặm hay bên cạnh cửa sổ), phải có xung đột. Tách rời có nghĩa xung đột, điều đó rất đơn giản. Và chúng ta đã sống trong xung đột, chúng ta đã quen thuộc với xung đột và tách rời. Bạn nhìn nước Ấn độ như một đơn vị thuộc địa lý, thuộc chính trị, thuộc kinh tế, thuộc xã hội, thuộc văn hóa, và giống như vậy ở Châu âu, Mỹ, và Liên xô: những đơn vị tách rời, mỗi đơn vị chống lại đơn vị khác, và tất cả sự tách rời này chắc chắn nuôi dưỡng chiến tranh. Điều này không có nghĩa rằng tất cả chúng ta phải đồng ý, hay nếu chúng ta không đồng ý thì tôi sẽ tranh cãi với bạn; không có không đồng ý, hay đồng ý, khi bạn thấy cái gì đó như nó là. Chỉ khi nào bạn có những quan điểm về cái gì bạn thấy, lúc đó mới có sự không đồng ý và lúc đó mới có sự tách rời. Khi bạn và tôi thấy rằng nó là mặt trăng, vậy thì không có không đồng ý, nó là mặt trăng. Nhưng nếu bạn nghĩ nó là cái gì đó, và tôi nghĩ nó là cái gì khác, vậy thì phải có sự phân chia và do đó có xung đột. Vì vậy khi thấy một cái cây, khi bạn thực sự thấy nó, không có phân chia giữa bạn và cái cây, không có người quan sát đang nhìn cái cây.

Vào một ngày trước chúng tôi cũng đã nói chuyện với một vị bác sĩ rất uyên bác, mà đã sử dụng một loại thuốc được gọi là L.S.D., một liều nhỏ, và có hai vị bác sĩ bên cạnh ông ấy với một máy thâu băng ghi lại điều gì ông ấy đang nói.

Sau một vài giây ông ấy thấy những bông hoa trên bàn trước mặt ông ấy, và giữa những bông hoa và ông ấy không còn không gian nữa. Nó không có nghĩa rằng ông ấy đồng hóa chính mình với những bông hoa, nhưng không còn không gian, mà có nghĩa rằng không còn người quan sát. Chúng tôi không cổ động bạn nên uống thuốc L.S.D., bởi vì nó có những nguy hại riêng của nó; và cũng vậy khi bạn dùng những thứ như thế bạn trở thành một nô lệ cho chúng. Nhưng có một cách đơn giản hơn nhiều, trực tiếp hơn nhiều, tự nhiên hơn nhiều, đó là chính bạn tự quan sát một cái cây, một bông hoa, khuôn mặt của một người; nhìn bất kỳ thứ gì, và nhìn như thế khoảng không gian giữa bạn và chúng không còn tồn tại. Và bạn chỉ có thể nhìn theo lối đó khi có tình yêu – từ ngữ đó mà đã bị sử dụng quá nhiều sai lầm.

Chúng ta sẽ không tìm hiểu chủ đề của tình yêu vào lúc này, nhưng khi bạn có ý thức của quan sát thực sự này, thấy thực sự này, vậy thì thấy đó, mà xảy ra khi có tình yêu, mang theo cùng nó sự loại bỏ lạ thường của thời gian và không gian. Và bạn không thể có được tình yêu nếu không nhận ra vẻ đẹp. Bạn có lẽ nói về vẻ đẹp, viết, vẽ, nhưng nếu bạn không có tình yêu không có gì là vẻ đẹp cả. Không tình yêu có nghĩa rằng bạn hoàn toàn vô cảm. Và bởi vì bạn hoàn toàn vô cảm bạn đang thoái hóa. Quốc gia này đang thoái hóa. Đừng nói rằng, “Những quốc gia kia cũng không đang thoái hóa hay sao?” – dĩ nhiên họ đang thoái hóa, nhưng bạn đang thoái hóa, mặc dù về kỹ thuật bạn là một kỹ sư cực kỳ giỏi, một luật sư xuất sắc, một chuyên viên kỹ thuật, biết cách vận hành những máy vi tính; nhưng bạn đang thoái hóa bởi vì bạn vô cảm với toàn tiến hành của sống.

Vậy thì vấn đề căn bản của chúng ta là – không phải làm thế nào để chấm dứt chiến tranh, không phải vị Thượng đế nào tốt hơn vị Thượng đế nào, không phải hệ thống chính trị nào hay hệ thống kinh tế nào tốt hơn, không phải đảng phái nào xứng đáng được đề cử (tất cả họ đều ma mãnh cả), nhưng vấn đề căn bản nhất cho con người, cho dù anh ấy ở

Mỹ, Ấn độ, Liên xô, hay bất kỳ nơi nào khác, là vấn đề của tự do khỏi “cái góc nhỏ xíu” này. Và cái góc nhỏ xíu đó là chính chúng ta, cái góc nhỏ xíu đó là cái trí tầm thường nhỏ nhen của các bạn. Chúng ta đã tạo ra cái góc nhỏ xíu đó, bởi vì cái trí nhỏ nhen riêng của chúng ta bị phân chia và vì vậy không có khả năng nhạy cảm với tổng thể; chúng ta muốn cái mảnh nhỏ xíu đó được duy trì tình trạng an toàn, an bình, yên lặng, thỏa mãn, vui thú, vì vậy lẩn tránh tất cả đau khổ, bởi vì, theo căn bản, chúng ta đang tìm kiếm vui thú. Và nếu bạn đã tìm hiểu vui thú, vui thú riêng của bạn, đã quan sát nó, đã nhìn ngắm nó, đã đi sâu vào nó, bạn sẽ thấy rằng nơi nào có vui thú, có đau khổ. Bạn không thể có cái này mà không có cái kia; và chúng ta luôn luôn đang đòi hỏi nhiều vui thú thêm và vì vậy đang mời mọc nhiều đau khổ thêm. Và trên nền tảng đó chúng ta đã dựng lên cái mảnh này, mà chúng ta gọi là cuộc sống con người. Thấy là tiếp xúc mật thiết cùng nó và bạn không thể tiếp xúc mật thiết, thực sự cùng nó nếu bạn có những ý tưởng, những niềm tin, những giáo điều, hay những quan điểm.

Vậy là điều quan trọng không phải học hỏi nhưng thấy và lắng nghe. Lắng nghe chim chóc, lắng nghe tiếng nói của vợ bạn, dù rằng khiêu khích, ngọt ngào hay đay nghiến bao nhiêu, lắng nghe nó và lắng nghe tiếng nói riêng của bạn dù rằng nhỏ nhẹ, gắt gỏng, hay hung hăng bao nhiêu. Rồi thì từ lắng nghe này bạn sẽ phát giác rằng tất cả tách rời giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát kết thúc. Vì vậy không có xung đột tồn tại và bạn quan sát rất cẩn thận đến mức độ chính quan sát đó là kỷ luật; bạn không phải áp đặt kỷ luật. Và đó là vẻ đẹp, thưa các bạn (nếu các bạn chỉ nhận ra nó), đó là vẻ đẹp của thấy. Nếu bạn có thể thấy, bạn không cần làm gì thêm nữa, bởi vì trong thấy đó có tất cả kỷ luật, tất cả đạo đức, đó là chú ý. Và trong thấy đó có mọi vẻ đẹp, và theo cùng vẻ đẹp có tình yêu. Vậy là khi có tình yêu bạn không cần làm gì thêm nữa. Vậy là dù bạn ở đâu, bạn có thiên đàng; vậy là tất cả tìm kiếm đều kết thúc.

MADRAS
Ngày 03 tháng giêng năm 1968

– 2 – TỰ DO

Chia sẻ một cái trí tự do. “Nếu chúng ta có thể bất chợt bắt gặp cái này, nó thực sự là một bông hoa huyền bí.” tại sao con người không có được cái này? Sợ hãi. “Sống” không là sống. Những từ ngữ bị đảm nhận lầm ý nghĩa căn bản. Lãng phí năng lượng. “Cái trí chín chắn không so sánh . . . không đo lường.” Giá trị của “cuộc sống mà bạn sống mỗi ngày . . . nếu không hiểu rõ nó bạn sẽ không bao giờ hiểu rõ tình yêu, vẻ đẹp, hay chết.” Qua phủ nhận, cái đó mà tự nó là sự tích cực, hiện diện.

Khá lý thú và quan trọng nếu chúng ta có thể cùng nhau chia sẻ một cái trí mà không bị hành hạ, mà theo căn bản được tự do, mà không có những rào chắn, mà thấy những sự vật như chúng là, mà thấy rằng một khoảng cách của thời gian gây tách rời con người khỏi thiên nhiên và khỏi những con người khác, mà thấy ý nghĩa kinh hoàng và khủng khiếp của không gian và thời gian, mà biết điều gì thực sự là chất lượng của tình yêu. Nếu chúng ta có thể chia sẻ điều này – không phải thuộc trí năng, không phải trong lối triết lý, trừu tượng, trau chuốt, ranh mãnh nào đó, nhưng thực sự chia sẻ nó, nếu chúng ta có thể thực hiện việc đó tôi nghĩ rằng tất cả những vấn đề của chúng ta sẽ kết thúc. Nhưng chia sẻ này không cùng một người khác, người ta phải có nó trước. Sau đó khi bạn có nó bạn có nó tràn đầy. Và khi có tràn đầy này một người và nhiều người đều giống hệt, giống như một cái cây đầy lá mà trong đó một chiếc lá hoàn hảo và là bộ phận của toàn thể cái cây.

Sáng nay, nếu chúng ta có thể, chia sẻ chất lượng này, không phải với người nói nhưng bằng cách có nó rồi sau đó chia sẻ nó. Vậy là nghi vấn của chia sẻ nó không còn nảy sinh nữa. Nó giống như một bông hoa đầy hương thơm mà không chia sẻ, nhưng luôn luôn ở đó cho bất kỳ người qua đường nào ưa thích nó. Và dù bất kỳ người nào ở rất gần trong vườn, hay rất xa, tất cả đều giống hệt đối với bông hoa, bởi vì nó đầy hương thơm đó, và vì vậy nó đang chia sẻ cùng mọi thứ. Nếu người ta có thể bất chợt bắt gặp cái này, nó thực sự là một bông hoa huyền bí. Dường như nó chỉ huyền bí bởi vì chúng ta đầy cảm giác và cảm tính, và cảm giác, trong ý nghĩa của cảm tính đó, chẳng có ý nghĩa bao nhiêu; người ta có thể thông cảm, tử tế, rất rộng lượng, hòa nhã và cực kỳ lễ phép nhưng cái chất lượng mà tôi đang nói hoàn toàn khác hẳn tất cả những đức tính này. Và bộ bạn không thắc mắc (không phải trong những từ ngữ trừu tượng, cũng không phải lệ thuộc vào một cái gì đó để đạt được bởi một hệ thống, bởi một triết lý hay bởi đi theo vị đạo sư nào đó) bộ bạn không thắc mắc tại sao con người thiếu vắng cái này hay sao? Họ nuôi dưỡng con cái, họ tận hưởng ái ân, sự trìu mến, một chất lượng chia sẻ cái gì đó cùng nhau trong tình bè bạn, trong tình hữu nghị, trong tình đồng nghiệp, nhưng cái này – tại sao chúng ta lại không có được nó? Vì, khi nó hiện diện, lúc đó tất cả những vấn đề dù chúng có lẽ là vấn đề gì chăng nữa, đều kết thúc. Và thỉnh thoảng, lúc nhàn nhã, bộ bạn đã không tự hỏi, khi bạn đang dạo bộ một mình trên một con đường bẩn thỉu, hay đang ngồi trên xe buýt, hay khi bạn đang hưởng một kỳ nghỉ ở vùng biển, hay trong một cánh rừng có nhiều chim chóc, cây cối, những con suối và những thú hoang, bộ bạn không bao giờ bất chợt phải hỏi – tại sao con người đó, mà đã sống hàng triệu năm, tại sao anh ấy chẳng có được cái này, bông hoa không phai tàn lạ thường này?

Nếu bạn đã đặt ra câu hỏi này, thậm chí vì bỗng nhiên bị tò mò, bạn chắc chắn đã có một ẩn ý, một hàm ý, một bóng gió. Nhưng, có thể bạn đã chưa từng hỏi nó. Chúng ta sống một cuộc sống tầm thường, xơ cứng và đơn điệu trong lãnh vực của những vấn đề và những lo âu riêng của chúng ta đến độ thậm chí chúng ta không bao giờ đặt câu hỏi này. Và nếu chúng ta phải đặt câu hỏi của chính chúng ta này (như chúng ta đang làm hiện nay, đang ngồi dưới cái cây này vào một buổi chiều yên tĩnh, cùng sự náo nhiệt của những con quạ), tôi tự hỏi câu trả lời của chúng ta sẽ là gì. Mỗi người chúng ta sẽ chân thật đưa ra một câu trả lời thẳng thắn, không mập mờ hay ma mãnh, câu trả lời sẽ là gì nếu bạn đặt câu hỏi này cho chính bạn? Tại sao chúng ta trải qua tất cả những hành hạ khổ sở này, với quá nhiều vấn đề, với vô vàn sợ hãi chất chồng, tuy nhiên câu hỏi này dường như bị xem thường, dường như không có vị trí nào cả. Và nếu bạn phải hỏi tại sao, tại sao người ta đã không tìm ra chất lượng này, tôi tự hỏi câu trả lời của bạn sẽ là gì? Câu trả lời của bạn sẽ tùy theo sự mãnh liệt riêng của bạn khi đặt câu hỏi đó, và sự khẩn thiết của nó. Nhưng chúng ta chẳng mãnh liệt cũng chẳng khẩn thiết và chúng ta không khẩn thiết hay mãnh liệt bởi vì chúng ta không có năng lượng. Muốn nhìn bất kỳ thứ gì, một con chim, một con quạ đậu trên cành cây đang tỉa lông cho chính nó, muốn nhìn nó bằng toàn thân tâm của bạn, bằng đôi mắt, đôi tai, hệ thần kinh, cái trí và quả tim của bạn, muốn nhìn nó trọn vẹn, đòi hỏi năng lượng, nhưng không phải năng lượng tầm thường của một cái trí bị lãng phí mà đã tranh đấu, đã tự hành hạ nó, đầy những gánh nặng không thể đong được. Và hầu hết những cái trí, chín mươi chín phẩy chín phần trăm điều đang xảy ra của những cái trí đều mang gánh nặng khủng khiếp này, sự tồn tại bị tra tấn này. Và vì vậy chúng không có năng lượng, năng lượng là đam mê. Và bạn không thể tìm ra bất kỳ sự thật nào nếu không có đam mê. Từ ngữ “đam mê” (passion) đó được rút ra từ từ ngữ La-tinh cho nghĩa chịu đựng đau khổ mà lại nữa được rút ra từ tiếng Hi-lạp và vân vân. Từ từ ngữ “chịu đựng đau khổ” (suffering) này toàn Thiên chúa giáo tôn sùng sự đau khổ, không phải đam mê. Và họ đã trao tặng từ ngữ “đam mê” (passion) một ý nghĩa đặc biệt. Tôi không biết bạn cho nó ý nghĩa gì, sự cảm thấy của đam mê trọn vẹn, cùng một cuồng nộ đằng sau nó, cùng toàn năng lượng, đam mê đó mà trong nó mọi ham muốn đều bị phơi bày.

Và nếu chúng ta phải hỏi, không chỉ bằng tò mò nhưng bằng tất cả đam mê chúng ta có, lúc đó câu trả lời sẽ là gì?

Nhưng có thể bạn sợ hãi đam mê, bởi vì với hầu hết mọi người đam mê là dục vọng, đam mê mà có được từ ái ân và tất cả việc đó. Hay nó có lẽ đến từ đam mê được cảm thấy qua sự đồng hóa với quốc gia mà chúng ta tùy thuộc, hay đam mê dành cho một thần thánh nhỏ bé tầm thường nào đó, được làm bằng bàn tay hay bằng cái trí; và vì vậy đối với chúng ta, đam mê là sự việc khá kinh hoàng bởi vì nếu chúng ta có đam mê như thế, chúng ta không biết nó sẽ dẫn dắt chúng ta đến đâu. Và vì vậy chúng ta rất cẩn thận tạo cho nó một khe rãnh, dựng lên một hàng rào quanh nó qua những ý tưởng triết lý, những lý tưởng, để cho năng lượng, mà được cần đến cho mục đích giải quyết nghi vấn lạ thường này (và nó hoàn toàn lạ thường nếu bạn tự đặt nó cho chính mình đầy chân thật, thẳng thắn), tại sao chúng ta những con người, mà sống trong những gia đình cùng con cái, bị vây quanh bởi tất cả những lao dịch và hung tợn của thế giới, tại sao, khi có một sự việc mà có thể làm tan biến tất cả việc này, tại sao chúng ta lại không có được nó? Tôi tự hỏi liệu có phải bởi vì chúng ta thực sự không muốn tìm ra hay không? Bởi vì muốn tìm ra bất kỳ điều gì phải có tự do, muốn tìm ra điều gì tôi suy nghĩ, điều gì tôi cảm thấy, điều gì là những động cơ của tôi, muốn tìm ra, không chỉ phân tích theo trí năng, nhưng muốn tìm ra, phải có sự tự do để quan sát. Muốn quan sát cái cây đó, bạn phải được tự do khỏi lo âu, khỏi phiền muộn, khỏi tội lỗi. Muốn quan sát bạn phải được tự do khỏi hiểu biết; tự do là chất lượng của cái trí mà không thể có được qua sự từ bỏ hay hy sinh. Bạn có đang theo dõi tất cả điều này không, hay tôi đang nói chuyện cùng những cơn gió và cây cối đây? Tự do là một chất lượng cốt lõi của cái trí để quan sát. Nó không là tự do khỏi cái gì đó. Nếu bạn được tự do khỏi cái gì đó, đó không là tự do, nó chỉ là một phản ứng. Nếu bạn hút thuốc và bạn bỏ hút thuốc, rồi bạn nói rằng, “Tôi được tự do”, bạn thực sự không tự do mặc dù bạn có lẽ được tự do khỏi thói quen đặc biệt đó. Tự do có liên quan đến toàn bộ máy hình thành thói quen, và muốn hiểu rõ toàn vấn đề của hình thành thói quen này người ta phải được tự do để quan sát hệ thống máy móc đó. Có lẽ chúng ta cũng sợ hãi sự tự do đó; và vì vậy chúng ta đẩy tự do ra xa chúng ta, trong một thiên đàng nào đó.

Vì vậy có lẽ sự sợ hãi là lý do tại sao chúng ta không có năng lượng của đam mê đó để tự tìm ra cho chính mình tại sao chất lượng của tình yêu kia lại không có trong chúng ta. Chúng ta có mọi thứ khác, tham lam, ganh tị, mê tín, sợ hãi, sự xấu xa của cuộc sống nhỏ nhen tầm thường hàng ngày, thói quen đều đặn đi đến văn phòng hàng ngày trong suốt bốn mươi, năm mươi năm liên tục – không phải rằng người ta không nên đi đến văn phòng, người ta phải, bất hạnh thay, nhưng nó trở thành một lề thói, và lề thói đó, đi đến văn phòng, làm cùng sự việc ngày này sang ngày khác, ngày này sang ngày khác, trong suốt bốn mươi năm, định hình cái trí, làm cho nó xơ cứng, ngu dốt hay thông minh chỉ trong một phương hướng nào đó.

Nó có lẽ là, có thể nó là, rằng mỗi người chúng ta quá kinh hãi cuộc sống, bởi vì nếu không hiểu rõ toàn tiến hành của sống này, chúng ta không bao giờ có thể hiểu rõ không sống là gì. Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Điều gì chúng ta gọi là sống, nhàm chán hàng ngày, đấu tranh hàng ngày, xung đột hàng ngày bên trong chính mình và bên ngoài của chính mình, những đòi hỏi được che giấu, những thèm khát được che giấu, những tham vọng, những hung bạo, và cái gánh nặng khủng khiếp của đau khổ ý thức được hay không ý thức được – đó là điều gì chúng ta gọi là sống – phải không? Chúng ta có lẽ cố gắng tẩu thoát khỏi nó, đi đến đền chùa, hay một câu lạc bộ, theo một vị đạo sư mới hay trở thành một người lang thang hay nhậu nhẹt, hay tham gia một tổ chức nào đó mà hứa hẹn cho chúng ta một điều gì đó – bất kỳ cái gì để tẩu thoát. Trong sợ hãi có sẵn vấn đề cơ bản của điều gì chúng ta gọi là sống (sợ hãi của không hiện diện, sợ hãi bị quyến luyến, cùng tất cả đau khổ mà nó mang lại – làm thế nào để tách rời – liệu có an toàn thuộc cơ thể, tâm lý, cảm xúc – sợ hãi về cái đó – sợ hãi về cái không biết được, sợ hãi về ngày mai, sợ hãi về việc người vợ sẽ bỏ bạn, sợ hãi về không có niềm tin và bị cô lập, cô độc, thất vọng tại mỗi khoảnh khắc, sâu thẳm bên trong), đây là điều gì chúng ta gọi là sống, một trận chiến, sự tồn tại đầy đọa với những tư tưởng cằn cỗi. Chúng ta sống như thế này bởi vì đó là cuộc sống của chúng ta, với thỉnh thoảng vài ba phút sáng suốt, thỉnh thoảng những khoảnh khắc rõ ràng mà chúng ta điên cuồng bám víu vào.

Làm ơn, thưa các bạn, đừng chỉ lắng nghe những từ ngữ và đừng bị chúng dẫn dắt; những lời giải thích, những định nghĩa, những diễn tả, không là sự thật. Sự thật là sống của bạn, sự thật là liệu bạn có tỉnh thức được nó, và bạn không thể tỉnh thức được nó qua những từ ngữ của người nói, mà chỉ diễn tả tình trạng bị quy định của bạn và nếu bạn bị trói buộc trong những diễn tả, trong những từ ngữ, vậy thì chắc chắn mãi mãi bạn bị lạc lối. Và đó là cái gì chúng ta là – chúng ta bị lạc lối, chúng ta bất hạnh bởi vì chúng ta đã chấp nhận những từ ngữ, những từ ngữ, những từ ngữ. Vì vậy làm ơn đừng, tôi van xin bạn, đừng bị trói buộc trong những từ ngữ, nhưng hãy quan sát chính bạn, quan sát sống của bạn, sống hàng ngày của bạn mà bạn gọi là sống, mà gồm có đi đến văn phòng, đậu những kỳ thi, có một việc làm, không có việc làm, sợ hãi, gia đình và áp lực xã hội, truyền thống, sự hành hạ của không đạt được, sự rối loạn của sống, toàn bộ sự nhàm chán sâu thẳm của sống mà không có bất kỳ ý nghĩa nào. Bạn có lẽ cho ý nghĩa vào sống, bạn có thể sáng chế như những triết gia và những nhà học thuyết giải thích, như những con người tôn giáo giảng thuyết – sáng chế ra ý nghĩa của sống, đó là công việc của họ. Nhưng sáng chế này đang củng cố thêm những từ ngữ trong khi bạn cần thực chất; bạn được nuôi ăn bằng những từ ngữ, và bạn thỏa mãn với những từ ngữ. Vì vậy muốn hiểu rõ sống này chúng ta phải quan sát nó: tiếp xúc mật thiết cùng nó, không phải có khoảng cách không gian và thời gian giữa bạn và nó. Bạn không có khoảng cách không gian-thời gian này khi bạn có sự đau đớn cực mạnh của cơ thể, bạn hành động, bạn không lý luận, bạn không cãi cọ về việc liệu có Đại ngã hay không có Đại ngã , linh hồn hay không linh hồn, bạn không bắt đầu trích dẫn kinh Gita, kinh Upanishads, kinh Koran, hay kinh Bible hay vị thánh nào đó. Vậy thì bạn phải mặt đối mặt với sống thực sự. Sống là chuyển động đó mà năng động, đang làm, đang suy nghĩ, đang cảm thấy, những sợ hãi, tội lỗi, nỗi thất vọng – đó là sống. Và người ta phải tiếp xúc mật thiết cùng nó. Và người ta không thể mãnh liệt, đam mê, đầy sức sống trong tiếp xúc, nếu có sự hãi.

Sợ hãi là điều gì làm cho chúng ta tin tưởng, dù là sự tin tưởng của chúng ta ở trong một cộng đồng học thuyết của Cộng sản, hay ý tưởng tôn giáo lãnh đạo của một giáo sĩ hay một linh mục. Tất cả những việc này được sinh ra từ sợ hãi; rõ ràng rằng tất cả những thần thánh, tất cả, là kết quả của sự khốn khổ của chúng ta; và khi chúng ta thờ phụng họ chúng ta đang thờ phụng sự khốn khổ của chúng ta, sự cô độc, sự tuyệt vọng, sự cơ cực và phiền muộn của chúng ta. Làm ơn hãy lắng nghe tất cả điều này – nó là sống của bạn, không phải là sống của tôi. Bạn phải đối mặt điều này và vì vậy bạn phải hiểu rõ sợ hãi. Và bạn không thể hiểu rõ sợ hãi nếu bạn không hiểu rõ sống. Bạn phải hiểu rõ sự ganh tị mà bạn có, sự ganh tị – ghen tuông và ganh ghét mà chỉ là những thể hiện của sự sợ hãi. Và bạn có thể hiểu rõ tổng thể (không phải thuộc trí năng, không có sự việc như là hiểu rõ thuộc trí năng, chỉ có hiểu rõ tổng thể), bạn có thể hiểu rõ tổng thể và nó giống như đang nhìn cảnh mặt trời lặn bằng cái trí của bạn, bằng quả tim của bạn, bằng đôi mắt của bạn, bằng hệ thần kinh của bạn; vậy thì lúc đó bạn hiểu rõ. Và muốn hiểu rõ ghen tuông, ganh tị, tham vọng, hung tợn, bạo lực (hiểu rõ chúng và trao sự chú ý hoàn toàn của bạn ngay khoảnh khắc bất kỳ điều gì xảy ra, ngay khoảnh khắc bạn cảm thấy ganh tị, tức giận, ghen tuông hay đầy hận thù, hay cảm thấy không chân thật trong bạn), vậy thì, nếu bạn hiểu rõ điều đó, bạn sẽ hiểu rõ sợ hãi. Nhưng bạn không thể coi sợ hãi như một trừu tượng. Thật ra sợ hãi hiện diện trong liên hệ với một cái gì đó. Bạn không sợ hãi người hàng xóm của bạn, chính quyền, người vợ của bạn, hay người chồng của bạn, sợ hãi chết, và vân vân hay sao? Bạn phải quan sát, không phải sự sợ hãi, nhưng tìm hiểu điều gì đã tạo ra sự sợ hãi này.

Bây giờ chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu sống là gì, cái sự việc mà chúng ta bám vào đầy vô vọng, sống đơn điệu, khổ não, hàng ngày của chúng ta – sống của những người giàu có, của những người bình thường, của những người bị chà đạp – bởi vì tất cả chúng ta đều bị chà đạp bởi xã hội, bởi văn hóa, bởi những tôn giáo, bởi những giáo sĩ, bởi những người lãnh đạo, bởi những vị thánh, và nếu bạn không hiểu rõ điều này bạn sẽ không bao giờ hiểu rõ sợ hãi; vì vậy chúng ta sẽ hiểu rõ sống này và cũng vậy cái nguồn khủng khiếp của sợ hãi, mà được gọi là chết. Và muốn hiểu rõ nó bạn phải có năng lượng, đam mê vô hạn. Bạn biết cách chúng ta làm lãng phí năng lượng của chúng ta như thế nào (Tôi không có ý nói qua ái ân, đó là một vấn đề rất nhỏ, đừng biến nó thành một vấn đề to tát không cần thiết), nhưng người ta phải tìm hiểu trực tiếp, không phải theo Shankara hay bất kỳ những người nào khác, mà đã sáng chế ra hình thức tẩu thoát riêng của họ khỏi cuộc sống.

Muốn tìm ra sống là gì, không những chúng ta phải có năng lượng mà còn cả chất lượng của đam mê cần được duy trì, và trí năng không thể duy trì được đam mê. Và muốn có đam mê đó người ta phải tìm hiểu sự lãng phí năng lượng. Người ta có thể thấy rằng nó là sự lãng phí của năng lượng khi tuân theo một ai đó – bạn hiểu rõ không? – có một người lãnh đạo, có một vị đạo sư, bởi vì khi bạn đi theo bạn đang bắt chước, bạn đang sao chép, bạn đang vâng lời, bạn đang thiết lập uy quyền và năng lượng của bạn bị phân tán. Làm ơn hãy quan sát điều này; làm ơn hãy làm như thế. Đừng quay trở lại những vị đạo sư của bạn, những xã hội của bạn, những uy quyền của bạn, hãy buông rơi chúng đi như những củ khoai tây nóng. Bạn cũng có thể thấy bạn đã lãng phí năng lượng của bạn như thế nào khi có sự thỏa hiệp. Bạn biết thỏa hiệp là gì hay không? Có thỏa hiệp chỉ khi nào có sự so sánh. Và chúng ta, từ niên thiếu, đã được dạy bảo để so sánh giữa cái gì chúng ta là và cái gì người đứng đầu lớp trong trường học của chúng ta là; so sánh chính chúng ta với cái gì chúng ta đã là ngày hôm qua, cao quí hay không cao quí, so sánh với hạnh phúc chúng ta đã cảm thấy ngày hôm qua, cái gì đó đã ập vào chúng ta mà không báo trước, đột nhiên nó đến, niềm vui khi nhìn một cái cây, những bông hoa, khuôn mặt một người phụ nữ dễ thương, một đứa trẻ hay một người đàn ông, và sau đó chúng ta so sánh cái gì là của ngày hôm nay với cái gì đã là của ngày hôm qua. So sánh này, đo lường này, là khởi đầu của thỏa hiệp. Làm ơn hãy tự mình thấy mấu chốt này. Hãy tìm ra sự thật của nó, rằng khoảnh khắc bạn có một đo lường, mà là sự so sánh, bạn thực sự đang thỏa hiệp với cái gì là. Khi bạn nói rằng người đàn ông đó là một I.C.S., anh ấy kiếm được quá nhiều tiền, anh ấy đứng đầu cái này hay cái kia, bạn đang so sánh, đang đánh giá, đang đặt người đó như một tầm quan trọng, không phải như những con người, nhưng lệ thuộc vào bằng cấp của họ, chất lượng của họ, khả năng kiếm tiền của họ, công việc của họ, những mảnh bằng tiến sĩ của họ và toàn bộ những chữ cái đi trước cái tên của họ; và thế là bạn đang so sánh, so sánh chính mình với một người khác, dù rằng “người khác” đó là một vị thánh, một vị anh hùng, một vị chúa, một ý tưởng, hay một học thuyết – đang so sánh, đang đo lường – và tất cả việc này nuôi dưỡng sự thỏa hiệp mà là một lãng phí năng lượng khủng khiếp. Đây không là vấn đề của khi nào bạn cần ái ân và cái truyền thống đằng sau việc đó. Vì vậy, người ta thấy rằng đây là một lãng phí năng lượng như thế nào và năng lượng bị lãng phí khi bạn buông thả trong những lý thuyết: liệu có một linh hồn hay không linh hồn, liệu có Đại ngã hay không Đại ngã – nó không là một lãng phí thời gian, một lãng phí năng lượng hay sao? Khi bạn đọc hay lắng nghe một vị thánh nào đó liên tục, hay một vị khất sĩ nào đó, đưa ra những lời bình phẩm về kinh Gita, hay kinh Upanishads – chỉ suy nghĩ về nó! – sự vô lý của nó! – sự trẻ con của nó! Một ai đó giải thích một quyển sách nào đó mà trong chính nó đã chết rồi, được viết bởi một thi sĩ đã chết nào đó, cho nó một ý nghĩa cực kỳ. Tất cả việc này chỉ ra rằng từ cơ bản không chín chắn là một lãng phí năng lượng.

Cái trí không chín chắn so sánh chính nó với cái gì là và cái gì nên là, nhưng chỉ có cái trí không chín chắn mới so sánh. Cái trí chín chắn không có so sánh, cái trí chín chắn không có đo lường. Tôi không hiểu liệu có khi nào bạn nhìn chính mình và quan sát cách bạn so sánh bạn với một người khác, khi nói rằng, “Anh ấy đẹp quá, thông minh quá, khôn khéo quá, nổi bật quá; và tôi chẳng là ai cả, tôi muốn được giống như anh ấy.” Hay, “Cô ấy đẹp quá, có một vóc dáng đẹp, có một cái trí rộng lượng, thông minh, sáng láng, tốt lành hơn.” Chúng ta suy nghĩ và vận hành trong thế giới đo lường và so sánh này. Và nếu có khi nào bạn vặn hỏi và quan sát có lẽ bạn đã nói rằng, “Không còn so sánh nữa, không còn so sánh với bất kỳ ai, không còn so sánh với người nữ diễn viên đẹp nhất kia.” Bạn biết rằng vẻ đẹp không phải trong người nữ diễn viên, vẻ đẹp là cái gì đó tổng thể, không phải trong khuôn mặt, trong vóc dáng, trong nụ cười, nhưng nơi nào có một chất lượng của hiểu rõ tổng thể, tổng thể của toàn thân tâm của một người; khi đó là “tổng thể” thấy, có vẻ đẹp. Làm ơn, hãy quan sát nó trong chính bạn, thử nó, hay tốt hơn hãy thực hiện nó – khi bạn sử dụng từ ngữ “cố gắng”, bạn biết một cái trí như thế là cái trí dại dột, tệ hại đến chừng nào; khi nó nói rằng, “Tôi đang nỗ lực hết sức, tôi đang cố gắng”, điều này thể hiện rõ một cái trí từ cơ bản là vật chất, bảo thủ, có tánh đo lường mà có nghĩa đang làm tốt hơn mỗi ngày; vì vậy, hãy tìm ra cho chính mình liệu bạn có thể sống, không lý thuyết nhưng thực sự, mà không có so sánh, đo lường, không bao giờ sử dụng những từ ngữ “tốt hơn” hay “nhiều hơn”. Hãy thấy điều gì xảy ra. Chỉ một cái trí chín chắn như thế mới không đang lãng phí năng lượng, chỉ một cái trí như thế mới có thể sống một cuộc sống rất đơn giản, tôi có ý nói một cuộc sống của tánh đơn giản thực sự, không phải tánh tạm gọi là đơn giản của con người mà ăn một bữa, hay che một cái khố – đó chỉ là sự phô trương – nhưng cái trí không đo lường và vì vậy không đang lãng phí năng lượng.

Vậy là đến điểm mấu chốt. Chúng ta đang lãng phí năng lượng và bạn cần năng lượng này để hiểu rõ lối sống kỳ quái này. Và chúng ta phải hiểu rõ nó, đó là sự việc duy nhất mà chúng ta có, không phải những thần thánh, những kinh Bible, những kinh Gita, hay những lý tưởng; cái gì bạn có là sự việc này – sự hành hạ hằng ngày, sự lo âu hàng ngày. Và muốn hiểu rõ nó, tiếp xúc cùng nó, phải không có không gian giữa chính bạn như người quan sát và cái sự việc như thất vọng, và muốn có được điều này bạn phải có năng lượng thúc đẩy, vô hạn. Muốn có năng lượng đó, nó không thể bị lãng phí vô ích và biến mất – khi việc này xảy ra bạn sẽ hiểu rõ sống là gì. Vậy là không còn sợ hãi về sống, về chuyển động của sự sống. Bạn biết một chuyển động là gì không? Một chuyển động không có kết thúc và không có khởi đầu, và vì vậy chuyển động trong chính nó là vẻ đẹp, niềm vinh quang. Bạn đang theo sát được điều này chứ?

Vậy là sự sống là chuyển động này và muốn hiểu rõ nó phải có tự do, phải có năng lượng. Và hiểu rõ chết là hiểu rõ cái gì đó mà liên quan mật thiết cùng sống. Bạn biết không, vẻ đẹp (không phải trong những bức tranh, không phải trong một con người, không phải trong một cái cây hay trong đám mây hay trong cảnh mặt trời lặn) vẻ đẹp không thể bị tách rời khỏi tình yêu. Và nơi nào có tình yêu và vẻ đẹp, có sống và cũng có chết. Bạn không thể tách rời cái này khỏi cái còn lại. Khoảnh khắc bạn tách rời có xung đột, không có liên hệ. Vậy là chúng ta đã thấy, không phải từng chi tiết tỉ mỉ hay bao quát, có lẽ, nhưng chúng ta đã thấy sự sống.

Bây giờ chúng ta hãy suy nghĩ, tìm hiểu, nghi vấn của chết này. Bạn có khi nào hỏi tại sao bạn sợ hãi chết hay không? Chắc chắn hầu hết mọi người đều sợ hãi. Thậm chí một số người không muốn biết về nó, hay nếu họ muốn, họ muốn tôn vinh nó. Hay một số người sáng chế ra một lý thuyết, một niềm tin, một tẩu thoát – một tẩu thoát như là sinh lại vào ngày phán xét, hay đầu thai. Đa số người sống ở phương Đông tin vào sự đầu thai – có thể, tất cả các bạn cũng vậy. Đó là, một thực thể vĩnh cửu, hay một ký ức tập thể, được sinh lại trong cuộc sống kế tiếp – phải vậy không? Đó là điều gì tất cả các bạn tin tưởng; để có một cơ hội tốt đẹp hơn, để sống trọn vẹn hơn, để hoàn thiện chính mình, bởi vì cuộc sống này quá ngắn ngủi, cuộc sống này không thể cho bạn tất cả trải nghiệm, tất cả niềm vui, tất cả hiểu biết, vì vậy – chúng ta hãy có một cuộc sống kế tiếp! Bạn muốn một cuộc sống kế tiếp nơi bạn sẽ có thời gian và không gian để hoàn thiện chính mình, vì vậy bạn có niềm tin đó. Đây là tẩu thoát khỏi sự thật – chúng ta không quan tâm đến liệu có hay không có đầu thai hoặc liệu có sự tiếp tục hay không tiếp tục. Điều đó đòi hỏi một phân tích hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Chúng ta có thể thấy vắn tắt làm thế nào cái mà có sự tiếp tục là cái mà đã là, cái mà đã là ngày hôm qua sẽ tiếp tục ngày hôm nay, qua ngày hôm nay để đến ngày mai. Và một tiếp tục như thế ở trong thời gian và không gian. Hiểu rõ này không thuộc trí năng, bạn có thể quan sát nó rất đơn giản cho chính mình. Và chúng ta sợ hãi cái sự việc được gọi là chết này. Chúng ta không chỉ sợ hãi sống mà chúng ta còn sợ hãi cái sự việc không biết được này. Chúng ta sợ hãi cái không biết được, hay sợ hãi cái đã được biết, hay mất đi cái đã được biết? Đó là, gia đình, những trải nghiệm của bạn, sự tồn tại đều đặn hàng ngày của bạn – cái đã được biết – ngôi nhà, mảnh vườn, nụ cười mà bạn đã quen thuộc, thức ăn mà bạn đã ăn trong suốt ba mươi năm, cùng một thức ăn, cùng một khí hậu, cùng những quyển sách, cùng truyền thống – bạn sợ mất cái đó, phải vậy không? Làm thế nào bạn có thể sợ hãi cái gì đó mà bạn không biết được?

Vì vậy tư tưởng không chỉ sợ hãi mất cái đã được biết nhưng tư tưởng cũng sợ hãi cái gì đó mà nó gọi là chết, cái không biết được. Như chúng ta đã nói, sợ hãi không thể loại bỏ được, nhưng nó có thể được hiểu rõ chỉ khi nào những sự việc sinh ra sợ hãi, như chết, được hiểu rõ. Hiện nay nhờ vào thời gian con người đã đẩy chết ra thật xa; ví dụ những người Ai cập cổ xưa đã trải qua sống để chết. Chết là cái gì đó trong khoảng cách, cái khoảng cách không gian-thời gian đó giữa sống và cái mà chúng ta gọi là chết. Tư tưởng, mà đã phân chia việc này, đã phân chia sống khỏi chết, tư tưởng tách rời nó ra. Hãy tìm hiểu điều này, thưa các bạn, nó rất đơn giản nếu bạn hiểu rõ như thế. Tư tưởng giữ nó tách rời bởi vì tư tưởng đã nói, “Tôi không biết tương lai là gì”; tôi có thể có nhiều lý thuyết nếu tôi tin tưởng vào sự đầu thai, nó có nghĩa rằng tôi phải cư xử, làm việc, hành động, ngay lúc này – nếu tôi tin tưởng điều đó. Điều gì bạn làm có ảnh hưởng khi bạn chết – nhưng bạn không tin tưởng theo lối đó. Bạn tin tưởng vào sự đầu thai như một ý tưởng, một ý tưởng gây an ủi, nhưng khá mơ hồ, vì vậy bạn không cần lưu tâm đến việc gì bạn làm lúc này. Bạn thực sự không tin tưởng vào nghiệp mặc dù bạn nói rất nhiều về nó. Nếu bạn chân thật, thực sự, đầy sức mạnh, tin tưởng vào nó, như bạn tin tưởng vào việc kiếm tiền, vào kinh nghiệm ái ân, vậy thì mỗi từ ngữ, mỗi cử chỉ, mỗi chuyển động của toàn thân tâm của bạn đều có ảnh hưởng bởi vì bạn sẽ phải trả nó trong đời sau. Vậy là sự tin tưởng đó sẽ mang lại một kỷ luật vô cùng – nhưng bạn không tin tưởng, nó là một tẩu thoát, bạn kinh hãi bởi vì bạn không muốn buông bỏ nó.

Và bạn đang buông bỏ cái gì đây? Hãy quan sát nó. Khi bạn nói, “Tôi sợ hãi khi buông bỏ” – bạn sợ hãi cái gì? Buông bỏ cái gì? Làm ơn hãy quan sát nó rất kỹ lưỡng. Gia đình của bạn, người mẹ của bạn, người vợ của bạn, con cái của bạn phải không? Bạn có khi nào liên hệ với họ không? Hay bạn chỉ liên hệ đến một ý tưởng, đến một hình ảnh? Và khi bạn nói rằng, “Tôi sợ hãi buông bỏ, bị tách rời” – bạn đang suy nghĩ bị tách rời khỏi cái gì? Những ký ức? Chắc chắn là những ký ức, những ký ức của vui thú ái ân, những ký ức của trở thành con người vĩ đại của bạn, hay một con người thấp hèn đang leo lên những bậc thang, những ký ức của tính cách của bạn, những ký ức của tình bằng hữu của bạn – chỉ là những ký ức. Và bạn sợ hãi khi buông bỏ những ký ức đó đi. Dù chúng có lẽ vui vẻ hay buồn bực như thế nào, những ký ức là gì? Chúng không có thực chất gì cả. Vì vậy bạn sợ hãi buông bỏ cái gì đó mà không có giá trị gì cả, ký ức là cái mà có sự tiếp tục, một mớ của những ký ức, một đơn vị, một trung tâm.

Vì vậy khi người ta hiểu rõ sống, đó là, khi người ta hiểu rõ ghen tuông, lo âu, tội lỗi và thất vọng và khi người ta vượt khỏi và ở trên nó, vậy thì sống và chết rất gần gũi nhau. Vậy thì đang sống là đang chết. Bạn biết nếu bạn sống lệ thuộc vào những ký ức, những truyền thống, và cái gì bạn “nên là”, bạn không đang sống. Nhưng nếu bạn gạt bỏ đi tất cả việc đó, mà có nghĩa rằng chết đi tất cả mọi điều mà bạn biết – tự do khỏi cái đã được biết – đây là chết, và vậy là bạn đang sống. Bạn đang sống, không phải trong thế giới của những ý tưởng hão huyền nhưng đang sống thực sự, không lệ thuộc vào kinh Vedas, kinh Upanishads mà chẳng có giá trị gì; cái gì có giá trị là cuộc sống mà bạn sống mỗi ngày, đó là cuộc sống duy nhất mà bạn có, và nếu không hiểu rõ nó, bạn sẽ không bao giờ hiểu rõ được hoặc tình yêu, vẻ đẹp, hoặc chết.

Chúng ta quay trở lại vấn đề căn bản đó, nó là: tại sao không có ngọn lửa này trong quả tim chúng ta. Bởi vì nếu bạn đã tìm hiểu rất kỹ càng điều gì đã được nói (không phải thuộc từ ngữ, thuộc trí năng nhưng tìm hiểu nó trong cái trí riêng của bạn, trong quả tim riêng của bạn), vậy thì bạn sẽ biết tại sao bạn không có được nó. Nếu bạn biết tại sao bạn không có được nó, nếu bạn cảm thấy nó và sống cùng nó, nếu bạn đam mê trong sự tìm kiếm của bạn về việc tại sao bạn không có được nó, vậy thì bạn sẽ phát giác rằng bạn có nó. Qua sự phủ nhận hoàn toàn, sự việc đó mà tự nó là tích cực, mà là tình yêu, hiện diện. Giống như khiêm tốn, bạn không thể vun quén tình yêu. Khiêm tốn hiện diện khi có sự kết thúc hoàn toàn của tự cao, kiêu ngạo, nhưng sau đó bạn sẽ không bao giờ biết khiêm tốn là gì. Với một con người mà biết khiêm tốn là gì là một con người tự cao. Trong cùng cách như vậy khi bạn trao cái trí của bạn và quả tim của bạn, hệ thần kinh của bạn, đôi mắt của bạn, toàn thân tâm của bạn để tìm ra cách sống, để thấy cái gì thực sự "là" và vượt khỏi nó, và phủ nhận hoàn toàn, tổng thể, cuộc sống mà được sống lúc này, trong chính phủ nhận của xấu xa, hung bạo, trong sự phủ nhận hoàn toàn của nó, cái khác lạ hiện diện. Nhưng bạn cũng sẽ không bao giờ "biết" nó. Một người mà biết rằng anh ấy tĩnh lặng, hay biết rằng anh ấy thương yêu, không biết tình yêu là gì, cũng không biết tĩnh lặng là gì.

MADRAS

Ngày 10 tháng giêng năm 1968

– 3 – THIÊNG LIÊNG

Cày xới, không bao giờ gieo hạt. Hình thành ý tưởng. Nhạy cảm không còn trong sống hàng ngày. Chú ý và thông minh. Vô trật tự trong chính chúng ta và thế giới: trách nhiệm của chúng ta. Vấn đề của thấy. Những hình ảnh và tiếp xúc trực tiếp. Thiêng liêng. “Khi bạn có tình yêu đó bạn có thể vất đi tất cả những quyển sách thiêng liêng của bạn.”

Người ta có thể mãi mãi tiếp tục đọc sách báo, thảo luận, chất đống những từ ngữ trên những từ ngữ, mà chẳng khi nào thực hiện bất kỳ điều gì về nó. Nó giống như một con người luôn luôn đang cày xới, không bao giờ gieo hạt, và vì vậy không bao giờ thu hoạch. Hầu hết chúng ta đều ở trong vị trí đó. Và những từ ngữ, những ý tưởng, những lý thuyết, đã trở thành quá quan trọng hơn là sống thực tế, mà là đang hành động, đang làm. Tôi không biết liệu có khi nào bạn đã thắc mắc tại sao, khắp thế giới, những ý tưởng, những công thức, những khái niệm, có một quan trọng cực kỳ, không chỉ thuộc khoa học mà còn cả thuộc tôn giáo. Tôi thắc mắc tại sao như thế? Đó là một tẩu thoát khỏi thực tế, khỏi sống đơn điệu, hàng ngày phải không? Hay đó là bởi vì chúng ta nghĩ những ý tưởng và những lý thuyết sẽ giúp đỡ chúng ta sống nhiều hơn – sẽ cho chúng ta tầm nhìn rộng lớn hơn, chiều sâu to tát hơn vào sống? Bởi vì chúng ta nói rằng nếu không có những ý tưởng, nếu không có một ý nghĩa, một mục đích trong sống, sống rất hạn chế, trống rỗng và không có ý nghĩa gì cả. Đó có lẽ là một trong những lý do. Hay, đó là bởi vì chúng ta tìm thấy đang sống, sự hành hạ hàng ngày, lề thói, sự nhàm chán, đang mất hẳn một chất lượng nhạy cảm nên chúng ta hy vọng tìm được từ sự hình thành ý tưởng?

Cuộc sống như chúng ta sống rõ ràng là rất tàn nhẫn, và làm cho chúng ta vô cảm, xơ cứng, nặng nề, ngu xuẩn, và vì vậy chúng ta có lẽ hy vọng qua những ý tưởng, qua sự hình thành ý tưởng trong bộ não, để tạo ra một chất lượng nào đó của nhạy cảm. Bởi vì chúng ta thấy rằng sống của chúng ta rõ ràng là một công việc lặp lại (ái ân, văn phòng, ăn uống, liên tục nói chuyện về những sự việc mà thực sự không có vấn đề gì cả, xung đột liên tục trong liên hệ), tất cả việc này đã tạo ra sự khô cằn, tạo ra sự hung tợn, và tạo ra sự khắc nghiệt. Và ý thức được điều đó (có lẽ không những tầng ý thức bên ngoài nhưng thăm thẳm bên trong), người ta có lẽ nghĩ rằng những ý tưởng, những lý tưởng, những lý thuyết về Thượng đế, về đời sau, có lẽ cho một chất lượng của tinh lọc, có lẽ đem đến sống đau khổ, nhàm chán này, một ý nghĩa, một quan trọng, một mục đích; có lẽ chúng ta nghĩ rằng việc đó sẽ đánh bóng những cái trí của chúng ta, cho chúng sự sắc bén, cho chúng một chất lượng mà một công nhân bình thường hàng ngày trong cánh đồng hay trong nhà máy không có được. Vì vậy có lẽ đó là một trong những lý do tại sao chúng ta buông thả trong trò chơi đặc biệt này. Nhưng thậm chí khi chúng ta đã được sắc bén và mau lẹ thuộc trí năng bởi tranh cãi, bởi bàn luận, bởi đọc sách báo, điều này thực sự không tạo ra chất lượng của nhạy cảm đó. Và bạn biết rằng tất cả những người kia mà là người có học thức, mà đọc sách báo, mà tạo ra những lý thuyết, mà có thể bàn luận rất hay ho, là những con người đần độn lạ lùng.

Vì vậy tôi nghĩ rằng điều cốt lõi là phải hiểu rõ tánh nhạy cảm, mà xóa sạch sự tầm thường. Bởi vì tôi e rằng hầu hết chúng ta đang trở nên mỗi lúc một tầm thường hơn. Chúng ta không đang sử dụng từ ngữ đó trong bất kỳ một ý nghĩa xúc phạm nào cả, nhưng chỉ quan sát sự thật của tầm thường trong ý nghĩa của là trung bình, có giáo dục kha khá, kiếm sống được và có lẽ có khả năng biện luận lanh lợi, nhưng điều này vẫn để lại cho chúng ta thói hợm hĩnh, tầm thường, không chỉ trong những thái độ của chúng ta mà cả trong những hoạt động của chúng ta. Và sự trưởng thành không mang lại một thay đổi, một chuyển đổi, một cách mạng trong tánh tầm thường (điều này có thể được quan sát rất rõ ràng), mặc dù người ta có lẽ có một thân thể trưởng thành, tánh tầm thường trong những hình thức khác nhau vẫn tiếp tục.

Có lẽ chúng ta có thể tìm hiểu vấn đề của nhạy cảm này (không chỉ là sự tinh lọc của thân thể, mà rõ ràng là cần thiết), nhưng tìm hiểu vấn đề của nhạy cảm, hình thức cao nhất của nhạy cảm mà là thông minh tột đỉnh; nếu không có nhạy cảm bạn không có thông minh. Lắng nghe con quạ đó, ý thức được nó, cảm thấy chuyển động của nó, không có không gian giữa con quạ và chính bạn (mà không có nghĩa rằng đồng hóa cùng con quạ, vì việc này sẽ quá xuẩn ngốc), nhưng chất lượng đó của một cái trí được mài bén cao độ, thật chú ý, trong đó người quan sát, mà là cái trung tâm, người kiểm duyệt, cùng những ký ức và truyền thống được tích lũy của anh ấy, không hiện diện. Rốt cuộc, nó là một vấn đề của thói quen liên tục, cách chúng ta suy nghĩ, thức ăn chúng ta ăn, cách chúng ta chọn bạn bè của chúng ta, mà chắc chắn là những người bạn của chúng ta bởi vì họ không gây xung đột, họ không gây phiền muộn quá nhiều cho chúng ta. Vì vậy cuộc sống trở nên không chỉ là lặp lại nhưng cũng còn là thói quen, thủ tục. Vậy là tánh nhạy cảm cần sự chú ý.

Bạn biết tập trung là một sự việc gây hủy hoại nhất. Bạn chấp nhận nó, phải không? Tôi đang nói, người nói đang trình bày một điều gì đó hoàn toàn mâu thuẫn với điều gì mà tất cả các bạn cảm thấy là cần thiết. Vì vậy đừng chấp nhận nó, cũng đừng phủ nhận nó, nhưng hãy quan sát nó. Hãy cẩn thận tìm hiểu điều gì đúng và điều gì sai. Điều gì người nói đang nói có lẽ hoàn toàn ngớ ngẩn và vô lý, hay nó có lẽ hoàn toàn đúng. Nhưng chấp nhận hay phủ nhận làm cho bạn vẫn còn như bạn là, đờ đẫn, đần độn, chất đầy những thói quen, vô cảm. Nhưng trong điều gì chúng ta sẽ nói chốc lát nữa và thậm chí ngay lúc này, đừng chấp nhận hay so sánh điều gì bạn biết rồi hay điều gì bạn đã được chỉ bảo hay đọc sách báo, nhưng lắng nghe với mục đích tự tìm ra cho chính mình điều gì là sự thật. Và muốn chú ý, muốn lắng nghe, bạn phải trao trọn chú ý tổng thể của bạn. Bạn không thể trao trọn chú ý tổng thể của bạn nếu bạn chỉ đang học hỏi để tập trung, hay nếu bạn đang cố gắng tập trung vào vài từ ngữ, hay vào ý nghĩa của những từ ngữ, hay điều gì bạn đã nghe rồi. Nhưng trao trọn chú ý của bạn, và việc này có nghĩa là lắng nghe mà không có bất kỳ rào cản nào, mà không có bất kỳ ngăn cản hay so sánh, hay chỉ trích nào; động thái lắng nghe đó đang trao trọn chú ý tổng thể; vậy là bạn sẽ tự phát giác cho chính mình điều gì là đúng hay sai mà không cần ai chỉ bảo cho biết. Nhưng đây là những sự việc khó khăn nhất khi thực hiện – trao trọn chú ý. Chú ý không đòi hỏi bất kỳ chất lượng nào của ý chí hay ham muốn. Chúng ta vận hành trong khuôn mẫu của ham muốn, mà là ý chí. Đó là, chúng ta nói rằng, “Tôi sẽ chú ý, tôi sẽ cố gắng lắng nghe mà không có những rào cản, mà không còn tất cả những màn che giữa người nói và chính tôi.” Nhưng sự vận dụng của chú ý không là chú ý.

Ý chí là sự việc hủy hoại nhất mà con người đã vun quén được. Lại nữa bạn chấp nhận điều đó phải không? Chấp nhận, hay phủ nhận, không là tìm ra sự thật của nó; nhưng muốn tìm ra sự thật của nó bạn phải trao trọn chú ý vào nó, vào điều gì người nói đang trình bày. Rốt cuộc, ý chí là cực điểm của ham muốn – tôi muốn cái gì đó, tôi ham muốn điều gì đó, tôi thèm khát nó và tôi theo đuổi nó. Ham muốn có lẽ là một sợi chỉ rất mỏng manh, nhưng nó được củng cố bởi sự lặp lại liên tục, và việc này trở thành ý chí – “Tôi sẽ” và “Tôi sẽ không”. Và ở mức độ khẳng định đó (mà cũng có thể là phủ định), chúng ta vận hành, chúng ta hoạt động và chúng ta tiếp cận cuộc sống. “Tôi sẽ thành công, tôi sẽ trở thành, tôi sẽ cao quí” – tất cả những ham muốn rất kiên định. Và lúc này chúng ta đang nói rằng chú ý không liên quan gì đến ham muốn hay ý chí.

Vậy thì, làm thế nào người ta chú ý được? Làm ơn hãy theo sát điều này. Biết rằng người ta không chú ý (biết rằng người ta có một lượng tập trung nào đó, một vận dụng của ý chí mà loại trừ và kháng cự, biết rằng bất kỳ hình thức nào của nỗ lực, mà lại nữa là ý chí, không là chú ý), làm thế nào người ta chú ý được? Bởi vì nếu bạn có thể trao trọn chú ý tổng thể vào mọi việc bạn làm (và vì vậy bạn cũng chẳng làm bao nhiêu cả), việc gì bạn làm, bạn làm trọn vẹn bằng quả tim của bạn, bằng cái trí của bạn, bằng hệ thần kinh của bạn, bằng mọi thứ bạn có. Và làm thế nào chú ý này hiện diện được, một cách tự nhiên, không có bất kỳ nỗ lực nào, không có sự vận dụng của ý chí, không sử dụng ý chí như một phương tiện để đạt được cái gì đó? Tôi hy vọng bạn đang theo sát tất cả điều này. Bạn biết, bạn sẽ gặp khó khăn cực kỳ nếu bạn không theo sát điều này từng bước một, bởi vì bạn có thể không quen thuộc với nó; bạn quen thuộc với việc được chỉ bảo phải làm gì, mà bạn làm một cách lặp lại, và bạn nghĩ rằng bạn đã hiểu rõ nó. Nhưng điều gì chúng ta đang cố gắng giải thích là điều gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn.

Vậy là chú ý này hiện diện một cách tự nhiên, dễ dàng, khi bạn thấy bạn không chú ý – đúng chứ? Khi bạn tỉnh thức được rằng bạn không chú ý, không đang trao trọn chú ý, tỉnh thức được sự kiện đó là chú ý, và bạn không còn gì phải làm nữa. Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Qua tiêu cực bạn đến được sự tích cực, nhưng không phải qua theo đuổi sự tích cực. Khi bạn làm mọi việc đó mà không có tiêu cực này bạn làm mọi việc trong một trạng thái không chú ý, và tỉnh thức được hành động trong một trạng thái không chú ý, là chú ý. Điều này làm cho cái trí rất tinh tế, làm cho cái trí tỉnh táo cực kỳ, bởi vì lúc đó không có lãng phí năng lượng. Trái lại sự vận dụng của ý chí là lãng phí năng lượng, giống như tập trung vậy.

Chúng ta đã nói rằng chú ý này là cốt lõi – đừng nói rằng, “Hãy định nghĩa ông có ý gì qua từ ngữ chú ý”, bạn có thể tra cứu nó trong một quyển tự điển. Chúng ta sẽ không định nghĩa nó, điều gì chúng ta đang cố gắng làm là, bằng cách phủ nhận cái gì không là, để tự bất chợt bắt gặp nó cho chính bạn. Chúng ta đang nói, chú ý này là cốt lõi cho sự nhạy cảm, mà là thông minh ở mức độ sâu thẳm hơn. Lại nữa, sử dụng những từ ngữ này rất khó khăn bởi vì không có sự đo lường – khi bạn nói, “sâu thẳm hơn”, “nhiều hơn”, bạn đang so sánh, và sự so sánh là một lãng phí năng lượng. Vì vậy, nếu điều đó được hiểu rõ, chúng ta có thể sử dụng những từ ngữ để chuyển tải một ý nghĩa mà không là so sánh nhưng thực sự.

Nhạy cảm này ám chỉ thông minh và chúng ta cần thông minh vô cùng để sống, để sống cuộc sống hàng ngày của chúng ta, bởi vì chỉ thông minh mới có thể mang lại một cách mạng tổng thể trong tâm hồn của chúng ta, trong chính tâm điểm của thân tâm chúng ta. Và một thay đổi như thế là cốt lõi, bởi vì con người đã sống hàng triệu năm trong đau khổ, trong vô vọng, luôn luôn đang chiến đấu với chính anh ấy và với thế giới. Anh ấy đã sáng chế ra một hòa bình mà không là hòa bình gì cả; một hòa bình như thế chỉ có giữa hai cuộc chiến tranh, giữa hai cuộc xung đột. Và vì xã hội mỗi lúc mỗi trở nên phức tạp hơn, vô trật tự hơn, ganh đua hơn, phải có sự thay đổi cơ bản, không phải trong xã hội nhưng trong con người mà đã tạo ra xã hội. Con người, như anh ấy là, là một con người rất vô trật tự, anh ấy bị rối loạn; anh ấy tin tưởng, anh ấy không tin tưởng, anh ấy có những lý thuyết và vân vân và vân vân; anh ấy sống trong một trạng thái của xung đột. Anh ấy đã thiết lập một xã hội, một văn hóa mâu thuẫn, với sự giàu có và sự nghèo khổ của nó. Có vô trật tự, không chỉ trong sống của chúng ta, mà cũng còn ở bên ngoài xã hội. Và trật tự là tuyệt đối cần thiết. Bạn biết chuyện gì đang xảy ra trên thế giới – ở đây trong nước Ấn độ – hãy nhìn nó đi! Chuyện gì đang xảy ra? Những trường đại học đã bị đóng cửa, toàn thế hệ những người trẻ đều không có được sự giáo dục; họ sẽ bị hủy hoại bởi những chính trị gia đang cãi cọ về sự phân chia ngôn ngữ xuẩn ngốc nào đó. Rồi thì có chiến tranh Việt nam mà trong đó con người đang bị hủy diệt chỉ vì một ý tưởng. Có những hỗn loạn chủng tộc ở Mỹ, những sự việc hủy diệt khủng khiếp. Và ở Trung quốc có nội chiến, ở Liên xô, chế độ chuyên chế, đàn áp tự do, ít ra là tự do từ từ – có sự phân chia giữa những dân tộc, sự tách rời vì tôn giáo, tất cả việc này phơi bày sự vô trật tự hoàn toàn. Và vô trật tự này được tạo ra bởi mỗi người chúng ta; chúng ta phải chịu trách nhiệm. Làm ơn hãy thấy rõ trách nhiệm về nó. Thế hệ lớn hơn đã tạo ra thế giới hỗn loạn, bạn đã tạo ra một thế giới hỗn loạn kinh khủng với những lễ nghi của bạn, những vị đạo sư của bạn, với những thần thánh của bạn, với những quốc tịch của bạn, bởi vì bạn chỉ quan tâm đến việc kiếm sống và vun quén một phần của bộ não, phần còn lại bạn lại lơ là, bạn lại gạt đi. Mỗi người phải chịu trách nhiệm cho vô trật tự này trong chính anh ấy và trong xã hội anh ấy sống. Chủ nghĩa Cộng sản và những hình thức độc tài khác sẽ không mang lại trật tự, trái lại họ đang tạo ra vô trật tự nhiều hơn, bởi vì con người cần được tự do.

Vậy là có vô trật tự. Và trật tự là cốt lõi, ngược lại không thể có hòa bình gì cả. Và chỉ trong hòa bình, trong yên lặng, trong vẻ đẹp, tốt lành mới có thể nở hoa. Trật tự là đạo đức, không phải đạo đức được vun quén của một cái trí ma mãnh. Trật tự là đạo đức, và trật tự là một việc đang sống, giống như đạo đức là một việc đang sống. Vì vậy đạo đức không thể được luyện tập như những việc khác. Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu điều này, hãy lắng nghe nó. Bạn không thể luyện tập nó cũng như bạn không thể luyện tập khiêm tốn, hay có một phương pháp để tìm ra tình yêu là gì.

Vì vậy trật tự trong ý nghĩa này có cùng khuôn mẫu như toán học; trong toán học cao nhất là trật tự cao nhất, trật tự tuyệt đối. Và trật tự tuyệt đối đó, người ta phải có nó trong chính người ta. Và bởi vì đạo đức không thể được vun quén, gom góp, nên trật tự không thể được tạo ra, được thâu lượm bởi cái trí; nhưng điều gì cái trí có thể làm là tìm ra vô trật tự là gì. Bạn đang theo sát điều này chứ? Bạn biết vô trật tự là gì – sống theo cách chúng ta sống là vô trật tự hoàn toàn.

Như những sự việc đang tồn tại, lúc này mỗi con người đều thể hiện ra phía bên ngoài, không có cộng tác, không có tình yêu, có một dửng dưng hoàn toàn về chuyện gì xảy ra ở Việt nam hay ở Trung quốc, hay ở nhà của người hàng xóm kế bên. Hãy ý thức được vô trật tự này, và từ sự hiểu rõ vô trật tự này, hiểu rõ làm thế nào nó xuất hiện được, nguyên nhân của nó, để cho khi bạn hiểu rõ những nguyên nhân, những lực lượng đang làm việc để tạo ra vô trật tự này, hiểu rõ nó thực sự, không chỉ thuộc trí năng; vậy là từ hiểu rõ đó trật tự sẽ đến. Lúc này chúng ta hãy cố gắng hiểu rõ vô trật tự, mà là sống hàng ngày của chúng ta, hiểu rõ nó, không phải thuộc trí năng hay bằng từ ngữ, nhưng hãy quan sát nó, làm thế nào người ta đã tách rời khỏi những người khác bằng cách là một người Ấn độ giáo, một người Hồi giáo, một người Thiên chúa giáo (Người Thiên chúa giáo với Thượng đế của anh ấy, với những lý tưởng của anh ấy, và người Ấn độ giáo với những lý tưởng của anh ấy, người Hồi giáo với những lý tưởng riêng đặc trưng của anh ấy, và vân vân), hãy quan sát nó, hãy tiếp xúc mật thiết cùng nó, đừng có những thành kiến, nếu không bạn không thể tiếp xúc trực tiếp cùng một con người khác.

Vậy là, từ vô trật tự trật tự hiện diện, và nó hiện diện một cách tự nhiên, dễ dàng, cùng vẻ đẹp và sức mạnh lớn lao, khi bạn tiếp xúc trực tiếp cùng vô trật tự trong chính bạn. Bạn không tiếp xúc trực tiếp cùng vô trật tự, cùng chính bạn, nếu bạn không biết cách quan sát chính bạn. Làm thế nào thấy chính bạn (chúng ta đã tìm hiểu về vấn đề thấy này), làm thế nào quan sát một cái cây, một bông hoa – bởi vì như ngày hôm trước chúng ta đã nói, động thái của thấy là động thái của tình yêu phải không? Động thái của thấy là hành động. Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu điều này một chút bởi vì điều này thực sự rất quan trọng.

Khi bạn trao trọn chú ý của bạn, đó là, bằng cái trí của bạn, bằng đôi mắt của bạn, bằng quả tim của bạn, bằng hệ thần kinh của bạn – khi bạn trao chú ý tổng thể, bạn sẽ phát giác rằng không có cái trung tâm nào cả, không có người quan sát và vì vậy không có sự phân chia giữa vật được quan sát và người quan sát, và bạn loại bỏ được hoàn toàn xung đột, xung đột này được tạo ra bởi sự tách rời, bởi sự phân chia. Dường như điều đó chỉ khó khăn bởi vì bạn không quen cách nhìn vào cuộc sống như thế này. Nó thực sự rất đơn giản. Nó thực sự rất đơn giản nếu bạn biết cách nhìn một cái cây, nếu bạn biết cách nhìn mới mẻ lại cái cây, người vợ của bạn, người chồng của bạn, người hàng xóm của bạn, nếu bạn nhìn mới mẻ lại bầu trời cùng những vì sao của nó, cùng chiều sâu tĩnh lặng của nó – nhìn, thấy và lắng nghe, vậy thì bạn đã giải quyết được toàn vấn đề của hiểu rõ, bởi vì lúc đó không có "hiểu rõ" gì cả, lúc đó chỉ có một trạng thái của cái trí không phân chia và thế là không xung đột.

Muốn bất chợt bắt gặp được cái này một cách tự nhiên, dễ dàng, trọn vẹn, phải có chú ý. Chú ý này chỉ có thể hiện diện dễ dàng khi bạn biết cách nhìn, cách lắng nghe – cách nhìn một cái cây, hay người vợ của bạn, hay người hàng xóm của bạn, hay các vì sao, hay thậm chí ông chủ của bạn, mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh nào. Rốt cuộc, hình ảnh là quá khứ – quá khứ mà đã được tích lũy qua trải nghiệm, dễ chịu hay khó chịu; và với hình ảnh đó bạn nhìn người vợ của bạn, con cái của bạn, người hàng xóm của bạn, thế giới; với hình ảnh đó bạn nhìn thiên nhiên. Vì vậy cái gì tiếp xúc là ký ức của bạn, hình ảnh mà đã được xếp đặt vào cùng nhau bởi ký ức. Và cái hình ảnh đó nhìn nên không có sự tiếp xúc trực tiếp. Bạn biết khi bạn có đau đớn không có hình ảnh, chỉ có đau đớn, và vì vậy có hành động tức khắc. Bạn có lẽ trì hoãn đi đến bác sĩ, nhưng hành động có liên quan trong đó. Trong cùng cách như vậy khi bạn nhìn và lắng nghe, bạn biết được vẻ đẹp của hành động tức khắc mà trong đó không còn xung đột nào cả. Đó là lý do tại sao rất quan trọng phải biết nghệ thuật nhìn, mà rất đơn giản – nhìn bằng chú ý tổng thể, bằng quả tim của bạn và bằng cái trí của bạn. Và chú ý có nghĩa tình yêu, bởi vì bạn không thể nhìn bầu trời đó và nhạy cảm cực kỳ nếu có một phân chia giữa chính bạn và vẻ đẹp của cảnh hoàng hôn đó.

Trật tự này chỉ có thể hiện diện khi chúng ta thấy, mà thực sự là tiếp xúc cùng vô trật tự, mà trong chính chúng ta, mà là chúng ta. Chúng ta không ở trong vô trật tự – “chúng ta” là một trạng thái của vô trật tự. Bây giờ khi bạn nhìn chính bạn mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh nào về chính bạn, thực sự nhìn cái gì bạn là (không phải điều gì Shankara, Buddha, Freud, Jung, hay X Y Z nói, bởi vì lúc đó bạn đang nhìn vào chính bạn theo cái hình ảnh của họ), bạn nhìn vô trật tự trong chính bạn, sự tức giận, sự hung tợn, sự bạo lực, sự dửng dưng, sự lãnh đạm, một động lực liên tục của tham vọng cùng hung bạo kỳ cục của nó – nếu bạn có thể tỉnh thức được điều đó mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh, không có bất kỳ từ ngữ, và nhìn nó, vậy thì bạn đang tiếp xúc trực tiếp cùng nó. Và khi có tiếp xúc trực tiếp có hành động tức khắc. Có hành động tức khắc khi bạn có đau đớn cực độ, và khi có sự nguy hiểm nghiêm trọng có hành động tức khắc. Và hành động tức khắc này là sự sống, không phải cái sự việc từ trước đến nay chúng ta đã gọi là cuộc sống, mà là một trận chiến, một khốn khổ trong trận chiến đó, vô vọng, những ham muốn che giấu và vân vân; đó là điều gì chúng ta đã gọi là cuộc sống. Làm ơn hãy quan sát điều này trong chính bạn. Ngay lúc này hãy sử dụng người nói như một cái gương mà trong đó bạn thấy chính bạn. Điều gì người nói đang trình bày chỉ là đang phơi bày chính bạn cho chính bạn. Và vậy là hãy nhìn nó, hãy lắng nghe nó và trở nên tiếp xúc trọn vẹn cùng nó, là tổng thể cùng nó, và, nếu bạn như thế, bạn sẽ thấy rằng có hành động tức khắc.

Vậy là quá khứ được xóa sạch. Bạn biết quá khứ là tầng ý thức bên trong. Bạn biết tầng ý thức bên trong là gì hay không? Đừng quay lại với Freud, Jung hay tất cả những người đó, nhưng hãy tự thấy cho chính bạn và tìm ra, không phải qua niềm tin hay sử dụng phương pháp trải nghiệm nào đó, nhưng thực sự quan sát nó. Quá khứ trong bạn là truyền thống của bạn, những quyển sách bạn đã đọc, những thừa hưởng chủng tộc như người Ấn độ giáo, người Phật giáo, người Hồi giáo, người Thiên chúa giáo, và mọi chuyện như thế, và nền văn hóa trong đó bạn đã sống, những đền chùa, những niềm tin mà đã chuyển giao từ thế hệ này qua thế hệ khác. Việc này tạo thành sự tuyên truyền mà bạn bị lệ thuộc, sự tuyên truyền của bạn; các bạn là những nô lệ cho sự tuyên truyền của năm ngàn năm. Và người Thiên chúa giáo là một nô lệ cho sự tuyên truyền của hai ngàn năm. Anh ấy tin tưởng Jesus Christ và bạn tin tưởng Krishna, hay bất kỳ điều gì bạn tin tưởng, như người Cộng sản tin tưởng cái gì đó khác. Chúng ta là kết quả của sự tuyên truyền. Bạn nhận ra nó có nghĩa gì không? – những từ ngữ, ảnh hưởng của những người khác; vì vậy không có cái gì là khởi nguồn cả. Và muốn tìm ra khởi nguồn của bất kỳ cái gì chúng ta phải có trật tự. Trật tự mà chỉ có thể hiện diện khi có sự kết thúc của toàn bộ vô trật tự trong chính người ta. Bởi vì tất cả chúng ta, ít ra là những người thậm chí có chút ít nghiêm túc, chín chắn và tha thiết, chắc đã phải hỏi liệu có bất kỳ cái gì thiêng liêng, cái gì thánh thiện. Dĩ nhiên câu trả lời là rằng đền chùa, thánh đường, hay nhà thờ không là thiêng liêng, không là thánh thiện, và những hình ảnh trong đó cũng vậy.

Tôi không biết bạn đã thử nghiệm cho chính bạn hay chưa. Hãy lấy một que gậy và đặt nó trên lò sưởi và mỗi ngày đặt một bông hoa trước nó – cho nó một bông hoa – đặt trước nó một bông hoa và lặp lại vài từ ngữ – “Coca-cola”, “Amen”, “Om”, từ ngữ nào không thành vấn đề – bất kỳ từ ngữ nào bạn thích – hãy lắng nghe, đừng cười lảng tránh – hãy thực hiện nó đi và bạn sẽ tìm ra. Nếu bạn thực hiện nó, sau một tháng bạn sẽ thấy rằng nó đã trở thành thiêng liêng như thế nào. Bạn đã đồng hóa mình với que gậy đó, với mảnh đá đó và với nhúm ý tưởng đó mà bạn đã biến nó thành cái gì đó thiêng liêng, thần thánh. Nhưng nó không phải như vậy. Bạn đã trao tặng nó một ý nghĩa của thiêng liêng từ sợ hãi của bạn, từ thói quen liên tục của truyền thống này, ấp ủ, bị chi phối bởi cái gì đó, mà bạn nghĩ là thiêng liêng. Cái hình ảnh trong đền chùa không thiêng liêng gì hơn một mảnh đá bên lề đường. Vì vậy rất quan trọng phải tìm ra cái gì thực sự là thiêng liêng, cái gì thực sự là thần thánh, nếu thực sự có một việc như thế đó.

Bạn biết đó, con người đã nói về điều này xuyên suốt những thế kỷ, tìm kiếm cái gì đó vĩnh cửu, mà không bị tạo ra bởi cái trí, mà thiêng liêng trong chính nó, cái gì đó không bao giờ bị tác động bởi quá khứ. Con người luôn luôn đang tìm kiếm cái đó. Và con người, khi tìm kiếm cái đó, vì không tìm được nó, đã sáng chế ra tôn giáo, niềm tin có tổ chức. Một con người nghiêm túc phải tìm ra, không phải qua viên đá nào đó, đền chùa hay ý tưởng nào đó, nhưng anh ấy phải tìm ra cái gì là thiêng liêng đích thực, chân chính và vĩnh cửu. Nếu bạn không thể tìm ra nó bạn sẽ luôn luôn tàn nhẫn, bạn sẽ luôn luôn sống trong xung đột. Và chiều nay, nếu bạn muốn, lắng nghe, bạn có lẽ bất chợt bắt gặp nó, không phải qua người nói, không phải qua những từ ngữ của ông ta, không phải qua những câu nói của ông ta, nhưng bạn có lẽ bất chợt bắt gặp nó khi có kỷ luật qua hiểu rõ về vô trật tự. Khi bạn nhìn ngắm, thấy cái gì là vô trật tự; chính động thái thấy được vô trật tự đòi hỏi sự chú ý. Làm ơn hãy theo sát điều này. Bạn thấy không, theo hầu hết chúng ta, kỷ luật là một tập luyện, giống như nó dành cho những người lính, tập luyện, tập luyện từ sáng đến khuya để cho không còn gì cả ngoại trừ nô lệ cho một thói quen. Và đó là điều gì chúng ta gọi là kỷ luật; đàn áp, kiểm soát – đó là sự việc gây chết chóc, đó không là kỷ luật gì cả. Kỷ luật là một sự việc đang sống, nó có vẻ đẹp riêng của nó, tự do riêng của nó. Và kỷ luật này đến một cách tự nhiên, khi bạn biết cách nhìn một cái cây, cách nhìn khuôn mặt người vợ của bạn, người chồng của bạn, khi bạn có thể thấy vẻ đẹp của một cái cây hay một hoàng hôn. Nhìn, quan sát bầu trời đó, ánh sáng rực rỡ của nó, vẻ đẹp của những chiếc lá tương phản với ánh sáng đó, màu vàng cam, chiều sâu của màu sắc đó, chuyển động mau lẹ của màu sắc đó – thấy nó! Muốn thấy nó bạn phải trao chú ý tổng thể của bạn vào nó. Và trao chú ý tổng thể của bạn có kỷ luật riêng của nó, bạn không cần bất kỳ kỷ luật nào khác. Vì vậy sự việc đó, chú ý đó là việc đang sống, đang chuyển động và tràn đầy sinh lực.

Chú ý này trong chính nó là đạo đức. Bạn không cần một tiêu chuẩn đạo đức nào khác, không cần luân lý (dù sao chăng nữa bạn cũng chẳng có luân lý, ngoại trừ cái luân lý của xã hội mà bạn đã dựng lên áp đặt vào bạn ở một phạm trù, và phạm trù kia là điều gì bạn muốn làm, cả hai đều không liên quan gì đến đạo đức). Đạo đức là vẻ đẹp và vẻ đẹp là tình yêu, và nếu không có tình yêu bạn không có đạo đức và vì vậy không có trật tự. Lại nữa, nếu bạn thực hiện việc đó ngay lúc này, khi người nói đang trình bày về nó, hãy nhìn bầu trời đó bằng toàn thân tâm của bạn, chính động thái nhìn đó có kỷ luật riêng của nó và thế là đạo đức riêng của nó, trật tự riêng của nó. Lúc đó cái trí đến được điểm tột đỉnh của trật tự tuyệt đối và vì nó là trật tự tuyệt đối, chính nó trở thành thiêng liêng. Tôi không biết bạn có hiểu rõ điều này hay không. Bạn biết chứ, khi bạn thương yêu cái cây, con chim, ánh sáng trên dòng nước, khi bạn thương yêu người hàng xóm của bạn, người vợ của bạn, người chồng của bạn, mà không có ghen tuông, tình yêu đó mà không bao giờ tiếp xúc được bởi hận thù, khi có tình yêu đó, tình yêu đó tự nó là thiêng liêng, bạn không còn gì khác mà có thể nhiều hơn thế.

Vì vậy có thiêng liêng đó, không phải trong những sự việc mà con người đã gom góp vào chung, nhưng sự việc mà hiện diện khi con người tách rời chính anh ấy hoàn toàn khỏi quá khứ, mà là ký ức. Điều này không có nghĩa rằng con người trở nên đãng trí, anh ấy phải có ký ức trong một phương hướng nào đó, nhưng ký ức đó sẽ được phát giác là bộ phận của toàn trạng thái này mà trong đó kết thúc sự liên hệ với quá khứ. Và sự kết thúc của quá khứ đó chỉ có thể hiện diện khi bạn thấy những sự việc như chúng là và tiếp xúc trực tiếp cùng chúng – giống như ánh hoàng hôn tuyệt vời kia. Vậy là từ trật tự, kỷ luật, đạo đức này, kia kìa tình yêu hiện diện. Tình yêu là đam mê vô hạn và vì vậy nó hành động tức khắc. Không có khoảng ngừng thời gian giữa thấy và làm. Và khi bạn có tình yêu đó bạn có thể vất đi mọi quyển sách thiêng liêng của bạn, mọi thần thánh của bạn. Và bạn phải vất đi những quyển sách thiêng liêng của bạn, những thần thánh của bạn, những tham vọng hàng ngày của bạn, để bất chợt bắt gặp tình yêu đó. Đó là thiêng liêng duy nhất có được. Và để bất chợt bắt gặp nó, tốt lành phải nở hoa. Tốt lành – các bạn hiểu chứ, thưa các bạn? – tốt lành chỉ có thể nở hoa trong tự do, không phải trong truyền thống. Thế giới cần sự thay đổi, bạn cần sự cách mạng cơ bản trong chính bạn; thế giới cần sự cách mạng cơ bản này (không phải cách mạng nhuộm máu, Cộng sản, kinh tế mà con người đã cố gắng xuyên suốt lịch sử, mà chỉ dẫn anh ấy đến nhiều đau khổ hơn). Nhưng chúng ta cần sự cách mạng tâm lý, cơ bản, và cách mạng này là trật tự. Và trật tự là hòa bình; và trật tự này, cùng đạo đức và hòa bình của nó, chỉ có thể hiện diện khi bạn tiếp xúc trực tiếp cùng vô trật tự trong sống hàng ngày của bạn. Vậy là từ đó nở hoa tốt lành và vậy là không còn tìm kiếm gì nữa. Vì cái đó mà là, là thiêng liêng.

MADRAS, Ngày 14 tháng giêng năm 1968

[1] Alain Naudé, nhạc sĩ, trong sáu năm liên hệ gần gũi với K như thư ký và phụ tá của ông, và (như ông nói) trên tất cả như người học trò của ông. Lúc này đang sống ở Mỹ.

VI – Bốn đối thoại ở Madras

– 1 – XUNG ĐỘT

Những hình ảnh: chúng ta có ý thức được rằng chúng ta nhìn qua những hình ảnh hay không? Những ý tưởng; khoảng cách giữa những ý tưởng và đang sống hàng ngày; xung đột nảy sinh. “Muốn có sự khai sáng bạn phải có thể thấy.” “Sống không xung đột, nhưng không ngủ quên.”

Krishnamurti: Tôi nghĩ những gặp gỡ này thực sự không nên gọi là “Những thảo luận”, nhưng trái lại nên gọi là những nói chuyện giữa hai con người hay giữa nhiều người chúng ta – nói chuyện về những vấn đề hệ trọng mà trong đó hầu hết chúng ta không những thích thú nhưng còn quả quyết quan tâm nghiêm túc để hiểu rõ những vấn đề liên quan đến nó. Và vì thế những nói chuyện trở thành không chỉ khách quan mà còn rất thân mật. Nó giống như hai con người đang cùng nhau nói về mọi sự việc đầy thân tình và thoải mái – đang tự bộc lộ chính họ cho nhau. Ngược lại, tôi không thấy được sự quan trọng của những nói chuyện như thế này. Điều gì chúng ta đang cố gắng là, phải vậy không, hiểu rõ (không phải bằng trí năng hay từ ngữ hay lý thuyết nhưng thực sự) những nhu cầu cấp bách trong sống là gì, và bằng cách nào con người có thể giải quyết được những vấn đề căn bản sâu thẳm mà mỗi con người đều quan tâm đến. Vì vậy có phải rất rõ ràng – rằng chúng ta đang cùng nhau nói chuyện như hai người bạn đang tự bộc lộ chính họ cho nhau, không chỉ theo từ ngữ đưa ra những quan điểm của họ, nhưng thực sự đang cùng nhau tìm hiểu, suy nghĩ về những vấn đề của họ? Bây giờ nếu điều đó đã rõ ràng, chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau nói về điều gì đây?

Người hỏi: Vào một ngày trước chúng ta đã nói về người quan sát và vật được quan sát, và giải quyết xung đột giữa…

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì bạn muốn bàn luận phải không? Làm ơn thưa bạn, tất cả chúng ta hãy tìm ra điều gì mỗi người chúng ta muốn bàn luận rồi sau đó sắp xếp tất cả chúng vào cùng nhau và xem điều gì xảy ra.

Người hỏi: Tại sao ông nói rằng học hỏi văn hóa và nghệ thuật của Ấn độ và những triết thuyết của Ấn độ là bạo lực?

Người hỏi: Phải thực hiện những bước nào để phát triển khả năng cởi bỏ tình trạng bị quy định của chúng ta?

Người hỏi: Cái trí sản sinh ra những hình ảnh, nhưng điều gì được thấy bởi cái trí đều không trung thực.

Krishnamurti: Đó là tất cả điều gì mà chúng ta quan tâm trong sống hàng ngày của chúng ta phải không? Thưa các bạn, sáng nay, chúng ta đang hạ thấp giá trị sự gặp gỡ này thành một trao đổi những ý tưởng thuần túy thuộc từ ngữ và trí năng phải không?

Người hỏi: Suy nghĩ rõ ràng có nghĩa gì?

Người hỏi: Cái "thực tế" là gì?. . .

Người hỏi: Ông gợi ý rằng bạo lực và không-bạo lực là hai thái cực phải không?

Người hỏi: Liệu chúng ta không thể hướng dẫn sống của chúng ta theo những nguyên tắc nào đó hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta đã có đủ những câu hỏi chưa? Bạn nghĩ gì đây, thưa các bạn, câu hỏi nào là quan trọng nhất trong tất cả câu hỏi này?

Người hỏi: Chú ý có nghĩa gì?

Krishnamurti: Thưa các bạn, các bạn nghĩ vấn đề quan trọng nhất phải bàn luận là gì? Chúng ta có thể dùng vấn đề của quan sát và suy nghĩ này? Được chứ? Đó là, quan sát, lắng nghe có nghĩa gì, và ai lắng nghe, ai suy nghĩ? Chúng ta hãy đưa nó đến sống hàng ngày và không phải đến những ý tưởng trừu tượng, bởi vì quốc gia này – giống như mọi quốc gia khác trên thế giới – vận hành tại mức độ ý tưởng, ngoại trừ công nghệ. Chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ thấy? Bạn nghĩ gì?

Người hỏi: Quan sát hơi chú ý một tí.

Krishnamurti: Tại sao bạn nói rằng “hơi một tí”? Thưa bạn, khi chúng ta sử dụng những từ ngữ “Tôi thấy một cái cây”, “Tôi thấy bạn”, “Tôi thấy hay hiểu rõ điều gì bạn đang nói” – bạn có ý gì qua từ ngữ “thấy”? Chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu từ từ nếu bạn không phiền – từng bước một. Khi bạn thấy một cái cây, bạn có ý gì qua thấy đó.

Người hỏi: Chúng ta chỉ nhìn một cách hời hợt.

Krishnamurti: Bạn có ý gì qua từ ngữ nhìn nó một cách “hời hợt”? Khi bạn thấy một cái cây, bạn có ý gì qua từ ngữ “thấy”? Làm ơn chỉ quan tâm đến một từ ngữ đó mà thôi.

Người hỏi: Thoáng thấy được nó.

Krishnamurti: Trước hết, thưa các bạn, các bạn đã nhìn một cái cây chưa? Nếu các bạn đã nhìn rồi, các bạn thấy gì qua hai mắt “đang nhìn” của bạn, hình ảnh của cái cây hay cái cây?

Người hỏi: Hình ảnh của cái cây.

Krishnamurti: Làm ơn hãy cẩn thận, thưa các bạn. Các bạn thấy cái hình ảnh trong ý nghĩa của cấu trúc thuộc tinh thần hoặc ý tưởng về cái cây đó, hay bạn thực sự thấy cái cây?

Người hỏi: Sự tồn tại vật chất của cái cây.

Krishnamurti: Bạn thực sự thấy như thế à? Thưa bạn, có một cái cây . . . Bạn phải có thể thấy một cái cây hay một chiếc lá từ cửa sổ đó như tôi thấy nó. Khi bạn thấy nó bạn thực sự thấy cái gì? Bạn chỉ thấy hình ảnh về cái cây đó hay bạn thực sự thấy chính cái cây đó, mà không có hình ảnh?

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi thấy chính cái cây.

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi hiểu được nó.

Krishnamurti: Trước khi chúng ta hiểu được nó, khi tôi nói rằng “Tôi thấy một cái cây” tôi có thực sự thấy cái cây hay thấy cái hình ảnh mà tôi đã có về cái cây đó? Khi bạn nhìn người vợ của bạn hay người chồng của bạn, bạn có thấy cô ấy hay anh ấy hay thấy cái hình ảnh bạn có về anh ấy hay cô ấy? (Khoảng ngừng) Khi bạn nhìn người vợ của bạn, bạn thấy cô ấy qua những kỷ niệm của bạn, qua trải nghiệm về cô ấy của bạn và những cách cư xử của cô ấy, và qua những hình ảnh đó bạn thấy cô ấy. Và chúng ta cũng làm như vậy với cái cây phải không?

Người hỏi: Khi tôi nhìn một cái cây tôi chỉ thấy một cái cây.

Krishnamurti: A, bạn không là một người thực vật học, bạn là một luật sư và vì vậy bạn nhìn cái cây đó thực sự như một cái cây, nhưng nếu bạn là một người thực vật học, nếu bạn thực sự quan tâm đến cái cây, nó lớn lên như thế nào, nó giống cái gì, sức sống, chất lượng của nó, vậy thì bạn sẽ có những hình ảnh, bạn sẽ có những bức tranh, bạn sẽ so sánh nó với những cây khác, và vân vân. Bạn đang nhìn nó, phải không, bằng một cái nhìn so sánh, bằng hiểu biết thực vật, đang thấy liệu bạn có thích nó hay không, liệu nó có cho bóng mát hay không, liệu nó có đẹp hay không, và vân vân và vân vân. Vì vậy, khi bạn có tất cả những hình ảnh kia, những liên tưởng, những kỷ niệm liên quan đến cái cây đó, lúc đó bạn có thực sự đang nhìn cái cây đó không? Bạn đang nhìn trực tiếp cái cây đó hay có một bức màn giữa cái cây đó và sự nhận biết bằng mắt về nó?

Người hỏi: Tôi tự hỏi mình không hiểu nó là loại cây gì.

Krishnamurti: Như một biểu tượng. Vậy là bạn không thực sự nhìn cái cây đó. Nhưng điều này đơn giản, phải không?

Người hỏi: Một cái cây là một cái cây.

Krishnamurti: Thưa các bạn, dùng ví dụ của cái cây mà tôi thấy thì khá khó hiểu. Chúng ta hãy giải thích nó một cách khác. Bạn nhìn người vợ của bạn hay người chồng của bạn qua cái hình ảnh bạn đã dựng lên về cô ấy và anh ấy phải không? Hay người bạn của bạn? Bạn đã tạo ra một ấn tượng, và ấn tượng đó đã để lại một hình ảnh, một ý tưởng, một kỷ niệm, đó không phải vậy sao?

Người hỏi: Những ấn tượng của tôi về người vợ của tôi đã tích lũy . . .

Krishnamurti: Vâng, chúng đã củng cố, đã trở nên dày dặc, đã phát triển vững chắc. Vì vậy khi bạn nhìn người vợ hay người chồng của bạn, bạn đang nhìn anh ấy hay cô ấy qua hình ảnh bạn đã dựng lên. Đúng chứ? Điều này đơn giản, phải không? Đây là điều gì tất cả chúng ta đang làm. Bây giờ, chúng ta có thực sự đang nhìn cô ấy hay nhìn cái biểu tượng, những kỷ niệm? – đây có phải là bức màn mà qua đó chúng ta nhìn hay không?

Người hỏi: Làm thế nào chúng ta có thể ngăn cản được việc đó?

Krishnamurti: Nó không là một vấn đề của ngăn cản. Trước hết chúng ta hãy thấy điều gì đang thực sự xảy ra.

Người hỏi: Khi lần đầu tiên ông nhìn một người phụ nữ hay một người đàn ông mà ông không có ấn tượng từ trước.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên không.

Người hỏi: Vậy thì lúc đó chúng ta không đang nhìn người phụ nữ hay người đàn ông hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên bạn có nhìn. Tại sao bạn lại biến nó thành một trừu tượng như thế? Điều gì thực sự xảy ra trong sống hàng ngày? Bạn lập gia đình, bạn sống với một con người, có ái ân, vui thú, đau khổ, những sỉ nhục, bực dọc, nhàm chán, dửng dưng, càu nhàu, dọa nạt, thống trị, vâng lời và mọi chuyện như thế – tất cả việc đó đã tạo ra một hình ảnh trong bạn về người còn lại và qua hình ảnh đó các bạn nhìn lẫn nhau. Đúng không? Vì vậy có phải chúng ta đang nhìn người phụ nữ hay người đàn ông, hay có phải những hình ảnh đang nhìn lẫn nhau?

Người hỏi: Cái hình ảnh là con người.

Krishnamurti: Không, không. Có một khác nhau to tát giữa chúng. Không có một khác biệt à?

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi không biết một cách nào khác.

Krishnamurti: Đó là cách nhìn duy nhất mà bạn biết được.

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi thay đổi những ấn tượng của chúng tôi…

Krishnamurti: Nó là tất cả bộ phận của của cái hình ảnh đó, thưa bạn – thêm vào và bớt đi. Hãy nhìn, thưa bạn. Bạn có một hình ảnh về người nói phải không? Bạn có một hình ảnh về người nói và cái hình ảnh được đặt nền tảng trên tiếng tăm của ông ta, trên điều gì ông ta đã nói lúc trước, trên điều gì ông ta chỉ trích hay điều gì ông ta ưng thuận, và vân vân. Bạn đã dựng lên một hình ảnh. Và qua hình ảnh đó bạn lắng nghe hay nhìn. Đúng chứ? Hình ảnh đó hoặc gia tăng hoặc giảm bớt tùy theo vui thú hay đau khổ của bạn. Và hình ảnh đó rõ ràng đang diễn giải điều gì người nói đang trình bày.

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi cảm thấy một thôi thúc mãnh liệt khi đến những nói chuyện của ông . . .

Krishnamurti: Không, không, thưa bạn. Bạn có lẽ thích “đôi mắt xanh” của tôi hay cái gì đó. Tất cả điều đó đều được bao gồm, thưa bạn. Sự kích thích, sự hứng khởi, cái động cơ – bạn có thể thêm nhiều sự việc vào cái hình ảnh đó!

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi không biết bất kỳ cách nhìn nào khác.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta sẽ tìm ra, thưa bạn. Chúng ta không chỉ nhìn con người hay cây cối bằng cách đó, nhưng cũng nhìn những ý tưởng, phải không – học thuyết Cộng sản, học thuyết Xã hội, và vân vân. Chúng ta nhìn mọi thứ qua những ý tưởng. Đúng không? Những khái niệm, những niềm tin, những ý tưởng, hiểu biết, trải nghiệm, hay điều gì cuốn hút chúng ta. Chủ nghĩa Cộng sản cuốn hút một người này và không cuốn hút một người kia; một người tin tưởng Thượng đế và một người khác không tin tưởng Thượng đế. Đây là tất cả những khái niệm, những hoang tưởng, và ở mức độ đó chúng ta sống. Bây giờ, chúng có bất kỳ giá trị nào không? Bởi vì ở trên một mức độ trừu tượng, thuộc ý tưởng, chúng có bất kỳ giá trị nào không? Chúng có bất kỳ ý nghĩa nào trong cuộc sống hàng ngày hay không? Cuộc sống có nghĩa là đang sống: đang sống có nghĩa liên hệ; liên hệ có nghĩa tiếp xúc; tiếp xúc có nghĩa hợp tác. Những ý tưởng thuộc bất kỳ loại nào có bất kỳ quan trọng nào, trong ý nghĩa đó, trong sự liên hệ hay không? Nhưng sự liên hệ duy nhất mà chúng ta có lại thuộc ý tưởng. Đúng chứ?

Người hỏi: Vậy thì chúng ta phải tìm ra một liên hệ đúng đắn.

Krishnamurti: Không, nó không thuộc một vấn đề của sự liên hệ đúng đắn, thưa bạn. Chúng ta chỉ đang tìm hiểu. Làm ơn hiểu rõ điều này, thưa các bạn. Chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu nó từ từ. Chúng ta đừng vội vã. Chúng ta sống trong những ý tưởng, sống của chúng ta thuộc ý tưởng. Chúng ta hiểu rõ chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ “thuộc ý tưởng” vì vậy chúng ta không cần phân tích từ ngữ đó. Và vì vậy có một đang sống hàng ngày thực tế và một đang sống thuộc ý tưởng. Hay, tất cả đang sống là thuộc ý tưởng? Tôi có sống tùy thuộc vào những ý tưởng của tôi hay không? Một người tin tưởng, chúng ta hãy giả sử như thế, rằng người ta phải không-bạo lực.

Người hỏi: Tôi chưa gặp bất kỳ ai mà thực sự tin tưởng vào bạo lực.

Krishnamurti: Đúng rồi, thưa bạn. Câu hỏi của tôi là: có phải tất cả đang sống là thuộc ý tưởng hay không?

Người hỏi: Dựng lên một ý tưởng là bởi vì thói quen và trở thành một thói quen?

Krishnamurti: Có lẽ chúng ta sẽ có thể bàn về vấn đề đó tiếp theo, nếu chúng ta có thể giải quyết được vấn đề này trước. Câu hỏi của chúng ta là: tất cả đang sống của tôi là thuộc ý tưởng phải không?

Người hỏi: Không có cái sự việc như là sống tự nhiên không ý tưởng hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Có đang sống thuộc ý tưởng và đang sống tự nhiên, nhưng liệu tôi biết đang sống tự nhiên là gì trong khi tôi bị quy định nặng nề, trong khi tôi thừa hưởng quá nhiều truyền thống? – có bất kỳ tự nhiên nào đọng lại hay không? Dù bạn có một ý tưởng hay một tá ý tưởng, nó vẫn còn là một vấn đề của ý tưởng. Làm ơn thưa các bạn, hãy bám vào điều này trong một phút. Tất cả cuộc sống, tất cả đang sống, tất cả liên hệ chỉ thuần túy thuộc ý tưởng phải không?

Người hỏi: Làm thế nào điều đó có thể tồn tại?

Krishnamurti: Bạn không có một ý tưởng, thưa bạn, rằng bạn nên sống theo cách này hay cách kia hay sao”? Vì vậy khi bạn nói, “Tôi phải làm việc này và tôi không được làm việc kia” – nó thuộc ý tưởng. Vì vậy, tất cả đang sống đều thuộc ý tưởng hay có sự khác biệt giữa đang sống không-ý tưởng và đang sống thuộc ý tưởng – và vậy là một xung đột giữa hai người?

Người hỏi: Tôi muốn nói rằng chúng ta có một ý tưởng, nhưng sau trải nghiệm ý tưởng đó được bổ sung.

Krishnamurti: Vâng thưa bạn, những ý tưởng được bổ sung, rõ ràng là như thế – được bổ sung, được thay đổi một chút; nhưng đang sống thuộc ý tưởng khác biệt đang sống hàng ngày hay . . .

Người hỏi: Nó là khác biệt.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ thưa bạn, hãy chờ thưa bạn! Tôi muốn phân tích điều này thêm một chút nữa. Đang sống thuộc ý tưởng có khác biệt đang sống hàng ngày, hay có một khoảng cách giữa hai cái này? Tôi nói rằng có một khoảng cách. Khoảng cách này là gì? Tại sao phải có một khoảng cách?

Người hỏi: (không nghe được)

Krishnamurti: Đó là như thế. Ý tưởng của tôi khác biệt với cái thực tế mà đang xảy ra lúc này. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy có một khoảng cách, một khoảng trống giữa cái gì là, và cái gì nên là, hay cái ý tưởng. Tôi vẫn đang bám vào từ ngữ “ý tưởng”.

Người hỏi: Khi ông nói về “cái thực tế”, đối với tôi, đó là cái ý tưởng.

Krishnamurti: Không, thưa bạn. Khi bạn bị đau răng nó không là một ý tưởng. Khi tôi bị đau răng nó không là một ý tưởng. Nó là một điều thực tế. Khi tôi đói, nó không là một ý tưởng. Khi tôi có ham muốn tình dục, nó không là một ý tưởng. Nhưng khoảnh khắc kế tiếp tôi nói rằng “Không, tôi không được” hay “Tôi phải”, hay “Nó là xấu xa”, hay “ Nó là tốt lành”. Vì vậy có một phân chia giữa cái thực tế, cái gì là, và cái thuộc ý tưởng. Vì vậy có một phân hai. Đúng không?

Người hỏi: Nếu tôi đói, nó không chỉ là một ý tưởng.

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì chúng ta đang nói, thưa bạn. Những thôi thúc căn bản, sự đói khát, ái ân và vân vân, là thực tế nhưng chúng ta cũng có những ý tưởng về chúng. Những ý tưởng về phân chia giai cấp và vân vân. Vì vậy, chúng ta đang cố gắng tìm ra tại sao cái khoảng cách này tồn tại và liệu có thể sống mà không có khoảng cách này, chỉ sống cùng cái gì là. Được chứ? Đó là điều gì chúng ta đang cố gắng tìm ra.

Người hỏi: Thú vật chỉ ăn khi chúng bị đói.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng bạn và tôi không là thú vật. Chúng ta có lẽ là thú vật tại những khoảnh khắc nào đó, nhưng thực tế, bây giờ, chúng ta không là thú vật. Vì vậy đừng để chúng ta quay trở lại thú vật, những em bé và những thế hệ trước; chúng ta hãy bám vào chính chúng ta. Có khoảnh khắc giữa đang sống thực tế và đang sống không thực tế, thuộc khái niệm, thuộc ý tưởng. Đúng chứ, thưa các bạn? Tôi tin tưởng điều gì đó, nhưng niềm tin đó không liên quan gì đến cái thực tế, mặc dù cái thực tế có lẽ đã sản sinh ra niềm tin; cái thực tế không liên quan gì đến niềm tin đó. “Tôi tin tưởng tình huynh đệ toàn cầu.” Chúa biết ai có thể tin tưởng nó, nhưng tôi nói rằng, “Tôi tin tưởng tình huynh đệ toàn cầu” – nhưng thực tế tôi đang ganh đua với bạn. Vì vậy cái thực tế của ganh đua với bạn hoàn toàn khác hẳn cái ý tưởng.

Người hỏi: (không nghe được)

Krishnamurti: Từ trước đến nay chúng ta đã giải thích nó khá rõ ràng rồi. Cái thực tế là, “cái gì là” – cái thực sự. Có đói khát trong quốc gia này, nghèo đói, dư thừa dân số, tham nhũng, không hiệu quả, bạo lực, và tất cả những việc như thế. Đó là cái sự kiện, nhưng có sự hình thành ý tưởng rằng chúng ta không nên là cái đó. Đúng chứ? Trong cuộc sống hàng ngày của chúng ta “cái thực tế”, “cái gì là”, “cái thực sự” là cái gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn cái sự kiện thực sự; nó là cái thuộc ý tưởng. Đúng chứ?

Người hỏi: Nhưng điều gì ông gọi là cái thực tế chỉ là một ý tưởng khác, chắc chắn như thế.

Krishnamurti: Không. Tôi đói – đó không là một ý tưởng, tôi bị đói. Nó không được sinh ra từ một kỷ niệm của cơn đói ngày hôm qua. Nếu nó được sinh ra từ cơn đói ngày hôm qua, nó không là thực tế. Ví dụ như ái ân – bạn không phiền nếu tôi nói về ái ân chứ? Chúng ta tất cả . . . nhưng không sao đâu. (Tiếng cười) Sự thôi thúc về tình dục có lẽ ở đó hay có lẽ không ở đó, nhưng nó được kích thích để hiện diện bởi cái hình ảnh mà là tưởng tượng, không là thực tế. Vì vậy tôi đang hỏi tại sao chúng ta có cái thuộc ý tưởng.

Người hỏi: Có lẽ nó là . . .

Krishnamurti: Không, không, thưa bạn. Đừng chỉ trả lời tôi nhưng phải tìm ra liệu bạn có một ý tưởng hay không.

Tại sao tôi có một ý tưởng?

Người hỏi: Có vài sự việc như sự tức giận mà thuộc tâm lý…

Krishnamurti: Tất cả điều đó đều có liên quan, thưa bạn. Khi tôi tức giận, khi có sự cáu kỉnh – nó là một sự kiện. Nó ở đó. Nhưng khoảnh khắc tôi nói, “Nó không được ở đó” nó trở thành thuộc ý tưởng. Nếu bạn nói rằng “Ồ, nạn đói ở Ấn độ chỉ có thể được giải quyết bởi một đảng chính trị đặc biệt nào đó,” vậy thì nó là thuộc ý tưởng – vậy thì bạn không đang giải quyết sự kiện. Người Cộng sản, người Xã hội, những dân biểu – bất kỳ những đảng phái nào, tất cả họ đều nghĩ rằng họ sẽ giải quyết vấn đề của nạn đói nếu bạn theo phương pháp của họ – mà hoàn toàn vô lý, dĩ nhiên. Đói là sự kiện và ý tưởng của đói là ý tưởng, phương pháp, hệ thống. Vì vậy tôi đang hỏi chính mình, tại sao tôi phải có những ý tưởng? (Đừng trả lời tôi, thưa bạn. Hãy đặt cho chính bạn câu hỏi đó.) Tại sao bạn tin tưởng những người Thầy, những vị Đạo sư, Thượng đế, trạng thái hoàn hảo. Tại sao?

Người hỏi: Tôi thắc mắc liệu . . .

Krishnamurti: Hãy lắng nghe điều gì quý ông đầu tiên nói. Ông ấy nói rằng bằng cách có một ý tưởng tôi tự hoàn thiện được chính tôi. Mọi người đều nghĩ điều đó, không chỉ riêng bạn. Bằng cách có một ý tưởng, một mục đích, một nguyên tắc, một vị anh hùng, và vân vân, bạn nghĩ rằng bạn được giúp đỡ để hoàn thiện chính bạn. Bây giờ, điều này thực sự đã làm được gì, nó có hoàn thiện được bạn hay nó tạo ra xung đột, xung đột giữa cái gì là và cái gì nên là?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta sợ hãi, và vì vậy chúng ta thối lui vào những ý tưởng này.

Krishnamurti: Đúng rồi. Bây giờ, chúng ta có thể sống mà không có những ý tưởng được không? Làm ơn chúng ta hãy tiếp tục, từng bước một. Liệu bạn có thể sống mà không có một niềm tin – hãy theo sát điều này chầm chậm – mà không có một ý tưởng, mà không có hy vọng hay thất vọng?

Người hỏi: Chắc chắn chúng ta phải có vài niềm tin . . .

Krishnamurti: Hãy tìm hiểu nó, hãy tìm ra. Trước tiên, tìm ra tại sao bạn có những ý tưởng. Đó có phải bởi vì bạn sợ hãi hay không?

Người hỏi: Người ta phải tranh đấu với những người khác để có những nhu cầu thiết yếu của cuộc sống.

Krishnamurti: Bạn nói rằng người ta phải tranh đấu.

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Bạn đã không trả lời câu hỏi của quý ông kia. Bạn không tôn trọng lẫn nhau trong tìm hiểu này! Chúng ta hãy tìm ra quý ông kia muốn gì. Bạn biết rằng có hai lý thuyết về việc này, một lý thuyết liên quan đến "quá trình chọn lọc tự nhiên", mà hàm ý tranh đấu liên tục, những cuộc chiến tranh, chủng tộc cao cấp hơn, ý tưởng hoàn hảo hơn, và vân vân. Sau đó còn có một lý thuyết khác, rằng qua bạo lực không thể thay đổi gì cả – theo ý nghĩa căn bản nhất của từ ngữ đó. Tôi không biết tại sao bạn có bất kỳ niềm tin nào về điều này, một lý thuyết này hay lý thuyết kia. Sự kiện thực sự rằng muốn sống còn trong thế giới bạn phải tranh đấu, hoặc rất ma mãnh, khôn ngoan, hung bạo hoặc bóc lột rất tinh tế con người trong một cách hòa nhã và tử tế. Đó là sự kiện. Và tại sao chúng ta có một ý tưởng về nó hay về bất kỳ sự kiện gì khác?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: (Hãy chờ đó, hãy chờ đó thưa bạn. Hãy tìm hiểu từ từ. Bạn đi quá mau. Hãy tìm hiểu từ từ.) Đầu tiên có, khi người ta quan sát trong sống hàng ngày của người ta, cái không-ý tưởng và cái có ý tưởng, và tôi hỏi chính mình, và tôi hy vọng bạn cũng đang hỏi chính bạn nữa – tại sao tôi có những ý tưởng – niềm tin rằng chủ nghĩa Cộng sản hay chủ nghĩa Tư bản là phương hướng tuyệt vời nhất của sống? Tại sao? Hay cái ý tưởng rằng có Thượng đế hay không có

Thượng đế. Tại sao chúng ta lại có những ý tưởng như thế, kể cả những ý tưởng về Rama và Sita?

Người hỏi: Nếu không có những ý tưởng chúng ta sẽ ở trong một trạng thái của trống không.

Krishnamurti: Bạn đã tìm ra trống không đó chưa? Đó là một sự kiện à? Đó là như thế à? Bạn thực sự không đang nghiêm túc lắm khi tìm hiểu câu hỏi này. Bạn phải rất chính xác và rất rõ ràng, và không chỉ nhảy từ một ý tưởng này sang một ý tưởng khác. Bạn không đang trả lời câu hỏi. Tại sao bạn có, nếu bạn có, bất kỳ ý tưởng nào? Bạn muốn tẩu thoát khỏi thực tế, khỏi "cái gì là", phải vậy không? (Đó là điều gì quý ông đó nói, thưa bạn . . . Trước tiên chúng ta hãy hiểu rõ câu hỏi đó. "Tẩu thoát khỏi cái gì là.") Tại sao bạn muốn tẩu thoát khỏi cái gì là? Bạn sẽ không muốn tẩu thoát khỏi cái gì là nếu nó là vui thú. Bạn chỉ muốn tẩu thoát khỏi cái gì là khi nó là đau khổ.

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi không biết chính xác "cái gì là", và chúng tôi đang cố gắng hiểu rõ nó.

Krishnamurti: Bạn không biết cái gì là à? Và bạn có ý gì qua từ ngữ đang cố gắng? Bạn không bị đau bao tử hay sao? Bạn không bị tức giận hay sao? Bạn không bị sợ hãi, không bị đau khổ, không bị hoang mang hay sao? Đó là những sự kiện thực sự, thưa bạn, không có cái gì đòi hỏi bạn "phải cố gắng" về chúng. Làm ơn hãy suy nghĩ tất cả điều này, thưa các bạn. Nếu nó chỉ là trường hợp của vui thú chúng ta sẽ không có những ý tưởng gì cả. Chúng ta sẽ chỉ nói rằng "Hãy cho tôi mọi thứ mà sẽ mang lại vui thú cho tôi và không bị phiền muộn về bất kỳ điều gì khác." Nhưng nếu nó là đau khổ chúng ta muốn tẩu thoát khỏi cái gì là, vào một ý tưởng. Đây là sống hàng ngày của chúng ta, thưa các bạn. Không còn điều gì phải tranh cãi về nó. Vì vậy những Thượng đế của bạn, những niềm tin của bạn, những lý tưởng, những nguyên tắc của bạn là một tẩu thoát khỏi đau khổ hàng ngày, những sợ hãi hàng ngày, những lo âu hàng ngày. Vì vậy, muốn hiểu rõ điều gì đó, liệu chúng ta không thể hỏi: “Những ý tưởng có cần thiết hay không?” Bạn hiểu rõ chứ, thưa bạn? Tôi bị sợ hãi, và tôi thấy điều vô lý của tẩu thoát khỏi sợ hãi đó để vào một cái gì đó mà là một ý tưởng, một niềm tin trong những người Thầy, trong Thượng đế, trong Đời sau, trong dẫn đến một cuộc sống hoàn hảo – bạn biết rồi, trong tất cả cái đống vớ vẩn đó. Tại sao tôi không thể nhìn sự sợ hãi đó? Tại sao tôi phải có những ý tưởng? Và những ý tưởng không ngăn cản tôi nhìn sự sợ hãi đó hay sao? Đúng chứ, thưa các bạn? Vì vậy những ý tưởng là một rào chắn; chúng hành động như một rào chắn mà ngăn cản bạn không nhìn.

Người hỏi: Làm ơn giải thích rõ điều gì ông vừa nói.

Krishnamurti: Giải thích rõ cái gì?

Người hỏi: Làm ơn phân tích nó rõ ràng hơn.

Krishnamurti: Một phân tích rõ ràng hơn? Có lẽ bạn sẽ tự phân tích nó, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Ông phân tích nó rõ ràng hơn tôi.

Krishnamurti: Việc đó đặt thành vấn đề gì, ai phân tích nó rõ ràng hơn hay khó hiểu hơn? Điều gì quan trọng là liệu chúng ta có hiểu rõ vấn đề này. Nó khá đơn giản, thưa các bạn. Cuộc sống của tôi rất buồn chán. Tôi sống trong một ngôi nhà nhỏ bé tầm thường cùng một người vợ nhỏ bé xấu xí và tôi bị đau khổ, phiền muộn, và tôi muốn thỏa mãn, tôi muốn hạnh phúc, tôi muốn một thoáng chốc, một khoảnh khắc của hạnh phúc không thể diễn tả được, và vì vậy tôi tẩu thoát đến một cái gì đó mà tôi có thể gọi là X. Đó là toàn thể cái nguyên tắc, phải không? Điều đó không cần sự giải thích thêm nữa, phải không? Và tôi sống ở đó, trong một thế giới thuộc ý tưởng, một thế giới tôi đã hình thành, hay đã thừa hưởng, hay đã được chỉ bảo cho biết. Và đang suy nghĩ và đang sống trong trừu tượng đó mà cho tôi nhiều hài lòng. Nó là một tẩu thoát khỏi sự nhàm chán hàng ngày thực tế của sống. Đúng chứ? Sau đó tôi tự nói với mình, “Tại sao tôi phải tẩu thoát?” Tại sao tôi không thể sống và hiểu rõ sự nhàm chán khủng khiếp này? Tại sao tôi lãng phí những năng lượng của tôi trong sự tẩu thoát? . . .

Tất cả các bạn đều yên lặng về điều này!

Người hỏi: Ông đang gợi ý một dạng hình thức tồn tại khác tách khỏi bất kỳ điều gì chúng tôi biết.

Krishnamurti: Tôi không đang gợi ý bất kỳ điều gì. Tôi nói, hãy nhìn. Và tôi đang nhìn sự kiện này, rằng tôi đã tẩu thoát, rằng tôi đang tẩu thoát, và tôi thấy nó vô lý biết chừng nào. Tôi phải giải quyết cái gì là, và muốn giải quyết cái gì là tôi cần năng lượng. Vì vậy tôi sẽ không tẩu thoát. Tẩu thoát là một lãng phí năng lượng. Vì vậy, tôi sẽ chẳng quan tâm gì đến những niềm tin, những Thượng đế, những ý tưởng. Tôi sẽ không có ý tưởng gì cả. (Dĩ nhiên là không, thưa bạn, dĩ nhiên là không.) Nếu bạn làm phỏng ngón tay của bạn, và sự đau đớn tạo ra ý tưởng rằng bạn phải không bao giờ đặt ngón tay của bạn trong ngọn lửa, vậy thì ý tưởng đó có giá trị, phải vậy không? Bạn cũng đã có những cuộc chiến tranh, hàng ngàn cuộc chiến tranh. Tại sao bạn không học hỏi từ đó để cho không còn bất kỳ cuộc chiến tranh nào nữa? (Hãy bỏ nó đi, thưa bạn. Bạn hiểu rất rõ điều gì tôi muốn nói.) Chúng ta không phải phân tích tất cả mỗi vấn đề này khi chúng ta tiếp tục bàn luận. Tôi làm phỏng ngón tay của tôi, và tôi nói với chính mình rằng tôi phải cẩn thận sau đó. Hay là, bạn dẫm lên ngón chân của tôi, cả ẩn ý lẫn thực tế, và tôi bị tức giận thực sự, và tôi sôi sùng sục bên trong. Từ đó tôi đã học được một điều gì đó, và tôi nói rằng, “Tôi không được”, hay “Tôi phải”. (Nó cùng là sự việc. Lẩn tránh, dựng lên một kháng cự. Tôi hiểu những sự việc kia rất rõ ràng. Chúng là cần thiết).

Người hỏi: Khi một ai đó làm tôi tức giận tôi ghi nhớ việc đó và lần tới khi tôi gặp anh ấy tôi sẵn sàng đối phó lại anh ấy.

Krishnamurti: Đó là như vậy, thưa bạn! Đó chính xác là như thế! Liệu tôi có thể gặp gỡ anh ấy lần tới mà không có ý tưởng hay không? Anh ấy có lẽ đã thay đổi, nhưng nếu tôi gặp anh ấy với ý tưởng của tôi, rằng anh ấy đã dẫm lên ngón chân tôi, tôi không có liên hệ gì với anh ấy. Vì vậy, liệu có thể, mặc dù bạn đã có một loại trải nghiệm nào đó, liệu có thể sống mà không có ý tưởng hay không? Vậy là chúng ta phải quay lại câu hỏi – “Liệu có thể sống trong thế giới này mà không có bất kỳ ý tưởng nào hay không?”

Người hỏi: Tôi nghĩ không thể như thế được.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta đừng nói rằng có thể hay không thể. Chúng ta hãy tìm ra. Bạn đã tự tách rời chính bạn khỏi những người khác, thưa các bạn, như những người Ấn độ giáo. Đây là một ý tưởng. (Vâng, bạn là! Chúa của tôi ơi, bạn là ý tưởng.) Bạn có làm lễ cưới cho con gái của bạn với một người Hồi giáo hay không? Chúng ta hãy rõ ràng. Tôi đang đưa ra một ví dụ, thưa bạn. Bạn gây tổn thương tôi, và tổn thương đó còn lưu lại trong ký ức của tôi. Tôi cố gắng tránh bạn nếu tôi có thể. Nhưng rủi thay vì bạn đang sống trong cùng ngôi nhà hay cùng con đường, tôi phải gặp bạn mỗi ngày. Và tôi có một hình ảnh, cái hình ảnh được củng cố, cái ký ức bị làm dày dặc, nó đang gặp gỡ bạn hàng ngày. Vậy thì có một trận chiến đang xảy ra giữa hai chúng ta. Và vì vậy tôi nói với chính mình, liệu có thể sống mà không có hình ảnh đó, để cho tôi thực sự gặp gỡ bạn? Bạn có lẽ đã thay đổi hay bạn có lẽ đã không thay đổi, nhưng tôi sẽ không có hình ảnh. Liệu tôi không thể tìm ra được làm thế nào sống mà không có hình ảnh, để cho cái trí của tôi không bị nhét đầy những hình ảnh. Các bạn theo kịp không, thưa các bạn. Để cho cái trí được tự do, tự do để nhìn, tự do để tận hưởng, tự do để sống.

Người hỏi: Đó là một ý tưởng.

Krishnamurti: Ồ không! Đối với bạn nó là một ý tưởng, nhưng không phải đối với tôi. Tôi nói, “Anh ấy đã gây tổn thương cho tôi, nhưng tại sao tôi phải mang cái gánh nặng đó?”

Người hỏi: Tôi chỉ cẩn thận cho lần tới thôi.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, nhưng tôi sẽ không tiếp tục lặp lại, “Tôi phải cẩn thận”, mà chỉ làm dày dặc thêm ký ức. Tôi nói rằng đó không là cách sống, nhưng tôi chỉ nói như thế cho chính tôi, không phải cho bạn. Tôi không muốn hình ảnh đó và không muốn luôn luôn mang nó theo cùng tôi. Đó không là tự do. Bạn có lẽ đã thay đổi, và tôi cũng vậy tôi thích sống không có một hình ảnh nào cả. Không phải như một ý tưởng, nhưng nó là một sự kiện thực sự rằng tôi không muốn có nó. Thật vô lý cho tôi khi có một hình ảnh về bất kỳ ai đó. Vì vậy chúng ta hãy quay lại những câu hỏi khác.

Người hỏi: Nếu tôi gặp một người tốt, liệu không là một việc tốt khi có một ký ức, một ấn tượng rằng anh ấy là một người tốt hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Một ấn tượng xấu hay một ấn tượng tốt vẫn là một ấn tượng. Không có “hình ảnh tốt” và “hình ảnh xấu”. (Bình phẩm không nghe rõ) (Vì thị lực kém bạn phải đi đến một bác sĩ mắt tốt hơn.) Sự phân chia này giữa cái ý tưởng và cái thực tế nuôi dưỡng xung đột. Và một con người muốn tìm hiểu và vượt khỏi cái thực tế phải có toàn năng lượng của anh ấy. Năng lượng đó không thể bị lãng phí qua xung đột. Vì vậy tôi nói với chính mình – và tôi không đang bảo bạn phải làm gì – tôi nói với chính mình, “Thật vô lý khi sống với những ý tưởng.” Luôn luôn, tôi sẽ giải quyết những sự kiện, cái gì là, và sẽ không bao giờ bị nhấn chìm trong ý tưởng. Vậy thì sau đó tôi đối diện với câu hỏi, “Làm thế nào tôi nhìn sự kiện, cái gì là?” Tôi không quan tâm đến ý tưởng gì cả. Tôi chỉ quan tâm đến việc quan sát thực sự cái gì là. Đúng chứ?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: (Vâng, nhưng bạn tiếp nhận những sự việc theo cách chúng đến cùng một chuỗi của những thói quen.

Những thói quen mà bạn có lẽ ý thức hay không ý thức được . . . Thưa các bạn, chúng ta luôn luôn ra khỏi chủ đề chính.) Vì vậy câu hỏi là, “Liệu tôi có thể sống cùng cái gì là, mà không tạo ra xung đột hay không?” Bạn theo kịp chứ? Tôi tức giận. Đó là một sự kiện. Tôi ghen tuông. Tôi thích và không thích. Đó là một sự kiện. Liệu tôi có thể sống cùng sự kiện đó, cùng cái gì là, mà không tạo ra một vấn đề, một xung đột từ nó hay không?

Người hỏi: Nó không là một suy nghĩ vui vẻ lắm cho tôi! Tôi bị lạc lõng . . . (không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Quý ông này nói rằng ông ấy bị lạc lõng bởi vì ông ấy đang ở mức độ nào đó và người vợ, con cái, người hàng xóm của ông ấy ở một mức độ khác – cao hơn hay thấp hơn.Và vì vậy, ông ấy nói, không có sự hợp tác. Tôi tiếp tục sống và họ tiếp tục sống. Đó là điều gì tất cả chúng ta đều đang làm, thưa bạn. Vì vậy sau đó, cái gì? . . . Bạn thấy, chúng ta sẽ không đến được chủ đề chính, đó là, “Liệu tôi có thể sống, mà không có xung đột, cùng cái gì là hay không?” Và không bị ngủ quên, bởi vì xung đột, chắc chắn có giữ cho người ta hơi hơi tỉnh táo. Tôi đang hỏi, “Liệu có thể sống cùng cái gì là, mà không có xung đột, và vượt khỏi nó hay không?” Tôi ghen tuông. Đó là một sự kiện. Tôi thấy điều đó trong cuộc sống của tôi. Tôi ghen tuông người vợ của tôi, ganh tị người đàn ông mà có nhiều, nhiều của cải vật chất và trí thức – tôi ganh tị. Tôi biết làm thế nào ganh tị đến được. Nó đến qua sự so sánh – nhưng tôi không cần phân tích ganh tị phát sinh như thế nào? Bây giờ liệu tôi có thể sống cùng điều đó, hiểu rõ nó, không có những ý tưởng về nó? Để cho sau khi thấy nó, để cho bằng cách hiểu rõ nó, bằng cách học hỏi cấu trúc và bản chất của nó tôi thực sự đã hiểu rõ được nó và vì vậy có thể vượt khỏi nó, để cho ganh tị không bao giờ dính dáng đến cái trí lại? Bạn thấy không, bạn không quan tâm đến nó. Bạn thực sự không quan tâm đến nó, phải không?

Người hỏi: Không, có chứ. Nếu chúng tôi không quan tâm chúng tôi sẽ không có mặt ở đây, nhưng chúng tôi không hiệp thông cùng ông được.

Krishnamurti: Tại sao? Tại sao bạn không hiệp thông cùng người nói và điều gì ông ta đang trình bày được? Ông ta đã hỏi rất rõ ràng rằng, liệu có thể sống không có những ý tưởng hay không? Và ông ta đã đưa ra một ví dụ về sự ghen tuông. Chúng ta biết được bản chất và cấu trúc của ghen tuông. Bây giờ liệu bạn có thể sống cùng nó và vượt khỏi nó, mà không có xung đột hay không? Vì vậy tại sao không hiệp thông cùng điều gì người nói đang trình bày? Nếu bạn không hiệp thông (không phải bạn, không phải cá nhân bạn, thưa bạn), nó có lẽ là vì bạn thích ganh tị. (Không nghe rõ) Hãy thấy, thưa các bạn – điều gì xảy ra? Tôi ganh tị. Ganh tị đó phát sinh qua sự đo lường. Tôi có ít và bạn có nhiều hơn, hay tôi ngu dốt và bạn rất thông minh. Tôi có một địa vị thấp và bạn có một địa vị cao, bạn có một chiếc xe hơi và tôi không có xe hơi. Vì vậy qua so sánh, qua đo lường ganh tị này phát sinh. Đúng chứ? Điều đó không rõ ràng sao? Vậy là, liệu tôi có thể sống mà không có sự đo lường hay không? Đây không là một ý tưởng.

Người hỏi: Nó là một vấn đề của thỏa hiệp chính chúng ta đến sự kiện rằng có sự bất bình đẳng.

Krishnamurti: Bạn không đang thỏa hiệp, thưa bạn. Tôi đang đặt một câu hỏi cho bạn và bạn đang nói về sự thỏa hiệp giữa màu đen và màu trắng. Vậy thì bạn chỉ sinh ra được màu xám mà thôi. (Tiếng cười) Tôi đang đặt một câu hỏi hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Làm ơn hãy lắng nghe, thưa bạn. Liệu bạn có thể sống cuộc sống hàng ngày tại văn phòng, ở nhà, mà không có bất kỳ đo lường nào, mà không có bất kỳ so sánh nào được không? Không à? Tại sao bạn có so sánh. Bởi vì bạn đã bị quy định từ niên thiếu để so sánh. Hãy theo sát điều này, thưa các bạn. Nó đã trở thành một thói quen, và bạn cứ lặp lại thói quen đó. Và mặc dù thói quen đó tạo ra đau khổ, rối loạn và mọi chuyện như thế, bạn không thèm lưu tâm. Bạn cứ tiếp tục với thói quen. Bây giờ, điều gì sẽ làm cho bạn tỉnh thức được bản chất của thói quen so sánh này? Một người nào đó đang ép buộc bạn tỉnh thức được thói quen này phải không? Nếu Chính phủ phải nói rằng, “Bạn không được ganh tị”, vậy thì bạn sẽ tìm những cách khác của ganh tị, những cách khác tinh tế hơn. Những tôn giáo đã cố gắng làm việc này, nhưng bạn đã vượt khỏi tất cả những tôn giáo. Vì vậy bằng cách ép buộc bạn không ganh tị bạn sẽ phản kháng lại nó, và phản kháng đó là bạo lực. Bạn hiểu rõ không, thưa các bạn. Nếu tôi không ép buộc bạn vào một góc phòng và nói rằng, “Bạn phải làm việc này”, và bạn sẽ đá lại tôi. Nhưng nếu bạn tỉnh thức được thói quen mà bạn đã vun quén được trong bốn mươi, hai mươi hay mười năm của so sánh chính bạn với một người khác, lúc đó điều gì xảy ra? Bạn thấy đó, bạn không quan tâm đến việc này. Tôi đã mất bạn. Bởi vì bạn không quan tâm đến việc phá vỡ những thói quen của bạn. Người Cộng sản có những thói quen của anh ấy, và người không-Cộng sản có những thói quen của anh ấy, và hai người kia đang chiến đấu với nhau. Đó là điều gì đang xảy ra trên thế giới. Bạn có thói quen của bạn khi tin tưởng cái gì đó, và tôi không có thói quen tin tưởng. Vì vậy, sự liên hệ của chúng ta là gì? Chẳng có liên hệ gì cả!

Vậy là chúng ta quay lại một việc rất đơn giản, và Chúa biết tại sao các bạn ngồi đây và lắng nghe. Điều này đang trở thành một thói quen phải không?

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi hy vọng như thế.

Krishnamurti: Bạn hy vọng nó sẽ trở thành một thói quen!

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi hy vọng được khai sáng.

Krishnamurti: Bạn sẽ không được, thưa bạn, muốn được khai sáng bạn phải có một cái trí rất rõ ràng, bạn phải có thể thấy.

Người hỏi: Ông đã nói . . . (không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Không thưa bạn, tôi đã không nói điều đó. Tôi đã không nói điều đó. Tôi sẽ không quay lại tất cả vấn đề đó – vô ích. Bạn thấy rằng bạn không đối diện cái thực tế, "cái gì là"! Bạn muốn sống trong những ý tưởng, và tôi không muốn sống trong những ý tưởng, vì Chúa: tình yêu không là một ý tưởng. Và bởi vì bạn không có tình yêu, bạn sống trong những ý tưởng. (Và tất cả các bạn đều lắc đầu và đồng ý và tiếp tục với những thói quen của các bạn.) Vì vậy tại sao bạn lắng nghe, tại sao bạn đến đây, bởi vì khi chúng ta nói về những sự việc thực tế này bạn lảng tránh – bỗng nhiên bạn ra khỏi mấu chốt đang bàn luận! Bất hạnh, hay may mắn, người nói đã nói trong suốt bốn mươi hai năm. Và khi nó đến điểm mấu chốt – mà là sống không ganh tị – bạn không còn ở đó nữa!

Người hỏi: Sự thật là chúng tôi không muốn bị xáo trộn.

Krishnamurti: Vậy thì đừng bị xáo trộn. Hãy đi đi! Tại sao bạn đến đây? Bạn không nhận được bất kỳ "poonyum" nào từ nói chuyện này, poonyum là phần thưởng. Đây là một nghi vấn căn bản, và làm ơn hãy lắng nghe. Nó là một vấn đề căn bản – sống không còn xung đột, nhưng không ngủ quên. Sống không ý tưởng cần có thông minh lạ thường và nhiều năng lượng. Và tôi nói rằng khi bạn sống trong những ý tưởng bạn đang lãng phí năng lượng. Và bạn nói rằng, "Ồ, đó là một ý tưởng rất hay", và bạn vẫn còn sống ở đó trong những ý tưởng. Bạn nói rằng, "Tôi là một người Cộng sản, tôi tin tưởng Chúa, tôi không tin tưởng Chúa và vân vân." Và vì vậy tôi tự hỏi chính mình, "Điều gì sai trái vậy?"

Người hỏi: Có một thôi thúc muốn biết nhiều hơn nữa.

Krishnamurti: Vậy thì hãy nhặt một bộ sách bách khoa hay một quyển từ điển và bạn sẽ biết nhiều hơn. Biết trung thực nhiều hơn, có nghĩa rằng biết nhiều hơn nữa về chính mình. Nếu không chỉ có sự dốt nát. Bạn có lẽ nổi bật thuộc công nghệ, nhưng nếu bạn không biết về chính mình bạn là một con người dốt nát. Tôi đây nè, và tôi nói rằng, "Tôi phải biết tại sao tôi sống trong những ý tưởng. Tôi muốn phân tích nó, muốn hiểu rõ nó.” Không phải rằng tôi phải hay tôi không được sống trong những ý tưởng, nhưng tôi muốn biết tại sao. Và khi tôi thấy tôi biết tại sao. Bởi vì sống của tôi quá tầm thường, nhàm chán, nhỏ nhen, và để tẩu thoát khỏi sống đó tôi lang thang vào những ý tưởng – và tôi có những ý tưởng tuyệt vời, những ý tưởng sáng chói, những ý tưởng được sáng chế bởi Lenin, hay Trotsky hay Neru hay Gandhi, không đặt thành vấn đề của ai. Tôi tẩu thoát vào những ý tưởng đó nhưng tôi vẫn còn tức giận, tôi vẫn còn ganh tị, tôi vẫn còn buồn chán. Vì vậy, tại sao tôi phải sống trong những ý tưởng? Vì vậy tôi nói rằng, “Tôi sẽ không sống như thế nữa, bởi vì sống như thế là ngu xuẩn.” Tôi sẽ không sống như thế! Nhưng bạn không nói điều đó.

Người hỏi: Chúng ta có hiểu rõ ý nghĩa của từ ngữ hay không?

Krishnamurti: Tôi e rằng chúng ta không hiểu rõ bất kỳ điều gì cả. Vì vậy chúng ta sẽ phải bắt đầu lại. Thật quá chán!

Người hỏi: Nó là điều gì đó cần được tìm hiểu và chúng tôi phải suy nghĩ kỹ càng về nó.

Krishnamurti: Thực sự à! Nếu tôi đánh bạn, bạn sẽ biết việc đó! Nếu bạn bị sỉ nhục, hay đau đớn, bạn không nói rằng bạn sẽ suy nghĩ về nó. Việc này quá hiển nhiên, nhưng bạn nhai lại một câu nói và nghĩ rằng bạn đã hiểu điều đó. Vì vậy chúng ta mất đi sự hiệp thông cùng nhau khi chúng ta không đang nói về những ý tưởng. Khi chúng ta nói về những ý tưởng, chúng ta có sự hiệp thông. Khi chúng ta nói về Thượng đế (nếu tôi đủ ngu xuẩn để nói về Thượng đế), vậy thì cả hai chúng ta hiệp thông. Nhưng khi bạn bàn về một sự kiện thực tế – về tham lam, ganh tị – vậy thì chúng ta không còn hiệp thông cùng nhau nữa. Bạn biết không, thưa các bạn, điều gì đang xảy ra trong thế giới? Thế giới cũng là nước Ấn độ nữa. Làm thế nào Ấn độ đang bị thoái hóa, bạn không biết điều đó hay sao? Không chỉ ở đây, mà còn trong thế giới. Và có thể bạn không thể làm bất kỳ điều gì về nó. Ít nhất, có thể có một ít người sẽ giữ ngọn đèn cháy sáng. Đó là tất cả. Nhưng điều đó tùy các bạn, thưa các bạn.

MADRAS

Ngày 02 tháng giêng năm 1968

– 2 – THEO ĐUỔI VUI THÚ

Quan tâm đến mình và hy sinh vì mình. Cần sự thỏa mãn. Những mức độ của sự thỏa mãn. Sự thỏa mãn tâm lý có bất kỳ ý nghĩa nào không? “Một vũng xoáy của sự tổn thương và đau khổ bên trong.” Sự hung hăng. Theo đuổi vui thú. “Không có gốc rễ của thiên đàng trong vui thú – chỉ có gốc rễ của sự dửng dưng và đau khổ.” Quan sát là kỷ luật riêng của nó.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau nói gì sáng nay đây? (Khoảng ngừng).

Người hỏi: Chúng ta được phép theo đuổi điều gì chúng ta đã nói lần trước chúng ta đã gặp nhau ở đây, liên quan đến những ý tưởng? Liệu chúng ta có thể sống mà không có những ý tưởng, những niềm tin hay không?

Krishnamurti: Bạn không nghĩ rằng trước khi chúng ta có thể tìm hiểu vấn đề đó hay bất kỳ vấn đề nào khác liệu không quan trọng, khi phải suy xét, suy xét kỹ càng, không những một ai khác, nhưng, điều gì quan trọng hơn là, tỉnh thức rõ ràng được chính mình. Dường như đối với tôi rất quan trọng phải suy xét những động cơ riêng của người ta, những thái độ, những niềm tin, những cách sống, những thói quen, những truyền thống của người ta, cách người ta suy nghĩ và tại sao người ta suy nghĩ theo cách đó. Bởi vì tôi không thấy làm thế nào chúng ta có thể có sự thông minh nếu chúng ta không tỉnh thức được sự lý luận và không-lý luận riêng của chúng ta, nếu chúng ta không tỉnh thức được những thái độ xúc cảm riêng của chúng ta và những niềm tin khoáng đạt hay nhỏ nhen của chúng ta. Tôi không thấy làm thế nào chúng ta có thể tạo ra bất kỳ loại thông minh nào trong cuộc sống của chúng ta (thông minh là một cách sống chân thật và lành mạnh) nếu chúng ta không tỉnh thức được điều gì chúng ta đang nói và vì vậy suy xét mọi thứ, không chấp nhận một sự việc về chính chúng ta hay những người khác. Tôi nghĩ rằng nếu chúng ta khởi sự từ đó – mà không có nghĩa rằng chúng ta phải nghi ngờ mọi thứ vì việc này sẽ là một hình thức khác của không thông minh. Nhưng nếu chúng ta có thể suy xét, vậy thì tôi nghĩ rằng sáng nay trong khi đang cùng nhau nói chuyện về vấn đề đó, điều gì chúng ta sẽ khám phá, sẽ có được chút giá trị nào đó.

Người hỏi: Chúng ta có thể tiếp tục về điều gì ông vừa nói hay không?

Người hỏi: Ông sẽ tiếp tục về chủ đề không gian và thời gian chứ?

Người hỏi: Ông sẽ giải thích về vị bác sĩ uống thuốc L.S.D. và xóa tan không gian bên trong chính anh ấy, liên quan đến người quan sát và điều được quan sát?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta có thể bàn luận về sự ganh tị và những hoạt động của nó hay không?

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn nếu tôi được phép đặt cho bạn một câu hỏi – sự quan tâm gắn bó, căn bản, sâu thẳm của bạn trong cuộc sống là gì?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe được)

Krishnamurti: Đó là sự quan tâm căn bản sâu thẳm của bạn, phải không, thưa bạn? Khá mơ hồ phải không? Nếu bạn bỏ qua tất cả những vấn đề quanh co, gián tiếp, hai nghĩa loanh quanh vấn đề mấu chốt và nếu bạn giải quyết một vấn đề trực tiếp và chân thật, bạn sẽ biết được điều gì là sự quan tâm toàn bộ, gắn bó, căn bản của bạn chứ?

Người hỏi: Được tự do.

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi muốn được hạnh phúc.

Người hỏi: Tôi thực sự quan tâm đến chính mình . . .

Krishnamurti: . . . như hầu hết mọi người chúng ta đều như thế, quan tâm đến sự tiến bộ của tôi, quan tâm đến công việc của tôi, quan tâm đến gia đình nhỏ xíu của tôi, có một vị trí tốt hơn, nhiều thanh danh hơn, nhiều quyền hành hơn, chi phối những người khác, và vân vân và vân vân. Tôi nghĩ rằng sẽ hợp lý, phải vậy không, tự thú nhận với chính mình rằng đó là điều gì hầu hết chúng ta quan tâm – tôi trước, và mọi người khác là thứ yếu.

Người hỏi: Và điều đó rất sai trái.

Krishnamurti: Tôi không nghĩ nó sai trái. Có gì sai trái về nó đâu? Bạn thấy không, thưa bạn, đó là điều gì chúng ta luôn luôn làm. Bây giờ chúng ta hãy nắm lấy sự kiện đó. Hầu hết chúng ta đều quan tâm, trong cái góc nhỏ xíu mà chúng ta sống, không chỉ phía bên ngoài mà còn cả phía bên trong. Chúng ta quan tâm đến nó, nhưng chúng ta không bao giờ, khiêm tốn, chân thật, tự thú nhận điều đó. Nếu chúng ta làm như vậy chúng ta hơi xấu hổ về nó và vì vậy chúng ta đưa ra những lời bình phẩm như thế này: “Tôi không nghĩ rằng điều đó là đúng”, “Điều đó là sai trái”, “Điều đó không giúp đỡ được nhân loại”, và tất cả mọi chuyện. Vì vậy nó ở đó. Từ căn bản người ta quan tâm đến chính người ta và người ta nghĩ rằng điều đó là sai trái (vì những lý do khác nhau, thuộc học thuyết, thuộc truyền thống, và vân vân). Cái sự kiện hàng ngày thực tế là rằng người ta quan tâm đến chính người ta, và bạn nghĩ rằng điều đó là sai trái. Nhưng điều gì bạn suy nghĩ là không thích đáng, nó không có giá trị gì cả. Tại sao lại đưa ra nhận xét đó? Tại sao lại nói “Điều đó là sai trái”? Nó là một ý tưởng, phải vậy không? – nó là một quan niệm? Cái gì là là cái sự kiện, đó là sự kiện người ta quan tâm đến chính người ta.

Người hỏi: Tôi không biết liệu có đúng khi đặt ra một câu hỏi hay không?

Krishnamurti: Đúng chứ. Đặt câu hỏi đi, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Khi tôi làm một điều gì đó cho những người khác tôi cảm thấy thỏa mãn hơn. Tôi thấy rằng quan tâm đến chính mình không gây thỏa mãn, nhưng làm việc cho một trường học hay giúp đỡ một người khác mang lại thỏa mãn hơn là nghĩ về chính mình, mà hoàn toàn không gây thỏa mãn

Krishnamurti: Sự khác biệt là gì? Bạn muốn sự thỏa mãn – đó là quan tâm đến chính mình. Hãy theo sát điều này, thưa bạn, cho chính bạn. Nếu bạn đang tìm kiếm sự thỏa mãn khi giúp đỡ những người khác và vì vậy việc đó cho sự thỏa mãn nhiều hơn, bạn vẫn còn quan tâm đến bạn, về điều gì sẽ cho bạn sự thỏa mãn nhiều hơn. Tại sao lại mang bất kỳ ý tưởng học thuyết nào vào nó? Người ta muốn tự do bởi vì nó gây thỏa mãn nhiều hơn và sống một cuộc sống nhỏ nhen tầm thường không gây thỏa mãn. Vì vậy tại sao lại có suy nghĩ hai mặt này? Tại sao lại nói một phía gây thỏa mãn và phía kia không. Bạn hiểu chứ, thưa bạn? Tại sao không nói rằng – tôi thực sự muốn sự thỏa mãn dù nó ở trong ái ân, trong tự do, hay trong giúp đỡ những người khác, trong trở thành một vị thánh vĩ đại, hay một người chính trị, hay kỹ sư, hay luật sư. Tất cả nó cùng là một qui trình, phải vậy không? Sự thỏa mãn trong nhiều cách, cả tiềm ẩn lẫn hiển lộ, đó là điều gì chúng ta muốn. Đúng không? Khi chúng ta nói rằng chúng ta muốn tự do chúng ta muốn nó bởi vì chúng ta nghĩ rằng có lẽ nó gây thỏa mãn khủng khiếp; và sự thỏa mãn tột độ, dĩ nhiên, là ý tưởng kỳ lạ của đáp ứng cho mình này.

Người hỏi: Vậy là chúng ta phải loại bỏ sự tìm kiếm thỏa mãn này.

Krishnamurti: À, không thưa bạn. Hãy chờ đó thưa bạn. Loại bỏ sự thỏa mãn không là tự do. Tự do là cái gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn; không là cái gì đó có được từ cái gì khác. Nếu tôi loại bỏ hay làm tự do chính tôi khỏi sự thỏa mãn, tôi đang làm tự do chính tôi khỏi nó bởi vì tôi tìm kiếm một sự thỏa mãn lớn lao hơn nhiều. Không à? Vì vậy tại sao không tìm ra lý do chúng ta muốn thỏa mãn? Không phải “chúng ta không nên” đó, nó chỉ là một ý tưởng, một công thức, và vì vậy có mâu thuẫn, và vì vậy có xung đột. Vì vậy chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu một vấn đề duy nhất. Hầu hết chúng ta ao ước, ham muốn, tìm kiếm, khao khát sự thỏa mãn. Đúng chứ?

Người hỏi: Tôi không nghĩ như thế.

Krishnamurti: Bạn không nghĩ như thế. Tại sao không, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Tôi không quan tâm đặc biệt đến sự thỏa mãn, nhưng tôi muốn biết tại sao tôi lại không thỏa mãn?

Krishnamurti: (Ồ! Chúa ơi!) Làm thế nào bạn biết rằng bạn không thỏa mãn. Bởi vì bạn đã biết sự thỏa mãn! (Tiếng cười) Đừng cười thưa các bạn, vì Chúa, đừng cười. Làm ơn, đây không là sự luồn lách khôn khéo của tranh luận. Tại sao tôi lại không thỏa mãn? Bởi vì tôi đã lập gia đình và việc đó không làm tôi thỏa mãn; bởi vì tôi đi đến đền chùa và việc đó không cho tôi sự thỏa mãn; (hãy theo sát tất cả điều này). Tôi đến những buổi họp mặt và việc đó chẳng có ý nghĩa gì cả; tôi nhìn cây cối và không cảm thấy gì cả; và thế là dần dần tôi không còn thỏa mãn với mọi thứ tôi nhìn, hay có được hay đã cảm thấy. Điều đó có nghĩa gì? Tôi đang tìm kiếm một thỏa mãn mà trong đó không có sự không thỏa mãn! Không à? Đây không là một câu nói khôn khéo; nó là điều hiển nhiên, phải không? Không à, thưa bạn? Hãy nhìn kìa, mỗi người chúng ta đang tìm kiếm sự thỏa mãn mặc dù anh ấy không thỏa mãn. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ, tại sao chúng ta tìm kiếm sự thỏa mãn? – Không phải rằng nó đúng hay nó sai, nhưng cái hệ thống máy móc của sự tìm kiếm này là gì? (Khoảng ngừng lâu). Bạn chờ đợi tôi phân tích nó giùm bạn phải không?

Người hỏi: Trong vài lãnh vực thiết yếu chúng ta phải tìm kiếm sự thỏa mãn để sống.

Krishnamurti: Vâng thưa bạn, dĩ nhiên có những nhu cầu thiết yếu; nhưng hãy đợi đó, thưa bạn, trước khi chúng ta đến điều đó, liệu chúng ta có thể tìm ra tại sao chúng ta tìm kiếm sự thỏa mãn hay không? Hãy tìm hiểu nó, thưa bạn. Thỏa mãn là gì?

Người hỏi: Tôi nghĩ chúng tôi cần một số nhận thức về vấn đề ông trình bày đó với mục đích để phân biệt rõ ràng cho chính chúng tôi cái gì sẽ cho chúng tôi sự hạnh phúc vĩnh cửu.

Krishnamurti: Đừng chỉ sử dụng những từ ngữ, nhưng hãy suy nghĩ nó một chút nữa, chỉ suy nghĩ nó thôi. Tôi không biết bất kỳ điều gì về nhận thức – nó không có ở đây, nếu tôi được phép đề nghị. Chúng ta không đang bàn luận việc đó, thưa bạn, và chúng ta cũng không đang nói về vĩnh cửu hay không vĩnh cửu. Chúng ta muốn tìm ra tại sao chúng ta, những con người luôn luôn đang tìm kiếm sự thỏa mãn.

Người hỏi: (Khán giả gợi ý nhiều lý do nhưng hầu như không thể nghe được.) Chúng tôi tìm kiếm sự thỏa mãn bởi vì chúng tôi muốn thay đổi.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ một tí, thưa các bạn, chỉ một tí thôi, thưa các bạn. Thức ăn gây thỏa mãn cho bạn, phải vậy không – có một bữa ăn ngon? Tại sao vậy? Bởi vì tôi đói, và thật là tốt khi loại bỏ cái cảm giác bụng bị trống rỗng. Hãy tìm hiểu một chút nữa, thẳng đến tình dục. Gây rất thỏa mãn, điều đó rõ ràng. Tất cả các bạn đều im lặng! Tiếp theo, khi có một vị trí mà trong đó bạn thống trị những người khác, điều đó cũng gây rất thỏa mãn, phải vậy không? Bạn cảm thấy có quyền hành, bạn cảm thấy bạn ở trong một vị trí để ra lệnh cho những người khác làm mọi việc, và vì thế việc đó gây rất thỏa mãn. Người ta tìm kiếm những phương pháp khác nhau để tìm ra sự thỏa mãn – qua thức ăn, qua tình dục, vị trí, qua những đức hạnh khác nhau, và vân vân. Tại sao vậy? Người ta có thể hiểu rõ khi bạn thèm muốn thức ăn để cho bạn cảm thấy thỏa mãn khi bạn ăn nó, nhưng tại sao chuyển đến mức độ khác cho sự thỏa mãn; và có một sự việc như thế hay sao? Tôi cảm thấy được thỏa mãn với thức ăn, tôi muốn nhiều loại thức ăn, và, nếu tôi có tiền và ăn nó ngon miệng, tôi kiếm nó. Tôi cũng muốn một vị trí tốt trong xã hội, một vị trí rất được kính trọng, mà gây thỏa mãn nhiều bởi vì ở đó tôi cảm thấy an toàn, với một ngôi nhà to lớn, một người cảnh sát đứng canh ở cổng, và mọi chuyện như thế. Sau đó tôi muốn có thêm nữa về nó – một ngôi nhà lớn hơn và hai người cảnh sát, và vân vân. Bây giờ, sự thèm khát thỏa mãn này là gì? Các bạn hiểu rõ không, thưa các bạn, sự thèm khát, nó là cái gì? Tôi có một thèm khát thức ăn và tôi ăn nó – nếu tôi có thể có nó. Nhưng thèm khát vị trí – chúng ta hãy xem xét khía cạnh đó. Hầu hết chúng ta đều muốn vị trí – như người kỹ sư giỏi nhất, hay vị luật sư giỏi nhất, hay vị chủ tịch của một tổ chức nào đó, hay điều này hay điều kia. Tại sao? Ngoại trừ tiền bạc nó mang lại, ngoại trừ sự thoải mái, tại sao lại có sự thèm khát này?

Người hỏi: Tôi muốn thể hiện cho những người khác việc gì tôi có thể làm.

Krishnamurti: Mà là, làm cho những người gần bên cảm thấy ganh tị.

Người hỏi: (Nhiều câu bình phẩm ngắt ngang, không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: (Đó là như thế à? Hãy chờ đó thưa bạn – bạn đã không nghe quý ông kia, thưa bạn.) Nếu bạn không có vị trí của bạn, bạn sẽ không là ai cả. Cởi bỏ những cái áo choàng của vị Giáo hoàng, hay những vị Khất sĩ không còn đi lang thang nữa và ông ấy sẽ chẳng còn là ai cả. Đó là như thế phải không? Vì vậy chúng ta sợ hãi không là ai cả, và đó là lý do tại sao chúng ta muốn có vị trí phải không? Để được đánh giá là một học giả vĩ đại, một triết gia, một giáo viên? Nếu bạn thấy mình ở trong vị trí đó nó gây rất thỏa mãn – có tên của bạn được in trên tờ báo, và người ta đến với bạn và mọi chuyện như vậy. Đó là lý do tại sao chúng ta làm tất cả việc này? Đó là, phía bên trong chúng ta chỉ là những con người tầm thường với những đau khổ đang dày xéo, xung đột, cãi cọ trong gia đình, cay đắng, lo âu và sợ hãi liên tục ở đó. Và có một vị trí phía bên ngoài nơi tôi được coi như một công dân rất được kính trọng, điều đó gây rất thỏa mãn. Đúng chứ? Tại sao chúng ta muốn vị trí bên ngoài này, tôi hỏi, và bạn đáp lại rằng "Tôi muốn nó bởi vì trong sống hàng ngày của tôi, tôi chỉ là một con người nhỏ nhen tội nghiệp.” Đúng chứ? Đó là như thế? (Khoảng ngừng lâu).

Người hỏi: (Nhiều câu gợi ý không nghe được).

Krishnamurti: Điều gì thực sự đang xảy ra? Chúng ta đã đến được một mấu chốt nào đó, thưa bạn, chúng ta hãy bám sát nó; mấu chốt này là người ta phát giác rằng người ta muốn một vị trí mà sẽ gây thỏa mãn bởi vì bên trong người ta . . . chỉ là một người nhỏ nhen tầm thường. Nhưng có một người cảnh sát đứng canh ở cổng cho tôi một quan trọng khủng khiếp. Đúng không? Điều này rõ ràng, phải không? Chúng ta không phải tìm hiểu tất cả việc đó, phải không?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta phải phơi bày chính mình, thưa ông.

Krishnamurti: Tôi đang phơi bày bạn bây giờ! Bạn có lẽ không muốn được phơi bày nhưng đó là sự thật! – tôi là một thực thể đau khổ nhỏ nhen bên trong, với tất cả mọi loại giáo điều, những niềm tin trong Thượng đế, những nghi lễ và tất cả việc đó – một vũng xoáy của những ma mãnh và đau khổ bên trong, và phía bên ngoài tôi muốn có một người cảnh sát đứng canh ở cổng! Bây giờ tại sao tôi phải có sự thèm khát vị trí bên ngoài này? Bạn hiểu rõ không? Tại sao vậy?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Không thưa bạn. Làm ơn hãy tìm hiểu nó. Tại sao chúng ta muốn? Lý do gì? Đừng rút gọn nó đến từ ngữ “ích kỷ”, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: (Đóng góp dài không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, thưa bạn. Hãy nhìn, thưa bạn! Bạn không có một thèm khát cho vị trí, cho quyền hành, cho thanh danh, để được công nhận như một con người vĩ đại, có sự nổi tiếng, sự tai tiếng, và vân vân? Bạn không có ham muốn này à?

Người hỏi: (Bình phẩm không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Bạn thấy cách bạn đang tẩu thoát khỏi điều này! Bạn không có ham muốn này à, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Cuối cùng chúng ta cũng đến điểm mấu chốt! Bây giờ tại sao? Hãy tìm hiểu nó, thưa bạn. Tại sao? Tại sao bạn thèm khát một vị trí? Đừng nói do bởi những hoàn cảnh nên tôi đã bị đặt trong vị trí đó bởi xã hội, nên tôi đã bị quy định theo lối đó.

Người hỏi: Tôi ham muốn trong cùng cách như khi tôi bị đói tôi thèm muốn thức ăn.

Krishnamurti: Ồ không thưa bạn! Ồ không! Bạn thấy rằng chúng ta không thể đối diện điểm mấu chốt này gì cả!

Người hỏi: Những gợi ý thêm nữa. (Không nghe được)

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta hãy nghiêm túc. Buông thả trong tất cả những từ ngữ này là điều quá xuẩn ngốc. Bạn thực sự không đang suy nghĩ gì cả. Thưa bạn, đây là một câu hỏi rất đơn giản. Mọi người khắp thế giới đều muốn một vị trí – dù trong xã hội, trong gia đình, hay ngồi cạnh Thượng đế, “phía bên phải của Cha”. Mọi người đều muốn một vị trí, có một thèm khát đối với nó. Tại sao vậy?

Người hỏi: (không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Không thưa bạn! Đừng tuôn ra những từ ngữ. Hãy phân tích nó, thưa bạn, đừng chỉ trả lời! Tại sao bạn muốn có nó?

Người hỏi: Đó là điều tự nhiên.

Krishnamurti: Tự nhiên à? Ồ thưa bạn! Bạn nói một điều rồi sau đó chuyển sang một điều khác. Bạn có khi nào để ý những con thú không, thưa bạn? Bạn có một sân nuôi gà; bạn có khi nào nhận thấy rằng luôn luôn có một con gà đang mổ một con khác? Có trật tự của hành động mổ. Vì vậy có lẽ chúng ta đã thừa hưởng sự việc này – muốn thống trị, muốn gây chiến, muốn tìm kiếm một vị trí là một hình thức của hung hăng. Không phải sao? Dĩ nhiên có chứ. Tôi có ý nói một vị thánh mà muốn tìm kiếm một vị trí liên quan đến sự thánh thiện của ông ấy cũng hung hăng như một con gà đang mổ con gà khác trong sân! Tôi không biết liệu bạn có theo kịp tất cả điều này không. Bạn không à? Có lẽ chúng ta đã thừa hưởng sự thôi thúc hung hăng để thống trị này, đó là, để có một vị trí. Đúng không? Và điều này liên quan đến cái gì, sự hung hăng này, để có một vị trí trong xã hội (một vị trí mà phải được công nhận bởi những người khác, nếu không nó không là vị trí gì cả)? Tôi phải luôn luôn ngồi trên cái bục. Tại sao vậy? (Khoảng ngừng) Làm ơn hãy tiếp tục suy nghĩ điều này đi, thưa các bạn. Tôi đang phải trình bày mọi vấn đề. Tại sao bạn có sự hung hăng này? (Khán giả gợi ý điều gì đó.) Không thưa bạn. Nó không phải một vấn đề của cái gì đó đang thiếu sót. Ồ, làm thế nào chúng ta sẽ bàn luận cùng một nhóm người mà không bao giờ muốn tìm hiểu bất kỳ điều gì.

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ).

Krishnamurti: Đó là một trong những lý do, thưa bạn. Nhưng, chúng ta hãy quan sát điều này, thưa bạn. Có sự hung hăng. Đúng chứ? Khi tôi muốn có một vị trí trong xã hội, mà được công nhận bởi xã hội, đó là một hình thức của hung hăng. Bây giờ, tại sao tôi lại hung hăng?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Bạn thấy không, bạn không vận dụng điều đó cho chính bạn. Bạn không tìm ra, trong chính bạn, tại sao bạn lại hung hăng. Hãy quên đi “vị trí trong xã hội” chúng ta đã phân tích điều đó lúc nảy. Tại sao chúng ta hung hăng?

Người hỏi: Để đạt đến điều gì chúng ta muốn, điều gì chúng ta nhắm đến.

Krishnamurti: Và bạn nhắm đến cái gì? (Chúng ta đã nói điều đó rồi, thưa bạn. Chúng ta đã rời khỏi điều đó rồi.) Câu hỏi bây giờ là, “Tại sao chúng ta hung hăng? Làm ơn hãy tìm hiểu nó, thưa bạn. Người chính khách hung hăng, một quan chức quan trọng hung hăng, dù trong kinh doanh hay trong tôn giáo họ đều hung hăng – tại sao vậy?

Người hỏi:: Trạng thái hung hăng bắt nguồn từ sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Đó là như thế à? Có lẽ! Hãy tìm ra cho chính bạn, thưa bạn. Bạn hung hăng trong gia đình. Tại sao vậy? Trong văn phòng, trên xe buýt, và vân vân. Tại sao bạn hung hăng? Đừng giải thích nó, thưa bạn. Chỉ tìm ra tại sao bạn là như thế.

Người hỏi: Tại sao tôi lại sợ hãi không là gì cả?

Krishnamurti: Hãy quan sát! Như người đàn ông kia vừa nói, sợ hãi có lẽ là nguyên nhân của sự hung hăng này bởi vì xã hội được cấu trúc để cho một công dân mà có một vị trí được tôn trọng được đối xử bằng một lễ phép lớn lao, trái lại một con người không có vị trí gì cả bị quẳng vào một xó – đưa vào quân đội và đến Việt nam, để bị giết chết. Vì vậy tại sao chúng ta hung hăng? Đó là bởi vì chúng ta sợ hãi không là ai cả phải không? Đừng trả lời nó, thưa các bạn, hãy tìm hiểu nó! Tìm hiểu nó trong chính bạn! Hay là, chúng ta sợ hãi bởi vì nó đã trở thành một thói quen. Tìm kiếm một vị trí đã trở thành một thói quen. Chúng ta thực sự không sợ hãi, nhưng nó đã trở thành một thói quen. Tôi không biết liệu bạn có theo kịp điều này hay không? Nếu do bởi sợ hãi làm cho chúng ta hung hăng, đó là một sự việc. Nhưng nó có lẽ là động lực của xã hội mà đang làm cho bạn sợ hãi. Bạn biết không thưa các bạn, họ đã làm một cuộc thí nghiệm, đặt những con chuột, hàng ngàn con chuột, trong một căn phòng rất nhỏ. Và khi chúng ở đó chúng mất đi mọi ý thức của sự cân đối. Con mẹ mà sắp sửa có con nhỏ, con chuột mẹ, không thèm quan tâm nữa, bởi vì áp lực của không gian, bởi vì không gian chật chội, sự kiện rằng có quá nhiều chuột đang sống cùng nhau làm cho chúng điên dại. Hãy theo sát điều này. Trong cùng cách như vậy, nếu con người sống trong một thành phố rất, rất đông đúc và không có nhiều không gian, nó làm cho họ cũng rất hung hăng, làm cho họ thô bạo. Những con thú cần không gian để kiếm ăn; chúng có quyền về lãnh thổ, giống như những con chim. Chúng thiết lập lãnh thổ của chúng và chúng săn bắt những con thú khác bén mãng vào lãnh thổ đó. Vì vậy chúng có những quyền về lãnh thổ, và quyền về tình dục – tất cả những con thú đều có những quyền này. Và quyền về tình dục không có sự quan trọng lớn lao như quyền về lãnh thổ. Đúng chứ? Dĩ nhiên một số các bạn có lẽ biết tất cả điều này. Vậy là chúng ta có lẽ hung hăng bởi vì chúng ta không có đủ không gian quanh chúng ta về phần vật lý. Bạn đang theo sát tất cả điều này chứ? Và điều này có lẽ là một trong những lý do vì sao chúng ta hung hăng. Một gia đình đang sống trong một căn phòng nhỏ, hay trong một ngôi nhà nhỏ cùng mười người các bạn trong đó, bạn bùng nổ, bị tức giận chẳng vì lý do gì cả. Vì vậy con người phải có không gian, và bởi vì anh ấy không có đủ không gian về phần vật lý, đó có lẽ là một trong những lý do gây ra sự hung hăng. Và người ta có lẽ hung hăng bởi vì người ta sợ hãi. Bây giờ bạn lệ thuộc vào loại nào? Bạn hung hăng bởi vì bạn bị sợ hãi phải không?

Người hỏi: (Gợi ý không nghe rõ.)

Krishnamurti: Vậy là, bạn đang nói rằng, hãy bảo đảm được sự an toàn vật chất của tôi rồi sau đó tôi sẽ không hung hăng. Nhưng có một sự việc như sự an toàn được bảo đảm trong cuộc sống hay sao? Và vì thế đó là lý do căn bản tại sao chúng ta sợ hãi – khi biết rằng không có sự an toàn vĩnh cửu nào như thế. Ở Việt nam không có an toàn. Ở đây bạn có lẽ có một chút an toàn nhưng nơi nào có chiến tranh không có an toàn gì cả và, khi một trận động đất xảy ra, nó hủy diệt mọi thứ – và vân vân. Vì vậy, hãy tìm hiểu điều này cho chính các bạn, thưa các bạn, và tìm ra liệu sự hung hăng của bạn được sinh ra từ sợ hãi, hay từ sự kiện rằng bạn bị vây bủa một cách chật chội, cả bên ngoài lẫn bên trong. Phía bên trong bạn không có tự do – thuộc trí năng bạn không có tự do, bạn lặp lại điều gì những người khác đã nói. Những sáng chế về công nghệ, xã hội, cộng đồng, tất cả điều đó được cảm thấy liên tục như một áp lực vào bạn khiến bạn không còn khả năng gặp gỡ và vì vậy bạn nổ tung, bạn cảm thấy vô vọng. Bây giờ, nó là loại nào – bạn lệ thuộc vào loại nào? Hãy tìm ra, thưa các bạn. (Khoảng ngừng lâu.) Nếu bạn bị sợ hãi, và vì vậy bạn hung hăng, làm thế nào bạn sẽ giải quyết được sự sợ hãi này? Và nếu bạn được tự do khỏi sợ hãi bạn sẽ mất đi niềm vui thú của hung hăng, bạn không bận tâm khi bị sợ hãi chứ? Và vì biết rằng bạn sẽ mất đi niềm vui thú của hung hăng, bạn không thèm sợ hãi phải không? Đúng chứ? Bạn có theo sát điều này không? (Khoảng ngừng) Sợ hãi gây khó chịu lắm nhưng hung hăng lại dễ chịu hơn. Đúng chứ? Và vậy là tôi không bị bận tâm khi bị sợ hãi chút chút bởi vì sự hung hăng cùng vui thú của nó cân bằng sự sợ hãi.

Người hỏi: Tôi ý thức được những khó khăn của tình huống.

Krishnamurti: A, tôi không biết bạn ý thức được điều gì, thưa bạn. Hãy tìm hiểu nó. Tôi chỉ đang hỏi bạn. Vì vậy bạn có lẽ thích hung hăng hơn, nhưng cùng lúc lại bị sợ hãi. Vì vậy bạn thực sự không lưu tâm đến sợ hãi hay hung hăng.

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ.)

Krishnamurti: Thưa các bạn, đây là một vấn đề rất khó khăn bởi vì mỗi người sẽ giải thích sự hung hăng theo cách riêng của anh ấy. Nhưng nếu bạn có thể đối diện với vấn đề của sợ hãi này và xem thử liệu chúng ta có hiểu rõ sợ hãi đồng thời xem thử liệu có một khả năng được tự do khỏi sợ hãi, và điều đó được thấu suốt, vậy thì sẽ còn có sự hung hăng – sự tử tế của bạn, sự tử tế của tôi, sự tử tế của anh ấy hay của cô ấy nữa hay không? Bạn theo sát điều này chứ thưa bạn? Vì vậy chúng ta hãy nắm lấy yếu tố này. Sợ hãi gây ra hung hăng phải không? Dĩ nhiên như thế. Tôi sợ hãi khi không có bất kỳ niềm tin nào và thế là tôi hung hăng vì niềm tin tôi có. Vì vậy sợ hãi đã sinh ra sự hung hăng liên quan đến niềm tin! Điều đó đơn giản. Đúng chứ? (Tất cả các bạn đang hưởng một giấc ngủ sáng sớm phải không, hay cái gì!) Vậy là, liệu có thể được tự do khỏi sợ hãi hay không? (Cuối cùng chúng ta đã đến được điểm mấu chốt!) Người ta chỉ đặt ra câu hỏi đó khi người ta thực sự muốn được tự do khỏi sợ hãi. Liệu có thể sống không sợ hãi hay không? Nó là một vấn đề rất phức tạp. Nó không là nói rằng, “Vâng, chúng ta phải sống không sợ hãi” và nhai lại những câu nói về nó. Nhưng liệu người ta có thể sống không sợ hãi được không? Nó có nghĩa gì? Theo vật chất, nó có nghĩa gì? Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu từng bước một. Theo vật chất nó có nghĩa gì khi sống không sợ hãi? Liệu có thể được, trong xã hội này như nó được cấu trúc, trong một văn hóa theo loại này, dù là văn hóa Cộng sản hay văn hóa hiện tại, hay một văn hóa cổ xưa, liệu có thể sống trong một xã hội mà không có sợ hãi hay không?

Người hỏi: Không thể được.

Krishnamurti: Tại sao vậy? Lạ lùng quá, thưa các bạn! Khi người ta đến được những câu hỏi căn bản thì tất cả các bạn lại rất im lặng.

Người hỏi: Tôi chỉ suy nghĩ về điều gì sẽ xảy ra cho cuộc sống của tôi.

Krishnamurti: Bạn sợ rằng nếu bạn có sự an toàn vĩnh cửu trong một xã hội ổn định, bạn sẽ không có sợ hãi phải không? (Không nghe rõ) (Vâng thưa bạn. Điều đó được hiểu, thưa bạn.) Vì thế bạn sẽ không sợ hãi nếu bạn có một sự bảo đảm rằng cuộc sống, sự tồn tại hàng ngày mà bạn quen thuộc sẽ không bị quấy rầy khỏi cái khuôn mẫu bạn đã quen thuộc. Đúng không? Và trên nền tảng đó chúng ta xây dựng xã hội. Rõ ràng là như thế. Đó là điều gì người Cộng sản đã làm. Vì vậy bạn nói rằng không thể sống trong một xã hội mà không có sợ hãi. Đó là như thế phải không? Không à?

Người hỏi: Tôi nghĩ rằng phải có thể được nhưng tôi không biết làm thế nào để thực hiện nó.

Krishnamurti: À! Nếu bạn nghĩ rằng nó có thể thực hiện được, đó chỉ là một ý tưởng. Sự thật là rằng người ta sợ hãi sống trong một xã hội như nó là, mà không có sự hãi. Đúng chứ?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: (Chúng ta đang làm điều đó, thưa bạn. Đó là điều gì chúng ta đang bàn luận, thưa bạn.) Một trong những sợ hãi của chúng ta là rằng muốn sống trong một xã hội người ta phải hung hăng. Chúng ta hãy chấp nhận điều đó trong chốc lát rằng – muốn sống trong một xã hội thuộc bất kỳ loại nào, Cộng sản, Tư bản, hay Ấn độ giáo, hay Hồi giáo bạn phải hung hăng và vì vậy bị sợ hãi với mục đích để tồn tại. Hãy để nó ở đó. Bây giờ chúng ta sợ hãi ở mức độ nào của sự tồn tại của chúng ta? Tôi có thể hiểu rõ rằng tôi sợ hãi vì tôi có lẽ không đủ lương thực cho ngày mai và vì vậy tôi sắp xếp để tàng trữ nó trong một tháng hay hai ngày và tôi sẽ bảo vệ nó và thấy rằng không ai ăn cắp được nó. Và tôi sợ rằng Chính phủ sẽ xuất hiện và làm điều này hay điều kia, và vì vậy tôi sợ hãi. Tôi có thể hiểu rõ điều đó. Bây giờ có phải chúng ta chỉ hung hăng ở đó, ở mức độ đó. Chúng ta chỉ sợ hãi ở mức độ đó phải không?

Người hỏi: Phía bên trong chúng ta cũng giống như thế.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta có ý nói gì qua từ ngữ "phía bên trong"? Từ ngữ đó có nghĩa gì, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ. Nhiều lời bình phẩm.)

Krishnamurti: Vậy là có sợ hãi ở mức độ khác. Nó được gợi ý rằng có sự sợ hãi trong liên hệ, và vì vậy chúng ta hung hăng trong liên hệ. Bây giờ tại sao chúng ta sợ hãi trong liên hệ? (Tôi không biết từ ngữ "chân thật" có nghĩa gì, thưa bạn.) Tại sao chúng ta sợ hãi trong liên hệ? Bạn sợ hãi người vợ của bạn hay người chồng của bạn, hay người hàng xóm của bạn hay ông chủ của bạn phải không? Tôi biết đó là một sự việc khá khủng khiếp khi thú nhận rằng bạn sợ hãi người vợ của bạn! Người ta sợ hãi mọi liên hệ. Tại sao vậy?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Tại sao tôi sợ hãi? Làm ơn hãy đơn giản về nó bởi vì chẳng mấy chốc nó trở nên rất phức tạp và nếu chúng ta không đơn giản ngay từ đầu chúng ta sẽ không hiểu được bất kỳ điều gì cả. Tại sao tôi sợ hãi người vợ của tôi hay người hàng xóm của tôi, hay ông chủ của tôi (mà là liên hệ) – tại sao?

Người hỏi: (Nhiều lời bình phẩm, không nghe rõ.)

Krishnamurti: Người bạn thân mến của tôi, bạn chưa lập gia đình! Vì vậy hãy để đó trong chốc lát. Tai ương của bạn sẽ đến mau thôi!

Người hỏi: Có sợ hãi trong liên hệ bởi vì "anh ấy" hay "cô ấy" hay "ông chủ của tôi" có thể chối từ cho tôi cái gì đó. (Lời bình phẩm thêm nữa nghe không rõ.)

Krishnamurti: Làm thế nào bạn bàn luận điều này khi bạn sẽ không đi từng bước một! Đừng nhảy vọt, đừng kết luận. Bạn sợ hãi người hàng xóm của bạn, ông chủ của bạn phải không? Sợ hãi – bạn biết rồi. Ông ấy có lẽ đuổi việc bạn. Ông ấy có lẽ không cho bạn lên lương, ông ấy có lẽ không khuyến khích bạn. Và cũng vậy bạn có lẽ sợ hãi người vợ của bạn vì cô ấy thống trị, cô ấy càu nhàu, cô ấy bắt nạt, cô ấy không đẹp. Vì vậy người ta sợ hãi. Tại sao vậy? Bởi vì người ta thèm khát sự tiếp tục. Chúng ta tìm hiểu chầm chậm hơn vào việc đó. Tôi xin lỗi khi quả quyết rằng phải tìm hiểu chầm chậm, từng bước một. Tôi sợ hãi người vợ của tôi, vì sao vậy? Tôi sợ hãi bởi vì – nó rất đơn giản – cô ấy bắt nạt tôi và tôi không muốn bị bắt nạt. Tôi khá nhạy cảm và cô ấy hung hăng, và tôi bị trói buộc với cô ấy qua nghi lễ, qua hôn nhân, qua con cái. Và vì vậy tôi sợ hãi. Cô ấy thống trị tôi và tôi không thích điều đó. Đúng không thưa các bạn? Tôi sợ hãi vì lý do đó, bởi vì tôi khá nhạy cảm và tôi thích làm những công việc khác hẳn. Tôi muốn nhìn ngắm cây cối, tôi muốn vui đùa với con cái, tôi muốn đi làm muộn, hay làm việc này việc kia, và cô ấy bắt nạt tôi và tôi không thích bị bắt nạt. Vậy là tôi bắt đầu sợ hãi cô ấy. Đúng không? Và cũng vậy, nếu tôi chống lại và nói rằng “Đừng bắt nạt tôi” cô ấy sẽ kềm hãm vui thú ái ân của cô ấy, vui thú của tôi với cô ấy. Vậy là tôi sợ hãi điều đó. Đúng chứ thưa các bạn? Các bạn vẫn rất im lặng về việc này! Các bạn là một thế hệ rất lạ lùng! Tôi sợ hãi bởi vì cô ấy muốn gây ra một cuộc cãi cọ với tôi, và vân vân. Vậy thì tôi sẽ phải làm gì đây? Tôi sợ hãi và tôi bắt buộc phải liên hệ với cô ấy. Cô ấy thống trị tôi, cô ấy bắt nạt tôi, cô ấy ra lệnh cho tôi mọi việc, cô ấy khinh miệt tôi. Và, nếu tôi là một người đàn ông mạnh mẽ, tôi có sự khinh miệt đối với cô ấy. Bạn biết đó! Vì vậy tôi sẽ làm gì đây? Tôi sợ hãi. Tôi thừa nhận sự kiện đó, hay tôi lại che giấu nó đi và nói rằng “Nó là cái nghiệp của tôi”, “Nó là tình trạng bị quy định của tôi”, bạn biết không – bạn phàn nàn chống lại xã hội và môi trường sống quanh bạn.

Người hỏi: Tôi nghĩ rằng người ta phải chịu đựng trong im lặng.

Krishnamurti: Chịu đựng trong im lặng! Dù sao đi nữa bạn cũng đã làm việc đó.

Người hỏi: Ly dị cô ấy!

Krishnamurti: Ly dị quá tốn kém và mất quá nhiều thời gian, vì vậy bạn sẽ làm gì đây?

Người hỏi: Chịu đựng nó.

Krishnamurti: Bây giờ điều gì xảy ra? Hãy theo sát nó, thưa các bạn. Điều gì xảy ra? Bạn bị sợ hãi và bạn chịu đựng nó. Vì vậy điều gì đang xảy ra cho bạn? Bạn bị sợ hãi và bạn quen thuộc sự sợ hãi này. Bạn quen thuộc với sự bắt nạt này, quen thuộc với môi trường sống, vì vậy dần dần bạn trở nên đờ đẫn hơn và đờ đẫn hơn. Dần dần bạn mất đi mọi nhạy cảm. Bạn không còn nhìn ngắm cây cối mà bạn đã nhìn ngắm trước kia nữa, bạn không bao giờ nở nụ cười. Thế là dần dần bạn trở nên xơ cứng. Chính xác đó là điều gì đã xảy ra với các bạn thưa quí bạn và thưa quí cô. Bởi vì các bạn đã quen thuộc với nó. Các bạn đã quen thuộc với cái xã hội thối tha này, với những đường sá bẩn thỉu này. Bạn không nhìn ngắm những con đường bẩn thỉu và bầu trời đáng yêu của một buổi chiều tối. Vì vậy sợ hãi (sự không hiểu rõ nó của bạn) kéo bạn đến tình trạng xơ cứng. Các bạn sẽ làm gì đây, thưa các bạn! Đừng chỉ nói rằng “Vâng, ông hoàn toàn đúng”. Người bác sĩ đã chẩn đoán căn bệnh của bạn và ông ấy hỏi bạn sẽ làm gì đây? Bạn đã quen thuộc với kinh Upanishads, kinh Gita, sự bẩn thỉu, khu nhà tồi tàn, sự bắt nạt của người vợ, sự dọa nạt của những người chính trị, bạn đã hoàn toàn vô cảm, xơ cứng. Bạn có lẽ đưa ra những bài giảng thuyết khôn ngoan, đọc sách báo và trích dẫn và tất cả việc đó, nhưng phía bên trong bạn xơ cứng. Vì vậy bạn sẽ làm gì đây? (Khoảng ngừng) Không trả lời à.

Người hỏi: Loại bỏ tất cả việc đó đi.

Krishnamurti: Làm thế nào? Bằng một cử chỉ đáng yêu?

Người hỏi: Loại bỏ sự liên hệ.

Krishnamurti: Bước ra khỏi cuộc đời cô ấy, và cuộc đời con cái hay sao? Rồi rơi vào một cái bẫy khác? Vậy thì bạn sẽ làm gì đây thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Tìm ra tại sao cô ấy bắt nạt tôi.

Krishnamurti: Cô ấy sẽ không nói cho tôi biết. Cô ấy có những đau khổ riêng của cô ấy. Cô ấy có . . . Chúa biết những vấn đề gì. Có lẽ, cô ấy không thỏa mãn về ái ân. Có lẽ cô ấy bị bệnh tật – Ồ, có lẽ có hàng tá sự việc. Bạn biết, cô ấy cảm thấy rằng cô ấy phải được nghỉ ngơi, có một ngày nghỉ, trải qua một thời gian nào đó mà không có người chồng của cô ấy, tách rời anh ấy, đi nghỉ ngơi. Vì vậy từ cô ấy tôi phải tìm ra tại sao cô ấy bắt nạt tôi. Trước tiên, tôi phải giải quyết chính tôi. Chúa ơi. Các bạn, những con người thật là quá quắt . . . Vì vậy tôi sẽ làm gì đây?

Người hỏi: Kháng cự lại cô ấy.

Krishnamurti: Tôi không thể làm việc đó.

Người hỏi: Cố gắng thỏa hiệp.

Krishnamurti: Ồ Chúa ơi! Cô ấy giữ cá tánh của cô ấy và tôi giữ cá tánh của tôi. Vì vậy tôi sẽ làm gì đây?

Người hỏi: Bạn trở nên dửng dưng.

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì bạn đã làm rồi. Bạn đã hoàn toàn dửng dưng với mọi thứ – với cây cối, với vẻ đẹp, với cơn mưa, với những đám mây, với sự bẩn thỉu, với người vợ, với con cái. Bạn hoàn toàn dửng dưng.

Người hỏi: Có lẽ chúng ta phải nghi vấn mọi thứ mà chúng ta chấp nhận từ trước đến nay.

Krishnamurti: Hãy nhìn thưa bạn, nó là một vấn đề nghiêm trọng nhiều hơn là chỉ những trao đổi bằng lời nói này. Bởi vì bạn đã trở nên dửng dưng, lãnh đạm – qua sợ hãi, qua sự dọa nạt bởi những Thần thánh, kinh Upanishads, kinh Gita, bởi những nhà chính trị, bởi người vợ. Bạn đã trở nên xơ cứng, phải vậy không? Vì vậy làm thế nào bạn thức giấc được sự xơ cứng này và quẳng nó đi? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi chứ? Tôi đã bị làm xơ cứng bởi người vợ của tôi, bởi những lặp lại của những quyển sách thiêng liêng đáng sợ, bởi xã hội tôi sống, tôi đã trở nên hoàn toàn vô cảm. Tôi không quan tâm đến điều gì xảy ra cho tôi hay điều gì xảy ra cho những người khác. Tôi đã trở nên lãnh đạm, khô khan. Tôi công nhận điều đó. Đó là một sự kiện. Bạn có lẽ không công nhận nó. Bạn có lẽ nói, “Ồ lúc này hay lúc khác tôi có lẽ trải qua những thời điểm kha khá nhạy cảm ”. Những lúc này hay lúc khác đó chẳng có giá trị gì cả khi toàn thời gian bị xơ cứng. Vì vậy, tôi phải làm gì đây? Tôi công nhận việc đó như một sự kiện. Và vấn đề là không phải làm thế nào loại bỏ được nó! Tôi không chỉ trích nó. Tôi nói, “Đó là một sự kiện.” Thế là tôi sẽ làm gì đây? Ồ, thưa các bạn. Tôi sẽ làm gì đây?

Người hỏi: Tôi cảm thấy vô vọng.

Krishnamurti: Vậy là bạn không thể làm gì cả, rồi sau đó bạn có nguyên một chính thể Ấn độ như nó là bây giờ! Bây giờ tôi muốn làm một việc gì đó; tôi thực sự làm. Bạn, những

Thượng đế của bạn, những quyển sách tôn giáo của bạn, xã hội, nền văn hóa mà trong đó bạn đã lớn lên, tất cả những việc này đã biến tôi thành vô cảm và xơ cứng không thể tin nổi. Vì vậy tôi sẽ làm gì? Ồ, thưa các bạn. Tôi sẽ làm gì đây?

Người hỏi: Kết thúc toàn bộ sự việc.

Krishnamurti: Kết thúc à? Tôi sợ hãi phải kết thúc, đúng chứ? Trước hết tôi có ý thức, tôi có nhận rõ rằng tôi dửng dưng hay không? Các bạn có nhận rõ không, thưa các bạn? (Các bạn thật là một thế hệ kỳ lạ!) (Khoảng ngừng lâu.) Được rồi, thưa các bạn, tôi sẽ nói hết việc này. Tôi trở nên vô cảm, và tôi thấy những lý do cho việc này trong người vợ của tôi, trong gia đình tôi, dư thừa dân số, trọng tải khủng khiếp của mười ngàn năm truyền thống, những nghi lễ vô tận, những bẩn thỉu bên trong ngôi nhà và bên ngoài ngôi nhà, và vân vân. Tôi thấy những lý do tại sao cái trí bị làm xơ cứng, qua giáo dục và vân vân. Đó là sự kiện. Bây giờ tôi sẽ làm gì đây? Trước hết tôi không muốn sống theo lối đó. Đúng không? Tôi không thể sống theo lối đó. Nó còn tồi tệ hơn một con thú. (Ồ! Các bạn không hứng thú à.)

Người hỏi: Làm ơn hãy tiếp tục.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy trước hết tôi thấy nguyên nhân, và hậu quả, và tôi thấy không thể sống theo lối đó được nữa. Bây giờ điều gì làm cho tôi nói rằng, “Không thể sống theo lối đó được nữa”? Làm ơn hãy theo sát tất cả điều này. (Thưa các bạn. Làm ơn đừng ho.) Điều này đòi hỏi chú ý nhiều lắm. Điều gì khiến tôi nói rằng, “Tôi không được sống theo lối đó nữa”? (Khoảng ngừng lâu) Tôi bị vô cảm. Nếu nó gây đau khổ và tôi muốn thay đổi, lúc đó tôi đang thay đổi bởi vì tôi nghĩ rằng một cái gì đó sẽ cho tôi sự vui thú lớn lao hơn. (Ồ, các bạn không thấy tất cả việc này!) Tôi muốn thay đổi bởi vì tôi thấy rằng một cái trí mà quá xơ cứng thực sự không đang sống và phải có thay đổi. Nếu tôi thay đổi bởi vì nó gây đau khổ – hãy theo sát điều này, làm ơn – nếu tôi thay đổi vì nó gây đau khổ vậy thì tôi đang theo đuổi vui thú. Đúng chứ? Và sự theo đuổi vui thú là nguyên nhân của trạng thái vô cảm này. Vô cảm này đã bị gây ra bởi vì tôi đã tìm kiếm vui thú – vui thú trong gia đình, trong những vị Chúa, trong kinh Upanishads, kinh Koran, kinh Bible, trong Giáo hội. Và tất cả việc đó đã khiến tôi đến tình trạng này – xơ cứng. Nguồn gốc của chuyển động đã là vui thú, và nếu tôi chống lại việc này lại nữa nó sẽ là sự theo đuổi của vui thú!

Bạn có đang theo sát tất cả điều này không? Tôi đã nhận ra cái gì đó! Tôi đã nhận ra rằng nếu tôi thay đổi bởi động cơ của vui thú tôi sẽ quay trở lại cùng vòng luẩn quẩn cũ. Làm ơn, thưa các bạn, hãy hiểu rõ điều này – bằng những quả tim của bạn, không phải bằng những cái trí nhỏ nhen ngu xuẩn của bạn. Hiểu rõ điều này bằng những quả tim của các bạn – rằng khi bạn đã bắt đầu tìm kiếm vui thú bạn phải kết thúc trong tai họa, mà là tình trạng xơ cứng. Nếu bạn phá vỡ được xơ cứng đó bởi vì bạn muốn một loại vui thú khác vậy thì bạn quay trở lại cùng vòng luẩn quẩn. Vì vậy tôi đang nói rằng, “Hãy nhìn điều gì tôi đang làm!” Vì vậy tôi phải rất cảnh giác về vui thú. Tôi sẽ không phủ nhận nó, bởi vì nếu tôi phủ nhận nó tôi đang tìm kiếm một vui thú khác, vui thú lớn lao hơn. Vì vậy tôi thấy rằng vui thú dẫn cái trí đến những thói quen mà tạo ra xơ cứng hoàn toàn. Tôi treo bức tranh đó trên tường vì nó cho tôi niềm vui lớn lao. Tôi đã ngắm nghía nó trong viện bảo tàng hay trong phòng trưng bày tranh và tôi nói rằng, “Ồ đó là bức tranh đẹp làm sao!” Tôi mua nó, nếu tôi có tiền, và treo nó trong phòng của tôi. Tôi ngắm nghía nó hàng ngày – và nói rằng “Đẹp quá”. Vậy thì tôi đã quen thuộc với nó. Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Vì vậy vui thú ngắm nghía nó mỗi ngày đã tạo ra một thói quen mà bây giờ ngăn cản tôi không thấy được nữa. Tôi không biết liệu bạn có hiểu rõ điều này. Giống như ái ân! Cái thói quen như thế, quen thuộc đến một điều gì đó, là sự bắt đầu của dửng dưng. Bạn đang theo sát tất cả điều này chứ? Bạn quen thuộc với sự bẩn thỉu của ngôi làng kế bên khi bạn đi ngang qua nó hàng ngày. Những cậu bé và những cô bé đang làm bẩn con đường – sự bẩn thỉu, tồi tàn, bụi bặm. Bạn quen thuộc với nó, và sau đó bạn đã quen thuộc với nó. Cùng cách như vậy bạn đã quen thộc với vẻ đẹp của cây cối, đơn giản bạn không nhìn nó nữa. Vậy là tôi đã khám phá ra rằng nơi nào tôi theo đuổi vui thú phải có, sâu thẳm bên trong nó, gốc rễ của xơ cứng. Ồ! Làm ơn hãy thấy điều này! Không có gốc rễ thiên đàng trong vui thú, chỉ có gốc rễ của dửng dưng và đau khổ.

Vậy là tôi sẽ làm gì nếu tôi thấy điều đó rất rõ ràng? Vui thú là một việc cám dỗ! Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Tôi nhìn ngắm một cái cây: nó là một thú vị lớn lao. Nhìn ngắm một đám mây đen đầy nước mưa và cái cầu vồng, và điều này dường như là một sự việc lạ thường. Đó là một vui thú, đó là một hài lòng, đó là một tận hưởng kỳ diệu. Tại sao tôi không thể để nó lại ở đó. Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Tại sao tôi phải nói rằng, “Tôi phải cất giữ nó lại”? (Tôi không biết liệu bạn có đang theo sát tất cả điều này hay không.) Sau đó vào ngày kế tiếp tôi thấy đám mây đen khác, đầy nước mưa, và những chiếc lá đang nhảy múa trong gió, ký ức của ngày hôm qua đã làm hỏng cảnh đang thấy này. Tôi đã trở nên vô cảm. Vì vậy tôi sẽ phải làm gì đây? Tôi không thể phủ nhận vui thú, nhưng điều này không có nghĩa tôi nuông chiều vui thú. Vì vậy bây giờ tôi hiểu rõ rằng chắc chắn vui thú nuôi dưỡng sự dửng dưng. Tôi thấy được nó. Tôi thấy nó như một sự kiện giống như tôi thấy cái mirophone – không phải như một ý tưởng, không phải như một lý thuyết, không phải như một suy nghĩ, nhưng như một sự kiện thực sự. Đúng chứ? Vậy là tôi đang nhìn ngắm sự vận hành của vui thú. Bạn theo kịp chứ? Qui trình của vui thú là cái gì tôi đang nhìn ngắm. Như, “Tôi thích bạn” và “Tôi không thích một ai khác nữa”, mà lại nữa trong cùng khuôn mẫu. Tất cả những đánh giá của tôi đều dựa vào thích và không thích. Tôi thích bạn bởi vì bạn được kính trọng. Tôi không thích bạn bởi vì bạn không được kính trọng. Bạn là một người Hồi giáo, hay một người Ấn độ giáo, hay bạn có những thỏa mãn ái ân này và tôi thích những thỏa mãn ái ân khác – và vân vân. Bạn theo kịp không? Thích và không thích. Vì vậy tôi nhìn ngắm nó. Và lại nữa thích và không thích là một thói quen, mà tôi đã vun quén qua vui thú. Lúc này cái trí đang nhìn ngắm toàn chuyển động của vui thú, và bạn không thể nhìn ngắm nó nếu bạn chỉ trích nó. Các bạn có đang theo sát điều này không? Vậy là điều gì đã xảy ra cho cái trí của tôi? Hãy nhìn ngắm nó, thưa bạn. Điều gì đã xảy ra cho cái trí của tôi? (Ồ! bạn chỉ tuôn ra những từ ngữ. Bạn không biết bạn đang nói gì.) (Điều đó đúng, thưa bạn.) Nó đã trở nên nhạy cảm hơn nhiều. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy thông minh hơn nhiều. Bây giờ thông minh đó đang vận hành, không phải thông minh của tôi hay thông minh của bạn, chỉ là thông minh. Tôi không hiểu bạn có đang theo sát điều này không. Trước kia, đã có trạng thái dửng dưng và tôi không thèm lưu tâm. Cái trí không thèm lưu tâm đến việc liệu tôi có sống giống như một con heo hay không. Và tôi nhận ra rằng tôi phải thay đổi. Và tôi thấy muốn thay đổi đến một vui thú lớn hơn vẫn là quay trở về cùng một hỗn độn. Vậy là cái trí đã nhận ra cái gì đó, đã thấy cái gì đó. Không phải bởi vì ai đó đã nói về nó – nhưng nó đã thấy cái gì đó rất rõ ràng – rằng nơi nào có sự theo đuổi vui thú, việc này chắc chắn nuôi dưỡng sự dửng dưng. Vì vậy cái trí đã được mài bén. Và nó đang quan sát vui thú trong từng chuyển động. Và bạn chỉ có thể quan sát bất kỳ cái gì đó một cách tự do, nếu không kềm hãm, chỉ trích hay đánh giá. Vì vậy cái trí đang quan sát. Và nó nói rằng “Điều gì là sai trái với tôi, tại sao tôi không thể nhìn ngắm một cái cây, tại sao tôi không thể nhìn ngắm khuôn mặt đẹp đẽ của một em bé hay của người phụ nữ?” Tôi không thể nhắm mắt lại – mù quáng chạy trốn đến dãy Himalayas. Nó ở đó. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy tôi sẽ làm gì? Không nhìn à. Quay đầu đi khi tôi đi ngang qua một người phụ nữ hay sao? (Mà điều gì những vị khất sĩ làm, họ biết được tất cả những ma mãnh cũ kỹ và tất cả việc đó.) Vì vậy tôi sẽ phải làm gì đây? Vì vậy tôi nhìn. Bạn hiểu không? Tôi nhìn. Tôi ngắm cái cây đó, vẻ đẹp của cành cây, vẻ đẹp uốn lượn của cái cây. Tôi nhìn khuôn mặt đẹp đó, thật cân đối, nụ cười, đôi mắt. Tôi nhìn. Hãy theo sát điều này. Khi tôi nhìn, không có vui thú. Bạn có nhận thấy được nó không? Bạn có nắm bắt được nó không? Bạn hiểu rõ điều gì chúng ta đang nói chứ? Khi tôi nhìn, còn có chỗ nào dành cho vui thú không? Tôi không nhìn bằng sự sợ hãi, nói rằng, "Chúa tôi ơi! Tôi đang vướng vào cái bẫy của vui thú!" Nhưng tôi nhìn, cho dù nó là cái cây, cái cầu vồng, đường bay của con chim, hay một người phụ nữ đẹp, hay một người đàn ông. Tôi nhìn. Trong nhìn đó không có vui thú. Vui thú chỉ nảy sinh khi tư tưởng chen vào.

Bây giờ nếu không hiểu rõ toàn tiến hành này – những vị thánh, những con người xấu xa không chín chắn được gọi là những vị thánh, những vị Rishi, những tác giả, họ đều đã chỉ trích việc này. Đừng nhìn, họ nói. Và thế là – nhìn. Và khi bạn thấy rất rõ ràng không có vui thú hay không vui thú. Nó ở đó. Vẻ đẹp của khuôn mặt, dáng đi, cái áo, vẻ đẹp của cái cây. Một giây sau tư tưởng chen vào và nói rằng, "Đó là một phụ nữ đẹp". Và tất cả sự tưởng tượng, ái ân, những gợi ý, những ly kỳ, bắt đầu. Các bạn có theo sát được tất cả điều này không, thưa các bạn, và các bạn sẽ làm gì về nó đây? Điều gì xảy ra? Tư tưởng chen vào, và điều gì quan trọng lúc này không là vui thú, bởi vì điều đó đã được hiểu rồi, không có gì phải giải thích thêm về nó. Hãy nhìn điều gì đã xảy ra. Cái trí đã trở nên nhạy cảm lạ thường, và vì vậy có kỷ luật cực kỳ, kỷ luật cực kỳ nhưng không qua một kỷ luật bị áp đặt. Bằng cách nhìn ngắm rằng tôi xơ cứng, vô cảm – nhìn ngắm nó, và nhìn ngắm nó – cái trí đã trở nên nhạy cảm. Nhìn ngắm là kỷ luật. Tôi tự hỏi liệu bạn có nắm bắt được điều này! Không có sự trấn áp trong loại kỷ luật mà cần thiết cho mục đich thấy. Vậy là cái trí đã trở nên nhạy cảm cực kỳ, kỷ luật cao độ, và vậy là mộc mạc – không phải sự mộc mạc liên quan đến quần áo hay thức ăn, tất cả việc đó đều quá không chín chắn và trẻ con. Và lúc này cái trí nói rằng nó đang nhìn ngắm vui thú và nó thấy rằng sự tiếp tục của vui thú được tạo tác bởi tư tưởng. Đúng không? Vậy là tôi đã thâm nhập vào một kích thước hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Một kích thước mà trong đó tôi phải làm việc rất cần cù và không một ai sẽ nói cho tôi về nó. Tôi có thể nói cho bạn, nhưng bạn phải làm việc đó cho chính bạn. Vì vậy tôi hỏi – "Tại sao tư tưởng lại chen vào tất cả việc này?" Tôi nhìn cái cây đó, tôi nhìn người phụ nữ đó, tôi nhìn người đàn ông đi ngang qua trong chiếc xe sang trọng, một chiếc xe đẹp được lái bởi một người tài xế, và tôi nói rằng "Được rồi". Nhưng tại sao tư tưởng lại chen vào? Tại sao vậy? (Khoảng ngừng lâu) (Khán giả đưa ra một gợi ý) Không thưa bạn, không thưa bạn. Tôi đã không học nghệ thuật của nhìn ngắm. Hãy lắng nghe điều này. Tôi đã không học nó. Khi tôi đã nói "Tôi thấy được sự xơ cứng, vô cảm" tôi thực sự đã không thấy nó. Hãy thấy nó – đừng thay đổi sự vô cảm, nhưng chỉ thấy nó. Vì vậy lúc này, tôi đang hỏi chính mình, "Tại sao tư tưởng lại chen vào bức tranh đó?" Tại sao tôi không thể chỉ nhìn cái cây đó, hay người phụ nữ đó, hay chiếc xe hơi đó? Tại sao? Tại sao tư tưởng lại chen vào việc này?

Người hỏi: Ký ức xuất hiện như một rào chắn.

Krishnamurti: Hãy tự đặt ra cho chính bạn câu hỏi, thưa bạn, và đừng nói rằng "Ký ức xuất hiện như một rào chắn". Bạn vừa nghe ai khác nói điều đó. Bạn đã nghe tôi nói điều đó hàng tá lần, và bạn lặp lại và quăng lại những từ ngữ đó vào tôi. Chúng không có ý nghĩa gì đối với tôi cả. Tôi đang đưa ra một câu hỏi hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Tôi đang hỏi tại sao tư tưởng cứ chen vào nó. (Lời gợi ý từ khán giả) Hãy hỏi chính bạn, thưa bạn, và tìm ra câu trả lời. Tại sao có sự ngăn cản liên tục này của tư tưởng? Bạn hiểu rõ chứ thưa bạn? Rất lý thú nếu bạn tìm hiểu nó cho chính bạn. Lúc này bạn không thể nhìn vào bất kỳ việc gì mà không có tư tưởng, mà không có một hình ảnh, mà không có một biểu tượng. Tại sao? (Khoảng ngừng lâu) Bạn muốn tôi trả lời nó phải không? Một quý ông ngồi rất thoải mái và nói rằng "Vâng".

“Làm ơn trả lời nó đi, được chứ thưa ông?” Và nó sẽ chẳng tạo ra sự khác biệt gì cho quý ông đó. (Điều đó đúng, và nó đã trở thành một thói quen. Suốt năm mươi năm qua, bất kỳ điều gì bạn đã thực hiện) Nếu nó là một thói quen, vậy thì tôi sẽ làm gì đây? Tôi có thấy thói quen như một ý tưởng hay thực sự như một thói quen – bạn thấy sự khác biệt chứ? Nếu bạn thấy vậy thì bạn phải tìm cho ra.

MADRAS

Ngày 05 tháng giêng năm 1968

– 3 – THỜI GIAN, KHÔNG GIAN VÀ CÁI TRUNG TÂM

Lý tưởng, ý tưởng, và “cái gì là”. Cần hiểu rõ sự chịu đựng đau khổ: phiền muộn, cô độc, sợ hãi, ganh tị. Cái trung tâm vị kỷ. Không gian và thời gian của cái trung tâm. Liệu có thể không có một trung tâm của cái tôi và vẫn sống trong thế giới này hay không? “Chúng ta sống trong nhà tù của suy nghĩ riêng của chúng ta.” Thấy cấu trúc của cái trung tâm. Nhìn không có cái trung tâm.

KRISHNAMURTI: Sáng nay chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau xem xét điều gì đây?

Người hỏi: Ký ức tâm lý là gì, và làm thế nào nó được khắc sâu vào bộ não?

Người hỏi: Ông sẽ tìm hiểu vấn đề của vui thú và tư tưởng được chứ?

Người hỏi: Ý tưởng về cuộc sống, và về thế giới này là gì?

KRISHNAMURTI: Các bạn muốn bàn luận vấn đề đó à? “Ý tưởng về cuộc sống và về thế giới này là gì?” Và cũng vậy, người suy nghĩ là gì, và tư tưởng . . . Bạn nói gì đây, thưa các bạn, tôi rất vui lòng về bất kỳ điều gì chúng ta bàn luận.

Người hỏi: Chúng ta có thể tiếp tục nói về tư tưởng? Buổi nói chuyện vừa qua đã kết thúc bằng vấn đề của thời gian và không gian.

Người hỏi: Chúng ta có thể nói thêm một chút, giải thích thêm một chút, về thời gian, không gian và cái trung tâm, mà chúng ta đang nói ngày hôm trước?

Người hỏi: Tại sao chúng ta lại muốn bàn luận điều gì đó từ “ngày hôm trước”? Điều đó đã qua rồi kia mà.

KRISHNAMURTI: Có lẽ nếu chúng ta bàn luận vấn đề của một ý tưởng về cuộc sống, và đang sống này, chúng ta sẽ bất chợt bắt gặp được vấn đề của thời gian, không gian và cái trung tâm. Tôi nghĩ tất cả những vấn đề khác đều sẽ được bao gồm trong đó. Ý tưởng về cuộc sống là gì? Chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ ý tưởng, cái từ ngữ? Ấp ủ, tưởng tượng, tạo tác. Một thế giới thuộc ý tưởng là một thế giới của những ý tưởng, những công thức, một thế giới của những lý thuyết, một thế giới của sự hình thành thuộc học thuyết tưởng tượng. Đó là điều gì chúng ta muốn nói đến, phải không, khi chúng ta nói về những ý tưởng? Một thế giới thuộc ý tưởng, một thế giới thuộc học thuyết. Trước hết, vị trí của nó trong những liên hệ của chúng ta với những người khác, trong bối cảnh đang sống, là gì? Sự liên hệ giữa thế giới thuộc ý tưởng là gì, mà trong chừng mực nào đó chúng ta đã diễn tả hay giải thích bằng từ ngữ, sự liên hệ giữa thế giới ý tưởng đó, và đang sống hàng ngày thực tế là gì? Có bất kỳ liên hệ gì hay không? Tôi bị đau răng; đó là một sự kiện rõ ràng. Và ý tưởng về không bị đau răng là một không thực tế. Sự kiện là, tôi bị đau răng. Cái còn lại là một tưởng tượng, một ý tưởng. Bây giờ sự kiện, “cái gì là”, đang sống hàng ngày thực tế, có liên hệ gì với công thức, ý tưởng? Nó có bất kỳ sự liên hệ gì không? Bạn tin tưởng, ít ra một số trong các bạn, những người Ấn độ giáo tin tưởng rằng có Đại ngã. (Chúng ta đang bàn về một đề tài nhạy cảm.) Rằng có cái gì đó thường hằng. Đó là một ý tưởng, một học thuyết, một giả thuyết, phải vậy không? Không à? Shankara hay Vedanta hay con chim nào đó đã nói rằng có Đại ngã này, hay nó là gì chăng nữa, một thực thể tinh thần. Đó chỉ là một ý tưởng, phải không?

Người hỏi: Còn nhiều hơn điều đó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nhiều hơn nữa sao?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Người ta nói rằng có cái gì đó vĩnh cửu…

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: (Tôi không giả sử, thưa bạn.) Có lý thuyết này, thưa bạn, ý tưởng rằng có một trạng thái thường hằng, một sự thật bên trong mỗi người, Thượng đế, hay bất kỳ từ ngữ nào bạn thích gọi nó. Tất cả những người Thiên chúa giáo, những người Hồi giáo đều nói như vậy, và những người khác dùng những từ ngữ khác. Ở đây bạn sử dụng một loạt những từ ngữ. Bây giờ, đó không là một ý tưởng mà không có thực tế gì cả hay sao?

Người hỏi: Bây giờ nó là một ý tưởng, nhưng trong dòng thời gian chúng ta hy vọng khám phá sự việc đó cho chính chúng ta.

KRISHNAMURTI: Khi bạn giả sử rằng có một sự việc nào đó, một cái gì đó, vậy thì chắc chắn bạn sẽ không khám phá ra nó! Theo tâm lý, qui trình này rất đơn giản. Nhưng tại sao lại giả sử bất kỳ điều gì?

Người hỏi: Tôi thương yêu một người phụ nữ đẹp nhất trên thế giới, nhưng tôi không bao giờ thấy cô ấy. Mặc dù tôi đã không thấy cô ấy nhưng nó là một sự kiện rằng cô ấy đẹp.

KRISHNAMURTI: Ồ, hãy ngừng nói điều đó đi, thưa bạn. Nó hơi hơi không giống thế đâu. Điều này sẽ dẫn đến trạng thái điên khùng mà thôi. Chúng ta có những học thuyết, những ý tưởng – lý tưởng của con người hoàn hảo, lý tưởng của điều gì nên làm, một con người tự do nên hành động, suy nghĩ, cảm thấy, sống như thế nào và vân vân. Nhưng đây là tất cả những ý tưởng, phải vậy không?

Người hỏi: Chắc chắn rằng điều gì ông gọi “cái gì là” cũng là một ý tưởng!

KRISHNAMURTI: Vậy à? Khi bạn bị đau răng thực sự, đó là một ý tưởng à: khi bạn bị đau khổ thực sự bởi vì bạn không có việc làm, không có lương thực, đó là một ý tưởng hay sao? Khi một người nào đó mà bạn thương yêu bị chết và bạn đau khổ vô cùng, đó là một ý tưởng à?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Cái gì! Một cơn đau răng không là thực tế sao? Tất cả các bạn đang sống ở đâu vậy? Khi chết đến vì tuổi già hay trong một tai nạn bạn gãy một chân, hoặc là việc gì chăng nữa – nó thuộc lý thuyết, khó hiểu sao? Nó là một ý tưởng à? Thưa bạn, bây giờ chúng ta đang bàn về những ý tưởng. Một ý tưởng về cuộc sống. Tại sao bạn muốn những ý tưởng?

Người hỏi: Để làm cho cuộc sống có một chất lượng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tại sao tôi phải làm cho cuộc sống có một chất lượng? Tôi sống, tôi chịu đựng đau khổ.

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó chỉ là như thế. “Làm thế nào bạn chặn đứng việc này, hình thành một ý tưởng về sống?” Tại sao bạn muốn hình thành một ý tưởng về sống; những sự việc nên giống như cái gì? Thực tế về sống là gì, bạn hỏi. Thực tế của sống là đó kìa, nó là đau khổ. Có đau khổ, có vui thú, có thất vọng, có phiền muộn.

Người hỏi: Chúng chỉ có vẻ thực tế.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn có ý gì, “chỉ có vẻ thực tế”? Ồ, bạn có ý rằng nó là một ảo tưởng! Bạn có ý rằng không có gì như vui thú, đau khổ, chiến tranh? Rằng đây là một thế giới đáng yêu? (Tiếng cười). Khi họ tước mất việc làm của bạn bạn nói rằng không có sự việc như thế, phải không! Khi bạn không có lương thực, bạn nói rằng đó là một ảo tưởng, phải không? Không à? Vậy thì bạn đang nói về điều gì? Bạn nói rằng nó không là thực tế à? Bạn có ý gì?

Bạn nói rằng một ý tưởng là một phương tiện dẫn đến một kết thúc? Đây thực sự là một thế giới lạ lùng quá. Tất cả chúng ta đang nói về điều gì đây! Chúng ta đã phân tích rất cẩn thận từ ngữ “ý tưởng” đó, nó có nghĩa gì? Đúng chứ? Quý ông kia nói rằng nhiều người cần ý tưởng. Ồ hãy giữ lấy điều đó, thưa bạn, hãy giữ lấy điều đó.

Người hỏi: Tôi đã không nói điều đó. Tôi đã nói rằng nhiều người cần hiểu rõ từ ngữ “ý tưởng”.

KRISHNAMURTI: Chúng ta đã vừa giải thích nó. Vì vậy chúng ta hãy tiếp tục với nó. Chúng ta đã hỏi ý tưởng có liên hệ gì với đang sống hàng ngày. Đang sống hàng ngày là sự quần quại hàng ngày của đi đến văn phòng, sự quần quại hàng ngày của bị hành hạ bởi cô độc, đau khổ và vân vân. Cái đó, mà là cái thực tế, mà là cái gì là, mà là điều gì đang xảy ra hàng ngày trong sống của chúng ta, có liên hệ gì, cái đó liên quan gì với ý tưởng?

Người hỏi: Tôi có thể nói một điều gì đó được không?

KRISHNAMURTI: Rất hài lòng, thưa bạn. Bạn có quyền tham gia.

Người hỏi: (Một câu nói dài. Không nghe rõ.)

KRISHNAMURTI: À! Ông ấy nói rằng nếu chúng ta thực sự hiểu rõ ý tưởng, sống sẽ khác đi, và ông ấy trích dẫn vài quý ông khác, tôi không biết họ. Tại sao tôi phải hiểu rõ những ý tưởng? Khi tôi đầy đau khổ, khi tôi không có lương thực, khi đứa con trai tôi chết, khi tôi bị điếc, câm, dốt nát – ý tưởng có liên quan gì với tất cả cái đó? Ý tưởng là từ ngữ, khái niệm, lý thuyết. Nó có một ảnh hưởng quan trọng gì cho sự cô độc dằn vặt của tôi hay không?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Cái gì thưa bạn, cái gì thưa bạn! Tôi nghĩ chúng ta phải tiếp tục với nó, nếu không chúng ta sẽ chẳng đi đến đâu cả. Chúng ta không sẵn lòng đối diện với những sự kiện và chúng ta lượn quanh cùng những từ ngữ. Thực tế không là một ý tưởng; thực tế là sống hàng ngày của tôi đúng chứ? Thực tế rằng tôi đang bị hành hạ, và đau khổ không là một lý thuyết, không là một khái niệm, nó là một tiến hành thực tế trong sống. Vì vậy tôi tự bảo chính mình – tại sao tôi có những ý tưởng về đau khổ? Nó là một lãng phí khi có những ý tưởng về đau khổ. Vậy là tôi không muốn những ý tưởng, tôi muốn hiểu rõ sự đau khổ. Đúng chứ?

Vậy thì vấn đề là – đau khổ là gì? Có đau khổ thuộc thân thể, như đau răng, đau dạ dày, đau đầu, và bệnh tật, và cũng có đau khổ ở một mức độ khác hẳn, ở mức độ thuộc tâm lý. Bây giờ, làm thế nào tôi có thể được tự do khỏi việc đó. Tự do khỏi sự đau khổ bên trong. Tôi có thể đến bác sĩ để điều trị đau đớn thuộc thân thể. Nhưng có đau khổ thuộc tâm lý trong ý nghĩa mà tôi phải chịu đựng. Tôi chịu đựng cái gì? Người ta có đau khổ về cái gì, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Cô độc và sợ hãi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đúng rồi! Cô độc và sợ hãi. Và tôi muốn được tự do khỏi nó, bởi vì cô độc và sợ hãi này luôn luôn là một gánh nặng, chúng làm tối tăm suy nghĩ của tôi, tầm nhìn của tôi, cách tiếp cận của tôi, cách hành động của tôi. Vì vậy, vấn đề của tôi là làm thế nào được tự do khỏi sợ hãi, không phải từ bất kỳ lý thuyết nào; các bạn đã quá phấn khích và say mê khi viện dẫn những lý thuyết. Tôi không chấp nhận bất kỳ lý thuyết nào về bất kỳ điều gì cả. Vì vậy làm thế nào tôi loại bỏ được sợ hãi. Một ý tưởng sẽ giúp tôi loại bỏ được sợ hãi hay sao? Đó là điều gì bạn đang nói lúc nãy, thưa bạn; nhưng liệu có một ý tưởng về sợ hãi sẽ giúp tôi loại bỏ được sợ hãi đó hay không? Bạn nói “Có”, bạn nói rằng “nó là một suy nghĩ khoa học”, “nó là một nền tảng cho thực tế”, nó là một “kết luận hợp lý”. Hãy dùng một ví dụ đơn giản, thưa bạn, và tự tìm ra câu trả lời cho chính bạn. Đừng đưa vào những dữ kiện sinh học, lý luận và khoa học. Có sợ hãi; liệu một ý tưởng của không-sợ hãi sẽ giúp bạn loại bỏ được sự sợ hãi hay không? Thưa bạn, đừng lý thuyết về nó. Bạn có một sợ hãi, phải không? Không à? Đừng chỉ loanh quanh bằng những từ ngữ. Bạn có sợ hãi, phải không? Liệu một ý tưởng sẽ giúp bạn loại bỏ được sợ hãi đó hay sao? Hãy suy nghĩ ra đi, thưa bạn; hãy thâm nhập nó. Đừng quay lại lý thuyết nào đó, thưa bạn. Làm ơn bám chặt một vấn đề. Có sợ hãi. Bạn sợ hãi người vợ của bạn; bạn sợ hãi chết, sợ hãi bạn có lẽ mất việc làm của bạn. Liệu bất kỳ lý thuyết, ý tưởng nào, sẽ giúp bạn loại bỏ được những sợ hãi đó hay sao? Bạn có thể tẩu thoát khỏi chúng. Nếu bạn sợ hãi chết bạn có thể tẩu thoát khỏi sợ hãi đó bằng cách tin tưởng vào luân hồi, nhưng sợ hãi vẫn còn đó. Bạn không muốn chết, mặc dù bạn có lẽ tin tưởng vào tất cả những loại vớ vẩn kia, sự thật là sợ hãi vẫn còn đó. Những ý tưởng không giúp bạn loại bỏ được sợ hãi.

Người hỏi: Chúng có lẽ dần dần giúp chúng tôi được tự do.

KRISHNAMURTI: Dần dần à? Bạn sẽ bị chết trước thời gian đó. Thưa các bạn, đừng lý thuyết, vì ơn Chúa. Những bộ não vô dụng thích lý thuyết này!

Người hỏi: Không phải đang tẩu thoát cũng là cố gắng và loại bỏ được sợ hãi hay sao?

KRISHNAMURTI: Ồ, chúng ta thật trẻ con! Bạn có thể tẩu thoát khỏi người vợ của bạn, nhưng người vợ của bạn vẫn còn ở nhà.

Người hỏi: Bạn có thể thay đổi cách sống của bạn.

KRISHNAMURTI: Thưa các bạn, chúng ta hãy đơn giản điều này đi, bạn biết sợ hãi là gì, phải không? Bạn biết bạo lực là gì, đúng chứ? Liệu một lý thuyết của không-bạo lực sẽ giúp bạn loại bỏ được bạo lực hay sao? Hãy dùng một sự kiện đơn giản đó. Bạn bạo lực; đó là một thực tế. Trong sống hàng ngày của bạn bạn bạo lực, và liệu bạo lực đó sẽ được hiểu rõ qua một ý tưởng, ý tưởng của không-bạo lực hay sao? (Khoảng ngừng lâu)

Người hỏi: (Câu nói dài nghe không rõ.)

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn đang nói gì vậy, thưa bạn! Chúng ta đang nói tiếng Anh! Bạn có hiểu tiếng Anh không, thưa bạn? Chúng ta đang nói về bạo lực. Bạn có khi nào bạo lực chưa, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Thỉnh thoảng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tốt. Bây giờ bạn đã loại bỏ bạo lực bởi một ý tưởng à?

Người hỏi: Thấy rằng người ta bạo lực người ta tự bảo mình phải bình tĩnh.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi tự hỏi liệu chúng ta có đang nói cùng ngôn ngữ hay không? Tôi đầu hàng vấn đề đó! Bạn tiếp tục đi, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: (Tiếp tục câu nói không nghe rõ.)

KRISHNAMURTI: Được rồi, thưa bạn. Bạn thắng rồi.

Người hỏi: (Câu nói không nghe rõ nữa.)

KRISHNAMURTI: Cám ơn Chúa, thưa bạn, bạn không cai trị thế giới. Bạn đang làm mất thời gian. Bạn đang lãng phí thời gian. Bạn đang sống trong một thế giới không thực tế.

Người hỏi: (Tiếp tục cãi cọ. Không nghe rõ.)

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó là điều gì chúng ta đang nói, thưa bạn. Hãy đối diện chính sự kiện đó. Và bạn chỉ có thể đối diện sự kiện nếu bạn không có những lý thuyết về sự kiện. Đúng chứ? Và rõ ràng các bạn, các quý ông của thế hệ già hơn không muốn đối diện sự kiện. Các bạn thích sống trong một thế giới của những ý tưởng. Làm ơn hãy sống ở đó, thưa các bạn. Bây giờ chúng ta hãy tiếp tục. Câu hỏi là, liệu cái trí có thể được tự do khỏi sợ hãi hay không? Bây giờ sợ hãi là gì? Chúng ta cảm thấy sợ hãi. (Chúng ta đang quay trở lại câu hỏi của bạn, thưa bạn.) (Không phải câu hỏi của bạn, thưa bạn. Bạn muốn sống trong một thế giới của những lý thuyết; hãy sống ở đó. Tôi đang trả lời quý ông kia.) Bạn hỏi rằng ai là thực thể hay cái con người mà nói rằng “Tôi sợ hãi”? Bạn đã ghen tuông, phải không, ganh tị? Và ai là cái con người mà nói rằng “Tôi ganh tị”?

Người hỏi: Cái tôi. Có một ý thức của cái tôi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bây giờ ai là cái tôi? Thưa bạn, làm ơn hãy phân tích nó. Bạn biết phân tích là gì không? Tìm hiểu nó, từng bước một. Cái tôi là ai? Hãy suy nghĩ ra nó thưa bạn, và đừng trích dẫn Shankara, Buddha, hay X Y Z! Khi bạn nói rằng “Tôi bị sợ hãi”, ai là cái “Tôi”?

Người hỏi: (Nhiều gợi ý không nghe rõ.)

KRISHNAMURTI: Đừng trích dẫn. Làm ơn hãy suy nghĩ ra nó, thưa các bạn.

Người hỏi: Có phải là tư tưởng tự hình thành về chính nó như một vĩnh cửu ở khoảnh khắc có ganh tị?

KRISHNAMURTI: Bây giờ khoảnh khắc đó là gì khi tư tưởng đó tự coi chính nó như vĩnh cửu? Tôi ganh tị. Tôi ý thức được rằng tôi ganh tị. Bây giờ ai là thực thể đó, tư tưởng đó mà nói “Tôi ganh tị”?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Ồ làm ơn, thưa bạn! Bạn không phân tích nó; bạn chỉ đưa ra một câu phát biểu! Làm ơn hãy tìm hiểu nó, thưa bạn. Bạn nói rằng tại khoảnh khắc đó, khi tư tưởng đó đưa ra câu phát biểu “Tôi ganh tị”, tư tưởng đó, trong thời điểm đó, tự suy nghĩ rằng chính nó là vĩnh cửu. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ, tại sao tư tưởng đó suy nghĩ rằng chính nó là vĩnh cửu? Không phải rằng tư tưởng đã công nhận một cảm thấy tương tự mà nó đã có trước kia hay sao? Hãy tìm hiểu chầm chậm, từng bước một. Tôi ganh tị. Bạn biết ganh tị là gì – tôi trở nên ý thức được rằng tôi ganh tị, bây giờ tôi đang hỏi – “Ai là cái thực thể mà đã trở nên ý thức được? Và làm thế nào thực thể đó hay tư tưởng đó biết rằng nó là “ sự ganh tị?” Tư tưởng đó biết rằng nó là sự ganh tị bởi vì nó đã cảm thấy sự ganh tị. Ký ức của sự ganh tị trước kia xuất hiện và cái con người mà cảm thấy nó nói rằng, “Đây lại là nó.” Đúng chứ? Đây là sự ganh tị mà tôi đã có trước kia. Nếu không bạn sẽ nghĩ về nó hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Bởi vì tư tưởng đã có thể công nhận cảm thấy đó, tư tưởng đã có thể gọi nó là “sự ganh tị”. Nó đã trải nghiệm cùng cảm thấy đó trước kia. Vì vậy nó nói rằng (“nó” là tư tưởng) . . . (Ngắt ngang từ khán giả.) Thưa các bạn, tôi biết điều này rất phức tạp vì thế chúng ta phải tìm hiểu chầm chậm từng bước một. (Thưa các bạn, các bạn làm ơn đừng ho nữa – ngay lập tức tất cả các bạn.) (Tiếng cười) Đây là một vấn đề rất khó khăn khi tìm hiểu và nếu bạn không trao toàn chú ý của bạn, bạn không thể nào hiểu rõ bản chất rất tinh tế và phức tạp của nó. Chúng ta nói rằng – trước hết có sự ganh tị; người ta ý thức được sự ganh tị đó; rồi sau đó tư tưởng nói, "Trước kia tôi đã có cảm thấy đó." Trái lại bạn sẽ không thể nhận ra cảm thấy đó mà bạn đã gọi là "sự ganh tị". Điều gì người ta đã có như một trải nghiệm trước kia được trao cho sự vĩnh cửu, sự tiếp tục qua công nhận điều gì đang xảy ra lúc này. Vì vậy, tư tưởng có sự tiếp tục bởi vì tư tưởng là sự đáp lại của ký ức. Đúng chứ? Tư tưởng đó, mà là kết quả của ký ức ngày hôm qua nói rằng, "Đây lại là nó, nó là sự ganh tị; bằng cách gọi nó là sự ganh tị và công nhận nó, tư tưởng đã cho nó một sức sống mạnh mẽ hơn. Tư tưởng là sự đáp lại của một cái bọc của những kỷ niệm mà cấu thành truyền thống, hiểu biết, kinh nghiệm và vân vân, và tư tưởng đó công nhận cái cảm thấy, mà nó có lúc này, "sự ganh tị". Vì vậy, tư tưởng là cái trung tâm, hay ký ức là cái trung tâm! Đúng chứ? (Khoảng ngừng) Thưa các bạn, cái trung tâm của bạn nói, "Nó là ngôi nhà của tôi, tôi sống ở đó, nó thuộc về tôi theo luật pháp" và vân vân. Bạn có những kỷ niệm nào đó, những kỷ niệm vui thú và đau khổ. Toàn cái bọc của chúng là cái trung tâm, phải không? Cái trung tâm là bạo lực, dốt nát, tham vọng và tham lam – nó có đau khổ, thất vọng và vân vân. Cái trung tâm đó tạo ra không gian quanh chính nó. Không như thế sao? Không à? (Lời ngắt ngang). (Tìm hiểu chầm chậm, thưa các bạn . . . Một khoảng trống? . . . À, quý ông kia muốn tôi lặp lại điều gì tôi vừa nói. Xin lỗi, thưa bạn, tôi không thể lặp lại nó, tôi không thể nhớ điều gì tôi đã nói.)

Chúng ta sẽ trình bày nó cách khác. Có cái microphone này. Quanh nó có không gian. Đó là cái trung tâm, và nó có không gian quanh nó, và nó hiện diện trong không gian;

như căn phòng này có không gian bên trong nó. Nhưng cũng vậy căn phòng này có không gian bên ngoài nó. Vì vậy cái trung tâm có một không gian nhỏ xíu trong chính nó, và cũng có không gian bên ngoài nó. (Tôi không đang nói về sự sáng tạo. Chỉ yên lặng lắng nghe.) Làm ơn hãy quan sát điều này, thưa bạn, làm ơn tìm hiểu nó, làm ơn quan sát nó thấu đáo, không chỉ thuộc trí năng. Nó vui lắm nếu bạn thực sự tìm hiểu nó. Nhưng nếu bạn tạo ra lý thuyết về nó vậy thì cuộc bàn luận có thể tiếp tục vô tận và nó chẳng dẫn đến đâu cả. Đây là cái trung tâm, và cái trung tâm là một cái bọc của những kỷ niệm. (Nó lý thú lắm, thưa các bạn. Làm ơn tìm hiểu nó.) Cái trung tâm là một cái bọc của những kỷ niệm, một cái bọc của những truyền thống, và cái trung tâm đã được tạo ra bởi căng thẳng, qua áp lực, qua ảnh hưởng. Cái trung tâm là kết quả của thời gian, bên trong lãnh vực của văn hóa – văn hóa Ấn độ giáo, văn hóa Hồi giáo, và vân vân. Vì vậy đó là cái trung tâm. Bây giờ cái trung tâm đó, bởi vì nó là một trung tâm, có không gian bên ngoài nó, rõ ràng như thế. Và bởi vì sự chuyển động, nó có không gian trong chính nó. Nếu nó không chuyển động nó sẽ không có không gian. Nó sẽ không-hiện diện. Bất kỳ cái gì có thể chuyển động phải có không gian. Vì vậy có không gian, bên ngoài cái trung tâm và bên trong nó. Và cái trung tâm luôn luôn đang tìm kiếm không gian rộng lớn hơn, để chuyển động rộng rãi hơn. Nói khác đi, cái trung tâm là ý thức. Đó là, cái trung tâm có những biên giới mà nó công nhận như "cái tôi". Chừng nào còn có một trung tâm, nó phải có một chu vi. Dĩ nhiên. Và nó cố gắng mở rộng phạm vi của cái chu vi – bằng thuốc men, mà bây giờ được gọi là "sự lan rộng ảo giác của cái trí"– qua tham thiền, qua vô vàn hình thức của ý chí, và vân vân. Nó cố gắng mở rộng cái không gian mà nó biết được như là "ý thức", để làm cho nó lan ra rộng hơn và rộng hơn và rộng hơn. Nhưng, chừng nào nó còn là một trung tâm, không gian của nó phải luôn luôn bị giới hạn. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy chừng nào còn có một trung tâm, không gian phải luôn luôn bị giam hãm – giống như một tù nhân đang sống trong nhà tù. Anh ấy tự do đi bộ trong sân nhưng anh ấy luôn luôn là một tù nhân. Anh ấy có lẽ có một cái sân lớn hơn, anh ấy có lẽ có một tòa nhà tốt hơn, những căn phòng tiện nghi hơn, với những phòng tắm và mọi chuyện như thế, nhưng anh vẫn còn bị giam hãm. Chừng nào còn có một trung tâm, phải có sự giới hạn của không gian, và vì vậy cái trung tâm không bao giờ được tự do! Nó giống như một tù nhân nói rằng "Tôi được tự do", ở bên trong những bức tường của nhà tù. Anh ấy không được tự do. Nhiều người có lẽ vô tình nhận ra rằng không có cái sự việc như tự do bên trong lãnh vực của ý thức, với một trung tâm, và vì vậy họ hỏi liệu có thể mở rộng ý thức, lan rộng ý thức – bằng văn chương, bằng âm nhạc, bằng nghệ thuật, bằng thuốc men, bằng những tiến hành khác nhau. Nhưng chừng nào còn có một trung tâm, người quan sát, người suy nghĩ, người nhìn ngắm, dù anh ấy làm gì sẽ còn ở trong những bức tường của nhà tù. Đúng chứ thưa bạn? Làm ơn đừng nói "Vâng". Bởi vì có khoảng cách giữa biên giới và cái trung tâm, thời gian chen vào, bởi vì anh ấy muốn vượt khỏi nó, thăng hoa nó, đẩy nó lan rộng thêm nữa. Tôi không biết bạn theo sát được điều này không? Thưa bạn, chúng ta không đang bàn về những lý thuyết, nhưng nếu bạn làm điều này thực sự trong chính bạn bạn sẽ thấy vẻ đẹp của sự việc này.

Người hỏi: Ông làm ơn giải thích về khuynh hướng lan rộng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn biết nó có nghĩa gì, lan rộng. Một sợi dây thun, bạn có thể kéo căng nó, nhưng nếu bạn kéo nó vượt quá một giới hạn nào đó, nó bị đứt. (Vâng thưa bạn, nó sẽ bị đứt khi vượt quá một giới hạn nào đó). Đang sống trong một căn nhà nhỏ ở Madras, tôi cảm thấy rằng không có không gian ở đó. Với gia đình của tôi, với những lo âu của tôi, với văn phòng của tôi, những truyền thống của tôi – nó quá nhỏ nhen, và tôi muốn phá vỡ nó. Lại nữa có ham muốn để lan rộng. Và khi xã hội nhồi nhét tôi, dồn ép tôi vào một cái góc nào đó, tôi nổ tung – mà lại nữa là một phản kháng với mục đích lan rộng. Và khi người ta sống trong một căn hộ nhỏ ở một con đường rất đông đúc và không có vùng quê thoáng đãng để hít thở và không có cơ hội đến đó, tôi trở nên bạo lực. Những con thú làm việc này. Chúng có những quyền thuộc lãnh thổ bởi vì chúng muốn có không gian để săn mồi trong đó, và chúng ngăn cản bất kỳ con vật nào khác xâm phạm vào khu vực đó. Đúng chứ, thưa bạn? Vì vậy, mọi thứ cần sự lan rộng – thương mại, côn trùng, thú vật và con người, tất cả đều phải có không gian. Không chỉ bên ngoài, nhưng cả bên trong. Và cái trung tâm nói rằng, “Tôi có thể lan rộng bằng cách uống một viên thuốc.” Nhưng bạn không phải uống một viên thuốc để có một trải nghiệm thuộc loại lan rộng này. Tôi không phải uống rượu để biết say xỉn là gì! Tôi biết say xỉn là gì, tôi thấy nó! Tôi không phải uống rượu!

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Không thưa bạn, làm ơn thưa bạn, đừng mang vào những sự việc khác. Điều này rất phức tạp thưa bạn. Nếu bạn tìm hiểu nó từ từ, bạn sẽ hiểu rõ nó. Cái trung tâm, là tù nhân của sự giới hạn riêng của nó, muốn lan rộng. Nó tìm kiếm sự lan rộng qua sự đồng hóa – với Thượng đế, với một ý tưởng, với một lý tưởng, với một công thức, với một ý niệm. Làm ơn theo sát điều này, thưa bạn! Và nó nghĩ rằng nó có thể sống khác hẳn, ở một mức độ khác hẳn, mặc dù nó đang sống trong một nhà tù khốn khổ. Vì vậy những ý tưởng trở thành quan trọng lạ lùng đối với một tù nhân, bởi vì anh ấy biết rằng anh ấy không thể trốn thoát. Và cái trung tâm là tư tưởng – chúng ta đã tìm hiểu điều đó – vậy thì tư tưởng cố gắng lan rộng bằng cách đồng hóa với cái gì đó – với quốc gia, với gia đình, với phe nhóm, với nền văn hóa – bạn biết rồi, lan rộng, lan rộng. Nhưng nó vẫn đang sống trong nhà tù! Chừng nào còn có một trung tâm, không có tự do: đúng chứ? (Đừng đồng ý thưa bạn. Với tất cả các bạn nó chỉ là một lý thuyết, và một lý thuyết cũng ngang bằng một lý thuyết khác mà thôi.) Vì vậy, hãy thấy nó làm gì! Nó sáng chế ra thời gian như một phương tiện tẩu thoát. Tôi sẽ từ từ tẩu thoát khỏi cái nhà tù này. Đúng chứ? Tôi sẽ luyện tập, tôi sẽ tham thiền, tôi sẽ làm điều này và sẽ không làm điều kia. Dần dần, ngày mai, ngày mai, cuộc đời kế tiếp, tương lai. Nó không những đã tạo ra không gian bị giới hạn, nhưng nó cũng đã tạo ra thời gian! Và nó đã trở thành một nô lệ cho một không gian và một thời gian của riêng nó. A ! Bạn hiểu rõ điều này chứ, thưa các bạn?

Người hỏi: Làm thế nào mà ký ức . . . (không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Nó rất đơn giản, thưa bạn. Lúc nãy bạn đã hỏi câu hỏi đó rồi. Nó rất đơn giản nếu bạn tự nhìn nó cho chính bạn. Một ai đó đánh bạn, lăng mạ bạn, và bạn có một ký ức của việc đó. Tôi đánh bạn, và bạn bị tổn thương, bạn bị lăng mạ, bạn bị biến thành nhỏ xíu và bạn không thích điều đó, và điều đó vẫn còn trong bộ não của bạn, trong ý thức của bạn, ký ức về tôi đã lăng mạ bạn hay đã nịnh nọt bạn. Vì vậy ký ức đó vẫn còn và lần tới khi bạn gặp tôi và bạn nói với chính mình, "Người đó đã lăng mạ tôi". "Người đó đã nịnh nọt tôi". Cái ký ức đáp trả khi bạn gặp lại tôi. Đó là tất cả, nó rất đơn giản. Đừng lãng phí thời gian với nó.

Người hỏi: Chúng ta ở đâu, sau những bàn luận và nói chuyện này?

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi e rằng tôi không thể nói cho bạn được. Nếu bạn hiểu rõ điều gì đang được nói và sống cùng nó vậy thì bạn sẽ ở trong một thế giới hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Nhưng nếu bạn không sống cùng nó, hàng ngày, vậy thì bạn sẽ chỉ đang sống như bạn là. Đó là tất cả.

Vì vậy trước hết vấn đề là chừng nào còn có một trung tâm, và chúng ta biết chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ "cái trung tâm", phải có thời gian và không gian bị giới hạn. Đó là một sự kiện, khi bạn quan sát nó trong sống hàng ngày của bạn. Bạn bị trói buộc vào ngôi nhà của bạn, vào gia đình của bạn, vào người vợ của bạn, và sau đó vào cộng đồng, vào xã hội, và sau đó vào văn hóa của bạn và vân vân và vân vân. Vì vậy toàn sự việc này là cái trung tâm – văn hóa, gia đình, quốc gia – nó đã tạo ra một biên giới, mà là ý thức, mà luôn luôn bị giới hạn. Và nó cố gắng lan rộng cái biên giới này, mở rộng những bức tường, nhưng cái tổng thể vẫn còn bên trong nhà tù. Vì vậy đó là việc đầu tiên, đó là điều gì đang xảy ra thực sự, trong sống hàng ngày của chúng ta. Vậy thì câu hỏi nảy sinh (làm ơn hãy lắng nghe, đừng trả lời theo lý thuyết bởi vì điều đó không có giá trị gì cả), liệu có thể không có cái trung tâm và sống trong thế giới này được không? Đó là vấn đề thực sự. Liệu không có một trung tâm và vẫn sống trọn vẹn, đầy đủ, trong thế giới này? Bạn nói gì đây?

Người hỏi: Người ta có thể chỉ là một chấm.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nhưng một chấm vẫn còn là trung tâm! Không, thưa bà, đừng trả lời câu hỏi này. Nếu bà chỉ trả lời điều đó có nghĩa bà đã không thâm nhập vào nó.

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó là như vậy. Tôi đã biết bạn đã nói điều đó, thưa bạn; nhưng bạn vẫn còn bên trong cái chu vi. Bạn không . . . Bạn tiếp tục . . . thưa bạn, bạn có khi nào đến một nhà tù chưa? Không phải bạn, thưa bạn, theo cá nhân. Bạn có khi nào viếng thăm một nhà tù chưa? Nếu bạn đã viếng thăm một nhà tù bạn sẽ thấy rằng họ đang mở rộng những bức tường ra. Những căn phòng lớn hơn, những nhà tù lớn hơn, nhiều hơn và nhiều hơn. Nhưng bạn vẫn còn bên trong một nhà tù. Chúng ta giống như thế. Chúng ta sống bên trong nhà tù của suy nghĩ riêng của chúng ta. Với đau khổ của chúng ta, nền văn hóa của chúng ta, nói rằng “Tôi là một người Brahmin, một người không-Brahmin, tôi ghét điều này, tôi thích điều này và tôi không thích điều kia, tôi thương yêu điều này và không thương yêu điều kia”, và vân vân. Chúng ta sống trong nhà tù này, tôi có lẽ mở rộng nó thêm một chút nữa nhưng nó vẫn là một nhà tù. Vì vậy câu hỏi này nảy sinh (làm ơn đừng trả lời, bởi vì đây là một câu hỏi rất căn bản mà bạn không thể trả lời loáng thoáng bằng vài từ ngữ) bạn phải tìm ra nó trong cuộc sống, trong đang sống hàng ngày. Vì vậy chúng ta đang hỏi: "Liệu có thể sống trong thế giới này, làm hoàn toàn công việc của bạn, làm mọi thứ bằng sức sống mãnh liệt, mà không có một trung tâm, biết cái trung tâm là gì, và biết rằng muốn sống trong thế giới bạn cần ký ức?" Bạn hiểu rõ điều này không, thưa bạn? Bạn cần ký ức để đi đến văn phòng, để vận hành ở đó. Nếu bạn là một lái buôn bạn cần một ký ức để lường gạt những người khác hoặc không lừa gạt, dù bạn làm gì chăng nữa. Bạn cần ký ức, và tuy nhiên phải được tự do khỏi ký ức mà tạo ra cái trung tâm. Bạn có thấy sự khó khăn hay không? . . . Vì vậy bạn sẽ làm gì đây? (Ngắt ngang) Thưa bạn, làm ơn đừng trả lời, bạn đã quay trở lại những lý thuyết. Khi tôi bị đau răng, đau bao tử, hay tôi bị đói và tôi đến nhà bạn, bạn cho tôi cái gì? Những lý thuyết à? Hay bạn đuổi tôi ra ngoài? Đây là một vấn đề to lớn. Nó không chỉ dành cho nước Ấn độ. Nó là vấn đề khắp thế giới, một vấn đề của mọi con người.

Bây giờ, liệu có một phương pháp để loại bỏ cái trung tâm hay không? Bạn theo kịp chứ? Một phương pháp? Có hay không? Phương pháp lệ thuộc thời gian, rõ ràng là như thế, và vì vậy một phương pháp là không đúng đắn, dù nó là phương pháp của Shankara, Buddha, hay vị đạo sư thân thuộc của bạn, hay không vị đạo sư, hay bạn sáng chế ra nó. Thời gian không có giá trị, và tuy nhiên, nếu bạn không được tự do khỏi cái trung tâm đó bạn không tự do. Vì vậy bạn phải luôn luôn đau khổ. Vì vậy một người mà nói rằng, "Liệu có một kết thúc cho đau khổ hay không?" phải tìm ra câu trả lời cho điều này – không phải trong một quyển sách, không phải trong lý thuyết nào đó. Người ta phải tìm ra, thấy nó. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy nếu không phương pháp, không hệ thống, không người lãnh đạo, không đạo sư, không đấng cứu rỗi – tất cả điều này đều mở đầu cho thời gian – vậy thì, điều gì sẽ xảy ra, điều gì bạn sẽ làm? Đã đến được mấu chốt này, điều gì đã xảy ra cho cái trí của bạn? Điều gì đã xảy ra cho cái trí của bạn mà đã tìm hiểu điều này, rất cẩn thận, đã không vội vã nhảy đến những kết luận, những lý thuyết, cũng không nói "Nó rất tuyệt vời"; nhưng khi nó đã làm việc này, thực sự, từng bước một, đã đến được mấu chốt này, đã đặt được câu hỏi này, điều gì đã xảy ra cho một cái trí như thế?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Ồ không. Làm ơn thưa bạn. Điều gì đã xảy ra cho cái trí của bạn, nếu bạn đã làm việc này? Không, không. Nó đã là cái gì đó mà đã xảy ra cho nó. Không bạn chỉ đang phỏng đoán, thưa bạn. Đừng phỏng đoán. Nó không là một trò chơi phỏng đoán. Cái trí của bạn đã trở nên rất năng động, phải không? Bởi vì muốn phân tích rất cẩn thận, không bao giờ bỏ sót một vấn đề, một cách hợp lý, từng bước một, bạn phải vận dụng bộ não của bạn, bạn phải vận dụng lý luận, bạn phải vận dụng kỷ luật. Vì vậy cái trí đã trở nên nhạy cảm lạ thường, phải vậy không? Cái trí, bằng cách đang quan sát điều gì nó đang làm, điều gì nó đã làm, mà đang xây dựng cái trung tâm, bằng cách chỉ đang quan sát, cái trí đã trở nên tỉnh táo lạ thường. Đúng không? Bạn đã không làm điều gì để biến nó thành tỉnh táo, nhưng chỉ bằng cách đang thấy chuyển động của tư tưởng, từng bước một, nó đã trở nên rõ ràng kinh ngạc. Vì vậy, khi rõ ràng rồi, nó đưa ra câu hỏi, "Làm thế nào cái trung tâm này biến mất được?" Khi nó đã đặt câu hỏi đó nó đang thấy sẵn rồi toàn cấu trúc của cái trung tâm. Đang thấy, thực sự bằng mắt, như tôi thấy cái cây đó, tôi cũng thấy cái này.

Người hỏi: Cái thực thể mà thấy cái hành động là gì?

KRISHNAMURTI: Thưa bạn, tôi đã nói rằng cái trí . . . Bạn quay trở lại cái gì đó, thưa bạn, tôi rất xin lỗi nhưng chúng ta không thể quay lại. Không tốt gì cả khi quay lại cái gì đó mà bạn đã không thực sự sống khi chúng ta đã theo cùng nhau. Bạn thụ động nhưng lại nghĩ rằng bạn đã trở nên năng động bằng cách đặt một câu hỏi như thế này: “Cái thực thể mà thấy là ai?” Nhưng bạn đã thực sự không hiểu rõ, không quan sát, cái trung tâm được hình thành như thế nào – qua ký ức, qua truyền thống, qua văn hóa người ta sống trong đó, gồm cả tôn giáo và mọi chuyện như thế. Cái trung tâm đã được hình thành qua những áp lực về kinh tế, và vân vân. Cái trung tâm đó tạo ra không gian, ý thức, và nó cố gắng lan rộng. Cái trung tâm đó đang nói với chính nó (không một ai khác đang yêu cầu nó) “Tôi nhận ra rằng tôi đang sống trong một nhà tù, và rõ ràng muốn được tự do khỏi đau khổ, sầu muộn, phải không còn cái trung tâm.” Nó thấy việc này. Chính cái trung tâm thấy nó – không phải một ai khác nữa ở trên hay ở dưới đang bảo cái trung tâm. Vì vậy cái trung tâm nói rằng, khi đang thấy chính nó, “Liệu tôi có thể không hiện diện?” (Khoảng ngừng lâu) Điều đó có nghĩa rằng chúng ta phải quay câu hỏi của thấy này. Nếu bạn không hiểu rõ điều đó, bạn không thể đến được nó.

Người hỏi: (Câu gợi ý không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: À, không, không. Thấy, không có cảm xúc, cảm tính, thích và không thích. Mà không có nghĩa rằng bạn thấy cái gì đó mà không có cảm giác.

Người hỏi: (Câu ngắt ngang không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó là điều gì tất cả các bạn đều làm, thưa bạn. Bạn thấy bẩn thỉu đó trên con đường mỗi ngày – và tôi đã ở đây trong suốt hai mươi hay ba mươi năm qua, và tôi thấy sự bẩn thỉu đó mỗi ngày. Dĩ nhiên bạn thấy nó mà không có cảm giác. Nếu bạn cảm giác được, bạn sẽ làm một việc gì đó về nó. Nếu bạn cảm giác sự thối nát của tham nhũng trong quốc gia này bạn sẽ làm một việc gì đó. Nhưng bạn không làm. Nếu bạn thấy sự vô hiệu quả của Chính phủ, nếu bạn thấy được tất cả những phân chia ngôn ngữ đang hủy hoại quốc gia này, nếu bạn cảm giác nó, nếu bạn đam mê về nó, bạn sẽ làm một việc gì đó. Bạn không làm. Mà có nghĩa rằng bạn không thấy nó gì cả.

Người hỏi: (Ngắt ngang không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: À, không, không. "Bạn thấy cuộc sống lớn hơn" – "cuộc sống lớn hơn là gì"? Bạn thấy làm thế nào bạn muốn biến đổi mọi thứ đến cái gì đó khác nữa! Bạn không thể nhìn bất kỳ cái gì trong một lối ngay thẳng, đơn giản, chân thật. Vì vậy, nếu bạn không làm nó, chúng ta có thể ngồi đây và thảo luận cho đến ngày Tận thế. Thấy là gì, nó là cái này, nó là cái kia hay sao? Nhưng nếu bạn thực sự thấy cái cây, mà không có không gian và thời gian, và vì vậy không có cái trung tâm, vậy thì, khi không có cái trung tâm và bạn nhìn cái cây, có không gian vô hạn, không gian không thể đo lường được. Nhưng trước tiên, người ta phải học hỏi, hay quan sát, hay nghe thấy như thế nào. Nhưng bạn sẽ không làm nó. Bạn sẽ không bắt đầu cái sự việc rất phức tạp được gọi là sống, một cách rất đơn giản. Tánh đơn giản của bạn được đặt vào một cái khố và đi lại bằng phương tiện hạng bét, và thực hiện cái được gọi là tham thiền, hay bất kỳ điều gì bạn làm. Nhưng đó không là đơn giản. Đơn giản là nhìn những sự việc như chúng là – thấy. Thấy cái cây, mà không có cái trung tâm.

MADRAS, Ngày 09 tháng giêng năm 1968

– 4 – MỘT NGHI VẤN CƠ BẢN

Suy nghĩ rõ ràng có liên quan gì với sống hàng ngày? Gặp gỡ hiện tại bằng quá khứ. Làm thế nào sống cùng ký ức và hiểu biết công nghệ nhưng vẫn được tự do khỏi quá khứ? Sống hai mặt: đền chùa, văn phòng. Làm thế nào sống không tách rời? – trả lời từ một ý tưởng là tách rời thêm nữa. Im lặng trước sự vô hạn của một nghi vấn cơ bản. “Bạn có thể sống trọn vẹn đến độ chỉ có hiện tại năng động ngay lúc này?”

KRISHNAMURTI: Sáng nay chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau nói chuyện về điều gì đây?

Người hỏi: Tình yêu không là một phương pháp hay sao?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, tôi có đúng khi giả sử rằng thời gian và không gian là một trong những vấn đề của chúng ta?

Người hỏi: Sự liên hệ giữa ký ức và tư tưởng là gì?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta phải có ký ức để vận hành trong sự tồn tại hằng ngày, những phát triển về công nghệ và vân vân, nhưng ký ức cũng không là một trở ngại hay sao?

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi không biết liệu bạn đã nghe những câu hỏi trước hay không? – tôi nên lặp lại chúng. Trước hết, tình yêu có là một phương pháp hay không?

Người hỏi: Tình yêu không là một phương pháp hay sao?

KRISHNAMURTI: Tình yêu không là một phương pháp hay sao? – một ý tưởng hay, phải không? Câu hỏi còn lại là gì?

Người hỏi: Sự liên hệ giữa tư tưởng và ký ức.

KRISHNAMURTI: Và câu hỏi của bà, thưa bà, là – ký ức cần thiết trong sự tồn tại hàng ngày, trong sự phát triển công nghệ và vân vân, nhưng ký ức cũng không là một trở ngại hay sao? Bạn muốn đưa thêm những vấn đề nào nữa hay không?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta muốn tỉnh thức được mọi tư tưởng, cảm thấy và hành động, nhưng tư tưởng, cảm thấy và hành động liên tục bị tô màu và sau đó được xóa sạch khi cái trí tĩnh lặng. Làm thế nào điều đó có thể xảy ra được?

KRISHNAMURTI: Đó thực sự là điều gì tất cả các bạn đều quan tâm phải không?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta có vô trật tự trong sống hàng ngày của chúng ta – làm thế nào chúng ta có thể khởi sự tạo ra trật tự được?

KRISHNAMURTI: Chúng ta có vô trật tự trong sống hàng ngày, làm thế nào chúng ta có thể khởi sự tạo ra trật tự? Câu hỏi đó đúng như thế phải không, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Hay chúng ta phải chờ đợi một sự thay đổi đến từ sự thỏa hiệp riêng của nó?

Người hỏi: Suy nghĩ rõ ràng là gì?

KRISHNAMURTI: Được rồi. Chúng ta hãy chấp nhận câu hỏi đó – được chứ? Và chúng ta có thể trả lời những câu hỏi của các bạn rồi đồng thời mang tất cả chúng vào câu hỏi này. Việc đó được không?

Suy nghĩ rõ ràng là gì? Chúng ta sẽ bàn luận câu hỏi đó được chứ? Và nếu chúng ta có thể, liên quan nó với đang sống hàng ngày của chúng ta. Suy nghĩ rõ ràng là gì? Suy nghĩ có khi nào rõ ràng được không? Chúng ta không nên tìm hiểu quá vội vàng. Trước hết, chúng ta hãy tìm ra chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ rõ ràng, và chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ suy nghĩ. Chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ rõ ràng? Rõ ràng – khi bạn nhìn qua dòng nước trên một cái hồ và thấy được đáy cái hồ đó bạn thấy mọi thứ rất rõ ràng, những viên đá cuội, những con cá, những gợn sóng trên dòng nước và vân vân. Và bạn thấy rất rõ ràng, trong ánh sáng rực rỡ, hình thể của cái cây, chiếc lá, cành cây, bông hoa – chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ rõ ràng?

Người hỏi: Một ấn tượng trực tiếp.

KRISHNAMURTI: Ồ! Không. Một ấn tượng đường nét chính xác, đó là nó à?

Người hỏi: Hiểu rõ hoàn toàn.

KRISHNAMURTI: Rõ ràng có nghĩa hiểu rõ hoàn toàn. Chúng ta vẫn chưa đến mức độ đó. Chúng ta đang nói về từ ngữ "rõ ràng" có nghĩa gì?

Người hỏi: Tự do khỏi bất kỳ rào chắn nào.

Người hỏi: Thấy những sự việc như chúng là, thực sự thấy những sự việc như chúng là.

Người hỏi: Thấy không có không gian.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, thỉnh thoảng chúng tôi không được rõ ràng nếu chúng tôi cùng lúc nhìn mặt trăng và một đám mây chúng tôi thấy mặt trăng đang chuyển động và không phải những đám mây.

KRISHNAMURTI: Thưa bạn, chúng ta đang nói về một từ ngữ, ý nghĩa của từ ngữ đó, ý nghĩa gốc của nó.

Người hỏi: Nhiều chi tiết hơn.

Người hỏi: Tôi nghĩ nó có một liên hệ nào đó với ánh sáng, thưa ông, thấy.

KRISHNAMURTI: Làm ơn chỉ chờ một tí thôi trước khi chúng ta nói bất kỳ điều gì khác. Chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ "rõ ràng"? Tôi thấy bạn rõ ràng, tôi thấy cây cối, những vì sao của một buổi tối, rất rõ ràng.

Người hỏi: Mà không có chướng ngại.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không có chướng ngại. Khi đôi mắt có thể thấy mọi thứ rất, rất rõ ràng. Thấy, đó là điều gì chúng ta có ý nói, khi không có chướng ngại, không có rào chắn, không có bức màn, không có sương mù, và nếu mắt của bạn bị cận thị bạn đeo kính vào để nhìn rõ ràng hơn khoảng cách xa và vân vân. Rõ ràng – đúng chứ – điều đó rõ ràng phải không? Tôi nghĩ rằng chúng ta rõ ràng về ý nghĩa của từ ngữ đó.

Vậy thì chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ suy nghĩ?

Người hỏi: Lý luận.

KRISHNAMURTI: Suy nghĩ thưa bạn, nó có ý nghĩa gì?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Thưa bạn, hãy nhìn kìa. Người nói đang đưa ra cho bạn một câu hỏi. Suy nghĩ là gì?

(Ngắt ngang từ khán giả)

KRISHNAMURTI: Người nói đang đưa ra cho bạn một câu hỏi: Suy nghĩ là gì?

(Nhiều lời ngắt ngang hơn)

KRISHNAMURTI: Người nói đang hỏi bạn: suy nghĩ là gì? Và thậm chí bạn không thèm dành ra không gian và thời gian để tìm ra suy nghĩ là gì. Một câu hỏi đang đặt ra cho bạn, nó là một thách thức cho bạn. Và bạn lầm bầm qua chuyện khác! Bạn không nói: “Bây giờ làm thế nào tôi tìm ra được suy nghĩ là gì? Suy nghĩ xảy ra như thế nào? Khởi nguồn hay sự bắt đầu của suy nghĩ là gì?” Nó là một thách thức và bạn phải đáp lại nó. Và muốn đáp lại nó bạn phải (nếu bạn muốn đáp lại nó trọn vẹn) bạn phải tìm hiểu suy nghĩ là gì, làm thế nào nó xảy ra được. Người nói hỏi bạn – suy nghĩ là gì? Và cái trí làm gì khi nó nhận được thách thức này? Bạn có tìm kiếm không?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta đang làm gì bây giờ.

KRISHNAMURTI: Làm ơn hãy lắng nghe một tí. Bạn sẽ có cơ hội của bạn, thưa bạn. Hãy cho người nói tội nghiệp này một cơ hội. Khi câu hỏi đó được đặt ra cho bạn sự vận hành mà cái trí của bạn trải qua là gì? Bạn tìm câu trả lời cho câu hỏi đó ở đâu?

Người hỏi: Cái trí.

KRISHNAMURTI: Thưa bạn, hãy quan sát nó, hãy nghĩ ra nó, hãy tìm hiểu nó – tôi hỏi bạn nơi bạn sống hay tên của bạn là gì – câu trả lời của bạn là ngay lập tức, phải vậy không? Tại sao nó là ngay lập tức? Bởi vì bạn đã lặp lại tên của bạn đến hàng trăm lần, hàng ngàn lần, và bạn biết bạn sống ở đâu. Vì vậy giữa câu hỏi và câu trả lời không có không gian ở khoảng giữa – đúng chứ? Nó là ngay tức khắc. Tôi hỏi bạn khoảng cách giữa Madras và Delhi hay New York là bao nhiêu, và có một khoảng ngần ngừ – đúng chứ? Lúc đó bạn lùng sục trong ký ức, trong cái gì bạn đã học hay bạn đã đọc và bạn nói rằng, "Ồ khoảng cách nhiều dặm lắm". Vì vậy bạn đã mất thời gian giữa câu hỏi và câu trả lời, có một khoảng trống của thời gian – đúng chứ, thưa các bạn?

Bây giờ điều gì xảy ra khi có câu hỏi, "Suy nghĩ là gì?" Làm thế nào bạn tìm ra được điều đó?

Người hỏi: Cái trí của người ta phải vận dụng để mang ra tất cả những câu trả lời.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn làm gì, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn lục lọi vào ký ức và bạn nhận được cái gì từ nó? Câu trả lời là gì?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta lục lọi nó thêm tí nữa và thêm tí nữa và rồi cố gắng tập hợp những trả lời này vào cùng nhau.

KRISHNAMURTI: Thưa bạn hãy nhìn. Tôi đang hỏi bạn lúc này, sáng hôm nay, đừng chờ đến ngày mốt cho đến khi bạn và tôi đã đi rồi hay đã chết rồi, nhưng tôi đang hỏi bạn lúc này – suy nghĩ là gì? Và bạn – hoặc bạn tìm ra hoặc bạn không biết – đúng chứ? Nó là gì?

Người hỏi: Nó là qui trình của một cái trí đang cho một câu trả lời.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn có ý gì qua từ ngữ qui trình của cái trí?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, ông đang nhằm vào điều gì? – tôi không hiểu?

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi đang nhằm vào điều gì? Hãy chờ một tí thưa bạn, bạn đã đặt ra một câu hỏi. Tôi đang nhằm vào điều gì? Điều gì tôi đang nhằm vào rất đơn giản. Tôi muốn biết, khi câu hỏi đó được đặt ra, “Suy nghĩ là gì?”, tôi muốn tìm ra nó là gì (Những lời ngắt ngang từ khán giả.) Thưa bạn hãy cho người khác một cơ hội, đừng trả lời vội như thế. Tôi muốn tìm ra suy nghĩ là gì – làm thế nào nó xảy ra được, sự bắt đầu của nó là gì? Đúng chứ? Rất đơn giản, thưa bạn. Bây giờ nó là gì, làm thế nào nó xảy ra được? Đó là, bạn đã đặt cho tôi một câu hỏi – nói rằng, “Suy nghĩ là gì?” – và tôi thực sự không biết – đúng chứ? Hay tôi biết, tôi biết toàn qui trình của nó – nó vận hành như thế nào, nó bắt đầu như thế nào, hệ thống máy móc của nó là gì – đúng chứ? Không à?

Người hỏi: Người ta cảm thấy nó vận hành như thế nào nhưng tôi không thể giải thích được.

KRISHNAMURTI: Người ta cảm thấy nó vận hành như thế nào nhưng người ta không có thể giải thích được. Nhìn, hãy dùng một sự việc rất đơn giản, thưa bạn. Tôi hỏi bạn tên bạn là gì. Bạn nghe những từ ngữ và sau đó điều gì xảy ra?

Người hỏi: Thật ra bạn chỉ trả lời.

(Nhiều lời bình phẩm khác – không nghe rõ.)

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn trả lời, phải không? Nói tên của bạn là như thế và như thế. Điều gì đã xảy ra ở đó?

Người hỏi: Tôi dựa dẫm vào ký ức của tôi và ký ức của tôi đáp lại.

KRISHNAMURTI: Điều đó đúng, thưa bạn, đó là tất cả. Cái câu hỏi – đối với câu hỏi đó ký ức của bạn đáp lại và trả lời – đúng không? Bây giờ tôi hỏi bạn – suy nghĩ là gì? – và tại sao ký ức của bạn không đáp lại?

Người hỏi: Bởi vì . . . (không nghe rõ).

KRISHNAMURTI: Nó có lẽ, thưa bạn, hãy tìm hiểu nó, hãy tìm ra – tại sao bạn không trả lời suy nghĩ là gì? Dù bạn biết hay bạn không biết. Nếu bạn biết, bạn sẽ nói, nếu bạn không biết bạn sẽ nói rằng, “Xin lỗi tôi không biết”. Nó là gì vậy?

Người hỏi: Tôi không biết.

KRISHNAMURTI: Quý ông này không biết. Chúng ta đang cố gắng trả lời câu hỏi, “Suy nghĩ rõ ràng là gì?” Trong chừng mực nào đó chúng ta đã hiểu rõ ý nghĩa của những từ ngữ tánh minh bạch, trạng thái rõ ràng, không còn ngờ vực. Và chúng ta đang phát giác rằng khá khó khăn để tìm ra suy nghĩ là gì. Chúng ta nói nó là sự đáp lại của ký ức với một thách thức – đúng không? Và đáp lại đó đến từ những ký ức, hiểu biết, trải nghiệm được tích lũy. Điều này rất đơn giản, thưa bạn. Bạn học một ngôn ngữ sau khi đã nghe nó từ thời niên thiếu, bạn có thể lặp lại nó bởi vì bạn đã lưu trữ những từ ngữ, ý nghĩa của từ ngữ đó, từ ngữ đó liên hệ đến sự việc và vân vân, và bạn có thể nói được bởi vì bạn đã lưu trữ từ vựng, những từ ngữ, cấu trúc và vân vân. Ký ức đáp lại và sự đáp lại của ký ức là suy nghĩ. Bây giờ nguồn gốc của suy nghĩ, bắt đầu của suy nghĩ là gì? Chúng ta biết rằng sau khi tích lũy ký ức, chúng ta đáp lại và sự đáp lại là suy nghĩ. Bây giờ tôi cũng muốn tìm ra – đó là, với mục đích để tìm ra suy nghĩ rõ ràng là gì – tôi muốn tìm ra sự bắt đầu của ký ức là gì? Điều đó khó khăn quá hay không, trừu tượng quá hay không?

Người hỏi: Nó là tình trạng bị quy định của chúng ta.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, tôi e rằng tôi đang trình bày quá nhanh. Xin lỗi. Được rồi, thưa các bạn. Tôi sẽ không tìm hiểu nó. Suy nghĩ là gì – chúng ta biết ngay bây giờ đây! Vậy là khi bạn đáp lại, khi tư tưởng là sự đáp lại của ký ức và ký ức là quá khứ (trải nghiệm, hiểu biết, truyền thống được tích lũy, và vân vân) đáp lại đó là điều gì mà chúng ta gọi là suy nghĩ, dù nó hợp lý, không hợp lý, cân bằng, không cân bằng, sáng suốt, lành mạnh, nó vẫn còn là suy nghĩ. Bây giờ làm ơn theo sát điều kế tiếp, suy nghĩ có thể được rõ ràng hay không?

Người hỏi: Không, nó luôn luôn bị quy định.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, làm ơn hãy tìm cho ra. Suy nghĩ có thể được rõ ràng hay không?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn thấy rằng bạn chỉ đang giả thuyết. Bạn sống dựa vào sự trừu tượng và đó là lý do tại sao bạn không thể thực tế được. Bạn sống dựa vào những khái niệm, những ý tưởng, những lý thuyết và khi bạn chuyển động khỏi lãnh vực đó bạn hoàn toàn bị mất phương hướng: khi bạn phải trả lời một điều gì đó trực tiếp, của chính bạn, bạn bị rối loạn. Chúng ta đã hỏi, “Liệu suy nghĩ, mà là kết quả của ký ức (ký ức luôn luôn là quá khứ, không có ký ức đang sống) liệu suy nghĩ, mà là của quá khứ, có thể được rõ ràng hay không?” Đây là một câu hỏi rất lý thú, thưa các bạn. Quá khứ có thể sinh ra hành động rõ ràng hay không? Bởi vì hành động là suy nghĩ – đúng chứ?

Người hỏi: Vâng, đó là một sự thật.

KRISHNAMURTI: Thưa các bạn, chúng ta đã hiểu rõ câu hỏi hay chưa? Trong chừng mực nào đó chúng ta đã phân tích từ ngữ “rõ ràng”, và trong chừng mực nào đó chúng ta đã phân tích suy nghĩ là gì? Vì vậy việc kế tiếp chúng ta đang hỏi là, liệu quá khứ có thể (mà là kết quả của một quá khứ lâu dài, mà không là đang sống, và vì vậy luôn luôn cũ kỹ) liệu sự việc cũ kỹ đó, quá khứ, có thể được rõ ràng hay không? Bạn hiểu chứ, thưa bạn? Nếu tôi làm bất kỳ điều gì từ truyền thống, (mà là quá khứ, dù cao quí, đê tiện, hay ngu xuẩn đến chừng nào) – nếu tôi làm bất kỳ điều gì từ truyền thống, hành động đó có thể được rõ ràng hay không?

Người hỏi: Nó không thể bởi vì ký ức và truyền thống lệ thuộc vào quá khứ . . .

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi đang hỏi, thưa bạn, liệu hành động được sinh ra từ quá khứ, việc đang làm, mà luôn ở trong hiện tại, việc đang làm, không phải “đã làm” hay “tôi sẽ làm”, nhưng việc đang làm thực sự – nó có thể được rõ ràng hay không.

Người hỏi: Từ ngữ hành động và từ ngữ rõ ràng không liên quan gì với nhau. “Rõ ràng” ứng dụng vào thấy mọi thứ.

KRISHNAMURTI: Được rồi. Liệu hành động đó có thể được trong sáng, mới mẻ, trực tiếp, trực tiếp như khi bạn gặp ngọn lửa và bạn tránh ngay. Vì vậy tôi đang hỏi, “Khi chúng ta sống và vận hành trong hình bóng của quá khứ, liệu có bất kỳ sự rõ ràng nào hay không?” Hãy bỏ cái hành động đi bởi vì điều đó gây bối rối cho bạn – tôi biết tại sao nó gây bối rối cho bạn – bởi vì bạn không bao giờ quen thuộc với hành động, bạn quen thuộc với suy nghĩ thuộc khái niệm. Và khi bạn bị đối diện với hành động, bạn bị rối loạn, bởi vì cuộc sống của bạn bị rối loạn, và đó là công việc của bạn.

Vì vậy, khi bạn hành động từ quá khứ, từ truyền thống, liệu nó là hành động, nó là cái gì đó đang sống?

Người hỏi: Tại sao phải có bất kỳ sự khác biệt nào giữa rõ ràng và hành động?

KRISHNAMURTI: Ồ! Chúng ta có thể bàn luận luận điều này đến khi nào chán nản. Nhưng tôi chỉ đang hỏi, thưa bạn. Tất cả các bạn đều chất đầy truyền thống, phải vậy không? – những người theo chủ nghĩa truyền thống. Bạn nói điều này hay điều kia là thiêng liêng, hay lặp lại một sloka nào đó, hay, nếu bạn không làm bất kỳ điều gì như thế, bạn có truyền thống riêng của bạn, trải nghiệm riêng của bạn, mà bạn liên tục lặp lại. Bây giờ sự lặp lại này có tạo ra hiểu rõ, minh bạch, trong sáng, mới mẻ hay không?

Người hỏi: Nó là một trợ giúp cho sự hiểu rõ hoàn cảnh hiện tại.

KRISHNAMURTI: Quá khứ là một trợ giúp cho sự hiểu rõ hiện tại hay sao?

Người hỏi: Những sự việc tách rời.

KRISHNAMURTI: Hãy chờ tí thưa bạn, hãy chờ tí thưa bạn. Hãy quan sát nó. Quá khứ giúp đỡ bạn hiểu rõ hiện tại hay sao?

Người hỏi: Quá khứ là . . .

KRISHNAMURTI: Chỉ lắng nghe, thưa bạn, điều gì bà ấy đã nói. Bạn có hàng ngàn và hàng ngàn cuộc chiến tranh, nó giúp bạn ngăn ngừa tất cả những cuộc chiến tranh phải không? Bạn có sự phân chia giai cấp – người Brahmin hay không-Brahmin và tất cả hận thù liên quan – hiện nay quá khứ giúp bạn được tự do khỏi tất cả mọi giai cấp phải không?

Người hỏi: Nó nên.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nó nên như vậy – vậy thì chúng ta bị lạc lối rồi! Khi bạn nói, “Nó nên” nó là một ý tưởng, nó không là một hành động. Bạn sẽ vẫn còn là người Brahmin, bạn sẽ vẫn còn mê tín, bạn sẽ vẫn còn bạo lực.

Người hỏi: Người ta không muốn được tự do khỏi quá khứ.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không thành vấn đề liệu bạn được tự do hay không – đừng được tự do khỏi nó, hãy sống trong đau khổ của bạn. Nhưng nếu bạn muốn hiểu rõ vấn đề được gọi là suy nghĩ rõ ràng này và vượt khỏi nó, bạn phải đối diện những sự việc nào đó. Nếu bạn nói rằng, “Ồ, tôi không muốn thay đổi những truyền thống của tôi” . . .

Người hỏi: Ông không thể giúp đỡ chúng tôi để ít ra tạo ra một...?

KRISHNAMURTI: Chúng ta đang làm việc đó, thưa bạn, chúng ta đang làm việc đó. Hãy nhìn thưa bạn, nếu quá khứ là một trợ giúp, nếu truyền thống là một trợ giúp, nếu văn hóa là một trợ giúp, để sống ngay lúc này, trọn vẹn, rõ ràng, hạnh phúc, thông minh và nở hoa trong tốt lành, vậy thì có một giá trị – nhưng có không? Bạn, cùng tất cả truyền thống của bạn, có sống hạnh phúc hay không?

Người hỏi: Quá khứ giống như đang quan sát qua một miếng kính bị ám khói.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đúng rồi. Vậy là quá khứ không thực sự giúp đỡ bạn.

Người hỏi: Một chút xíu.

KRISHNAMURTI: Đừng nói "Không", bởi vì bạn chỉ đang nói về một ý tưởng khác; nếu bạn không làm nó, tự cắt đứt chính bạn khỏi quá khứ, bạn không thể nói, "Vâng, điều đó không tốt".

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi có cơ hội hiểu rõ ông bởi vì chúng tôi đã lắng nghe ông trong nhiều năm. Một đứa trẻ không có cơ hội như thế.

KRISHNAMURTI: "Chúng tôi có cơ hội hiểu rõ ông bởi vì chúng tôi đã lắng nghe ông trong bốn mươi năm – một đứa trẻ không có cơ hội – và mọi chuyện như thế!" Tại sao bạn bận tâm về việc lắng nghe người nói? Thậm chí trong một ngày hay, tồi tệ hơn, trong suốt bốn mươi năm? Tất cả việc đó là một thảm kịch! Tôi không biết bạn, con người sống ở đâu.

Và vì vậy chúng ta hãy quay lại vấn đề. Khi tôi luôn luôn đang bận tâm đến quá khứ, tôi không thấy bất kỳ điều gì rõ ràng trong hiện tại, chắc chắn như thế. Tôi cần đôi mắt để thấy, nhưng nếu tôi luôn luôn đang bận tâm đến quá khứ, tôi không thể thấy hiện tại. Điều gì tôi cần làm là thấy hiện tại, và tôi không thể thấy hiện tại bởi vì tôi bị chất đầy quá khứ, chất đầy truyền thống của tôi. Truyền thống nói với tôi "Thật khủng khiếp khi có một người vợ đã ly dị"; hay tánh kính trọng của tôi nói với tôi rằng "Con người đó hư đốn lắm bởi vì anh ấy không có đạo đức", (dù việc đó có nghĩa gì chăng nữa). Tất cả chúng ta làm việc này. Vì vậy điều gì xảy ra cho tình cảm của tôi, cho sự tử tế của tôi với con người đó? Thành kiến của tôi, mà là truyền thống, ngăn cản tôi không tử tế hay thương yêu con người đó?

Quá khứ có lẽ giúp đỡ trong lãnh vực công nghệ, nhưng nó không giúp đỡ trong lãnh vực của sống. Tôi biết hiện nay điều này là lý thuyết, và bạn sẽ lặp lại điều này mãi không chán rồi tưởng rằng bạn đã hiểu rõ nó. Vậy là câu hỏi nảy sinh: vì tư tưởng thuộc quá khứ và tôi phải sống trọn vẹn trong hiện tại để hiểu rõ hiện tại, bằng cách nào quá khứ được xóa sạch và tuy nhiên vẫn hữu dụng? Đó là ý nghĩa của câu hỏi của bạn. Bạn đã hiểu câu hỏi của tôi chứ? Tôi phải sống, phải sống trong thế giới này, và tôi cần hiểu biết công nghệ để đi làm việc – bạn biết tất cả mọi việc được bao hàm trong nó, khoa học, hệ thống văn phòng; đây là trường hợp nếu bạn là một giáo sư hay thậm chí nếu bạn là một lao công. Và tôi cũng thấy – tôi đã hiểu rõ cái gì đó sáng nay – rằng muốn sống trọn vẹn, tổng thể, quá khứ không được chen vào; vậy là tôi tự nói với mình, "Làm sao điều này có thể được? Làm sao tôi có thể sống trong thế giới công nghệ đầy hiệu quả, hợp lý, với càng lúc càng nhiều công nghệ, và tuy nhiên sống ở một mức độ khác, hay thậm chí ở cùng mức độ, mà không có sự can thiệp của quá khứ?" Trong lãnh vực công nghệ tôi phải có quá khứ, trong lãnh vực khác của cuộc sống – không quá khứ. Chúng ta có hiểu được điều này không?

Người hỏi: Vâng, bây giờ chúng tôi có một hiểu rõ.

KRISHNAMURTI: A, tốt! Và tôi tự hỏi mình (đừng cười, thưa bạn) – lúc này tôi tự hỏi mình làm thế nào có thể thực hiện được điều này?

Người hỏi: Sống hai mặt có thể được hay sao?

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, bạn thấy, điều gì bạn đang sống là "sống hai mặt". Bạn đi đến đền chùa, mặc vào những miếng vải thô, bạn biết cách thực hiện nghi lễ, tiếng reng của những cái chuông và tất cả tiếng leng keng. Và cùng lúc bạn sống tại mức độ công nghệ. Bạn đang sống cuộc sống hai mặt, và bạn nói rằng, "Có thể được hay không?" Dĩ nhiên nó có thể được vì bạn đang sống với nó. Chúng ta đang nói về cuộc sống hai mặt. Hãy tìm hiểu sự phức tạp của vấn đề này, rằng một người phải có hiểu biết công nghệ và rằng phải có sự tự do khỏi hiểu biết, khỏi quá khứ. Bây giờ, làm thế nào điều này có thể xảy ra được? Cuộc sống hai mặt mà bạn đang sống bây giờ đang tồn tại, và vì vậy bạn đang tạo ra một đống hỗn loạn của cuộc sống, bạn đi đến đền chùa và cùng lúc vận hành một cái máy. Bạn mặc vào những miếng vải thô khi này, hay bất kỳ việc gì bạn làm, và đi đến văn phòng khi khác. Đó là một hình thức của không thông minh. Bây giờ, làm thế nào điều này có thể xảy ra được? Bạn đã hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi chứ, thưa các bạn? Các bạn bảo cho tôi biết làm thế nào nó có thể được? Các bạn nói nó không là một cuộc sống hai mặt hay sao?

Người hỏi: Sử dụng hiểu biết công nghệ chỉ khi nó cần thiết và không sử dụng trong những hướng khác.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nhưng bạn phải luôn luôn sử dụng hiểu biết như thế – đi đến nơi làm việc, đi đến ngôi nhà của bạn, đi theo con đường, khi bạn nhìn một cái cây, khi bạn thực hiện những công việc văn phòng, và vân vân; quá trình thuộc trí năng luôn luôn đang vận hành. Người ta không thấy điều này. Bạn không thể tách rời nó, đúng không? Hãy tìm hiểu chầm chậm, hãy tìm hiểu chầm chậm. Bạn không thể phân chia sống thành cuộc sống công nghệ và cuộc sống không-công nghệ. Đó là điều gì bạn đã làm và vì vậy bạn đang sống một cuộc sống hai mặt. Vậy là chúng ta đang hỏi, "Liệu có thể sống trọn vẹn đến mức độ bộ phận được bao gồm trong tổng thể hay không? Đúng chứ? Bạn đang nắm được điều này chứ? Hiện nay chúng ta sống cuộc sống hai mặt, bộ phận, chúng ta giữ nó tách rời, đi đến văn phòng, học một công nghệ, tất cả việc đó, và đi đến nhà thờ hay đền chùa và rung những cái chuông. Vì vậy bạn đã phân chia sống và vì vậy có xung đột trong sống của bạn giữa bộ phận và tổng thể. Và chúng ta đang yêu cầu một sự việc hoàn toàn khác hẳn, sống để cho không còn phân chia nào cả. Tôi không biết liệu bạn có thấy điều này?

Người hỏi: Ông muốn chúng tôi . . .

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, không, tôi không muốn bạn làm bất kỳ việc gì cả.

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Ồ không, thưa bạn. Bạn không đang gặp gỡ câu hỏi này – làm ơn hiểu rõ điều gì người nói đang cố gắng chuyển tải. Đừng quay lại điều gì đó ông ta đã nói về ký ức tâm lý và những sự việc như thế. Đó là một bộ của những từ ngữ mà bạn đã học hỏi. Hãy tìm ra điều gì người nói đang cố gắng giải thích ngay lúc này. Liệu tôi có thể sống một cuộc sống trong đó không có phân chia gì cả (ái ân, Chúa, công nghệ, tức giận) – bạn theo kịp không? Một cuộc sống trong đó không phân chia, không những mảnh vỡ?

Người hỏi: Khoảnh khắc có một kết thúc đến những sự việc này...

KRISHNAMURTI: Thưa bạn – làm ơn thưa bạn, đừng chỉ tuôn ra những từ ngữ. Bây giờ hãy tiếp tục: Làm thế nào tôi, mà sống trong những mảnh vỡ, nhiều mảnh vỡ chứ không chỉ là hai (toàn cuộc sống của tôi như tôi sống hiện nay là sự tồn tại theo mảnh vỡ, mà là kết quả của quá khứ, mà là kết quả của câu nói của tôi, “Điều này đúng, điều kia sai”, “Đây là thiêng liêng, đó không là thiêng liêng” hay “Công nghệ và tất cả mọi chuyện như thế không đặt thành vấn đề, người ta phải kiếm sống, nhưng đi đến một đền chùa nào đó lại quan trọng vô cùng”) – làm thế nào tôi có thể sống không còn phân chia? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi chứ, thưa bạn, ngay lúc này?

Làm thế nào? (Không phải “theo phương pháp gì”, bởi vì khoảnh khắc bạn đưa ra một phương pháp bạn đã giới thiệu sự phân chia). “Làm thế nào tôi sẽ thực hiện được nó?” là câu hỏi, nhưng ngay lập tức bạn nói rằng, “Hãy chỉ cho tôi phương pháp” và “phương pháp” có nghĩa rằng: một phương pháp bạn luyện tập bị phản kháng với cái gì khác và vì vậy toàn sự việc này lại quay về nơi chúng ta đã bắt đầu. Vì vậy không có phương pháp. Nhưng câu hỏi “Làm thế nào” chỉ là đang hỏi, đang tìm ra, không phải đang tìm kiếm một phương pháp. Bây giờ, làm thế nào sống đến độ không còn phân chia gì cả? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi không, thưa bạn? Điều đó có nghĩa không phân chia gì cả ở bất kỳ mức độ nào của thân tâm của tôi, của sự tồn tại của tôi.

Người hỏi: Thân tâm là gì, thưa Ông?

KRISHNAMURTI: Thân tâm là gì à? – tôi xin lỗi chúng ta không đang bàn luận điều đó, thưa bạn. Bạn thấy rằng thậm chí bạn chẳng chú ý gì cả. Bạn nhặt ra một từ ngữ như “thân tâm” hay một cụm từ như “mục đích của sống là gì”, và thế là bạn trôi giạt theo từ ngữ đó. Nhưng đó không là điều gì chúng ta đang nói. Hãy nhìn kìa, thưa bạn, làm thế nào tôi sống để cho không có sự phân chia gì cả? Tôi không nói rằng, “Ồ, tôi sẽ tham thiền” – mà trở thành một phân chia khác, hay “Tôi không được tức giận”, “tôi phải là cái này hay cái kia”; tất cả những câu nói này đều bao hàm sự phân chia. Liệu tôi có thể sống không còn bất kỳ mảnh vỡ nào, không bị xé rời ra? Đúng chứ, thưa bạn? Bạn đã hiểu rõ câu hỏi chưa?

Bây giờ, ai sẽ trả lời cho bạn? Bạn sẽ quay lại với ký ức à? Điều gì kinh Gita đã nói, điều gì kinh Upanishads đã nói, điều gì Freud đã nói, hay người nào khác đã nói? Nếu bạn quay trở lại và cố gắng tìm ra điều gì họ đã nói về cách sống không phân chia, vậy thì việc đó sẽ là một phân chia khác, phải không?

Người hỏi: Tại sao lại quan trọng khi con người không tìm kiếm sự trợ giúp của những thứ như thế?

KRISHNAMURTI: Nếu bạn không tìm kiếm sự trợ giúp của những thứ như thế, vậy thì bạn ở đâu? Làm thế nào bạn tìm ra được điều này? Làm thế nào bạn tìm ra phương cách sống đến độ không còn phân chia gì cả? Ồ, thưa các bạn, các bạn không thấy được vẻ đẹp của việc này.

Người hỏi: Bằng sự hòa nhập.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi đã biết bạn đưa ra câu trả lời đó. (Tiếng cười) Người hỏi nói rằng, "Bằng sự hòa nhập" – hòa nhập cùng cái gì? Hòa nhập cùng tất cả những mảnh vỡ? Hay xếp đặt tất cả những mảnh vỡ lại cùng nhau? Và cái thực thể mà đang xếp đặt tất cả những mảnh vỡ lại cùng nhau là ai? Nó là Đại ngã hay Vũ trụ hay Thượng đế hay Linh hồn hay Jesus Christ hay Krishna? Tất cả điều đó là phân chia – bạn theo kịp không? Vì vậy bạn có thách thức này, và làm thế nào bạn đáp lại nó, đó là quan trọng nhất – bạn hiểu rõ không? Bạn bị thách thức, làm thế nào bạn đáp lại nó?

Người hỏi: Bạn vận dụng nó trong cuộc sống để cho bạn trở nên hòa hợp.

KRISHNAMURTI: A, đáng yêu thật! Khi nào? (Tiếng cười).

Người hỏi: Mỗi ngày.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không có ngày, mỗi ngày.

Người hỏi: Mỗi buổi sáng.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bây giờ, hãy thấy điều gì bạn đang làm. Bạn chỉ đang điều chỉnh chính bạn đến thách thức đó. Bạn không đang trả lời nó. (Tiếng cười) Bạn đáp lại điều này như thế nào, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Nó không là vấn đề của đáp lại gì cả bởi vì chúng tôi đang cố gắng gặp gỡ ông bằng từ ngữ.

KRISHNAMURTI: Hãy tìm ra, thưa bạn, bạn đang làm gì. Hãy tìm ra. Đây là một thách thức và bạn không thể quay lại bất kỳ quyển sách nào – đúng không? Bạn không thể quay lại cái uy quyền của bạn, kinh Gita và tất cả rác rưởi đó. Vì vậy bạn sẽ làm gì đây? Bạn thấy rằng tôi có thể tiếp tục giải thích, thưa bạn, nhưng bạn sẽ chỉ chấp nhận nó, vì bạn đã chấp nhận quá nhiều sự việc, và tiếp tục. Vì vậy chúng ta hãy quan sát nó.

Đây là một thách thức mới. Thách thức là tôi đã sống trong những mảnh vỡ suốt cuộc đời tôi (quá khứ, hiện tại và tương lai, Chúa và quỉ dữ, xấu xa và tốt lành, hạnh phúc và không hạnh phúc, tham vọng và không tham vọng, bạo lực và không-bạo lực, thù hận, tình yêu và ganh tị) đây là tất cả những mảnh vỡ; tất cả sống của tôi, tôi đã sống theo lối đó.

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Chúng ta đã trải qua tất cả việc đó, thưa bạn. Hãy dành cho người nói hai phút nữa, bạn sẽ vui lòng chứ?

Bây giờ câu trả lời là gì? Tôi đã sống một cuộc sống phân chia, hủy hoại, vỡ vụn và bây giờ tôi phải sống – bây giờ thách thức được đưa ra cho tôi là: “Làm thế nào tôi có thể sống mà không còn bất kỳ phân chia nào?” Đó là thách thức của tôi. Bây giờ làm thế nào tôi đáp lại nó? Tôi đáp lại nó bằng cách nói rằng, “Tôi thực sự không biết” – đúng chứ? Tôi thực sự không biết. Tôi không giả vờ biết. Tôi không giả vờ nói “Vâng, đây là câu trả lời”. Khi một thách thức được đưa ra cho bạn, một thách thức mới, đáp lại theo bản năng – tôi không có ý nói bản năng – sự đáp lại đúng đắn là khiêm tốn: “Tôi không biết.” Đúng chứ? Nhưng bạn không nói điều đó. Bạn không thể chân thật nói rằng bạn không biết? Bạn có thể, tốt. Vậy thì bạn có ý gì qua cảm giác đó, “Tôi không biết”?

Người hỏi: (Nghe không rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Đừng trả lời nó vội quá, hãy tìm ra. Hãy sử dụng những tế bào não của bạn.

Người hỏi: Sự công nhận sự kiện, thưa ông.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi đã công nhận sự kiện, nếu không thậm chí tôi sẽ không trả lời nó.

Người hỏi: Tôi không có phương tiện để tìm ra. Tôi không biết và tôi không biết phương tiện để tìm ra.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bây giờ hãy đợi. Tôi không biết – đúng chứ? Lúc này trạng thái của cái trí là gì – làm ơn theo sát nó, lắng nghe thật yên lặng – trạng thái của cái trí mà nói "tôi thực sự không biết là gì"?

Người hỏi: Không có . . . ?

KRISHNAMURTI: Ồ, Chúng ta đó kìa! Các bạn, con người quá khờ khạo.

Người hỏi: Tôi không biết.

(Những lời bình phẩm khác – không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Ồ, các bạn quá thiếu chín chắn, giống như trẻ em trong lớp học! Đây là một câu hỏi rất nghiêm túc mà chúng ta đang đặt ra và bạn chỉ tuôn ra nhiều từ ngữ, thậm chí các bạn không có sự khiêm tốn để lắng nghe và tìm ra cho chính mình.

Người hỏi: Nó không dễ dàng, tôi không biết.

KRISHNAMURTI: Khi chúng ta nói, khi bạn nói, khi người đàn ông đó vừa nói lúc nãy, anh ấy không biết, trạng thái của cái trí là gì mà đã trả lời "Tôi không biết"?

Người hỏi: Đang chờ đợi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn đang chờ đợi à – thưa bạn, bạn bao nhiêu tuổi rồi?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Ồ, thưa bạn. Khi tôi nói "Tôi không biết", tôi thực sự không biết. Nhưng có phải tôi đang chờ đợi để tìm ra, hay mong đợi một ai đó nói cho tôi biết – đúng chứ? Tôi đang chờ đợi. Vì vậy khi tôi nói “Tôi không biết”, nó không là một sự kiện thực sự rằng tôi không biết, bởi vì tôi hy vọng một ai đó bảo cho tôi biết, hay tôi sẽ tìm ra. Bạn có theo sát điều này không? Đúng chứ. Vậy thì bạn đang chờ đợi, phải không? Tại sao bạn đang chờ đợi? Ai sẽ bảo cho bạn? Ký ức của bạn phải không? Nếu ký ức của bạn sẽ bảo cho bạn, bạn quay lại trong cái khe rãnh cũ kỹ. Vậy là bạn đang chờ đợi cái gì? Vậy là bạn nói rằng “Tôi sẽ không chờ đợi” – bạn theo kịp không thưa bạn? – không có chờ đợi. Không “trong khi chờ đợi” – bạn theo sát điều này chứ? Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn có theo sát không. Vì vậy khi bạn nói rằng “Tôi không biết”, nó có nghĩa là không một ai biết – đúng chứ? Bởi vì nếu bất kỳ ai bảo cho tôi, anh ấy sẽ bảo cho tôi từ sự phân chia – không à? Vì vậy tôi không biết, vì vậy không có đang chờ đợi, không có câu trả lời – đúng chứ? Vì vậy tôi không biết. Vậy thì tôi tìm ra cái gì là trạng thái của cái trí mà nói rằng “Tôi không biết” – bạn đang theo sát nó chứ? Nó không đang chờ, không đang mong đợi một câu trả lời, không đang hướng về một ký ức, một uy quyền nào đó, nó ngừng lại – tất cả việc đó đã kết thúc. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy cái trí – hãy theo sát điều này từng bước một – vì vậy cái trí yên lặng trong sự đối diện một thách thức mới. Nó yên lặng bởi vì nó không thể đáp lại thách thức mới. Tôi không biết liệu bạn có đang gặp gỡ điểm này không; đúng chứ, thưa các bạn? (Không. Không. Bạn không hiểu à?)

Bạn biết rằng khi bạn thấy một hòn núi tuyệt vời, vẻ đẹp, chiều cao của nó, sự cao quí, sự tinh khiết của nó, nó bắt buộc bạn yên lặng, phải bặt tăm không? – điều này có lẽ kéo dài một giây nhưng vẻ đẹp hùng vĩ của nó làm cho bạn bặt tăm. Và một giây sau tất cả phản ứng bắt đầu. Bây giờ nếu bạn thấy sự thách thức trong cùng cách như vậy – nhưng bạn không thấy bởi vì cái trí của bạn đang huyên thuyên – vì vậy bạn không thấy được sự quan trọng hay vô hạn của câu hỏi này, đó là: liệu tôi có thể sống (sống có nghĩa ngay lúc này, không phải ngày mai hay ngày hôm qua, hay một giây sau, hay một giây trước) liệu tôi có thể sống mà không có phân chia hay không? Nó là một câu hỏi vô hạn – đúng chứ? Tại sao bạn không yên lặng?

Người hỏi: Bởi vì tôi muốn sống không phân chia.

KRISHNAMURTI: À – mà có nghĩa gì?

Người hỏi: Tôi muốn thoát khỏi nó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Mà có nghĩa gì? Hãy tìm hiểu nó. Bạn không thấy được sự vô hạn của câu hỏi. Tất cả mọi điều mà bạn muốn làm là vào một trạng thái khác, vì vậy bạn không thấy được mấu chốt của câu hỏi. Tại sao bạn không? Bám theo nó đi. Bạn có thấy nó, khi bạn thấy hòn núi tuyệt vời, lấp lánh tuyết trong bầu trời xanh trong sáng cùng những cái bóng sâu, to lớn, và sự tĩnh lặng tuyệt đối. Tại sao bạn không thấy điều này trong cùng cách như vậy? Bởi vì bạn muốn sống trong lối cũ kỹ. Bạn không quan tâm đến việc thấy trọn vẹn ý nghĩa của câu hỏi đó, nhưng bạn lại nói, “Vì Chúa hãy mau lẹ bảo cho tôi làm thế nào đến được đó”.

Người hỏi: Tôi đang tìm kiếm giải pháp làm thế nào đến được đó rồi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Điều đó đúng. Vì vậy bạn càng quan tâm với giải pháp hơn là với câu hỏi. Mà có nghĩa gì?

Người hỏi: Tôi sẽ không nhận được nó.

KRISHNAMURTI: Không. Mà có nghĩa gì? Hãy thấy nó, thấy nó, đừng trả lời vội – mà có nghĩa gì?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Không, thưa bà, hãy bám chặt nó.

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn đã hiểu câu hỏi chưa? Bạn không thấy được sự vô hạn của câu hỏi này bởi vì bạn muốn đạt được nó, đến được nó, bạn quá tham lam. Vì vậy sự tham lam của bạn ngăn cản bạn không thấy được sự vô hạn của nó. Vì vậy điều gì là quan trọng? (Hãy theo sát nó từng bước một.) Không phải sự vô hạn nhưng sự tham lam của bạn. Tại sao bạn tham lam – về điều gì đó mà bạn không hiểu gì cả? (Thưa bạn, nếu bạn không phiền, sự theo đuổi của tôi giống như theo đuổi điều gì người con gái của bạn nói?)

Người hỏi: Sự thỏa mãn!

KRISHNAMURTI: Bây giờ, hãy thấy tại sao. Tại sao bạn tham lam, khi thậm chí bạn không hiểu rõ điều gì được bao hàm trong nó? Vì vậy bạn nói, “ Tôi ngu xuẩn làm sao khi tham lam cái gì đó mà tôi không biết nó có nghĩa gì” – đúng không? Vì vậy điều gì tôi phải làm là không, không tham lam nhưng tìm ra những hàm ý, vẻ đẹp, sự thật, mỹ miều của sự việc đó. Tại sao bạn không làm điều đó, thay vì nói rằng “Tôi phải đạt được nó”?

Vì vậy bạn đáp lại một câu hỏi mới, một thách thức mới, luôn luôn từ cái cũ kỹ. Tham lam là từ cái cũ kỹ. Vì vậy liệu không thể cắt đứt trọn vẹn quá khứ hay sao? Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Chính quá khứ mà gây tách rời, mà tạo ra sự phân chia, làm vỡ vụn cuộc sống. Vì vậy câu hỏi của tôi là: liệu có thể được tự do trọn vẹn khỏi quá khứ, để cho tôi có thể sống một cách công nghệ hay không? Tôi không biết liệu bạn có theo sát được việc này không? Liệu tôi có thể được tự do khỏi quá khứ, liệu tôi có thể được tự do khỏi là một người Ấn độ giáo, người Phật giáo, người Hồi giáo, người Thiên chúa giáo, hay bất kỳ điều gì khác? Không phải là “liệu tôi có thể”; tôi phải như vậy. Thật ngu xuẩn cho tôi khi lệ thuộc vào bất kỳ giai cấp nào, bất kỳ tôn giáo nào, bất kỳ phe nhóm nào. Nó đi khỏi rồi. Không có thời gian để suy nghĩ về nó như bạn đã gợi ý. Nó đã đi mất rồi – bạn theo kịp không? Vậy là liệu có thể cắt đứt trọn vẹn khỏi quá khứ; nếu bạn có thể thực hiện được điều đó trong một phương hướng bạn có thể thực hiện nó tổng thể. Đúng chứ? (Ồ, không, bạn không thấy.)

Liệu bạn có thể, từ khoảnh khắc này, được tự do trọn vẹn khỏi quốc tịch của bạn, truyền thống của bạn, văn hóa của bạn, quá khứ của bạn hay không? Nếu bạn không thể, bạn sống trong phân chia, và thế là mãi mãi cuộc sống trở thành một bãi chiến trường. Và không ai sẽ giúp đỡ bạn trong việc này. Không vị đạo sư, không người Cộng sản, không bất kỳ ai sẽ giúp đỡ bạn làm nó. Và trong tâm điểm của những quả tim của các bạn, các bạn biết điều này rất rõ. Ồ, thưa các bạn? Vì vậy tư tưởng luôn luôn cũ kỹ – đúng không? Hãy khám phá điều này cho chính mình, đừng lặp lại theo tôi – hãy tự khám phá nó. Và bạn thấy rằng bạn đã khám phá ra một sự việc lạ lùng như thế nào. Vậy là nếu bạn khám phá ra điều này – rằng tư tưởng thực sự là cũ kỹ – vậy là tất cả quá khứ – những Shankara, những Buddha, Christ, toàn bộ quá khứ đều biến mất. Không à? Nhưng bạn không khám phá nó mà. Bạn sẽ không cố gắng khám phá nó; bạn không muốn khám phá nó.

Người hỏi: Không thưa ông, có sự sợ hãi của bị lạc lối.

KRISHNAMURTI: Ồ, bị lạc lối, dù sao chăng nữa bạn cũng bị lạc lối rồi!

Người hỏi: Không bị lạc lối hoàn toàn.

KRISHNAMURTI: Nhưng bạn đã bị lạc lối, thưa các bạn. Bạn đang nói gì vậy? Bạn đã bị lạc lối quá rõ ràng. Chỉ một con người bị lạc lối mới mãi mãi ở trong xung đột. Bạn bị lạc lối nhưng bạn không công nhận rằng bạn bị lạc lối. Vì vậy tư tưởng luôn luôn cũ kỹ; vậy thì, nó là gì – điều đó quá khó khăn để tìm hiểu lúc này – tôi chỉ đặt nó ra trước cho bạn và các bạn sẽ thấy cho chính các bạn – vậy thì cái gì mà thấy điều gì đó mới mẻ? Các bạn hiểu không, thưa các bạn? Tư tưởng luôn luôn cũ kỹ – hãy theo sát điều này cẩn thận – khi Adi Shankara, con chim cổ xưa đó, đã nói một điều gì đó, tư tưởng của ông ấy đã cũ kỹ rồi – bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Vì vậy điều gì ông ấy đã nói đã không bao giờ mới mẻ, trong hệ thống từ ngữ được sáng chế riêng của ông ấy, ông ấy đã lặp lại điều gì đó mà ông ấy đã nghe lúc trước, rồi bạn nhai lại những tư tưởng của ông ấy. Vì vậy tư tưởng không bao giờ mới mẻ và có thể không bao giờ mới mẻ, và đang sống lúc này, hàng ngày, là cái gì đó hiện tại năng động; nó luôn luôn năng động, trong hiện tại. Vì vậy khi bạn cố gắng hiểu rõ hoạt động trong hiện tại, bằng quá khứ, mà là tư tưởng, vậy thì bạn không hiểu gì cả; vậy thì có sự phân chia, và cuộc sống trở thành một xung đột. Vì vậy liệu bạn có thể sống trọn vẹn đến độ chỉ có hiện tại năng động ngay lúc này hay không? Và bạn không thể sống theo lối đó nếu bạn không hiểu rõ và do đó tự cắt đứt trọn vẹn chính bạn khỏi quá khứ, bởi vì chính bạn là quá khứ. Bạn thấy rằng, bất hạnh thay bạn sẽ tiếp tục chỉ lắng nghe – nếu tôi tình cờ đến đây năm tới bạn sẽ lặp lại cùng một mớ từ ngữ cũ kỹ.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, nếu chúng ta không ở trong quá khứ, nhưng ở trong hiện tại, việc đó cũng không trở thành quá khứ và tương lai – làm thế nào chúng ta biết rằng chúng ta đúng?

KRISHNAMURTI: Bạn không phải chắc chắn rằng bạn đúng – sai lầm! Tại sao bạn lại sợ hãi về đúng hay sai? Nhưng câu hỏi của bạn không có giá trị gì cả bởi vì bạn chỉ đang nói chuyện, bạn chỉ đang lý thuyết hóa. Bạn đang nói, “Nếu điều này xảy ra, điều kia sẽ xảy ra”. Nhưng nếu bạn đưa nó vào hành động, lúc đó bạn sẽ biết rằng không có sự việc như là “đi lạc lối”.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, khi chúng ta trở về nhà chúng ta thấy con cái của chúng ta và cái quá khứ chen vào.

Người hỏi: Shankara có lẽ không còn nữa.

KRISHNAMURTI: Tôi hy vọng điều đó đã qua rồi. Shankara có lẽ không còn hiện diện nhưng những đứa trẻ vẫn còn. (Tiếng cười) Những đứa trẻ là quá khứ hay sao? Các em là quá khứ trong một ý nghĩa. Và bởi vì các em là những con người đang sống, liệu bạn có thể giáo dục các em sống trọn vẹn, trong cách chúng ta đang nói không?

Người hỏi: Được thôi thưa ông, ông đã trả lời nó, xin lỗi.

KRISHNAMURTI: Điều đó có nghĩa rằng tôi phải giúp chúng thông minh, tôi phải giúp chúng nhạy cảm, bởi vì tánh nhạy cảm, tánh nhạy cảm cao độ là thông minh cực kỳ. Vì vậy nếu không có những trường học quanh bạn, bạn phải giúp đỡ các em ở nhà để nhạy cảm, để nhìn ngắm cây cối, nhìn ngắm những bông hoa, lắng nghe chim chóc, trồng một cái cây nếu bạn có một cái vườn nhỏ – hay nếu bạn không có vườn, hãy trồng một cái cây trong chậu và nhìn ngắm nó, ấp ủ nó, tưới nước nó, không xé những chiếc lá của nó. Và bởi vì những trường học không muốn các em được nhạy cảm, được giáo dục, được thông minh (những trường học chỉ tồn tại để đậu những kỳ thi và kiếm được một việc làm) bạn phải giúp đỡ các em ở nhà, giúp đỡ các em bàn luận cùng bạn, tại sao bạn đến một đền chùa, tại sao bạn thực hiện nghi lễ này, tại sao bạn đọc kinh Bible, kinh Gita – bạn theo kịp không? – để cho các em luôn luôn đang bày tỏ sự nghi ngờ về bạn, để cho bạn hay bất kỳ người nào khác không trở thành một uy quyền. Nhưng tôi sợ rằng bạn sẽ không làm bất kỳ việc này bởi vì khí hậu, lương thực, truyền thống quá đè nặng bạn, vì vậy bạn luồn lách đi và sống một cuộc sống xấu xa khủng khiếp. Nhưng tôi nghĩ, nếu bạn có năng lượng, động cơ, đam mê, đó là cách duy nhất để sống.

MADRAS

Ngày 12 tháng giêng năm 1968

VII – BẢY NÓI CHUYỆN Ở SAANEN, SWITZERLAND

– 1 – QUAN TÂM CHÍNH CỦA BẠN LÀ GÌ?

Đam mê và mãnh liệt được cần đến. Cái bên trong và cái bên ngoài; liệu chúng có thể bị phân chia?

Những câu hỏi: Vui thú và quan tâm; Thượng đế; trẻ em và giáo dục; nhiều quan tâm khác nhau; ý nghĩa của những cuộc biểu tình; của tình yêu, sự thật và trật tự.

Tôi nghĩ, bởi vì chúng ta sắp có nhiều nói chuyện và bàn luận chúng ta nên tiếp nhận rất thoải mái mọi vấn đề, thư giãn, và vận dụng cái trí của chúng ta vào điều gì chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau nói chuyện và bàn luận. Trước hết, tôi không chắc rằng bạn, như một cá thể, như một con người, có thực sự quan tâm. Tôi nghĩ rằng người ta phải tìm ra điều đó. Sự quan tâm chính, ý định sâu xa và vĩnh viễn của bạn là gì, và trong khám phá được nó, liên đới sự khám phá đó đến tất cả những hoạt động thuộc sống của người ta. Người ta có lẽ thích thú, quan tâm một cách sâu xa, vào thế giới như nó là hiện nay – với bạo lực, những hỗn loạn thảm khốc, những phân chia chính trị, và sự thoái hóa mà chắc chắn là sự kết thúc, không chỉ bên ngoài mà còn cả bên trong. Trong khám phá cho chính mình sự quan tâm sâu xa chính của chúng ta, tiếp theo chúng ta sẽ tìm ra cho chính mình sự liên hệ với nhau của chúng ta tùy theo quan tâm đó là gì. Nếu quan tâm đó khá mơ hồ, hời hợt, trên bề mặt, lệ thuộc vào hoàn cảnh sống và vào ngọn gió phe phẩy trong bất kỳ phương hướng nào, vậy thì những hoạt động của chúng ta, cả bên ngoài lẫn bên trong, sẽ là không chủ định, sẽ không có ý nghĩa lâu dài sâu xa nào. Nhưng trong suốt những nói chuyện và những bàn luận sắp tới này, liệu chúng ta có thể tìm được sự quan tâm chính của chúng ta là gì. Bạn đang ngồi đây, đang lắng nghe điều gì được nói ra, liệu bạn thực sự quan tâm đến thế giới và vị trí của bạn trong thế giới, sự liên hệ của bạn với một người khác, sự liên hệ của bạn, thuộc chính trị, thuộc kinh tế, thuộc tôn giáo, và thuộc xã hội, liệu bạn thực sự quan tâm – vì bạn phải như thế – sự quan tâm thực sự sâu xa của bạn trong sống là gì? Nó là tìm kiếm tiền bạc – làm ơn lắng nghe tất cả điều này rất cẩn thận – tiền bạc, vị trí, chắc chắn, an toàn? Nếu đó là sự quan tâm liên tục, mạnh mẽ, thực sự của bạn, vậy thì người ta phải thấy được những hậu quả của sự quan tâm như thế. Hay liệu đây là sự quan tâm của bạn, động cơ chính thực sự của bạn – khi suy xét thế giới là gì và sự liên hệ của bạn với thế giới là gì – liệu sự quan tâm của bạn không chỉ là thay đổi chính bạn mà còn cả thay đổi thế giới quanh bạn, và thấy tất cả những hàm ý của sự quan tâm đó? Hay liệu sự quan tâm chính của bạn là bạn muốn thiết lập một liên hệ cá nhân với một người khác thật trọn vẹn, tổng thể, để cho không còn xung đột, vậy thì bạn cũng phải nhận ra được những kết quả của việc đó?

Và liệu sự quan tâm của bạn là – và điều này khó khăn hơn nhiều – cố gắng tìm ra vị trí thích hợp của tư tưởng là gì, như cái có thể đo lường được và cái không thể đo lường được? Trong cố gắng tìm ra sự quan tâm của chúng ta ở phương hướng nào, mỗi người chúng ta – không phải sự quan tâm chung nhưng sự quan tâm riêng của bạn – và liệu bạn đã sẵn sàng hiến dâng trọn vẹn cho sự quan tâm đó, không phải đùa giỡn với nó, không phải bất thình lình chấp nhận nó và phủ nhận nó tùy theo những hoàn cảnh, tùy theo ưa thích và không-ưa thích riêng của bạn, và tùy theo những ảnh hưởng của môi trường sống?

Vì vậy, khi biết được sự quan tâm của bạn, trong suốt bốn tuần lễ này nếu chúng ta đã sẵn sàng để thâm nhập điều này thật trọn vẹn, thế là chúng ta có thể thiết lập một liên hệ giữa chính bạn và người nói; và vì vậy cũng thiết lập liên hệ của bạn với thế giới, và với người hàng xóm của bạn, và với người bạn thân thiết của bạn.

Vì vậy đó là điều gì chúng ta sẽ thực hiện trong suốt những tuần lễ này: tìm ra liệu bạn đã sẵn sàng để khám phá một cách chính xác khả năng và quan tâm chính của bạn nằm ở đâu. Và liệu sự quan tâm đó là tách rời hay sự quan tâm đó liên quan đến tất cả những con người. Nếu nó là tách rời, đó là, bạn đang tìm kiếm sự hưởng thụ đặc biệt riêng của bạn, sự cứu rỗi đặc biệt riêng của bạn, sự an toàn đặc biệt riêng của bạn, một vị trí trong thế giới, vậy thì khi cùng nhau nói chuyện về nó chúng ta sẽ tìm được giá trị của sự quan tâm như thế, liệu nó có bất kỳ ý nghĩa nào hay không; và, liệu sự quan tâm của bạn, liệu mục đích sâu thẳm của bạn có phải là tìm ra làm thế nào để sống một sống hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Đang chấp nhận những sự việc như chúng là, bạo lực, hung tợn, hỗn loạn, bại hoại, hận thù, đối địch, đang nhìn thấy tất cả việc đó, liệu rằng cái trí của con người, cái trí của bạn, cái trí của mỗi người, có thể hoàn toàn thay đổi để cho, như một con người bạn không chỉ tạo ra một cách mạng cơ bản trong chính bạn mà còn cả bên ngoài nữa. Cách mạng bên ngoài và cách mạng bên trong không tách rời nhau. Chúng ta đang nói về cách mạng – không phải bạo lực vật chất khi ném bom, nhân danh hòa bình khi đang giết chết những người khác, đang hủy diệt. Đó không là cách mạng gì cả, đó chỉ là sự hủy diệt khờ dại. Tôi không biết liệu bạn đã quan sát khắp thế giới – trước hết thế hệ trẻ đang ở thời kỳ nở hoa, đang sống trong thế giới của “vẻ đẹp” và tưởng tượng, và bởi vì không nở hoa trọn vẹn, họ sử dụng những loại thuốc kích thích khác nhau và mọi chuyện như thế; và khi điều đó không thành công họ trở nên bạo lực. Và hiện nay chúng ta đang ở trong một thế giới của bạo lực hoàn toàn. Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn đã theo dõi những sự kiện ở phương Đông, ở vùng Trung đông, ở Mỹ và ở những nơi nào khác.

Vì vậy người ta phải tìm ra, nếu bạn rất nghiêm túc – và tôi hy vọng như thế, bởi vì nếu bạn không nghiêm túc sẽ chẳng xứng đáng khi bạn phải ngồi ở đây cả tiếng đồng hồ, tốt hơn bạn nên đi dạo, nhìn những hòn núi, cây cối, và chơi đùa – nhưng nếu bạn rất nghiêm túc, và tôi hy vọng như thế, vậy thì bạn phải tìm ra, bởi vì chúng ta đang lớn tuổi hơn, những ngày tháng của chúng ta đang ngắn lại, năng lực của chúng ta đang trở nên xơ cứng lại khi chúng ta già đi, và thế giới đang tạo tác quá nhiều phiền muộn cho chúng ta. Vì vậy mỗi người trong chúng ta cần thiết phải tìm ra mục đích của bạn, ý định của bạn, quan tâm của bạn, là gì. Tiếp theo nếu bạn tìm ra rồi chúng ta có thể bàn luận, chúng ta có thể cùng nhau thực hiện một chuyến hành trình. Bởi vì người nói biết chính xác ý định của ông ta, động cơ của ông ta, quan tâm của ông ta là gì; và nếu sự quan tâm của bạn hoàn toàn khác biệt vậy thì sự chuyển tải của chúng ta sẽ khó khăn lắm. Nhưng nếu sự quan tâm của bạn là hiểu rõ toàn hiện tượng của thế giới này mà chúng ta, như những con người đang sống trong đó – không phải như những chuyên viên kỹ thuật – vậy thì chúng ta có thể cùng nhau nói chuyện, vậy thì chúng ta có thể cùng nhau thiết lập sự hiệp thông của chúng ta, vậy thì chúng ta có thể cùng nhau thực hiện một chuyến hành trình. Nếu không những nói chuyện và bàn luận này sẽ chẳng có ý nghĩa bao nhiêu. Làm ơn hãy luôn luôn ghi nhớ trong cái trí rằng, mặc dù bạn ở đây cho một kỳ nghỉ trong những rặng núi hay những quả đồi và những con suối và tất cả những khu giải trí dành cho du lịch, bất kể tất cả việc đó, chúng ta có một cơ hội để ngồi cùng nhau nguyên một tiếng đồng hồ. Bạn biết việc đó hoàn toàn gây hứng thú, ngồi với nhau nguyên một tiếng đồng hồ để cùng nhau nói về những vấn đề của chúng ta, mà không có bất kỳ thái độ đạo đức giả, không có bất kỳ sự giả vờ, không đưa ra một hào nhoáng vô lý nào cả. Có nguyên một giờ cùng nhau là một việc lạ thường nếu bạn đến để suy nghĩ về nó, bởi vì chúng ta hiếm khi nào ngồi cùng nhau để nói về những vấn đề nghiêm túc với bất kỳ ai trong nguyên một tiếng đồng hồ. Bạn có lẽ đi làm việc nguyên một ngày, nhưng cùng nhau trải qua sáu mươi phút và nhiều hơn nữa để tìm hiểu, để tra xét, một cách nghiêm túc, tất cả những vấn đề của con người chúng ta, bằng sự thư thả, có chủ ý, bằng thương yêu vô cùng – không cố gắng áp đặt một quan điểm vào người khác, bởi vì chúng ta không đang giải quyết những quan điểm, những ý tưởng, hay những lý thuyết. Điều gì chúng ta quan tâm là thiết lập một sự liên hệ lẫn nhau, và điều đó chỉ có thể thực hiện được nếu chúng ta biết được những quan tâm lẫn nhau của chúng ta, và những quan tâm đó sâu thẳm đến chừng nào, và năng lượng nào bạn phải vận dụng để khám phá giải pháp cho những vấn đề chính thuộc sống của chúng ta. Bởi vì sống của chúng ta không khác biệt với phần còn lại của thế giới. Chúng ta là thế giới. Tôi không nghĩ nhiều người chúng ta nhận ra, một cách sâu thẳm, một cách liên tục, rằng chúng ta là thế giới và thế giới là chúng ta. Tôi nghĩ sự hiểu rõ này phải được bám rễ lâu dài, sâu thẳm trong chúng ta. Bởi vì chúng ta đã tạo ra cấu trúc xã hội tùy theo ham muốn của chúng ta, tùy theo những tham vọng, tham lam, ganh tị, bạo lực của chúng ta, và nếu chúng ta muốn thay đổi xã hội đó chúng ta phải thay đổi chính chúng ta. Điều đó có nghĩa rằng một tiếp cận cơ bản, đơn giản đến toàn vấn đề. Nhưng rủi thay chúng ta nghĩ rằng bằng cách thay đổi cấu trúc bên ngoài – ném bom, phân chia chính trị, và vân vân – rằng bằng một điều kỳ diệu nào đó tất cả chúng ta sẽ trở thành những con người hoàn hảo. Tôi e rằng sự thay đổi đó không bao giờ thành công được.

Vì vậy, khi nhận ra rằng chúng ta là thế giới, thực sự cảm thấy nó, không phải như một câu phát biểu bằng từ ngữ hay một lý thuyết nhưng thực sự cảm thấy nó trong quả tim của bạn, và điều đó khó khăn cực kỳ bởi vì giáo dục của chúng ta, văn hóa của chúng ta đã đặc biệt nhấn mạnh rằng bạn tách rời khỏi thế giới, rằng bạn như một cá thể có trách nhiệm với chính bạn, và không phải có trách nhiệm hoàn toàn với toàn thế giới này; rằng bạn như một cá thể được tự do làm điều gì bạn ưa thích, trong ý nghĩa giới hạn. Nhưng chúng ta không là những cá thể, chúng ta là kết quả của văn hóa mà chúng ta sống trong nó. Cá thể có nghĩa là một cụ thể, một thực thể mà không bị vỡ vụn, mà là tổng thể. Và chúng ta không là cá thể đó. Chúng ta bị vỡ vụn, phân chia, mâu thuẫn trong chính chúng ta, vì vậy chúng ta không là những cá thể. Vậy là, khi thấy tất cả điều đó, quan tâm chính của chúng ta trong sống là gì?

Hãy dành thời gian suy nghĩ về nó, hãy cho nó vài phút. Chúng ta có thể cùng nhau ngồi yên lặng, để tìm ra điều đó. Có phải rằng bạn có những vấn đề về tình dục và bạn không thể giải quyết chúng, và vì vậy vấn đề đó trở thành vấn đề chính ? Có phải rằng bạn muốn sống an bình, trong một thế giới quá hỗn loạn, thoái hóa và bạo lực? Có phải rằng bạn có nhiều, nhiều vấn đề – những liên quan cá nhân, xã hội, kinh tế – và bạn muốn giải quyết tất cả những vấn đề kia một cách trọn vẹn, tổng thể? Hay, sự quan tâm của bạn là sự đổi mới xã hội, và bạn hiến dâng cho nó, đến sự đổi mới xã hội? Và nếu bạn như thế, vậy thì sự liên hệ của bạn với xã hội đó là gì? Và nếu bạn quan tâm tìm ra sự giới hạn của tư tưởng – và tư tưởng là giới hạn, dù rằng có năng lực, hợp lý, có kinh nghiệm và kỹ thuật, có thể phát minh, tạo ra một thế giới công nghệ tuyệt vời, lại nữa hôm nay là một chủ đề rất giới hạn – nếu bạn muốn tìm ra liệu có một cái gì đó vượt khỏi tư tưởng – cái có thể đo lường được và cái không thể đo lường được.

Vậy là, bạn phải quan sát tất cả những vấn đề này. Vì vậy chúng ta sẽ bắt đầu từ đâu? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi chứ? Từ đâu chúng ta – bạn và tôi – sẽ bắt đầu bàn luận về vấn đề của chúng ta? Chúng ta sẽ bắt đầu ở đầu đó, mà là, cái có thể đo lường được và cái không thể đo lường được, hay, chúng ta sẽ bắt đầu bàn luận, để tạo ra sự thay đổi ở đầu này, mà là, sự thay đổi môi trường vật chất – với tất cả sự ô nhiễm, vỡ vụn, thối nát, thoái hóa của nó? Vì vậy chúng ta sẽ bắt đầu từ đâu? Điều đó tùy thuộc nơi bạn mà thôi!

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, tôi không chắc rằng chúng ta là thế giới, và thế giới là chúng ta.

Krishnamurti: Đó là vấn đề chính của bạn à? Đừng bận tâm điều gì tôi nói. Hãy gạt bỏ nó đi! Vấn đề của bạn là gì, sự quan tâm chính của bạn là gì, và liệu bạn có năng lượng, khả năng, hứng thú, sự mãnh liệt để giải quyết vấn đề đó?

Làm ơn, lúc này đừng đặt những câu hỏi, chúng ta sẽ có thời gian dành cho câu hỏi thời gian sau. Bạn theo kịp chứ? Bây giờ chúng ta hãy cùng nhau ngồi lại, dành vài ba phút, tìm ra quan tâm chính của bạn trong sống là gì. Tìm được điều này rất quan trọng – không phải điều gì người nói trình bày, mà hoàn toàn không liên quan, nhưng sự quan tâm của bạn là gì, và bạn sẽ trao những năng lượng của bạn để theo đuổi sự quan tâm đó đến chừng nào; sâu thẳm như thế nào, đam mê như thế nào, mãnh liệt như thế nào – bởi vì nếu bạn không có đam mê, không có hứng thú, không có mãnh liệt, vậy thì – nếu tôi được phép nói rõ – sự thoái hóa đã chen vào, và nơi nào có sự thoái hóa chắc chắn chết là điều không tránh khỏi.

Vì vậy chúng ta sẽ bắt đầu từ đầu nào – ở đầu đó, hay đầu này? Hay sống có thể được phân chia theo cách đó? Làm ơn lắng nghe cẩn thận. Liệu toàn chuyển động của sống này, toàn sự tồn tại của những con người này, có thể được phân chia quá dễ dàng như thế? Làm ơn lắng nghe. Đừng đồng ý hay không-đồng ý. Chỉ lắng nghe thôi. Trước hết tôi sẽ thiết lập một an toàn vật chất, một liên hệ vật chất, một trật tự hoàn toàn thuộc vật chất, thuộc xã hội, thuộc kinh tế, và sau khi thiết lập nền tảng, dựng lên một ngôi nhà đầy đủ ở đây, rồi tiếp theo chuyển từ đầu này đến đầu còn lại. Bạn đang theo kịp chứ? Hay, nó là một chuyển động tổng thể, nguyên vẹn, không phân chia, không vỡ vụn, nhưng một chuyển động tròn đều. Dù bạn khởi hành ở đâu, hai đầu này đều liên quan.

Bạn thấy rằng chúng ta muốn có một trật tự vật chất hoàn toàn, và chúng ta phải có trật tự – trong sống của chúng ta cũng như phía bên ngoài. Làm ơn hãy lắng nghe điều này. Chúng ta phải có trật tự. Không phải trật tự của quân đội, không phải trật tự của thế hệ già nua, cũng không phải trật tự của thế hệ trẻ tuổi – xã hội buông thả là vô-trật tự, và vì vậy nó vỡ vụn, thoái hóa – và trật tự già nua cũng vỡ vụn và thoái hóa, cùng tất cả những bạo lực, những chiến tranh, sự ngạo mạn, sự phân chia của nó và mọi chuyện còn lại. Nhưng bởi vì thấy được cả hai vô-trật tự này, vô-trật tự buông thả và vô-trật tự được xếp đặt có trật tự của thế hệ già nua, bởi vì thấy được cả hai, người ta nhận ra rằng phải có một loại trật tự hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Đúng chứ? Bạn theo kịp không? Chúng ta đang gặp gỡ lẫn nhau? Làm ơn, chúng ta đang hiệp thông cùng nhau chứ? Và trật tự đó phải bao gồm cả sự an toàn vật chất cho mọi người. Đúng chứ? Không phải chỉ cho vài người giàu có hay cho một ít người có vị trí tốt hay có năng lực, và vân vân, phải có sự an toàn vật chất cho mọi người. Bạn hiểu rõ không? Hơn sáu triệu người từ phương Đông đã định cư ở Ấn độ. Bạn hiểu điều đó có nghĩa gì – không chỉ dành cho những người tị nạn chính trị nhưng cũng dành cho quốc gia nghèo đói này mà đã nghèo đói sẵn rồi! Và làm thế nào bạn có thể thiết lập được trật tự ở đó? Và trật tự đó, mà là vô-trật tự hoàn toàn – đã được tạo ra bởi những thế hệ già nua, cùng những phân chia chính trị của họ, những phân chia quốc gia và tôn giáo của họ. Bạn đang theo sát tất cả điều này? Và vô-trật tự hay cái sự việc tạm gọi là buông thả mà đang xảy ra cho những người trẻ tuổi – vì họ nói rằng đó là vô-trật tự, chúng tôi không liên quan gì đến những người già nua cả, chúng tôi muốn một loại trật tự khác hẳn, và vì vậy chúng tôi sẽ làm điều gì chúng tôi ưa thích. Đó không là trật tự! Cả trật tự già nua lẫn trẻ tuổi đều là vô-trật tự. Tôi ao ước bạn hiểu rõ điều này. Và bởi vì nhận ra điều này, người ta thấy rằng phải có trật tự vật chất, an toàn vật chất, cho tất cả những con người trong thế giới.

Bạn biết điều này đã là giấc mơ của những người cách mạng, của những người lý tưởng, của những người triết lý, và họ nghĩ qua sự cách mạng vật chất họ có thể thiết lập nó; nhưng nó đã không thành công – họ đã tạo tác hàng trăm cách mạng và điều đó đã không xảy ra. Hãy quan sát thế giới Cộng sản, cùng những phân chia của họ, cùng những quân đội của họ, cùng chế độ chuyên chế của họ và tất cả những nỗi kinh hoàng đang xảy ra trong phần còn lại của thế giới – và không có trật tự ở đó nữa.

Vì vậy, qua sự hiểu rõ tất cả điều này đầu tiên người ta nhận ra rằng người ta phải có trật tự vật chất. Và liệu trật tự đó phụ thuộc vào luật pháp, vào việc tái tổ chức của văn hóa và ảnh hưởng thuộc môi trường sống xã hội – hay trật tự đó phụ thuộc trọn vẹn vào con người, vào mỗi người chúng ta – cách chúng ta sống, cách chúng ta suy nghĩ, cách chúng ta hành động trong những liên hệ của chúng ta với nhau? Bây giờ, nếu chúng ta bắt đầu với điều đó – đó là, sống trong thế giới mà quá hủy hoại, quá hỗn loạn, quá hung bạo và vân vân, làm thế nào tôi, như một con người, bạn, như một con người, sẽ tạo ra được trật tự trong thế giới này? Trật tự đó phụ thuộc vào bạn hay phụ thuộc vào người làm chính trị? Trật tự đó phụ thuộc vào bạn, hay phụ thuộc vào người giáo sĩ, vào bạn hay vào người triết lý, vào bạn hay vào một lý tưởng không tưởng? Bạn đang theo sát tất cả điều này chứ? Trật tự đó phụ thuộc vào cái gì? Chúng ta đang chuyển động cùng nhau chứ? Nếu bạn phụ thuộc vào người giáo sĩ, hay vào người chính trị, hay vào một lý thuyết, hay vào một niềm tin, một lý tưởng – vậy thì hãy tìm hiểu xem điều gì xảy ra! Vậy thì bạn đang tuân phục đến cái khuôn mẫu được đặt ra bởi một người chính trị, hay bởi một người lý thuyết, hay bởi một lý tưởng không tưởng, và vậy là có một xung đột giữa chính bạn và điều gì bạn nghĩ nên là.

Vì vậy liệu bạn đã sẵn sàng, liệu sự quan tâm thực sự, sâu thẳm của bạn, là để nhìn thấy, nhận biết và hiểu rõ rằng trật tự này trong xã hội chỉ có thể được tạo ra bởi bạn, chứ không phải bất kỳ người nào khác. Chúng ta chịu trách nhiệm cho trật tự đó – bởi thái độ của chúng ta, bởi cách sống của chúng ta, những tư tưởng của chúng ta, tổng thể của nó – và liệu đó là sự quan tâm của bạn? Bởi vì người ta phải sống, khi thế giới ở trong hủy diệt, hỗn loạn, đau khổ và phiền muộn như thế, người ta phải sống – nếu bạn muốn hiểu rõ tất cả sự hỗn loạn này – người ta phải sống trong trật tự trọn vẹn, tổng thể. Và nếu bạn quan tâm, nếu bạn trao năng lượng của bạn, khả năng của bạn, đam mê của bạn để tìm ra trật tự đó là gì – vậy thì chúng ta có thể bàn luận. Bạn đã hiểu rõ quan điểm của tôi chứ? Vậy thì chúng ta có thể tìm hiểu nó. Vậy thì chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau chia sẻ vấn đề. Vậy thì bạn sẽ không chỉ là một người đứng ngoài nhìn vào; đó là vấn đề của bạn và bạn phải vận dụng năng lượng vào nó! Bây giờ chúng ta sẽ tiến tới từ đó, đúng chứ? Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu từ đó phải không? Bạn nói gì đây?

Người hỏi: Vâng, vâng.

Krishnamurti: Ồ tốt! Khi bạn nói "vâng" – hãy bám vào nó. Ngày mai đừng thay đổi bởi vì bạn yêu một cô gái hay một cậu trai, hay bạn trông thấy một chiếc xe mới toanh. Có những chiếc xe đẹp, tôi đã thấy một chiếc! Vì vậy nếu đó là sự quan tâm sâu sắc, thực sự của bạn, vậy thì bạn phải đam mê. Đúng chứ? Bạn biết đam mê là gì hay không? Tôi không đang nói về sự thèm khát. Tôi không đang nói về sự đam mê vật chất, sự đam mê tình dục, tôi đang nói về đam mê đó mà đến khi có sự quan tâm sâu sắc. Ví dụ, nếu người ta quan tâm sâu sắc, không phải hời hợt, không phải bởi vì nó mang lại một phần thưởng, nhưng thực sự muốn tìm được liệu đau khổ có thể kết thúc. Đau khổ – bạn biết rồi, buồn bực, sầu muộn, lo lắng, sợ hãi – nếu điều đó có thể kết thúc, vậy thì bạn sẽ phát giác rằng từ đó sự mãnh liệt, sự đam mê hiện diện. Vậy là lúc này, nếu nó là ý định của bạn để tìm ra cho chính mình, liệu có thể, đang sống trong thế giới này, tạo ra được một trật tự như thế trong chính bạn, bởi vì bạn là thế giới và thế giới là bạn. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ, chúng ta đưa ra những câu hỏi. Tôi đã nói bốn mươi lăm phút rồi, tôi nghĩ như thế. Vì vậy chúng ta hãy tiếp tục.

Người hỏi: Ông đã nói rằng bạn phải có đam mê, nhưng lúc trước ông đã nói rằng khi bạn già nua sự đam mê của bạn trở nên xơ cứng, vì vậy người ta phải làm gì?

Krishnamurti: Những đam mê của chúng ta trở nên xơ cứng khi chúng ta già nua. Có lẽ những đam mê thuộc thân thể của bạn sẽ như thế, những tuyến hạch của bạn sẽ không làm việc hiệu quả nữa. Nhưng chúng ta không đang nói về sự đam mê của người trẻ, hay của người già, hay về sự biến mất của đam mê đó. Chúng ta đang nói rằng khi có một quan tâm, bạn hiểu chứ, thưa bạn, một quan tâm, một vấn đề khẩn thiết mà bạn phải quan tâm, như một con người – không phải với kỹ thuật của bạn, với tài năng của bạn, với năng lực của bạn – tôi không đang nói về điều đó. Nếu bạn có một quan tâm, và bạn sống cùng quan tâm đó, vậy thì từ sự sống của quan tâm sâu thẳm đó sự đam mê hiện diện, mà không biến mất chỉ vì bạn đã có mái tóc hoa râm.

Người hỏi: Điều gì xảy ra khi ông có sự quan tâm sâu thẳm này nhưng lại cũng có sự ham muốn cho vui thú?

Krishnamurti: Tôi hiểu rồi. Bạn có sự quan tâm sâu thẳm cho điều gì đó, và cũng vậy bạn bị cuốn hút bởi vui thú. Lúc đó có sự xung đột giữa hai, vì vậy người ta phải làm gì? Đó là câu hỏi phải không?

Vui thú ở một phía và sự quan tâm sinh động, sâu thẳm, lâu dài ở một phía khác. Làm ơn, đợi một chút – hãy lắng nghe nó. Vui thú, và sự quan tâm sinh động – chúng khác nhau, vậy thì có một mâu thuẫn phải không? Nếu tôi quan tâm sinh động để tạo ra trật tự trong chính tôi, và vì vậy trong thế giới quanh tôi, điều đó trở thành vui thú sâu đậm nhất và sinh động nhất của tôi. Tôi có lẽ có một chiếc xe hơi, tôi có lẽ nhìn một cô gái, tôi có lẽ nhìn những quả đồi và vân vân – nhưng chúng là tất cả những sự việc tầm thường, thoáng chốc mà sẽ không mâu thuẫn với sự quan tâm sinh động, vĩnh viễn của tôi mà là vui thú duy nhất của tôi. Bạn thấy rằng chúng ta phân chia vui thú trong chính chúng ta: chúng ta nói thật tuyệt vời khi có một chiếc xe đẹp – hay bất kỳ thứ gì. Xin lỗi tôi không được trở lại những chiếc xe hơi! Thật tuyệt vời khi nghe nhạc. Có sự hài lòng vô cùng khi nghe nhạc; nó có lẽ làm êm dịu hệ thần kinh của bạn, nó có lẽ làm yên lặng bạn bởi âm điệu, vẻ đẹp của nó, chất lượng âm thanh của nó có lẽ dẫn dắt bạn đến những nơi xa xôi và xa xôi – và trong đó có vui thú vô cùng. Nhưng vui thú đó không làm hư hỏng hay xóa sạch quan tâm sinh động của bạn, ngược lại. Khi bạn có điều gì đó quan trọng lạ thường trong sống của bạn, và chính sự quan trọng lạ thường đó trở thành vui thú, vậy thì tất cả vui thú khác trở thành thứ phụ. Trong đó không có sự mâu thuẫn. Nhưng khi chúng ta không chắc chắn được sự quan tâm chính của chúng ta trong sống, vậy thì chúng ta bị cuốn đi trong những phương hướng khác bởi những vui thú và những mục tiêu khác, và thế là có một mâu thuẫn.

Vì vậy người ta phải tìm được – và tôi hy vọng bạn sẽ tìm được, trong suốt những ngày này – điều gì là quan tâm chính của bạn mà trong đó tất cả đam mê và vui thú vĩnh viễn đều hiện diện. Nhưng nếu bạn không quan tâm đến nó, nếu bạn không có vui thú lạ thường trong nó, nếu bạn hoàn toàn không chìm ngập trong nó, một cách đam mê, sinh động, mãnh liệt, vậy thì bạn bị xao lãng bởi những vui thú khác và vì vậy có một mâu thuẫn. Điều đó rõ ràng chứ?

Người hỏi: Ông không nghĩ rằng trật tự này trong thế giới chỉ có thể hiện diện bằng cách trao cho Thượng đế vị trí Ngài nên có trong sống của chúng ta hay sao? Tất cả sự hỗn loạn tồn tại trong thế giới ngày nay là bởi vì chúng ta sống mà không có ý tưởng về Thượng đế?

Krishnamurti: Nếu tôi đã hiểu đúng, quý ông đó nói rằng muốn tạo ra trật tự này chúng ta nên xếp vị trí thứ nhất cho Thượng đế. Điều đó đúng không, thưa bạn? Bây giờ, hãy chờ một tí. Tất cả các bạn đã hiểu rõ câu hỏi chứ? Rằng nếu chúng ta không có hiểu biết về Thượng đế, cảm thông Thượng đế, sự hiểu rõ về sự việc đó được gọi là Thượng đế, vậy thì trật tự trở thành máy móc, giả tạo, và vì vậy có thể thay đổi được. Đúng chứ, thưa bạn? Người hỏi nói rằng sự quan trọng thứ nhất phải là Thượng đế, và tiếp theo trật tự sẽ đến từ đó. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ, làm ơn, thưa bạn, chúng ta đang cố gắng tìm hiểu câu hỏi, chúng ta không đang cố gắng phủ nhận hay bênh vực. Chúng ta đang cố gắng tìm ra. Chúng ta đang cố gắng tìm hiểu. Sự khó khăn của chúng ta là rằng tất cả chúng ta đều diễn giải tùy theo văn hóa của chúng ta, quá khứ của chúng ta, sợ hãi, vui thú của chúng ta, ý thức về an toàn của chúng ta, và vân vân và vân vân. Chúng ta cố gắng diễn giải, tưởng tượng Thượng đế là gì tùy theo quá khứ của chúng ta. Điều đó rõ ràng. Không à? Và cái sự thật tối thượng, không đang biết nó, không có hiểu biết về nó, sự thật đó mang lại trật tự à? Hay, bạn phải có trật tự vật chất trước, mà có thể đo lường được, và khi đã thiết lập trật tự đó tiếp theo chúng ta có thể tìm ra cái không thể đo lường được, mà trong đó trật tự là điều gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi chứ? Chúng ta có đang gặp gỡ lẫn nhau, hay bạn đã quên câu hỏi rồi!

Bạn biết không, điều này đã là quan điểm của tất cả những con người tôn giáo trong thế giới. Họ nói rằng: hãy trao toàn thân tâm của bạn đến Thượng đế, và sau đó bạn sẽ có trật tự hoàn hảo trong thế giới. Và mỗi tôn giáo, mỗi giáo phái, diễn giải Thượng đế đó là gì. Và bởi vì được nuôi dưỡng trong văn hóa của niềm tin, chúng ta chấp nhận điều đó. Trái lại nếu người ta thực sự muốn tìm ra Thượng đế là gì, nếu có một sự việc như thế, hay cái gì đó mà không thể đặt tên được, mà không thể diễn tả được thành những từ ngữ, nếu đó là sự quan tâm chính thuộc sống của bạn, chính quan tâm đó tạo ra trật tự. Mà có nghĩa rằng muốn tìm ra sự thật tôi phải sống hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Phải có mộc mạc mà không khắc nghiệt; phải có tình yêu vô hạn. Và tình yêu không thể hiện diện nếu có sợ hãi, hay nếu cái trí của tôi đang theo đuổi vui thú. Vì vậy, muốn tìm ra sự thật đó tôi phải hiểu rõ về chính tôi, và cấu trúc lẫn bản chất của chính tôi. Và cấu trúc lẫn bản chất của chính tôi có thể đo lường được bởi tư tưởng. Nó có thể đo lường được trong ý nghĩa rằng tư tưởng có thể nhận biết được hoạt động của nó, nó đã tạo tác cái gì, nó đã phủ nhận cái gì, nó đã chấp nhận cái gì. Và khi người ta nhận ra những giới hạn của tư tưởng, vậy thì có lẽ chúng ta có thể thâm nhập cái vượt khỏi tư tưởng.

Người hỏi: Vấn đề của cha mẹ là, chúng tôi phải dạy bảo điều gì cho con cái chúng tôi?

Krishnamurti: Đây là câu hỏi của bạn, thưa bạn – chúng ta phải nói điều gì cho con cái chúng ta đây? Tôi xin lỗi vì bạn có con cái. Bạn phải nói gì với con cái của bạn trong thế giới hỗn loạn này? Đúng chứ? Chúa của tôi ơi! Chờ một chút, chờ một chút, chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu nó.

Trước hết, sự liên hệ của chúng ta với con cái của chúng ta là gì? Làm ơn hãy nhớ rằng chúng ta đang tìm hiểu cùng nhau. Sự liên hệ của chúng ta với con cái của chúng ta là gì? Bạn rời nhà di làm nếu bạn là một người đàn ông, và bạn trở về nhà trễ vào buổi chiều. Nếu bạn là người mẹ bạn có tham vọng riêng của bạn, những động cơ riêng của bạn, sự cô độc riêng của bạn, những đau khổ riêng của bạn, được thương yêu và không được thương yêu, và mọi chuyện như thế, nấu nướng, rửa chén đĩa, và con cái phải được chăm sóc, và không đủ tiền bạc, và thế là bạn lại ra ngoài để kiếm tiền. Đúng chứ? Phong trào Giải Phóng Phụ Nữ – bạn biết đó là gì, giải phóng phụ nữ. Rồi thì sự liên hệ của bạn với con cái là gì – bạn có liên hệ nào không? Làm ơn, chúng ta đang tìm hiểu, tôi không đang nói rằng bạn không có nó; chúng ta đang tìm hiểu. Và, khi con cái lớn lên, bạn giao phó các em cho trường học, đúng chứ, nơi đó cũng có những em bé khác, đều bị lạc lõng, đều bắt chước, tuân phục, thành lập những băng đảng. Và chúng vào trường học này để được dạy cách đọc và cách viết. Tìm hiểu, làm ơn hãy tìm hiểu nó.

Bạn có vấn đề không chỉ về con cái riêng của bạn mà còn về những trẻ em khác, những em nhỏ đang phạm tội, tất cả đều giống nhau, đang bắt chước, đang tuân phục, đang dọa nạt. Đúng chứ? Quan hệ của bạn với người con của bạn là gì? Bây giờ nếu bạn thực sự quan tâm sâu sắc trong một câu hỏi này: đó là, bạn có con cái, và bạn phải giáo dục các em đúng cách – nếu đó là quan tâm sâu sắc của bạn vậy thì bạn phải tìm ra ý nghĩa của tất cả sự giáo dục là gì? Nó chỉ là để phát triển một loại hiểu biết công nghệ đặc biệt nào đó để cho các em sẽ kiếm sống trong một thế giới mỗi lúc đang trở nên ganh đua khốc liệt nhiều hơn, bởi vì có nhiều người hơn trên thế giới và vì vậy càng ngày càng có ít việc làm hơn? Vì Chúa hãy đối diện tất cả điều này. Thế giới được phân chia bởi quốc tịch, chính phủ cai trị cùng quân đội, hải quân của họ, bộ máy giết chóc của họ – nếu bạn chỉ quan tâm đến sự phát triển hiểu biết công nghệ, vậy thì hãy nhìn tất cả những hậu quả của việc đó. Cái trí trở nên mỗi lúc một máy móc, và khi bạn nhấn mạnh vào hiểu biết công nghệ thuộc máy móc bạn lơ là toàn khía cạnh của sống. Và khi các em lớn lên các em vào đại học nếu các em may mắn – hay không may mắn – vào đại học, và càng lúc các em càng bị định hình, tuân phục, đặt trong một cái cũi. Đó là sự quan tâm của bạn? Đó là trách nhiệm của bạn? Và bởi vì các em không muốn bị đặt trong một cái cũi nên có một phản đối. Và khi phản đối đó không mang lại bất kỳ kết quả nào, có bạo lực.

Vì vậy bạn, như một người cha hay người mẹ, làm thế nào sẽ giáo dục con cái sống khác hẳn? Đúng chứ? Liệu bạn có thể hình thành, hay xây dựng một loại hệ thống giáo dục mới mẻ; hay liệu bạn, với sự giúp đỡ của những người khác, có thể bắt đầu một ngôi trường mà sẽ hoàn toàn khác hẳn? Điều đó có nghĩa bạn phải có tiền bạc, những con người quan tâm cùng sự việc, một nhóm người thực sự hiến dâng cho nó. Và, nếu bạn là một người cha hay người mẹ, liệu không phải trách nhiệm của bạn để nhìn thấy những ngôi trường như thế được sáng lập hay sao? Mà có nghĩa bạn phải làm việc cho nó. Bạn hiểu chứ, thưa các bạn, sống không là một trò đùa. Điều này là sự quan tâm của bạn? Nếu bạn là một người cha hay người mẹ, điều này là sự quan tâm của bạn? Hay, bạn, như một người cha, cùng những tham vọng, những tham lam, những đố kỵ riêng của bạn, vị trí, văn phòng của bạn, quan tâm đến công việc của bạn, có được lương cao hơn, những chiếc tủ lạnh tốt hơn, và – tiếp tục phải không? Bạn phải thấy tất cả điều này. Vì vậy, giáo dục bắt đầu ở đâu – trong trường học, hay nơi bạn? Điều đó có nghĩa, bạn đang luôn luôn tự-giáo dục chính bạn – như một người cha, như một con người?

Người hỏi: Có bất kỳ điều gì trong giáo dục, hay trẻ em chỉ đến trường để sẽ là điều gì chúng ta là?

Krishnamurti: Có một sự việc như là sự giáo dục, hay con cái chúng ta sắp sửa trở thành chính xác như chúng ta là? Bạn biết, tôi được người ta bảo, Socrates, ở Athens, phàn nàn về giới thanh niên trong thời ông ấy. Ông ấy đã nói rằng các em không cư xử đứng đắn, không tôn trọng những người lớn tuổi hơn, các em đang sống buông thả, và tất cả những chuyện như thế. Sự phàn nàn đó đã từ 300 hay 400 năm trước công nguyên. Và chúng ta vẫn còn đang phàn nàn về con cái của chúng ta! Vì vậy chúng ta đang hỏi: sự giáo dục trẻ em tập trung vào việc đào tạo các em giống như chúng ta, giống như những con khỉ khác, hay, giáo dục có nghĩa không chỉ hiểu rõ khía cạnh công nghệ của sống mà còn cả toàn lãnh vực bị bỏ quên của sống – toàn bộ của nó, không chỉ một mảnh của nó, mà có nghĩa gồm cả phần tinh thần, tất cả những cảm xúc, bạn theo kịp chứ, toàn công việc của sự tồn tại? Bởi vì bạn bỏ quên tất cả điều đó và chỉ quan tâm đến một mảnh, vậy là có hỗn loạn và bạo lực trong thế giới.

Người hỏi: Ông đang nói rằng chúng ta chỉ nên có một quan tâm chính phải không? Liệu chúng ta không nên quan tâm đến nhiều sự việc, đến chiến tranh, đến ô nhiễm? Ông phải biết những việc này, phải không?

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, khi có một quan tâm chính, lúc đó bạn quan tâm đến mọi thứ.

Người hỏi: Mọi thứ là một.

Krishnamurti: Mọi thứ là một, tôi đã nói điều đó. Khi tôi quan tâm đến trật tự, không chỉ trật tự trong chính tôi nhưng trật tự trong thế giới. Tôi không muốn những chiến tranh. Tôi cảm thông với những người đó, bởi vì họ không có trật tự. Bạn biết điều gì đang xảy ra? Vì vậy tôi quan tâm đến ô nhiễm và nghèo đói, chiến tranh. Chiến tranh bị tạo ra bởi những quốc tịch, bởi những chính phủ, những người chính trị, những phân chia của những nhóm tôn giáo và vân vân. Khi suy nghĩ tất cả điều đó, tôi muốn trật tự, không phải trật tự cho tôi. Trong muốn trật tự tôi phải tìm được trật tự ở mọi thứ quanh tôi. Mà có nghĩa rằng tôi làm việc cho trật tự, tôi hiến dâng cho trật tự, và tôi đam mê cho trật tự. Điều đó có nghĩa rằng tôi không có quốc tịch, không . . . bạn theo kịp chứ, thưa bạn? Vô-trật tự là bạo lực, vì vậy tôi phải tìm ra trong chính tôi làm thế nào để không-bạo lực, để hoàn toàn kết thúc tất cả bạo lực.

Người hỏi: Ông có tin tưởng vào sự biểu tình hay không?

Krishnamurti: Bạn muốn biểu tình à, bạn muốn lên xuống con đường để biểu dương cùng một nhóm người muốn kết thúc chiến tranh ở Việt nam? Chiến tranh Việt nam, hay bạn muốn kết thúc tất cả những chiến tranh? Đúng chứ? Liệu bạn có thể biểu tình để kết thúc tất cả những chiến tranh? Hay bạn chỉ có thể biểu tình để kết thúc một chiến tranh đặc biệt? Làm ơn hãy suy nghĩ về điều này, hãy trao quả tim của bạn đến điều này. Tôi có thể biểu tình cho sự kết thúc một chiến tranh ở Trung đông hay một chiến tranh đặc biệt, nhưng khi tôi quan tâm đến sự kết thúc tất cả chiến tranh, không chỉ trong chính tôi nhưng cả phía bên ngoài, làm thế nào tôi có thể biểu tình cùng một nhóm người được? Liệu tôi có thể? Liệu bạn cũng muốn kết thúc chiến tranh, giống như tôi muốn kết thúc chiến tranh? Bạn hiểu chứ? Nó có nghĩa rằng không quốc tịch, không có những khác biệt ngôn ngữ, không những khác biệt tôn giáo, và mọi việc như thế. Không, những người bạn của tôi, bạn không thể biểu tình vì nó, nhưng bạn phải sống cùng nó. Và khi bạn sống cùng nó, trong ngay sống đó là một biểu tình.

Người hỏi: Tình yêu và sự thật có mang lại trật tự hay không?

Krishnamurti: Nhưng liệu chúng ta biết tình yêu là gì? Liệu chúng ta biết sự thật là gì? Liệu bạn có thể thương yêu nếu bạn ghen tuông? Nếu bạn tham vọng? Nếu bạn tham lam? Và liệu sự thật là cái gì đó cố định, được thiết lập, hay nó là một sự vật đang sống, đang chuyển động, sinh động, bạn theo kịp chứ? – và vì vậy không có con đường dẫn đến nó. Bạn phải tìm ra điều này.

Tôi đã nói được một tiếng mười lăm phút – chúng ta đã – điều đó đã đủ cho buổi sáng đầu tiên hay chưa? Chúng ta sẽ có mười bốn nói chuyện như thế này, vì vậy đối với buổi đầu tiên, đủ rồi. Bạn có đủ những vấn đề để nghiền ngẫm. Hãy trao tặng ngày này của bạn cho nó đến khi chúng ta gặp gỡ lại vào ngày mốt.

SAANEN

Ngày 18 tháng 7 năm 1971

– 2 – TRẬT TỰ

Cái trí chỉ biết vô-trật tự. Trạng thái của “không-biết”. “Cái tôi” là thành phần của văn hóa, mà là vô-trật tự.

Những câu hỏi: Liệu cái trí có thể quan sát? Phân tích; vị đạo sư: sự liên hệ với Krishnamurti; liệu bạn có thể nhìn vào chính bạn?

Chúng ta sẽ tiếp tục nói chuyện về điều gì chúng ta đã nói ngày hôm qua? Chúng ta đã nói về trật tự, và trong một thế giới hoàn toàn bị hỗn loạn, bị phân chia, trong một thế giới quá bạo lực và tàn nhẫn, khi quan sát điều này người ta nên nghĩ rằng sự quan tâm chính của chúng ta trong sống sẽ là mang lại trật tự, không chỉ trong chính chúng ta mà con cả phía bên ngoài. Trật tự không là thói quen. Thói quen trở thành máy móc và mất đi tất cả sinh lực của nó, khi những con người trở nên chỉ có trật tự trong một ý nghĩa máy móc của từ ngữ đó. Và trật tự, như chúng ta đã nói ngày hôm qua, bao phủ không chỉ sống đặc biệt riêng của chúng ta mà còn tất cả sống quanh chúng ta, trong thế giới bên ngoài và sâu thẳm bên trong.

Làm thế nào người ta, bởi vì ý thức được vô-trật tự này, hỗn loạn này, làm thế nào người ta sẽ tạo ra trật tự trong chính mình, mà không có bất kỳ xung đột nào – làm ơn lắng nghe tất cả điều này – mà không có bất kỳ xung đột nào và không chỉ biến nó thành thói quen, lề thói, máy móc và loạn thần kinh? Đúng chứ? Bởi vì người ta đã quan sát những người kia mà rất trật tự, họ có một sự cứng ngắt nào đó, họ không có sự mềm dẻo, họ không nhanh nhẹn, họ trở nên khá khô khan, tự cho mình là trung tâm bởi vì họ theo một khuôn mẫu đặc biệt mà họ nghĩ là trật tự, và dần dần khiến điều đó trở thành loạn thần kinh; bởi vì ý thức được điều đó, trật tự đó trở thành máy móc, loạn thần kinh, và vẫn vậy người ta phải có trật tự trong sống của người ta. Làm thế nào điều này xảy ra được? Đó là điều gì sáng nay chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau tìm hiểu. Tôi hy vọng bạn đã suy gẫm về một số câu hỏi mà chúng ta đang bàn luận ngày hôm kia, và bạn rất mải mê cùng nó.

Trước tiên người ta phải có trật tự thuộc phần thân thể, phải không? Một nhạy cảm cao độ, nếu tôi được phép sử dụng từ ngữ "kỷ luật" – chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu từ ngữ đó – kỷ luật cực kỳ, nhạy cảm, sinh động, không phải một thân thể lờ đờ, bởi vì điều đó tác động vào cái trí. Và làm thế nào người ta sẽ có một cơ quan hết sức nhạy cảm mà không cứng ngắt, không cằn cỗi, không bị cưỡng bách vào một khuôn mẫu đặc biệt mà cái trí nghĩ là trật tự, và thế là cưỡng bách thân thể tuân phục vào một khuôn mẫu, hay vào một thiết kế đã được sắp xếp bởi cái trí. Đúng chứ? Chúng ta có đang theo sát điều này không? Đó là một trong những vấn đề, chúng ta sẽ quay lại nó.

Và cũng phải có trật tự trong toàn tổng thể của cái trí – cái trí là bộ não; và cái trí là năng lực để hiểu rõ, để quan sát hợp lý, sáng suốt, không bị trói buộc trong những ham muốn, những mục đích, những dự tính mâu thuẫn nhau. Và chất lượng tổng thể của cái trí này, làm thế nào nó sẽ có trật tự tổng thể, trật tự của cả cái trí và thân thể, mà không có tuân phục, mà không có sự cưỡng bách của loại kỷ luật nào đó được thiết lập bởi cái trí, và một cái trí có thể quan sát một cách rất rõ ràng, hợp lý, sáng suốt, và vận hành một cách tổng thể, nguyên vẹn trong mọi lãnh vực, không bị tách rời? Đầu tiên hãy thấy sự khó khăn của chúng ta, điều gì được bao hàm trong tất cả việc này. Người ta phải có trật tự, điều đó tuyệt đối cần thiết. Điều đó tất cả chúng ta đều đồng ý. Đúng chứ? Trật tự đó là gì chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau tìm hiểu, bởi vì trong thế giới có trật tự của thế hệ già nua, mà thực sự là vô-trật tự hoàn toàn khi người ta quan sát những hoạt động của nó trong thế giới, trong thế giới kinh doanh, trong thế giới tôn giáo, trong thế giới kinh tế, trong thế giới quốc gia và vân vân, vô-trật tự hoàn toàn. Và trong phản ứng đến việc đó có xã hội buông thả, thế hệ buông thả hoàn toàn đối nghịch với thế hệ già nua, mà cũng là vô-trật tự – phải không? Làm ơn hãy quan sát điều này. Một phản ứng là một vô-trật tự. Đúng chứ? Và làm thế nào cái trí, cùng tất cả những tinh tế của tư tưởng, cùng tất cả những hình ảnh mà tư tưởng đã tự-xây dựng quanh chính nó, những hình ảnh mà nó đã xây dựng không chỉ về một thế giới chung quanh nhưng còn về nó nên là gì, và thế là sống trong một mâu thuẫn – "cái nên là" và "cái gì là" – làm thế nào một cái trí như thế sẽ có trật tự trọn vẹn, tổng thể để cho không còn phân chia, không còn phản ứng đến một khuôn mẫu mà nó nghĩ là đúng và vì vậy mâu thuẫn, đối nghịch, và từ đối nghịch đó sinh ra bạo lực?

Bây giờ, bởi vì thấy tất cả điều đó, làm thế nào cái trí, cái trí của bạn, sẽ có trật tự trọn vẹn, tổng thể trong hành động, trong suy nghĩ, trong mọi chuyển động thuộc cả phần thân thể lẫn tâm lý. Đúng chứ? Tôi hy vọng trước hết bạn thấy câu hỏi, bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi, thấy được nó phức tạp như thế nào. Và những con người tôn giáo khắp thế giới đã nói rằng bạn có thể có trật tự chỉ nhờ vào một niềm tin trong một sống cao quý hơn, niềm tin nơi Thượng đế, niềm tin nơi cái gì đó phía bên ngoài, và tùy theo niềm tin đó dùng biện pháp kỷ luật để tuân phục, điều chỉnh, bắt chước, cưỡng bách toàn cấu trúc và bản chất của cái tinh thần cũng như trạng thái tâm lý của bạn. Đúng chứ? Và có nguyên một nhóm người theo chủ nghĩa cư xử mà nói rằng môi trường sống ép buộc bạn cư xử hợp lý, nếu bạn không cư xử đúng cách nó hủy diệt bạn. Và có nguyên một nhóm người tin tưởng và tuân phục vào niềm tin đó, dù rằng nó là niềm tin Công sản, niềm tin tôn giáo hay một niềm tin thuộc kinh tế, xã hội.

Vậy là khi thấy tất cả điều này, sự phân chia, sự mâu thuẫn trong chúng ta cũng như trong xã hội, trong thế giới, và văn hóa tương phản chống lại văn hóa, văn hóa đang tồn tại, tất cả đều nói rằng phải có trật tự trong thế giới. Quân đội nói điều này, phải có trật tự; những giáo sĩ nói phải có trật tự và vân vân – bạn thấy nó, phải có trật tự. Và trật tự có tính máy móc? Trật tự được tạo ra qua kỷ luật? Trật tự được tạo ra qua sự tuân phục, bắt chước, kiểm soát? Hay, trật tự mà chúng ta sắp sửa trình bày, không liên quan gì đến tất cả điều đó; có nghĩa là, nó không liên quan gì đến sự kiểm soát, đến kỷ luật trong ý nghĩa được chấp nhận thông thường của từ ngữ đó, nó không liên quan gì đến sự tuân phục, đến sự điều chỉnh và vân vân.

Bây giờ chúng ta hãy nhìn toàn ý tưởng của sự kiểm soát này, liệu nó có mang lại trật tự – mà không có nghĩa chúng ta đang chống lại sự kiểm soát, chúng ta đang cố gắng hiểu rõ và bởi vì chúng ta hiểu rõ, chúng ta khám phá điều gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Bạn đang theo sát tất cả điều này chứ? Tôi đang trình bày quá nhanh à? Tôi hy vọng bạn quan tâm đến nó giống như tôi, và cũng đam mê nó nữa, không chỉ tình cờ lắng nghe một ý tưởng thuộc lý thuyết, chúng ta không đang bàn luận những học thuyết, hay giả thuyết, chúng ta đang quan sát thực sự điều gì đang xảy ra, thực sự. Và khi thấy điều gì là giả dối, và chính sự nhận biết của thấy điều gì giả dối là sự thật. Đúng chứ? Bạn nhận được nó chứ? Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Tôi không được sử dụng từ ngữ “nhận được nó”. Đúng không? Chúng ta sẽ tiếp tục chứ?

Vì vậy trước hết điều gì được hàm ý trong sự kiểm soát? Bởi vì đó là điều gì tất cả văn hóa của chúng ta được đặt nền tảng, tất cả giáo dục của chúng ta, tất cả sự dạy dỗ con cái, và trong chính chúng ta sự thôi thúc muốn kiểm soát. Bây giờ điều gì được hàm ý trong sự kiểm soát đó? Chúng ta không bao giờ hỏi tại sao chúng ta nên kiểm soát? Bây giờ chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu toàn nghi vấn đó. Sự kiểm soát hàm ý, phải không, một người kiểm soát và vật được kiểm soát. Đúng chứ? Làm ơn hãy chú ý điều này. Người kiểm soát và vật được kiểm soát. Tôi bị tức giận, tôi phải kiểm soát sự tức giận. Và nơi nào có sự kiểm soát có xung đột – tôi phải và tôi không được. Và rõ ràng rằng sự xung đột gây biến dạng cái trí. Đúng không? Một cái trí lành mạnh, trong sáng, minh mẫn khi không có xung đột gì cả, để cho nó vận hành mà không có bất kỳ sự kháng cự nào. Vậy thì một cái trí như thế là một cái trí lành mạnh, minh mẫn. Và sự kiểm soát phủ nhận điều đó. Đúng chứ? Bởi vì trong kiểm soát có sự xung đột, có sự mâu thuẫn, có sự ham muốn để bắt chước, để tuân phục vào một khuôn mẫu, mà bạn nghĩ bạn phải làm. Đúng chứ? Điều này rõ ràng không? Chúng ta sẽ tiếp tục từ đó?

Vì vậy sự kiểm soát không là trật tự. Làm ơn, bạn hiểu chứ? Hiểu rõ điều này rất quan trọng. Qua sự kiểm soát người ta không bao giờ có thể có được trật tự, bởi vì trật tự hàm ý vận hành một cách rõ ràng, đang thấy tổng thể, không có mọi biến dạng; nhưng nơi nào có xung đột phải có biến dạng, và sự kiểm soát hàm ý sự đè nén, sự tuân phục, sự điều chỉnh và sự phân chia giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ làm ơn khi bạn lắng nghe điều gì đang được nói, cái trí phải đang được tự do chính nó khỏi văn hóa cũ kỹ của sự kiểm soát. Được chứ? Bạn đang thực hiện nó phải không?

Chúng ta sẽ tìm ra hành động hay tạo ra trật tự mà không có sự kiểm soát là gì – không phải rằng chúng ta đang phủ nhận toàn cấu trúc của sự kiểm soát. Nhưng chúng ta đang thấy sự giả dối của nó và thế là từ đang thấy đó sự thật của trật tự hiện diện. Bạn có nắm được nó không? Chúng ta đang theo sát cùng nhau chứ? Có à? Theo sát không phải bằng từ ngữ nhưng thực sự, đang thực hiện nó khi chúng ta đang theo sát. Bởi vì điều gì chúng ta đang cố gắng làm là cùng nhau tạo ra một thế giới hoàn toàn khác hẳn, một văn hóa hoàn toàn khác hẳn, một con người sống mà không còn bất kỳ xung đột, và chỉ một cái trí như thế có thể sống không có bất kỳ biến dạng và biết được tình yêu là gì. Sự kiểm soát trong bất kỳ hình thức nào nuôi dưỡng sự biến dạng, sự xung đột và một cái trí không lành mạnh. Và văn hóa cũ kỹ đã nói rằng bạn phải có kỷ luật. Và kỷ luật này bắt đầu với trẻ em trong những trường học, trong những trường cao đẳng, trong những gia đình, xuyên suốt sống. Bây giờ từ ngữ discipline đó không có nghĩa là rèn luyện, không có nghĩa là tuân phục, không có nghĩa là đè nén, nhưng từ ngữ đó có nghĩa “học hành”. Bạn đang theo kịp chứ? Từ ngữ discipline có nghĩa là học hành. Một cái trí đang luôn luôn học hành, luôn luôn, thực sự ở trong một trạng thái của trật tự. Bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này chứ? Chính cái trí không đang học hành mới nói rằng, “Tôi đã học hành”, vậy là một cái trí như thế tạo tác vô-trật tự. Đúng chứ? Chúng ta có đang theo cùng nhau không? Bạn biết rằng tôi không bao giờ kỷ luật chính tôi, không bao giờ, về bất kỳ điều gì. Và cái trí khước từ bị tập luyện, bị máy móc, tuân phúc, đè nén – tất cả điều đó được hàm ý trong kỷ luật. Và tuy nhiên chúng ta đã nói phải có trật tự. Đúng chứ? Và làm thế nào trật tự này sẽ hiện diện mà không có kỷ luật trong ý nghĩa được chấp nhận của từ ngữ đó? Đúng chứ? Tôi hy vọng bạn cũng đang suy nghĩ – phải không? Tôi không chỉ là một người duy nhất làm việc ở đây sáng nay, phải không?

Chúng ta đang hỏi: làm thế nào cái trí có được trật tự, trật tự tổng thể, vừa cả thân thể lẫn tinh thần, cả phần sinh lý cũng như phần tâm lý, mà không có kiểm soát, mà không có ý nghĩa được chấp nhận của từ ngữ kỷ luật đó, và hoàn toàn được tự do mà không có bất kỳ ý thức của tuân phục và bắt chước? Chúng ta có theo cùng nhau hay không? Đúng chứ? Khi thấy được vấn đề, mà rất phức tạp, như chúng ta đã thấy, câu trả lời của bạn cho nó là gì? Nếu bạn đang vận dụng cái trí của bạn, nếu bạn đang thực sự quan tâm sâu sắc đến nghi vấn của trật tự này, không chỉ bên trong chính bạn nhưng cũng còn cả bên ngoài, câu trả lời của bạn cho nó là gì, làm thế nào bạn tìm được câu trả lời cho sự thôi thúc để có được trật tự này, mà không nằm trong sự kiểm soát, trong ý nghĩa được chấp nhận của từ ngữ kỷ luật, tuân phục và cũng cả sự phủ nhận toàn bộ của uy quyền, mà là tự do. Đúng chứ? Bởi vì khi bạn có uy quyền vậy thì trong sự chấp nhận của uy quyền đó có sự tuân phục, có một tuân theo và điều đó nuôi dưỡng xung đột, và vì vậy điều đó nuôi dưỡng vô-trật tự. Bạn đang theo kịp chứ?

Vì vậy không có sự kiểm soát trong ý nghĩa được chấp nhận của từ ngữ kỷ luật đó, và toàn cấu trúc lẫn bản chất của uy quyền, mà phủ nhận sự tự do. Và tuy nhiên phải có trật tự. Đúng chứ? Bạn biết uy quyền trong ý nghĩa của bị áp đặt; sự chấp nhận của trải nghiệm riêng của bạn mà sau đó trở thành uy quyền của hiểu biết đặc biệt của bạn hay hiểu biết của người khác. Hãy thấy được những phức tạp của nó. Có uy quyền của luật pháp, của người cảnh sát, luật pháp của văn minh và vân vân. Và sự tự do khỏi uy quyền của những người lớn tuổi, niềm tin, uy quyền của những đòi hỏi, những trải nghiệm, hiểu biết riêng của người ta, tất cả điều đó phủ nhận sự tự do. Vì vậy làm thế nào người ta sẽ, bởi vì thấy tất cả điều này, không phải chỉ bằng từ ngữ, nhưng thấy được trạng thái thực sự như nó là, và đó là điều gì thế giới là, đó là điều gì giáo dục của chúng ta là, đó là điều gì văn hóa của chúng ta là – sự liên hệ thuộc tôn giáo, kinh tế, xã hội, gia đình, tất cả đều được đặt nền tảng trên việc này, mà đã dẫn đến sự hỗn loạn hoàn toàn, đến sự đau khổ cực kỳ, những chiến tranh, sự phân chia của thế giới và những con người. Bây giờ khi thấy được tất cả điều này, làm thế nào người ta sẽ tạo ra trật tự? Đó là vấn đề của bạn. Bạn hiểu chứ? Bạn sẽ trả lời vấn đề đó như thế nào nếu bạn quan tâm một cách thực sự, đam mê, sâu thẳm trong việc cố gắng mang lại trật tự trong sống của bạn, cũng như là bên ngoài, câu trả lời của bạn là gì? Liệu bạn sẽ dựa dẫm vào những quyển sách, những vị giáo sĩ, những người triết lý, những vị đạo sư, người mới đây nhất mà nói rằng, “Tôi được khai sáng, hãy đến và tôi sẽ bảo cho bạn tất cả về nó”? Bạn sẽ dựa dẫm vào ai để tìm ra làm cách nào sống một sống hoàn toàn có trật tự, sau khi phủ nhận tất cả điều này, mọi tuân phục, uy quyền, kỷ luật, kiểm soát và vân vân? Làm ơn, bạn phải trả lời câu hỏi này. Được chứ?

Bây giờ liệu chúng ta có thể cùng nhau, bởi vì người nói không là vị đạo sư của bạn, tuyệt đối không. Tôi sẽ không như thế. Làm ơn hãy nhận ra điều này. Bởi vì tôi ghê tởm những đệ tử, họ là những người phá hoại nhất. Và bạn không học hành được bất kỳ điều gì từ người nói, không gì cả, vì vậy ông ta không là uy quyền của bạn. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy hãy cùng nhau, bởi vì bạn không-biết, bạn chỉ quan sát "cái gì là", và bạn không-biết làm thế nào để tạo ra trật tự từ "cái gì là". Đúng chứ? Bạn đang theo sát điều này phải không? Chúng ta đã giải thích, đã quan sát cùng nhau sự thật của điều gì đang xảy ra, và bạn không-biết điều gì sẽ là kết quả của sự tìm hiểu này. Đúng chứ? Và người nói cũng đến với nó mới mẻ lại. Vì vậy chúng ta, cả hai chúng ta đều đang tiếp cận vấn đề một cách mới mẻ – mới mẻ trong ý nghĩa bạn không-biết làm thế nào tạo ra trật tự từ sự hỗn loạn này. Bởi vì nếu bạn nói, "trật tự nên như thế", vậy thì bạn đang phản ứng đến "cái gì là", trong đang đối nghịch với "cái gì là" bạn đang phát biểu điều gì đó mà là một phản ứng nên không có giá trị gì cả. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy cả hai chúng ta đều đang tiếp cận vấn đề một cách hoàn toàn mới mẻ. Chúng ta đã chỉ tìm hiểu sự kiện thực sự của điều gì đang xảy ra trong thế giới và trong chính chúng ta, sự kiện thực sự. Bây giờ chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau tìm ra trật tự là gì. Bạn không chấp nhận bất kỳ điều gì người nói trình bày, làm ơn hãy hoàn toàn bảo đảm điều đó. Bởi vì, nếu bạn chấp nhận nó, sự liên hệ của chúng ta hoàn toàn thay đổi. Nhưng liệu chúng ta đang cùng nhau tìm hiểu, đang hoàn toàn quan tâm đến đề tài này, đó là, nhận ra trạng thái hỗn loạn, vô-trật tự trong thế giới, và trong chính chúng ta, trong sống của chúng ta, nó kinh khủng làm sao, vô-trật tự làm sao, đang thấy sự kiện thực sự của nó, và sau đó chúng ta cần sự mãnh liệt lẫn sự đam mê để tìm ra trật tự là gì.

Vì vậy chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau tìm ra – cùng nhau. Vì vậy chúng ta sẽ tìm ra học hành có nghĩa gì. Đúng chứ? Không phải từ tôi, nhưng bằng quan sát "cái gì là" và học hành từ đó. Đúng chứ? Học hành, mà có nghĩa nó là một hiện tại năng động của động từ “học hành” đó, mà là một chuyển động liên tục của học hành, không phải là đã học hành – đã học hành áp dụng vào, mà hoàn toàn khác biệt với liên tục đang học hành. Bạn thấy sự khác biệt không? Chúng ta đang cùng nhau học hành. Chúng ta không đang lưu trữ hiểu biết và sau đó hành động tùy theo hiểu biết đó, vậy thì việc đó trở thành mâu thuẫn. Vậy thì trong đó có kiểm soát và mọi chuyện của nó bắt đầu. Trái lại một cái trí luôn luôn đang học hành không có uy quyền, không có kiểm soát, không có kỷ luật, nhưng ngay học hành đó đòi hỏi trật tự. Đúng chứ? Bạn, làm ơn hãy tự quan sát về chính bạn, bạn đang ở trong một trạng thái học hành, hay đang chờ đợi được chỉ bảo cho biết? Làm ơn hãy tự-quan sát về chính mình. Đang học hành hay đang chờ đợi một ai khác như tôi đến và chỉ bảo cho bạn biết trật tự là gì? Nếu bạn đang chờ đợi để tìm ra từ người khác trật tự là gì, vậy thì bạn lệ thuộc vào người đó, hay vào quyển sách đó, hay vào vị giáo sĩ đó, hay vào cấu trúc đó và vân vân. Vậy là chúng ta đang cùng nhau học hành. Đó là trạng thái cái trí của bạn phải không, rằng bạn đã hiểu rõ sự kiểm soát và tất cả những hàm ý của từ ngữ đó, đã hiểu rõ và vì vậy được tự do? Đã hiểu rõ điều gì được hàm ý trong ý nghĩa chính thức của từ ngữ “discipline” học hành đó và cũng vậy hoàn toàn nhận biết được ý nghĩa của từ ngữ “authority” uy quyền đó. Nếu không, bạn không thể học hành, đúng chứ?

Học hành hàm ý một cái trí tò mò, không-biết, háo hức để tìm ra, rất quan tâm – cái trí của bạn có giống như thế, quan tâm, nói, “Tôi không biết trật tự là gì, tôi sẽ tìm ra”? Rất tò mò và đam mê, quan tâm sâu sắc – liệu cái trí của bạn giống như thế, và vì vậy sẵn lòng để học hành – không phải từ một người khác nhưng học hành, động thái của quan sát? Bởi vì sự kiểm soát trong ý nghĩa được chấp nhận của từ ngữ kỷ luật đó, chính là uy quyền mà ngăn cản sự quan sát. Bạn thấy điều đó? Chúng ta hiểu nó? Cái trí chỉ có thể học hành khi nó được tự do, khi nó không-biết. Nếu không bạn không thể học hành.

Vì vậy liệu cái trí của bạn có được tự do, để quan sát thế giới và quan sát về chính mình hay không? Và bạn không thể quan sát nếu bạn đang nói rằng, “Điều này đúng và điều kia sai”, “Tôi phải kiểm soát, tôi phải đè nén, tôi phải vâng lời, tôi phải không vâng lời” – bạn theo kịp không? Tất cả điều đó đang xảy ra và bạn không được tự do để học hành. Nếu bạn nói rằng, “Tôi phải sống một sống buông thả”, vậy thì bạn không được tự do để học hành. Nếu bạn đang tuân phục, bạn không được tự do để học hành. Đúng chứ? Bạn đang tuân phục khi bạn để tóc dài, râu dài? Tôi đang tuân phục vì tôi mặc một cái áo sơ mi và cái quần dài? Mái tóc ngắn? Làm ơn hãy tìm ra. Tuân phục không phải chỉ vào một khuôn mẫu đặc biệt, vào một cấu trúc đặc biệt của xã hội, hay một niềm tin; nhưng đang tuân phục trong những sự việc nhỏ xíu. Và một cái trí như thế không thể học hành bởi vì đằng sau sự tuân phục này có toàn bộ ý thức của sợ hãi này, và người trẻ lẫn người già đều có, và đó là lý do tại sao họ tuân phục.

Vì vậy muốn tìm ra trật tự là gì, và phải có trật tự, một việc đang sống không phải một việc máy móc, một việc đẹp đẽ, bạn hiểu rõ chứ, sự trật tự của vũ trụ, sự trật tự mà tồn tại trong toán học, sự trật tự mà tồn tại trong thiên nhiên, trong tương quan giữa những thú vật khác nhau trong thiên nhiên, sự trật tự, mà chúng ta những con người đã khước từ hoàn toàn bởi vì trong chính chúng ta hoàn toàn vô-trật tự, mà có nghĩa mâu thuẫn, phân chia, bị kinh hãi và mọi chuyện tương tự như thế. Bây giờ tôi đang hỏi chính tôi, và bạn, liệu cái trí của tôi có thể học hành bởi vì nó không biết trật tự là gì. Nó biết sự phản ứng đến vô-trật tự, nhưng không-phản ứng hãy tìm ra cho chúng ta liệu nó có thể học hành, và vì vậy được tự do để quan sát. Đó là, liệu cái trí của bạn có nhận biết được tất cả những vấn đề này – nhận biết được sự kiểm soát, kỷ luật, uy quyền và sự đáp trả liên tục của phản ứng, cấu trúc – bạn có nhận biết được tất cả điều này? Bạn có ý thức được điều này trong chính bạn khi bạn sống từ ngày sang ngày? Hay bạn chỉ ý thức được khi nó được chỉ ra cho bạn? Làm ơn thấy rõ sự khác biệt. Bạn chỉ ý thức được khi nó được vạch ra cho bạn, hay bạn ý thức được mà không cần nó được vạch ra, bạn hiểu rõ nó chứ? Bây giờ nó là cái gì? Làm ơn hãy tìm hiểu nó. Nó là cái gì? Bởi vì nó đã được vạch ra cho bạn, thế là bạn trở nên ý thức, mà những vấn đề khác riêng của nó đã bao gồm? Hay bạn có nhận biết được toàn cấu trúc của sự hoang mang, kỷ luật, kiểm soát, đè nén – bạn biết không – sự tuân phục, tất cả điều đó bởi vì bạn đang quan sát, đang sống, đang nhìn ngắm. Vậy thì nó là của riêng bạn, trái lại người khác là thứ phụ. Bây giờ nó là gì?

Với hầu hết chúng ta nó là thứ phụ bởi vì chúng ta là những con người phó bản, đúng chứ? Tất cả hiểu biết của chúng ta là nhai lại, những truyền thống của chúng ta là nhai lại. Có lẽ chỉ một hoặc hai hoạt động là hoàn toàn thuộc riêng của chúng ta, hay không của người khác. Vì vậy liệu người ta có nhận biết được, bạn và tôi có ý thức được, liệu chúng ta có ý thức được rằng nó là sự nhận biết trực tiếp của riêng chúng ta, và không phải học hành từ một người khác? Bây giờ nếu nó được học hành từ một người khác, người ta phải gạt bỏ sự việc đó hoàn toàn, phải không? Đúng chứ? Lúc này bạn phải gạt bỏ mọi sự việc mà người nào đó đã chỉ bảo cho bạn, giống như nó đã xảy ra vừa lúc nãy bởi người nói về những hàm ý của sự kiểm soát, kỷ luật, uy quyền và vân vân, vậy thì bạn trở nên ý thức được rằng điều gì đã được vạch ra cho bạn phải hoàn toàn bị phủ nhận với mục đích để học hành. Bạn đang theo kịp chứ? Vì vậy nếu bạn đã phủ nhận điều gì những người khác đã nói, bạn thực sự đang học hành, phải không?

Bây giờ chúng ta hãy cùng nhau tìm ra trật tự có nghiã gì – đúng chứ? Làm thế nào bạn tìm ra trật tự là gì khi bạn không biết bất kỳ điều gì về nó – bạn hiểu chứ? Bạn đang theo kịp chứ? Ồ Chúa ơi, đừng nhìn ngơ ngác như thế, làm ơn! Khi bạn không biết bất kỳ điều gì về nó, trật tự là gì, làm thế nào bạn tìm được? Bạn chỉ có thể tìm được bằng cách tìm hiểu trạng thái của cái trí mà đang tìm hiểu trật tự là gì. Bạn nắm được điều gì tôi đang trình bày hay không? Bạn đang hiểu rõ điều gì tôi đang giải thích chứ? Hãy nhìn – tôi không biết trật tự là gì, tôi biết vô-trật tự là gì. Tôi hoàn toàn quen thuộc với vô-trật tự là gì, toàn văn hóa vô-trật tự của xã hội hiện nay này, tôi biết nó rất rõ; nhưng tôi không biết trật tự là gì. Tôi có thể tưởng tượng trật tự là gì, tôi có thể lý luận trật tự là gì, nhưng những lý thuyết, những tưởng tượng, những phỏng đoán không là trật tự, vì vậy tôi gạt bỏ điều đó. Đúng chứ? Tôi thực sự không biết trật tự là gì. Đúng chứ? Cái trí của tôi – làm ơn lắng nghe điều này rất cẩn thận – cái trí của tôi biết vô-trật tự là gì, làm thế nào nó xảy ra, văn hóa gì, tình trạng bị quy định của văn hóa đó, và những con người, tôi nhận biết được tất cả điều đó, tôi ý thức được tất cả điều đó, và điều đó là vô-trật tự hoàn toàn. Bây giờ tôi thực sự không-biết trật tự là gì. Bây giờ trạng thái của cái trí là gì khi nói, “Tôi không-biết”? Bạn đang theo kịp điều này chứ? Trạng thái của cái trí mà nói, “Tôi thực sự không-biết” là gì? Trạng thái của cái trí đó đang chờ đợi một câu trả lời, đang chờ đợi được chỉ bảo cho biết, đang mong đợi tìm ra trật tự? Nếu nó đang mong đợi tìm ra trật tự, nếu nó chờ đợi để được chỉ bảo cho biết, vậy thì nó ở trong một trạng thái đang-biết, đúng chứ? Bạn đang theo sát điều này phải không? Tôi thực sự không-biết. Nó không đang chờ đợi để được chỉ bảo, nó không đang chờ đợi một câu trả lời. Nó năng động cực kỳ, nhưng nó không-biết. Nhưng nó biết cái gì là vô-trật tự hoàn toàn, và thế là phủ nhận tất cả điều đó. Vì vậy cái trí, một cái trí như thế mà nói rằng, “Tôi không-biết” hoàn toàn được tự do. Thế là bởi vì nó đã phủ nhận vô-trật tự, bởi vì nó được tự do nó đã tìm được trật tự. Bạn hiểu điều này không? Tôi e rằng bạn không hiểu! Nó thực sự rất tuyệt vời nếu bạn thâm nhập điều này. Làm ơn .

Trước hết chúng ta đã bắt đầu bằng cách nói rằng phải có trật tự trong thế giới này. Và chúng ta đã nói trật tự được thiết lập bởi thế hệ già nua cùng văn hóa của họ, qua sự kiểm soát, qua kỷ luật, qua tuân phục, qua đè nén, qua uy quyền, áp đặt, sợ hãi, thống trị, thiên đàng và địa ngục. Và trong quan sát cẩn thận điều đó bởi vì tất cả điều đó là chính người ta, người ta thấy sự vô-trật tự hoàn toàn cả bên ngoài lẫn bên trong, ngoại trừ thỉnh thoảng vài tia sáng rõ ràng, đó không là trật tự, chúng chỉ là những lóe sáng mà thôi. Và sự quan tâm, sự đam mê, sự mãnh liệt để khao khát có trật tự phủ nhận mọi văn hóa mà đã tạo ra vô-trật tự. Bạn theo kịp tất cả điều này chứ? Nó đã phủ nhận điều đó. Điều đó không là trật tự. Đó cũng không là trật tự, xã hội buông thả, đó cũng không là trật tự, cùng bạo lực của chúng, cùng đặc trưng của chúng – và mọi chuyện còn lại. Tôi không-biết trật tự là gì và tôi không-đang chờ đợi người nào đó chỉ bảo cho tôi trật tự là gì. Và cái trí của tôi, bởi vì nó đã phủ nhận mọi thứ vô-trật tự, tổng thể mà không chận đứng điều gì, nó đã hoàn toàn làm trống không cái tủ, vì vậy nó được tự do, vì vậy nó có thể học hành. Và bởi vì nó được hoàn toàn tự do, mà có nghĩa không bị phân chia, nó ở trong một trạng thái trật tự. Bạn đã hiểu rõ điều này chứ?

Bây giờ cái trí của bạn ở trong trật tự? Tổng thể chứ? Nếu không đừng tiến xa thêm nữa. Không người nào, không người thầy, không vị đạo sư, không đấng cứu rỗi, không những người triết lý cổ xưa và hiện đại, không ai có thể dạy bảo bạn trật tự là gì, thế là bạn phủ nhận mọi uy quyền, thế là bạn được tự do khỏi sợ hãi để tìm ra trật tự là gì. Lúc này bạn có ý thức được cái trí của bạn, bạn có ý thức được chính bạn, sống của bạn, không phải cuộc sống nghỉ ngơi, không phải cuộc sống ngồi đây một tiếng đồng hồ lắng nghe một buổi nói chuyện, nhưng sống hàng ngày của bạn, sống gia đình của bạn, sống quan hệ lẫn nhau của bạn. Bạn có ý thức được trong sống đó, sống hàng ngày, đơn điệu, nhàm chán, lề thói, văn phòng, những cãi cọ, càu nhàu, những hung hăng, bạo lực – bạn có ý thức được rằng tất cả điều đó là kết quả của một văn hóa mà hoàn toàn vô-trật tự – sống của bạn? Và nhận biết được rằng từ vô trật tự đó bạn không thể lượm lặt và chọn ra điều gì bạn nghĩ là trật tự. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy liệu bạn có ý thức được rằng sống của người ta là vô-trật tự? Và sự quan tâm, sự đam mê, sự mãnh liệt để khao khát tìm ra trật tự, ngọn lửa của nó, nếu bạn không có ngọn lửa đó vậy thì bạn sẽ nhặt lên và chọn lựa điều gì bạn nghĩ là trật tự từ vô-trật tự. Vì vậy bạn có thể, một cách chân thật, quan sát về chính bạn – bằng sự chân thật lạ thường, bạn biết, mà không có bất kỳ ý thức đạo đức giả nào, kiểu nói nước đôi nào – biết cho chính bạn rằng sống của bạn là vô-trật tự, và liệu bạn có thể gạt bỏ tất cả để tìm ra trật tự là gì?

Bạn biết rằng gạt bỏ vô-trật tự không khó khăn lắm. Tôi biết chúng ta đã tạo ra nhiều bi kịch và nhiều hứng khởi và mọi chuyện như vậy. Bạn biết khi bạn thấy cái gì đó rất nguy hiểm, một vách núi đứng, một con thú hoang, hay một con người nguy hiểm, bạn tránh nó ngay lập tức, phải không, phải không? Không cãi cọ, không chần chừ, không trì hoãn, có hành động ngay tức khắc. Trong cùng cách như vậy khi bạn thấy sự nguy hiểm, sự nguy hiểm hoàn toàn của vô-trật tự, có hành động ngay tức khắc mà là phủ nhận, phủ nhận toàn bộ, về toàn văn hóa mà đã tạo ra vô-trật tự này, mà là chính bạn. Đúng chứ? Tôi nên ngừng ở đây. Bây giờ có lẽ các bạn muốn đưa ra những câu hỏi về tất cả điều này.

Người hỏi: Liệu nó là một vấn đề của quan sát như thế nào bởi vì chúng ta không được tự do?

Krishnamurti: Người hỏi nói rằng liệu nó là một vấn đề của quan sát như thế nào. Điều đó không đúng sao, thưa bạn? Đó là như thế phải không? Liệu bạn, liệu người ta có được tự do khi quan sát? Đó là điều gì chúng ta đang nói. Chúng ta không được tự do khi quan sát. Bạn không muốn quan sát, đúng chứ? Liệu bạn thực sự muốn quan sát tất cả những sự vật mà bạn nắm bắt, mà bạn ấp ủ, mà bạn nghĩ là quan trọng, mà được vây quanh bởi nhiều sự hỗn loạn, liệu bạn có thể quan sát tất cả việc đó? Cố gắng lên, thưa các bạn. Nó không là vấn đề của tôi. Liệu bạn có thể quan sát về chính bạn mà không có bất kỳ biến dạng nào? Liệu bạn có khi nào nhìn vào chính bạn, không phải một hình ảnh nhìn vào một hình ảnh khác? Bạn đang theo kịp chứ?

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi không ở đây để tuân phục vào một khuôn mẫu nào đó? Ông nói suốt một tiếng đồng hồ và sau đó chúng tôi đặt ra vài câu hỏi. Liệu đó cũng là một khuôn mẫu?

Krishnamurti: Đó là một khuôn mẫu à? Tôi nói chuyện một tiếng đồng hồ, người ta đặt ra những câu hỏi, đó cũng là một khuôn mẫu à? Bạn có thể biến bất kỳ cái gì thành một khuôn mẫu. Ngồi trên một cái ghế là một khuôn mẫu, ngồi dưới đất trở thành một khuôn mẫu. Nhưng đây là một khuôn mẫu hay sao? Nếu nó là một khuôn mẫu chúng ta hãy phá vỡ đi. Tôi sẽ ngồi dưới đất, liệu điều đó sẽ gây ra bất kỳ khác biệt nào, và bạn nói chuyện suốt cả tiếng đồng hồ và tôi sẽ lắng nghe? (Tiếng cười) Không tôi không đang đùa giỡn, làm ơn.

Bạn thấy rằng tôi đang đặt ra một câu hỏi, đó là: bạn đã có khi nào nhìn vào chính bạn hay chưa? Không phải trong cái gương, khuôn mặt của bạn, việc trang điểm của bạn và mọi chuyện như thế, bạn có khi nào nhìn vào chính bạn hay chưa? Bạn biết nhìn vào chính bạn có nghĩa gì? Nhìn vào chính bạn thực sự như bạn là? Điều đó có gây kinh hãi cho bạn không? Bạn bị kinh hãi bởi vì bạn có một hình ảnh về chính bạn, phải không? Bạn nghĩ rằng tôi giỏi hơn điều đó, tôi cao quí hơn việc đó, hay tôi xấu xí làm sao, già cỗi, ma mãnh, bệnh tật, ngu xuẩn làm sao. Tất cả điều này ngăn cản bạn đang nhìn, phải không? Không à? Tôi chỉ muốn nhìn thấy tôi như tôi là. Tôi không muốn nhặt ra và chọn lựa từ điều gì tôi thấy. Tôi chỉ muốn nhìn ngắm. Liệu việc đó cần nhiều can đảm? Không, xin lỗi. Sự quan tâm muốn quan sát tôi là gì khiến cho tôi nhìn, không phải sự sợ hãi của tìm được tôi là gì. Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn đang gặp gỡ điều này. Tôi thực sự, đầy sinh lực, vô cùng quan tâm trong thấy tôi là gì, dù nó là gì chăng nữa – bạn có vậy không? Những liên hệ của tôi, liệu tôi nói dối hay nói thật, liệu tôi sợ hãi, liệu tôi tham lam, tham vọng, bạn biết tất cả những chuyển động tinh tế mà len lỏi vào và ra khỏi sống của tôi. Bây giờ làm thế nào tôi nhìn vào chính tôi được? Liệu cái trí của tôi có quan sát về chính nó? Điều đó có nghĩa, một suy nghĩ, đang tự-tách rời, quan sát về những suy nghĩ khác phải không? Vậy là một suy nghĩ đó đã tự-tách rời khỏi những suy nghĩ khác, vậy là suy nghĩ đó nói, “điều này đúng”, “điều này sai”, “điều này tốt”, “điều này xấu”, “tôi sẽ giữ điều này,” “tôi sẽ không giữ điều này”, “tôi kinh hãi làm sao”, “xấu xí làm sao” – bạn theo kịp chứ? Đó là đang quan sát à? Khi một suy nghĩ tự-tách rời khỏi phần còn lại của những suy nghĩ khác, liệu một suy nghĩ như thế có thể đang quan sát? Hay bạn chỉ có thể quan sát về chính bạn khi không có sự tách rời của suy nghĩ? Tất cả điều này đang trở nên quá khó khăn phải không? Đúng chứ? Tôi không hiểu tại sao.

Người hỏi: Tôi xin phép đưa ra một câu hỏi?

Krishnamurti: Vâng.

Người hỏi: Vận hành vào sự kiện là một trong những phương cách để lẩn tránh một khủng hoảng?

Krishnamurti: Vận hành vào một sự kiện, muốn làm điều gì đó về sự kiện, đó là một trong những phương cách để lẩn tránh sự khủng hoảng. Hãy chờ một tí thưa bạn, chúng ta sẽ trả lời điều đó nhưng trước hết chỉ lắng nghe điều này.

Bạn có khi nào nhìn vào chính bạn hay chưa? Khuôn mặt của bạn, cách cư xử của bạn như thế nào, tại sao bạn cư xử trong một cách nào đó, những phản ứng thần kinh của bạn, những cựa quậy ngón tay của bạn, mà bạn không ý thức được gì cả, không nhận biết được thân thể của bạn đang làm gì, liệu bạn có ý thức được tất cả việc đó hay không? Bạn đi đứng như thế nào, bạn nói năng như thế nào, bạn lắng nghe như thế nào? Và bạn có ý thức được chính bạn, những tư tưởng của bạn, những cảm thấy của bạn, những động cơ, hoàn toàn ý thức được hay không? Chỉ quan sát, không sửa đổi, chỉ quan sát.

Người hỏi: Thật khó khăn để không phân tích.

Krishnamurti: Khi bạn đang phân tích bạn không đang quan sát.

Người hỏi: Tôi biết.

Krishnamurti: Bạn không-biết bởi vì nếu biết bạn sẽ không phân tích. Hãy quan sát, tôi muốn xem thử có gì trong cái tủ của cái trí tôi, cái gì được lưu trữ ở đó, tôi muốn đọc tất cả những sự việc nó chứa đựng bởi vì nội dung của cái trí là cái trí. Đúng chứ? Bạn có đang theo kịp điều này không? Liệu điều này đang trở nên quá khó khăn? Tôi muốn nhìn thấy tôi là gì, không chỉ trong suốt những tiếng đồng hồ đang thức – đang đi bộ, đang nói chuyện, những cử chỉ, dáng điệu, văn phòng, ái ân, tức giận, vui thú, sự thỏa mãn khi thấy những quả đồi, những dòng suối, cây cối, chim chóc, những đám mây, trong những tiếng đồng hồ đang thức – nhưng tôi cũng còn muốn nhìn thấy chính tôi khi tôi đang ngủ, điều gì đang xảy ra. Phải không? Phải không? Ồ, bạn không làm! Bạn nghĩ rằng bạn làm. Bạn biết nó có nghĩa gì khi bạn muốn học hành về chính mình? Nó có nghĩa rằng làm việc chăm chỉ, quan sát hàng ngày, đang quan sát, đang quan sát, đang quan sát. Mà không có nghĩa đang quan sát tự cho mình là trung tâm, chỉ đang quan sát, giống như đang quan sát một con chim, chuyển động của một đám mây, bạn không thể thay đổi chuyển động của một đám mây. Vì vậy hãy quan sát trong cùng cách như vậy.

Và câu hỏi tiếp theo là: liệu cái trí có thể quan sát được điều gì nó đang làm khi nó đang ngủ? Tôi sẽ không trình bày điều đó, nó cũng vậy thôi – chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu điều đó sau nếu bạn muốn.

Người hỏi: Tôi muốn nhìn vào sự liên hệ của chúng ta – ông với chúng tôi. Ông nói rằng ông không là vị đạo sư nhưng ông nói và chúng tôi lắng nghe. Chúng tôi đưa ra những câu hỏi và ông trả lời chúng. Vì vậy liệu chúng ta có thể nhìn vào sự liên hệ của chúng ta?

Krishnamurti: Liệu chúng ta có thể nhìn vào sự liên hệ của chúng ta. Bạn nói chuyện, chúng tôi lắng nghe, chúng tôi dường như thâm nhập vào điều gì bạn đang nói và vì vậy liệu chúng ta có thể bàn luận về sự liên hệ của chúng ta? Đúng chứ thưa bạn. Liệu chúng ta đang cùng nhau thực hiện một chuyến hành trình, cùng nhau? Hay bạn chỉ đang theo sau? Đó là trách nhiệm của bạn phải bảo cho tôi biết, không phải trách nhiệm của tôi phải bảo cho bạn. Bạn đang làm gì? Cùng nhau hay đang bị dẫn dắt? Nó là gì? Nếu bạn đang bị dẫn dắt, nếu bạn đang theo sau, không có sự liên hệ, bởi vì ông ta nói, “Đừng theo sau”. Ông ta không là uy quyền của bạn, vị đạo sư của bạn. Nhưng nếu bạn quả quyết theo sau, nếu bạn quả quyết lắng nghe với mục đích để học hành điều gì ông ta đang nói, vậy thì chúng ta không có liên hệ, phải không? Nhưng nếu bạn nói, “Nhìn kìa, tôi muốn học hành, chúng ta cùng nhau, cùng nhau đang thực hiện một chuyến hành trình vào thế giới lạ thường này mà trong đó chúng ta sống, trong thế giới mà là tôi, và tôi muốn thẩm thấu vào cái tôi đó, tôi muốn học hành, vậy thì chúng ta cùng nhau, chúng ta có một liên hệ. Đúng chứ?

Người hỏi: Liệu có thể thực sự cùng nhau nếu hoàn cảnh vật lý là như thế. Ông ngồi trên đó và chúng tôi đang ngồi dưới đây.

Krishnamurti: Nó không tạo ra bất kỳ khác biệt nào khi ông ngồi trên bục và chúng tôi ngồi ở dưới. Tôi tình cờ ngồi trên bục này vì nó thuận tiện hơn, bởi vì bạn có thể thấy lão già tội nghiệp đó và ông ta có thể thấy bạn. Nếu tôi ngồi dưới đó không ai trong số họ có thể thấy tôi. Chắc chắc chiều cao không tạo ra bất kỳ khác biệt nào, phải không, khi chúng ta đang nói về cùng nhau thực hiện một chuyến hành trình dù bạn cao, lùn, hay dù rằng bạn vai to hay rộng hay đang ngồi – chúng ta đang cùng nhau thực hiện một chuyến hành trình vào thế giới mà trong đó không có chiều cao lẫn chiều sâu, không chiều rộng. Nó là thế giới mà chúng ta đang cố gắng hiểu rõ.

Vì vậy tôi sẽ trở lại câu hỏi này, đó là: bạn có khi nào đã nhìn vào chính bạn hay chưa? Bạn có khi nào đã nhìn vào chính bạn trong một khoảng thời gian, giống như bạn nhìn vào chính bạn trong cái gương khi bạn cạo râu, khi bạn chải tóc, khi bạn trang điểm và mọi chuyện như thế? Bạn có khi nào đã dành ra mười phút, như khi bạn đã làm tại một cái gương, đang nhìn vào chính bạn, không có bất kỳ chọn lựa, không có bất kỳ ý thức của đánh giá hay phê bình, chỉ đang quan sát về chính bạn? Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu tất cả điều đó vào ngày kia.

SAANEN

Ngày 20 tháng 7 năm 1971

– 3 – CHÚNG TA CÓ THỂ HIỂU RÕ VỀ CHÍNH MÌNH?

Vấn đề hiểu rõ về chính mình là vấn đề quan sát. Quan sát không có phân chia, không có cái "tôi". Phân tích, những giấc mộng và giấc ngủ. Vấn đề "người quan sát" và vấn đề thời gian. "Khi bạn quan sát về chính bạn mà không có đôi mắt của thời gian, ai hiện diện ở đó khi quan sát?"

Những câu hỏi: Những hình ảnh nào đó có cần thiết không? Sự đánh giá bị mất giá trị bởi trạng thái rối loạn của chúng ta phải không? Xung đột.

Chúng ta đã nói rằng chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau nói chuyện về vấn đề của nhìn vào chính chúng ta này. Tôi ước rằng một số các bạn sẽ tìm hiểu vấn đề này thay vì tôi. Trước hết, tôi cảm thấy, hầu hết chúng ta đều sống một sống khá giả tạo và mãn nguyện khi theo đuổi một sống như thế, và gặp gỡ tất cả những vấn đề của sự tồn tại của chúng ta một cách hời hợt và thế là làm gia tăng những vấn đề của chúng ta bởi vì những vấn đề của chúng ta rất phức tạp, khá sâu sắc và cần nhiều thấu suốt lẫn hiểu rõ. Nhưng hầu hết chúng ta muốn xử lý những vấn đề khá hời hợt tùy theo truyền thống cũ kỹ, hay điều chỉnh chính chúng ta đến một khuynh hướng hiện đại và không bao giờ giải quyết một cách tổng thể và trọn vẹn bất kỳ những vấn đề nào của chúng ta, như chiến tranh, xung đột, bạo lực và vân vân. Và chúng ta cũng có khuynh hướng nhìn vào chính chúng ta một cách khá hời hợt, không biết làm thế nào để xuyên thấu thăm thẳm vào chính chúng ta. Hoặc chúng ta quan sát về chính chúng ta bằng một sự ghê tởm nào đó, bằng một kết luận nào đó đã được soạn thảo sẵn rồi, hoặc nhìn vào chính chúng ta với hy vọng thay đổi cái gì chúng ta là.

Tôi nghĩ điều đó rất quan trọng, phải không, rằng chúng ta nên hiểu rõ chính chúng ta một cách tổng thể, trọn vẹn, bởi vì như chúng ta đã nói vào một ngày trước, chúng ta là thế giới, và thế giới là chúng ta. Đây là một sự thật tuyệt đối, và nó không chỉ là một câu phát biểu bằng từ ngữ, hay một lý thuyết, nhưng nó là điều gì đó mà người ta cảm thấy rất sâu sắc, cùng tất cả những khốn khổ, phiền muộn, vui thú, tàn nhẫn, sự phân chia quốc tịch, tôn giáo của nó. Và người ta không bao giờ có thể giải quyết bất kỳ vấn đề nào trong những vấn đề này nếu không thực sự hiểu rõ về chính chúng ta, bởi vì chính chúng ta là thế giới. Và nếu tôi hiểu rõ về chính tôi, có một đang sống trong một kích thước hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Liệu mỗi người chúng ta có thể hiểu rõ về chính chúng ta, không chỉ tại mức độ hời hợt của những cái trí chúng ta, nhưng còn thực sự thẩm thấu tại mức độ sâu thẳm, không ý thức được của thân tâm chúng ta? Và như chúng ta đã nói vào ngày hôm kia rằng đó là điều gì chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau bàn luận.

Khi chúng ta nói: chúng ta đang cùng nhau bàn luận, không có nghĩa rằng tôi nói và bạn nghe, nhưng chúng ta đang cùng nhau chia sẻ. Tôi thực sự có ý về điều đó – chia sẻ nó. Ngược lại sẽ chẳng vui vẻ gì cả, cho cả bạn lẫn tôi. Và làm thế nào tôi, hay bạn, làm thế nào người ta sẽ nhìn vào chính người ta được? Liệu có thể nhìn vào chính mình một cách trọn vẹn, mà không có sự phân chia của tầng ý thức bên ngoài và những tầng ý thức sâu thẳm hơn mà chúng ta hoàn toàn, có lẽ, không nhận biết được? Liệu có thể quan sát, thấy được toàn chuyển động của “cái tôi”, cái ngã, cái tôi là gì, bằng một cái trí không phân tích, để cho trong chính quan sát của nó có một hiểu rõ tổng thể ngay tức khắc? Đó là điều gì chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu. Vì vậy làm ơn, như chúng ta đã nói, chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau chia sẻ nó. Bạn sẽ làm việc cực nhọc giống như tôi sẽ làm việc. Thời tiết khá nóng nhưng chúng ta hãy đổ mồ hôi ra bởi vì đây là một nghi vấn rất quan trọng. Đây đã là nghi vấn trong suốt đời sống tôn giáo, xuyên suốt những văn hóa khác nhau: liệu người ta có thể vượt khỏi chính người ta để tìm ra sự thật, để tìm ra điều gì đó mà không thể đo lường được bởi cái trí, mà không còn bất kỳ ảo tưởng nào? Và trong tiến hành của sự tìm kiếm vượt khỏi chính mình này, người ta đã bị trói buộc trong những hình thức khác nhau của những chuyện thần thoại, thần thoại của Thiên chúa giáo, thần thoại của Ấn độ giáo, toàn thế giới thần thoại, mà trở thành hoàn toàn không cần thiết và không liên quan.

Vì vậy liệu có thể nhìn vào chính chúng ta một cách không phân tích và thế là quan sát mà không có "cái tôi" đang quan sát? Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu tất cả điều này. Tôi muốn hiểu rõ về chính tôi và tôi biết bản thân tôi là rất phức tạp. Nó là một sự việc đang sống. Không phải một chuỗi chết rồi của những ký ức, những tai nạn, những trải nghiệm, hiểu biết; nó là một sự việc đang sống, đang chuyển động, đang sinh động. Bạn không thể nói rằng, "Tôi đứng yên" – điều đó không thể được. Nó là một sự việc đang sống, như xã hội là một sự việc đang sống, bởi vì chúng ta đã tạo ra nó. Bây giờ, liệu có thể quan sát mà không có người quan sát đang quan sát về sự việc được gọi là vật được quan sát? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi? Bởi vì nếu, có người quan sát đang quan sát, luôn luôn anh ấy quan sát qua sự tách rời, qua sự phân chia, và thế là bất kỳ nơi nào có sự phân chia, cả trong chính tôi và phía bên ngoài, phải có xung đột – những xung đột quốc gia phía bên ngoài, những xung đột tôn giáo phía bên ngoài, những xung đột kinh tế và vân vân. Và phía bên trong có lãnh vực rộng lớn này, không phải chỉ được quan sát hời hợt, một lãnh vực rộng lớn mà hầu như chúng ta chẳng biết gì cả. Vì vậy nơi nào có một quan sát mà trong đó có sự phân chia như "cái tôi" và "cái không tôi", hay như người quan sát và vật được quan sát, hay như người suy nghĩ và vật được suy nghĩ, hay như người trải ngiệm và vật được trải nghiệm, trong đó có một phân chia, vậy thì có một xung đột. Làm ơn chúng ta hãy rõ ràng về vấn đề này, tất cả chúng ta, không chỉ bạn và tôi, một người trong chúng ta, tất cả chúng ta. Khi tôi nhìn vào chính tôi như một người đứng ngoài đang quan sát phía bên trong vậy thì có sự phân chia, rõ ràng là như thế. Bạn như một người Thiên chúa giáo, và nếu tôi tình cờ là một người Cộng sản, vậy thì có một trận chiến giữa chúng ta. Bạn một người Ấn độ giáo, một người Hồi giáo, và tất cả việc đó, có xung đột. Tương tự như vậy khi có một tách rời trong sự quan sát của chúng ta, rằng tôi khác biệt với sự việc tôi quan sát, vậy thì luôn luôn phải có xung đột, đúng chứ? Làm ơn đây không là sự truyền đạt bằng từ ngữ, đây là một sự kiện thực sự. Và liệu bạn thấy sự kiện này như thực sự, không như một lý thuyết?

Vì vậy, liệu có thể – tôi không đang nói, nó có thể hay không thể, chúng ta sẽ tìm ra cho chính chúng ta – liệu có thể quan sát mà không có sự phân chia này? Và khi tìm ra điều đó chúng ta hy vọng đến được sự nhận biết mà trong đó không còn phân chia bởi sự phân tích. Đúng chứ? Đó là, tôi tự phân tích về chính tôi như người quan sát và sự việc được quan sát. Điều này đang trở nên khá phức tạp phải không?

Trước tiên, khi quan sát về chính tôi, có một sự kiện thực sự của tách rời này. Khi tôi quan sát về chính tôi tôi nói rằng, “Điều này tốt, điều này xấu”, “Điều này đúng, điều này sai”, “Điều này có giá trị, điều này không có giá trị”, “Điều này có liên quan, điều này không có liên quan”. Vì vậy khi tôi nhìn vào chính tôi, người quan sát bị quy định bởi văn hóa mà trong đó anh ấy đã sống, vì vậy người quan sát là ký ức, là thực thể bị quy định, người quan sát là “cái tôi”. Và tùy theo nền tảng của “cái tôi” anh ấy đánh giá, anh ấy nhận xét; nếu tôi là một người Cộng sản, Ấn giáo, Phật giáo và mọi chuyện như thế, tôi quan sát chính tôi theo tình trạng bị quy định của tôi và hy vọng tạo ra một thay đổi trong vật được quan sát tùy theo tình trạng bị quy định của tôi. Đó là một sự kiện. Đó là điều gì chúng ta luôn luôn đang làm, đang hy vọng thay đổi cái gì được quan sát qua sự phân tích, qua sự kiểm soát, qua sự đổi mới và vân vân. Lại nữa đó là một sự kiện.

Vì vậy tôi muốn tìm ra tại sao sự phân chia này lại tồn tại. Và tôi bắt đầu phân tích để tìm ra nguyên nhân. Rốt cuộc, mọi phân tích không chỉ là để tìm ra nguyên nhân nhưng còn phải vượt khỏi nó nữa. Đúng chứ? Tôi tức giận hay tham lam, ghen tuông, hung bạo hay bất kỳ nó là gì, bạo lực, loạn thần kinh, và tôi bắt đầu phân tích nguyên nhân của bạo lực này, nguyên nhân của trạng thái loạn thần kinh này và vân vân và vân vân và vân vân. Bây giờ trong phân tích điều gì được bao gồm? Làm ơn theo sát điều này. Đây là thành phần thuộc văn hóa của chúng ta, bởi vì chúng ta được đào tạo từ niên thiếu để phân tích, suy nghĩ việc gì đang xảy ra để giải quyết tất cả những vấn đề của chúng ta; hàng khối sách đã viết về nó, tất cả những người tâm lý học, mọi chuyện như thế, là để hiểu rõ nguyên nhân và vượt khỏi nó. Bây giờ phân tích ngụ ý thời gian, phải không, thời gian? Tôi cần nhiều thời gian để phân tích về chính tôi. Đúng chứ? Tôi phải phân tích, tìm hiểu, rất cẩn thận mọi phản ứng, mọi biến cố, mọi tư tưởng, theo sát nó đến nguyên nhân và tất cả việc đó phải mất thời gian. Đúng chứ? Và trong thời gian phân tích những biến cố khác đang xảy ra, những điều xảy ra khác, những phản ứng khác, mà tôi không thể hiểu rõ một cách mau lẹ. Đúng chứ? Đó là một vấn đề, phải mất thời gian.

Và phân tích cũng hàm ý rằng mọi thứ được phân tích phải trọn vẹn và được kết thúc, và nếu nó không được phân tích đúng cách, thế là điều tìm được đều không đúng đắn, và với kết luận không đúng đắn đó tôi sẽ tìm hiểu trải nghiệm tiếp theo, biến cố tiếp theo. Vì vậy tôi đang luôn luôn tìm hiểu bằng những ý tưởng không đúng đắn, những giá trị không đúng đắn và thế là đang gia tăng sự hiểu biết không đúng đắn. Tôi không biết liệu tôi có đang chuyển tải nó đúng đắn? Tôi có lẽ đang dùng những từ ngữ sai lầm, nhưng chúng ta sẽ sửa đổi những từ ngữ. Và sự phân tích cũng hàm ý người phân tích và vật được phân tích, dù rằng người phân tích là vị giáo sư, người chuyên môn, người tâm lý, hay chính bạn, hay người bạn của bạn. Người phân tích đang tìm hiểu và duy trì sự phân chia, đang nuôi dưỡng sự phân chia và thế là đang gia tăng sự xung đột. Tất cả những điều này, và còn nhiều hơn nữa, được hàm ý trong sự phân tích – thời gian, sự đánh giá về mọi trải nghiệm, mọi tư tưởng, một cách trọn vẹn, mà là điều không thể thực hiện được, và sự phân chia được tạo ra bởi người quan sát và thế là gia tăng sự xung đột. Người ta thấy điều đó, không chỉ thuộc trí năng, nhưng thực sự, nó là như thế.

Và câu hỏi khác là: tôi có thể tìm hiểu cái trí của tôi, hoạt động hời hợt hàng ngày của cái trí, nhưng làm thế nào tôi hiểu rõ, tìm hiểu những tầng sâu thẳm hơn – bạn hiểu chứ? Bạn có đang theo kịp tất cả điều này? Nó có vui không? Bởi vì tôi muốn hiểu rõ về chính tôi một cách trọn vẹn, tôi không muốn để lại một ngõ ngách nào, một đốm đen nào mà không được tìm hiểu. Tôi muốn mọi thứ trong tôi được phơi bày để cho không còn sự việc nào mà cái trí không hoàn toàn được hiểu rõ. Bởi vì nếu có một ngõ ngách mà không được tìm hiểu thì ngõ ngách đó gây biến dạng tất cả tư tưởng, tất cả hoạt động. Và sự phân tích cũng hàm ý sự trì hoãn của hành động. Đúng chứ? Bởi vì khi tôi đang phân tích về chính tôi, tôi không đang hành động, tôi đang chờ đợi cho đến khi nào sự phân tích của tôi hoàn tất, sau đó có lẽ tôi sẽ hành động đúng đắn: mà có nghĩa không-hành động. Thế là sự phân tích là sự phủ nhận hành động. Bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này chứ? Hãy thấy được điều gì được bao hàm đến: thời gian, hiểu rõ trọn vẹn mọi thứ trong mỗi phân tích, mà không thể thực hiện được; vậy là sự phân chia giữa người phân tích và vật được phân tích và vậy là sự xung đột; và phân tích là sự phủ nhận hoàn toàn hành động, hành động có nghĩa ngay lúc này, không phải ngày mai. Hãy hiểu rõ tất cả điều này, liệu cái trí có thể hiểu rõ hoàn toàn những ngõ ngách bị che giấu hay không?

Và, liệu có thể hiểu rõ nó qua giấc mộng? Bởi vì tất cả điều này được hàm ý trong hiểu rõ về chính tôi. Đó là, liệu có thể qua những giấc mộng, và những gợi ý của tầng ý thức bên trong hay cái sự việc được che giấu, trong suốt giấc ngủ. Những người chuyên môn nói rằng bạn phải nằm mộng.

Nếu bạn không nằm mộng, nó là một thể hiện của một loại trạng thái loạn thần kinh nào đó. Và nhờ vào những giấc mộng, nó giúp đỡ bạn hiểu rõ tất cả những hành động của cái trí bị che giấu. Có quá nhiều điều về tất cả việc này – đúng chứ, tôi sẽ tiếp tục. Bây giờ ý nghĩa của những giấc mộng là gì? Chúng ta có nên nằm mộng hay không? Hay những giấc mộng chỉ là sự tiếp tục thuộc sống hàng ngày của chúng ta trong một hình thức được biểu tượng hóa. Bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này chứ? Chúng ta đang cùng nhau tiếp tục chuyến hành trình của chúng ta. Tôi hy vọng bạn đi trước tôi, đó là tất cả! Nếu bạn tìm hiểu cẩn thận những giấc mộng riêng của bạn, liệu bạn không tìm ra – không phụ thuộc vào những người chuyên môn, những người phân tích, làm ơn hãy loại bỏ những con chim líu lo đó, nhưng hãy tìm hiểu nó cho chính bạn – trong suốt ngày bạn bị bận rộn bởi tất cả những việc nhỏ nhen của sống – bếp núc, văn phòng, bạn biết mọi chuyện như thế, những cãi cọ, những chọc tức đang xảy ra trong sự tồn tại và trong quan hệ hàng ngày, hình ảnh đang đánh nhau với hình ảnh. Và khi bạn đi ngủ, ngay trước khi bạn đi ngủ bạn đang rà soát mọi sự việc đã xảy ra trong suốt ban ngày. Bạn không từng làm như thế hay sao? Không à? Ồ chúa ơi! Điều này không xảy đến cho bạn rằng ngay trước khi bạn chìm vào giấc ngủ, hay nằm xuống, bạn rà soát lại những sự việc xảy ra suốt ngày – rằng đáng ra bạn nên làm việc này, đáng ra bạn nên nói điều đó, tôi ước rằng bạn đã hành động khác hẳn, bạn bị tức giận, ghen tuông, bạn biết, bạn rà soát lại toàn chu kỳ của nguyên một ngày, những suy nghĩ của bạn, những hoạt động của bạn, bây giờ tại sao cái trí làm việc đó? Làm ơn theo sát điều này cẩn thận. Tại sao cái trí làm việc đó – rà soát lại những sự việc xảy ra và những biến cố của ban ngày? Cái trí làm việc đó bởi vì nó muốn thiết lập lại trật tự? Đúng chứ? Bạn đang theo sát điều này chứ? Không à? Bạn không nghĩ như thế sao? Đừng đồng ý với tôi, bởi vì tôi không thích như vậy. Cái trí rà soát lại mọi chuyện của suốt ban ngày bởi vì nó muốn xếp đặt mọi thứ trong trật tự, ngược lại khi bạn ngủ bộ não làm việc và cố gắng tạo ra trật tự trong chính nó. Đúng chứ? Bởi vì bộ não chỉ vận hành một cách bình thường, lành mạnh, trong trật tự tuyệt đối. Đúng chứ?

Vì vậy, nếu không có trật tự suốt ban ngày, nó cố gắng thiết lập trật tự trong lúc thân thể nghỉ ngơi, yên lặng, và sự thiết lập của trật tự đó là một phần của giấc mộng. Bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này chứ? Liệu bạn chấp nhận tất cả điều này, điều gì người nói đang trình bày. Tôi hy vọng không!

Khán giả: Không.

Krrishnamurti: Không. Tôi rất vui. Đừng đồng ý hay không- đồng ý. Hãy tìm ra. Tìm ra cho chính bạn, không lệ thuộc vào người triết lý nào đó, người phân tích nào đó, người tâm lý nào đó, nhưng cho chính bạn hãy tìm ra rằng một ngày vô-trật tự, một sống vô-trật tự, phải thiết lập trật tự và chỉ như thế bộ não mới vận hành một cách lành mạnh, hiệu quả, bình thường. Và khi có vô-trật tự, những giấc mộng là cần thiết để mang lại trật tự, dù rằng trật tự đó ở sâu thẳm hay trên bề mặt. Thế là, bởi vì đang tra xét tất cả điều này, người ta hỏi: liệu có cần thiết phải nằm mơ? Bởi vì rất quan trọng không nên nằm mơ, phải có một cái trí yên lặng tuyệt đối khi bạn đang ngủ, lúc đó toàn cái trí của bạn, toàn bộ não của bạn, toàn thân thể của bạn có thể tự làm mới mẻ lại. Nhưng nếu nó đang làm việc, đang làm việc, đang làm việc khi bạn ngủ nó kiệt sức, và nó trở nên loạn thần kinh, quá căng thẳng và tất cả những chuyện như thế.

Vậy là: liệu có thể không nằm mơ? Làm ơn tôi đang tự đặt ra tất cả những câu hỏi này bởi vì tôi muốn hiểu rõ về chính tôi. Nó là thành phần của hiểu rõ về chính tôi, không chỉ là tìm hiểu những giấc mộng, hay đang nhìn thấy sự quan trọng hay không-quan trọng của những giấc mộng, nhưng vì có sự kiện rằng nếu không có hiểu rõ trọn vẹn về chính người ta, tất cả hành động trở thành mâu thuẫn, hời hợt và tạo ra càng nhiều và càng nhiều và càng nhiều những vấn đề. Trong hiểu rõ về chính tôi, truyền thống cũ nói rằng: phân tích, tự xem xét nội tâm. Và tôi thấy sự giả dối của nó. Tôi phủ nhận nó bởi vì nó là giả dối, mặc dù tất cả những người tâm lý đều nói điều trái nghịch, hay một vài người nói như thế. Và trong quan sát về chính người ta, người ta hỏi: tại sao người ta phải nằm mơ? Liệu có thể có một cái trí tuyệt đối yên lặng khi nó ngủ? Bạn đang đặt câu hỏi này, tôi không hỏi, tôi chỉ đang gợi ý điều đó cho bạn. Tôi phải tìm ra. Bây giờ làm thế nào tôi sẽ tìm ra được? Đó là: làm thế nào tôi sẽ tìm ra bởi vì tôi nhận ra rằng khi hệ thống máy móc tĩnh, yên lặng, nó có thể thâu gom năng lượng nhiều hơn và vì vậy vận hành hiệu quả hơn. Đúng chứ? Đó là, thưa các bạn, hãy nhìn: nếu thân thể không nghỉ ngơi, đang liên tục bị thúc đẩy từ sáng đến đêm chẳng mấy chốc nó sẽ bị kiệt quệ, nó sẽ bị sụp đổ. Nếu thân thể có thể nghỉ ngơi mười phút, hai mươi phút mỗi ngày, bạn biết cho nó thư giãn ban ngày, nó có nhiều năng lượng hơn. Cùng cách như vậy, suốt ban ngày cái trí năng động lạ thường, đang nhìn ngắm, đang quan sát, đang chỉ trích, đang bênh vực, và đang ghen tuông, ganh ghét, bạn biết rồi, đấu tranh, cãi cọ, tham vọng – tất cả mọi việc như thế. Và khi nó đi ngủ, cùng động lực như thế đang tiếp tục xảy ra. Vì vậy tôi đang tự hỏi liệu cái trí khi đang ngủ có thể tuyệt đối yên lặng? Chỉ nhìn vẻ đẹp của câu hỏi, không phải câu trả lời. Bởi vì nếu thân thể yên tĩnh lạ thường, không có cử động, không bị căng thẳng hệ thần kinh, bạn biết tất cả những việc mà người ta làm, tuyệt đối yên tĩnh, thư giãn, không bị bắt buộc yên tĩnh, vậy thì nó mới mẻ lại, vậy thì nó thâu gom năng lượng. Vì vậy tôi muốn tìm ra liệu cái trí có thể tuyệt đối yên lặng trong suốt đêm khi nó ngủ. Và tôi thấy nó có thể yên lặng nếu mọi biến cố, mọi xảy ra trong suốt thời gian ban ngày được hiểu rõ ngay tức khắc, không bị mang theo. Các bạn đang bám sát tất cả điều này chứ. Nếu tôi mang theo một vấn đề từ ngày hôm nay sang ngày hôm sau, cái trí cố định vào vấn đề đó. Nhưng nếu cái trí có thể giải quyết vấn đề ngay tức khắc, ngày hôm nay, vấn đề đó chấm dứt. Nó có lẽ gặp gỡ vấn đề khác và kết thúc nó. Vì vậy liệu cái trí có thể hoàn toàn tỉnh thức mỗi ngày để những vấn đề không tồn tại, đến tối bạn có một phiến láng bóng, sạch sẽ, trong sáng? Bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này? Vậy thì bạn sẽ tìm ra, nếu bạn thực hiện được điều này, không phải đùa giỡn với nó, thực sự làm việc cùng nó, vậy thì bạn sẽ thấy bộ não, bởi vì nó cần nghỉ ngơi, trở nên rất yên lặng – thậm chí mười phút yên lặng cũng đủ lắm rồi. Và nếu bạn theo đuổi điều đó rất, rất sâu, thăm thẳm, những giấc mộng trở thành hoàn toàn không cần thiết, bởi vì không còn gì để nằm mộng nữa. Bạn không còn quan tâm đến tương lai của bạn. Làm ơn hãy theo sát điều này. Đến tương lai của bạn, bởi vì liệu bạn sắp sửa là một bác sĩ giỏi giang, hay một người khoa học vĩ đại, hay một người viết văn, hay sắp sửa đạt được sự khai sáng, chúng ta không quan tâm đến tương lai gì cả. Bạn không thấy được vẻ đẹp của nó. Vậy là cái trí không còn đang chiếu rọi bất kỳ điều gì trong thời gian.

Bây giờ bởi vì đã phát biểu tất cả điều đó, liệu tôi có thể, liệu cái trí có thể, mà thực sự là người quan sát, không chỉ người quan sát bằng thị lực, đôi mắt và vân vân, nhưng liệu cái trí có thể quan sát mà không tách rời? Lúc này bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Bạn đang theo kịp chứ? Không có sự tách rời? Mà là, người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Bởi vì chỉ có vật được quan sát, không còn người quan sát. Tôi tự hỏi liệu bạn có nắm được tất cả điều này?

Bây giờ chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu người quan sát là gì – nếu bạn có năng lượng để tiếp tục sự tìm hiểu này. Người quan sát là gì? Chắc chắn người quan sát là quá khứ – quá khứ, là ngày hôm qua hay cách đây vài giây, hay quá khứ của nhiều, nhiều, nhiều năm, nhiều năm như một thực thể bị quy định có văn hóa, sống trong một văn hóa đặc biệt. Đúng chứ? Người quan sát là quá khứ. Người quan sát là tổng thể của những trải nghiệm quá khứ. Người quan sát là hiểu biết – phải không? Khi tôi nói, “Tôi biết bạn bởi vì tôi đã gặp bạn ngày hôm qua”, khi tôi nói, “Tôi là một người Ấn độ giáo, Thiên chúa giáo, Tin lành, Cộng sản, Hồi giáo” – nó là quá khứ, tôi đã bị quy định trong văn hoá mà tôi đã được nuôi dưỡng. Vì vậy người quan sát là quá khứ. Đúng chứ? Điều này rõ ràng, phải không? Bạn cần tranh luận sự thật này à? Người quan sát ở trong lãnh vực của thời gian – giải thích nó phức tạp thêm một tí. Người quan sát là quá khứ, mà qua hiện tại được bổ sung đến tương lai. Và tương lai vẫn là người quan sát. Không phải sao? Khi anh ấy nói, “Tôi sẽ là điều đó”, anh ấy đã chiếu rọi “điều đó” từ hiểu biết quá khứ, hoặc là vui thú, đau khổ, phiền muộn hoặc là hài lòng, sợ hãi và vân vân, và nói, “tôi phải trở thành điều đó”. Có nghĩa là, quá khứ đang lướt qua hiện tại và bị bổ sung, tương lai, là một chiếu rọi của quá khứ. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy người quan sát là quá khứ. Đó là, bạn sống trong quá khứ – phải không? Chỉ cần suy nghĩ về điều đó. Bạn là quá khứ và bạn sống trong quá khứ. Và đó là sống của bạn. Đúng chứ? Những kỷ niệm quá khứ, những vui thú quá khứ, những hồi tưởng quá khứ, những sự việc bạn đã tận hưởng – và những thất bại, không thành công, đau khổ, mọi thứ đều trong quá khứ. Và qua đôi mắt của người quan sát bạn bắt đầu nhận xét hiện tại, sự việc đang sống, đang chuyển động. Đúng chứ? Chúng ta có đang theo cùng nhau?

Vậy là, khi tôi nhìn vào chính tôi, tôi đang nhìn bằng đôi mắt của quá khứ, và vì vậy tôi chỉ trích, bênh vực, đánh giá, và nói, “Điều này đúng, sai, tốt, xấu” tùy theo văn hoá, truyền thống, hiểu biết, trải nghiệm mà người quan sát đã thâu lượm được. Thế là nó ngăn cản sự quan sát về sự việc đang sống, mà là “cái tôi”. Và “cái tôi” đó có lẽ không là cái tôi gì cả. Tôi chỉ biết “cái tôi” như quá khứ. Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn đang theo sát điều này? Khi người Hồi giáo nói rằng anh ấy là một người Hồi giáo, anh ấy là quá khứ, bị quy định bởi văn hoá mà anh ấy đã được nuôi dưỡng. Hay người Thiên chúa giáo, người Cộng sản. Bạn theo kịp chứ? Toàn sự việc đều được đặt nền tảng trên điều này. Vì vậy khi chúng ta nói về sống chúng ta đang nói về sống trong quá khứ. Và thế là có xung đột giữa quá khứ và hiện tại, bởi vì tôi bị quy định như một người Hồi giáo, hay chúa biết cái gì, tôi không thể gặp gỡ hiện tại đang sống, mà đòi hỏi rằng tôi phải phá vỡ tình trạng bị quy định của tôi. Và tình trạng bị quy định của tôi được nuôi dưỡng một cách cố ý bởi người cha của tôi, ông bà của tôi, bạn biết không, giam giữ tôi trong biên giới chật hẹp của niềm tin của họ, truyền thống của họ, của những ma mãnh của họ, của đau khổ của họ. Đúng chứ? Đây là điều gì chúng ta luôn luôn đang làm, không chỉ là tình trạng bị quy định bởi quá khứ, văn hóa mà chúng ta đã sống, mà còn bởi mọi biến cố, trải nghiệm, đang xảy ra, chúng ta đang sống trong quá khứ. Tôi thấy một cảnh hoàng hôn đẹp và tôi nói rằng, "Tuyệt vời làm sao, hãy nhìn ánh sáng, những cái bóng, những tia sáng mặt trời, ánh sáng màu xanh, những quả đồi" – và nó được lưu trữ và kỷ niệm đó hành động vào ngày mai, nói rằng, "Tôi phải nhìn mặt trời đó lại, tìm ra vẻ đẹp đó lại". Và thế là tôi không thể tìm ra nó, đấu tranh để tìm ra nó – đi đến một viện bảo tàng – bạn theo kịp không? Toàn gánh xiếc bắt đầu.

Bây giờ liệu tôi có thể nhìn vào chính tôi bằng đôi mắt không bao giờ bị tiếp xúc bởi thời gian hay không? Thời gian bao hàm sự phân tích, thời gian bao hàm sự bám chặt vào quá khứ, thời gian bao hàm toàn qui trình của mơ mộng, hồi tưởng, tập hợp quá khứ và bám chặt vào nó – tất cả việc đó. Liệu tôi có thể nhìn vào chính tôi mà không có đôi mắt của thời gian hay không? Hãy đặt câu hỏi đó cho chính bạn. Đừng nói rằng bạn có thể, hay bạn không thể. Bạn không biết đâu. Và khi bạn nhìn vào chính bạn mà không có đôi mắt của thời gian, vậy thì còn cái gì nữa để nhìn hay không? Làm ơn đừng trả lời tôi. Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi không? Tôi đã nhìn vào chính tôi bằng chất lượng, bản chất lẫn cấu trúc của thời gian, quá khứ. Tôi đã nhìn vào chính tôi qua đôi mắt của quá khứ. Tôi không có đôi mắt khác để nhìn. Tôi đã nhìn vào chính tôi như một người Thiên chúa giáo, hay một cái gì đó khác, mà là quá khứ. Vì vậy đôi mắt của tôi không có khả năng nhìn vào chính tôi, vào “cái gì là”, mà không có thời gian, mà là quá khứ. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ tôi đang đặt ra một câu hỏi, đó là: liệu đôi mắt có thể quan sát mà không có quá khứ?

Bây giờ hãy cho phép tôi giải thích khác đi: Tôi có một hình ảnh về chính tôi, không phải chỉ được tạo ra bởi văn hoá trong đó tôi đã sống mà còn bởi tôi cũng có hình ảnh đặc biệt riêng về chính tôi, tách khỏi văn hoá, phải không? Chúng ta có rất nhiều hình ảnh, tôi có một hình ảnh về bạn, tôi có một hình ảnh về người vợ của tôi, con cái của tôi, người lãnh đạo chính trị của tôi, vị giáo sĩ của tôi, và tôi có một hình ảnh về điều gì tôi nên là, điều gì tôi không nên là, và tôi có một hình ảnh mà văn hoá đã áp đặt vào tôi. Vì vậy tôi có vô số những hình ảnh. Bạn không có chúng hay sao? Không à?

Khán giả: Có chứ.

Krishnamurti: Rất vui! Bây giờ làm thế nào bạn nhìn mà không có một hình ảnh? Bởi vì nếu bạn nhìn bằng một hình ảnh nó là một biến dạng – rõ ràng như thế. Phải không? Nếu tôi nhìn bạn bằng một hình ảnh mà tôi có về bạn, mà đã được đặt vào cùng nhau bởi vì ngày hôm qua bạn tức giận tôi. Bạn tức giận tôi ngày hôm qua và sự tức giận đó đã tạo nên một hình ảnh về bạn. Đúng chứ? Rằng bạn không còn là người bạn của tôi nữa, bạn xấu xa, bạn là như thế này hay thế kia. Bây giờ hình ảnh đó gây biến dạng sự nhận biết khi tôi gặp lại bạn lần sau. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy cái hình ảnh đó là quá khứ, và tất cả những hình ảnh của tôi là quá khứ. Và tôi không dám xóa sạch tất cả những hình ảnh kia bởi vì tôi không biết nó sẽ là gì nếu không có một hình ảnh. Thế là tôi bám vào một hay hai hình ảnh. Thế là cái trí lệ thuộc vào một hình ảnh cho sự sống còn của nó. Tôi tự hỏi liệu bạn có theo kịp tất cả điều này? Vì vậy liệu cái trí có thể quan sát mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh nào – mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh nào về cái cây, đám mây, những quả đồi, những dòng nước đang chảy, hình ảnh người vợ của tôi, con cái của tôi, người chồng của tôi, cô tôi, không có bất kỳ hình ảnh nào trong liên hệ. Chính do hình ảnh mới tạo ra xung đột trong liên hệ. Đúng chứ? Tôi không thể hòa thuận với vợ tôi bởi vì cô ấy đã dọa nạt tôi. Điều đó đã được tạo dựng ngày này sang ngày khác, hình ảnh đó, hình ảnh đó ngăn cản bất kỳ loại liên hệ nào; có lẽ chúng ta ngủ chung với nhau, điều đó không liên quan. Và có một trận chiến. Vì vậy, liệu cái trí có thể nhìn, quan sát mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh nào của thời gian, bất kỳ hình ảnh nào mà đã được tập hợp vào cùng nhau bởi thời gian hay không? Điều đó có nghĩa rằng liệu cái trí quan sát mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh nào? Điều đó có nghĩa quan sát mà không có người quan sát, mà là quá khứ, mà là "cái tôi"? Liệu tôi có thể nhìn bạn mà không có "cái tôi" như một thực thể bị quy định? Bạn đang theo sát tất cả điều này chứ?

Người hỏi: Không thể được?

Krishnamurti: Không thể được à? Làm thế nào bạn biết rằng không thể được? Khoảnh khắc bạn nói không thể được, thế là bạn đã tự- khoá chặt bạn rồi. Và nếu bạn nói rằng có thể được, nó cũng đang tự-khoá chặt bạn. Nhưng nếu bạn nói rằng, chúng ta hãy tìm ra, chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu, chúng ta hãy thâm nhập nó, vậy thì bạn sẽ phát giác rằng cái trí có thể quan sát mà không có đôi mắt của thời gian. Và khi nó quan sát như thế, có gì ở đó để được quan sát? Tôi đã bắt đầu học hành về chính tôi – tôi đã tìm hiểu tất cả những điều có thể xảy ra được, phân tích, tất cả điều đó, và tôi thấy rằng người quan sát là quá khứ. Điều này phức tạp nhiều hơn, người quan sát – người ta có thể tìm hiểu nhiều hơn về nó nhưng từng này đã đủ rồi. Tôi thấy người quan sát là quá khứ, và cái trí sống trong quá khứ, bởi vì bộ não được tiến hóa trong thời gian, mà là quá khứ. Và trong quá khứ có sự an toàn. Đúng chứ? Ngôi nhà của tôi, người vợ của tôi, niềm tin của tôi, giai cấp của tôi, vị trí của tôi, danh tiếng của tôi, cái tôi nhỏ xíu đáng nguyền rủa của tôi – trong đó có sự an toàn, sự bảo đảm vô cùng. Và tôi đang hỏi, liệu cái trí có thể quan sát mà không có những thứ này? Và nếu nó quan sát thì còn có gì để thấy, ngoại trừ những quả đồi, những bông hoa, những màu sắc, con người – bạn theo kịp chứ? Liệu còn có gì trong tôi để được quan sát? Vậy là cái trí hoàn toàn được tự do. Và bạn nói rằng, mấu chốt của được tự do đó là gì? Mấu chốt là: một cái trí như thế không có xung đột. Và một cái trí như thế hoàn toàn được yên lặng và an bình, không còn bạo lực. Và một cái trí như thế có thể tạo ra một văn hoá mới mẻ – một văn hoá mới mẻ không phải một văn hoá đối nghịch của cái cũ kỹ, nhưng một văn hoá tuyệt đối mới mẻ, nơi chúng ta sẽ không còn xung đột gì cả. Điều đó người ta phải khám phá, không phải như một lý thuyết, như một câu phát biểu bằng lời, nhưng như một sự kiện thực sự trong chính người ta rằng cái trí có thể quan sát tổng thể và vì vậy không có đôi mắt của quá khứ và vì vậy cái trí là cái gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn.

Bây giờ bạn muốn bàn luận câu hỏi này mà chúng ta đã nói về nó hay không?

Người hỏi: Tôi nghĩ rằng tất cả chúng ta đều thấy sự nguy hiểm của những hình ảnh này. Nhưng tại những thời điểm nào đó những hình ảnh nào đó lại cần thiết – nếu ai đó đâm bạn bằng một con dao hình ảnh này sẽ giúp bạn bởi vì nó sẽ cứu mạng sống của bạn. Vì vậy làm thế nào chúng ta có thể chọn lựa giữa những hình ảnh hữu ích và không hữu ích này?

Krishnamurti: Người hỏi nói rằng tất cả chúng ta sống bằng những hình ảnh. Một số là hữu ích, có lẽ cần thiết, bảo vệ, những số khác lại không. Hình ảnh của một con cọp, khi bạn ở trong rừng, bảo vệ phần nào cho bạn. Và hình ảnh bạn có về người bạn, người vợ, con cái của bạn, hay bất kỳ hình ảnh gì, hình ảnh đó hủy diệt sự liên hệ. Bây giờ làm thế nào người ta có thể chọn lựa giữa hai hình ảnh này? Những hình ảnh cần phải giữ lại, và những hình ảnh không cần phải giữ lại. Bạn nắm được điều này chứ? Bạn đã hiểu rõ câu hỏi chứ? Những hình ảnh nào tôi nên giữ lại, và những hình ảnh nào tôi nên xóa sạch? Người hỏi nói, những hình ảnh, một số chúng dùng để tự-bảo vệ, bảo vệ người ta, một số khác lại phá hoại. Bây giờ tôi sẽ chọn lựa như thế nào đây? Đúng chứ? Tôi không biết. Chúng ta sẽ tìm ra.

Trước hết, tại sao bạn chọn lựa? Làm ơn hãy lắng nghe câu hỏi của tôi. Tại sao chúng ta chọn lựa? Cấu trúc, bản chất của sự chọn lựa là gì? Tôi chọn lựa chỉ khi nào tôi bị hoang mang. Đúng chứ? Khi có sự rối loạn, khi có sự hoang mang, khi không có sự rõ ràng. Vậy thì tôi nói rằng, "Tôi không biết phải làm gì, có lẽ tôi sẽ làm việc này". Đúng chứ? Khi bạn thấy cái gì đó rất rõ ràng, không còn chọn lựa nữa. Đúng không? Chỉ một cái trí bị hoang mang mới chọn lựa. Và chúng ta đã chọn lựa những sự việc lạ kỳ nhất trong sống. Chúng ta gọi điều đó là tự do, sự chọn lựa – chọn lựa những chính khách của bạn – bạn tuân theo – chọn lựa cái này hay cái kia. Và tôi nói với chính mình, tại sao tôi phải chọn lựa? Tôi đang đến nghi vấn đó, thưa bạn, hãy tìm hiểu cẩn thận điều này cùng tôi. Tại sao tôi phải chọn lựa? Tôi chọn lựa giữa hai đống đồ, hai vật liệu, nhưng đó không phải điều gì chúng ta đang nói. Chúng ta đang nói về sự chọn lựa mà là kết quả của sự hoang mang, không rõ ràng, lẫn lộn, vậy thì tôi phải chọn lựa, điều đó thể hiện một cái trí rất rõ ràng không có sự chọn lựa. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ cái trí của bạn không bị hoang mang hay sao? Tôi đang tiếp cận nghi vấn đó, thưa bạn. Hãy thâm nhập nó từng bước một. Cái trí của bạn có bị hoang mang? Chắc chắn là có, nếu không bạn sẽ không ngồi ở đây. Và từ sự hoang mang đó bạn chọn lựa và thế là gia tăng thêm sự hoang mang.

Vì vậy bạn nói, tôi có quá nhiều hình ảnh, một số dùng để tự-bảo vệ, một số khác lại không cần thiết. Liệu có bất kỳ chọn lựa nào ở đó không? Hãy lắng nghe cẩn thận. Liệu sự chọn lựa cần thiết ở đó? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi chứ? Tôi có nhiều, nhiều, nhiều hình ảnh về mọi thứ, những quan điểm, những đánh giá, những thẩm định, tôi càng có nhiều ý kiến bao nhiêu tôi càng nghĩ rằng cái trí của tôi càng rõ ràng bấy nhiêu. Và những hình ảnh tôi có rất phong phú. Và tôi hỏi những hình ảnh nào trong số này là quan trọng, có liên quan và những hình ảnh nào lại không? Bây giờ tại sao tôi phải chọn lựa? Sự chọn lựa chỉ phát sinh khi tôi bị hoang mang về những hình ảnh nào tôi phải giữ lại, về những hình ảnh nào tôi phải loại bỏ. Bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này chứ? Hãy bám sát nó, hãy cẩn thận theo kịp điều này. Tôi chọn lựa khi tôi không biết những hình ảnh nào tôi phải loại bỏ. Bây giờ thực thể mà đang chọn lựa là ai? Chắc chắn là hiểu biết. Hiểu biết là quá khứ. Hãy theo kịp điều này. Quá khứ mà đã tạo ra những hình ảnh, hàng tá hình ảnh, chọn lựa cái nào nó sẽ giữ lại và cái nào nó sẽ loại bỏ. Vậy là bạn đang chọn lựa tùy theo quá khứ, và thế là sự chọn lựa của bạn luôn luôn bị hoang mang. Vì vậy đừng chọn lựa. Chờ đã! Chờ đã! Thấy nó. Thấy nó. Đừng chọn lựa. Vậy thì điều gì xảy ra nếu bạn không chọn lựa? Chắc chắn bạn sẽ không bị xe buýt cán qua. Nhưng chính sự chọn lựa, đang chọn lựa, duy trì những hình ảnh. Tôi không biết bạn có hiểu rõ điều này không?

Có chứ, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Ông đã nói rằng tất cả chúng tôi đều bị hoang mang nếu không chúng tôi sẽ không hiện diện ở đây.

Krishnamurti: Đó là một phần thôi, thưa bạn. Tiếp tục đi.

Người hỏi: Làm thế nào, nếu tôi bị hoang mang, làm thế nào tôi có thể lắng nghe ông mà không đánh giá mọi điều ông đang nói?

Krishnamurti: Chính xác là như vậy, thưa bạn. Đó là điều gì chúng ta sợ hãi. Người hỏi nói rằng, nếu tôi bị hoang mang, mà thực sự là như thế, làm thế nào tôi có thể lắng nghe ông một cách rõ ràng – đúng chứ? Nhưng bạn không đang lắng nghe! Phải không?

Người hỏi: Thỉnh thoảng.

Krishnamurti: Chờ đó. Chờ đó. Thỉnh thoảng. Chúng ta không đang nói về thỉnh thoảng, chúng ta đang nói: ngay lúc này liệu bạn đang lắng nghe? Khi bạn đang lắng nghe bằng chú ý, bạn biết chứ, bằng thương yêu, bằng ân cần, bạn biết chứ, khi bạn đang lắng nghe, bạn bị hoang mang à? Chỉ khi nào bạn không đang lắng nghe và bạn lại muốn lắng nghe, vậy thì sự hoang mang phát sinh. Nhưng ngay khoảnh khắc của lắng nghe – bạn biết không – sự hoang mang ở đâu? Và bởi vì nhớ lại khoảnh khắc đó khi bạn đã lắng nghe quá trọn vẹn, sau đó bạn nói với chính mình, "Tôi vô cùng ao ước rằng tôi có thể có lại sự chú ý đó". Đợi đã! Vậy thì bạn có xung đột. Đúng chứ? Vậy thì bạn nói rằng, "Làm thế nào trở lại trạng thái lắng nghe đó?" Hãy thấy điều gì đã xảy ra. Ký ức của trạng thái lắng nghe đó vẫn còn lưu giữ và sự kiện thực sự đã qua rồi, vì thế ký ức của bạn sau đó nói rằng, "Tôi phải lắng nghe cẩn thận hơn nữa." Vì vậy có sự mâu thuẫn. Trái lại nếu bạn lắng nghe trọn vẹn, ở ngay khoảnh khắc lắng nghe tổng thể trọn vẹn đó, không có hoang mang. Khoảnh khắc đó là đủ rồi. Đừng cố gắng quay trở lại nó. Nhặt lại nó mười phút sau. Nhưng ý thức được trong suốt mười phút kia rằng bạn đã không-chú ý. Đúng không? Bạn nắm bắt được tất cả điều này không?

Được chứ thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Văn hóa mà đang trỗi dậy từ cái trí yên lặng này, liệu nó sẽ được an bình?

Krishnamurti: Tôi không biết, thưa bạn. Đó là giả thuyết. Quý ông này đặt câu hỏi: nếu cái trí của tất cả chúng ta được an bình vậy thì chúng ta sẽ có một văn hóa mới mẻ mà sẽ là một văn hóa của sự an bình tuyệt đối. Bạn thấy cái trí của chúng ta làm việc như thế nào.

Người hỏi: Tôi vẫn chưa nói xong.

Krishnamurti: Ồ, tôi nghe không rõ.

Người hỏi: Ồ, nếu . . .

Krishanmurti: Không nếu!

Người hỏi: Liệu con người sẽ xung đột với cấu trúc hiện nay của xã hội?

Krishnamurti: Liệu con người sẽ xung đột với cấu trúc hiện nay của xã hội? Nếu tôi an bình liệu tôi sẽ xung đột với cấu trúc của xã hội? Và tôi có ý nói gì qua từ ngữ “Xung đột với cấu trúc”? Tiếp tục đi, hãy tìm hiểu thưa bạn, đừng chờ đợi tôi giải thích nó.

Người hỏi: Xung đột do bởi sự ganh đua?

Krishnamurti: Ganh đua à? Tôi muốn thiết lập cho chính tôi, những ý tưởng của tôi, những niềm tin của tôi – bạn theo kịp không? Chính xác đó là điều gì họ đang làm. Không à?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, nếu ai đó nói rằng, “Hãy cầm khẩu súng này và bắn” – ông nói, “Không”, ông đang ở trong xung đột.

Krishnamurti: Nếu ai đó yêu cầu tôi cầm khẩu súng và bắn người nào đó – tôi sẽ không làm. Câu hỏi là gì?

Người hỏi: Nếu ông nói, “Tôi sẽ không làm” ông đang trong xung đột.

Krishnamurti: Chắc chắn là không. Họ sẽ đưa tôi vào tù? Được thôi. Nhưng tôi không xung đột với họ. Nếu một văn hoá thuốc men nói rằng bạn phải sử dụng thuốc và tôi nói, “ Tôi xin lỗi tôi không muốn uống thuốc” – họ bị xung đột, hay tôi bị xung đột? Tôi không bị. Họ bị xung đột! Mấu chốt của tất cả điều này là gì?

Người hỏi: Có hai mặt để xung đột.

Krishanmurti: Không. Không có hai mặt. Tôi không muốn có sự xung đột. Tôi, như một con người tôi đã tìm hiểu toàn vấn đề của xung đột, bên ngoài lẫn bên trong, và tôi đã tìm hiểu nó khá thấu đáo và tôi nói – giả sử, nếu tôi loại bỏ hoàn toàn mọi ý thức bạo lực trong tôi – nếu bạn trong xung đột tôi sẽ làm gì? Nếu bạn đánh tôi, nếu bạn yêu cầu tôi cầm một khẩu súng và bắn một ai đó, nếu bạn có bạo lực, nó là vấn đề của bạn, không phải vấn đề của tôi.

Người hỏi: Nếu một người yêu cầu ông bắn một ai đó, ông có thể nói rằng: anh ấy bị xung đột với tôi, tôi không xung đột với anh ấy.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng tôi không xung đột với anh ấy, tại sao tôi phải bắn anh ấy? Chờ tí, chờ tí! Lúc này, ở đây có ai đưa cho tôi một khẩu súng hay không? Bạn không đưa cho tôi một khẩu súng, phải không? Bắn một ai đó? Tại sao vấn đề phát sinh? Bạn thấy vấn đề phát sinh bởi vì lúc này chúng ta đang bắt đầu phỏng đoán. Bạn sẽ làm gì nếu bạn an bình. Hãy tìm ra làm thế nào để sống an bình trước, và rồi thì câu hỏi sẽ được trả lời sau.

Người hỏi: Liệu xung đột đến từ sự tưởng tượng?

Krishnamurti: Khi hai người cãi cọ, nó đến từ sự tưởng tượng à? Hãy nhìn! Hãy quan sát nó. Tôi quyến luyến bạn. Quyến luyến, lệ thuộc vào bạn. Đúng chứ? Lệ thuộc theo cảm xúc, tâm lý, vật chất, tình dục, kinh tế. Tôi lệ thuộc vào bạn. Và vào một sáng đẹp trời bạn nói, “Đi đi” với tôi. “Tôi thích người nào khác”. Vậy là xung đột phát sinh. Đúng chứ? Đó là sự tưởng tượng sao? Đó là một sự kiện bởi vì tôi lệ thuộc vào bạn cho tình bằng hữu và vân vân và vân vân. Và khi bạn quay lại chống đối tôi, tôi bị lạc lõng. Đó không là sự tưởng tượng. Đó là một sự kiện thực sự. Vậy thì tôi bắt đầu tìm ra tại sao tôi lại lệ thuộc vào bạn. Tôi muốn tìm ra. Lại nữa đó là tôi muốn tìm ra bởi vì nó là thành phần của hiểu rõ về chính tôi, bạn hiểu không, tại sao tôi lại lệ thuộc vào bạn. Hãy chờ tí! Bạn không lệ thuộc vào bất kỳ ai hay sao? Thuộc tâm lý, bên trong? Bạn có thể hoàn toàn đứng một mình không? Thưa bạn, phía bên trong? Bạn không thể đứng một mình vì bạn cần người đưa sữa, người đưa thư, đường xe lửa, vân vân, vân vân, nhưng phía bên trong hoàn toàn một mình, không bị lệ thuộc.

Vì vậy tôi phải tìm ra tại sao tôi bị lệ thuộc. Tại sao? Trước hết, tôi bị cô độc. Tôi không biết làm thế nào vượt khỏi trạng thái cô độc này. Tôi kinh hãi nó. Sâu thẳm bên trong tôi không có câu trả lời làm thế nào giải quyết sự việc khủng khiếp này mà được gọi là cô độc. Bạn không biết tất cả điều này sao? Vì thế, khi không biết làm thế nào để giải quyết nó, tôi tự-quyến luyến vào những con người, vào những ý tưởng, vào những nhóm người, vào những hoạt động, bạn biết không, vào việc biểu tình, vào việc leo núi và mọi chuyện như thế. Nếu tôi có thể giải quyết hoàn toàn vấn đề cô độc này để cho ý tưởng đó không còn tồn tại nữa. Bây giờ làm thế nào tôi vượt khỏi được cái sự việc khủng khiếp này mà con người đã luôn luôn chiến đấu phía bên trong, bởi vì bị cô độc, không đầy đủ, không trọn vẹn, anh ấy nói, có Thượng đế, có cái này, có cái kia, chiếu rọi một tác nhân bên ngoài. Vậy thì làm thế nào tôi sẽ được tự do khỏi trạng thái cô độc này? Bạn muốn tìm hiểu nó không? Bạn có mệt mỏi không, mười hai giờ kém mười lăm rồi đó.

Chúng ta nên ngừng ở đây. Tôi nghĩ đây là một vấn đề quá phức tạp. Đó là, làm thế nào chính cái trí được tự do khỏi gánh nặng khủng khiếp của điều gì nó gọi là trạng thái cô độc này. Bạn có khi nào nhận ra điều gì chúng ta làm từ trạng thái cô độc này? Những kinh hoàng nào chúng ta phạm phải? Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu vấn đề này lần sau.

SAANEN

Ngày 22 tháng 7 năm 1971

– 4 – CÔ ĐỘC

Luôn bận tâm đến mình. Liên hệ. Hành động trong liên hệ và sống hàng ngày. Những hình ảnh gây tách rời: hiểu rõ được sự tạo tác hình ảnh."Tự-quan tâm là hình ảnh chính của tôi". Liên hệ không xung đột có nghĩa tình yêu.

Những câu hỏi: Liệu cái ngã có thể có sự đam mê không động cơ? Những hình ảnh; ma túy và những chất kích thích..

Chúng ta có thể cùng nhau tiếp tục nói chuyện về chủ đề chúng ta đã ngừng lại ngày hôm trước? Chúng ta đang cùng nhau nói về trật tự. Tôi nghĩ rằng chúng ta đã tìm hiểu nó khá thấu suốt. Và tiếp theo chúng ta đã tìm hiểu vấn đề của trật tự bên trong chính chúng ta, không chỉ phía bên ngoài mà còn cả phía bên trong. Không thể có trật tự bên trong, và một cách tự nhiên phía bên ngoài, nếu không có hiểu rõ về chính mình. Và lần trước chúng ta đã tìm hiểu vấn đề đó khi chúng ta gặp gỡ ở đây. Chúng ta đang nói về cô độc, và tôi nghĩ hiểu rõ toàn vấn đề của cô độc là điều rất quan trọng. Tôi nghĩ hầu hết chúng ta đều nhận ra rằng chúng ta là, khi chúng ta dám đối mặt với nó, những con người tách rời, cô độc kinh khủng. Và nếu chúng ta có ý thức, hay không ý thức, nhận biết được nó, chúng ta muốn tẩu thoát khỏi nó bởi vì chúng ta không biết cái gì đằng sau nó, cái gì xuyên suốt nó và vượt khỏi nó. Và bởi vì sợ hãi chúng ta tẩu thoát khỏi nó qua quyến luyến, qua hoạt động, qua mọi hình thức giải trí thuộc thế tục hoặc thuộc tôn giáo. Tôi nghĩ điều này khá rõ ràng khi người ta quan sát nó trong chính người ta. Chúng ta, qua hoạt động hàng ngày của chúng ta, qua những thái độ và cách suy nghĩ của chúng ta, chúng ta tự-tách rời chính chúng ta, mặc dù chúng ta có lẽ có sự liên hệ mật thiết nhưng chúng ta luôn luôn đang vận hành, đang suy nghĩ về chính chúng ta. Và kết quả của nó là – nếu bạn có thể tìm hiểu, vì sắp tới đây chúng ta sẽ – nhiều cô lập, cô độc hơn, lệ thuộc nhiều hơn vào những sự việc bên ngoài, quyến luyến nhiều hơn và cuối cùng sự đau khổ từ nó. Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn có nhận biết được tất cả điều này? Và sáng nay có lẽ, vì chúng ta đang ngồi đây trong một giờ hay hơn nữa, chúng ta có thể nhận biết được, nếu bạn muốn, sự việc được gọi là cô lập, cô độc này trong những liên hệ, những quyến luyến, lệ thuộc và đau khổ của chúng ta. Đây là điều gì luôn luôn đang xảy ra, nếu người ta có quan sát, vô tận trong chính chúng ta.

Hoạt động của chúng ta là tự cho mình là trung tâm. Chúng ta đang suy nghĩ vô tận về chính chúng ta, chúng ta mạnh khoẻ như thế nào, hay không mạnh khoẻ, rằng chúng ta phải thiền định, ngồi đúng cách, rằng chúng ta phải tiến bộ, chúng ta phải thay đổi, chúng ta phải có việc làm tốt hơn, nhiều tiền bạc hơn, sự liên hệ tốt hơn – tôi và của tôi – bạn theo kịp chứ? Cái vòng tròn vĩnh viễn, cái vòng tròn hiểm độc mà mãi mãi đang xảy ra. Tôi đang ngồi cạnh Thượng đế – dĩ nhiên là phía bên phải! Và tôi đạt được sự khai sáng. Tôi phải thành tựu điều này hay điều kia trong sống này. Chúng ta luôn luôn quan tâm và hiến dâng cho chính chúng ta. Và lại nữa đó là một sự kiện rõ ràng hàng ngày. Và từ sự quan tâm đó những hoạt động của chúng ta, dù chúng ta đi đến văn phòng, nhà máy, bất kỳ hoạt động nào chúng ta làm, thuộc xã hội, đều quan tâm đến sự thịnh vượng của thế giới – nó luôn luôn là tôi và thế giới. Tự-quan tâm này tạo ra, qua công việc hàng ngày của nó, những lao dịch hàng ngày, sự liên hệ hàng ngày, một qui trình gây cô lập. Lại nữa tôi nghĩ điều này khá rõ ràng. Và sự cô lập này kết thúc, nếu người ta thâm nhập nó khá sâu thẳm và thấu đáo, thâm nhập vào một cảm giác của cô độc, hoàn toàn bị cô độc, bị cô lập, không có bất kỳ liên quan nào với bất kỳ thứ gì, mặc dù bạn có lẽ đang ở trong một đám đông người, hay ngồi bên cạnh người bạn của bạn, bỗng nhiên nó ập vào bạn cảm giác của cô độc này, cái ý thức hoàn toàn bị cắt đứt khỏi sự liên hệ này. Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn có nhận biết được nó? Có chứ? Hay đây là điều gì đó mà bạn không có hiểu biết?

Nếu bạn nhận biết được nó, và trở nên ý thức được, đang biết nó, nó đó kìa, chúng ta cố gắng tẩu thoát khỏi nó, phải không – công việc, càu nhàu, suy nghĩ về thiền định như một tẩu thoát. Tất cả việc này, đúng không, thể hiện rằng cái trí, dù nó là gì chăng nữa, nông cạn, hay sâu sắc, hay hời hợt, hay chỉ trói buộc trong hiểu biết công nghệ, cái trí luôn luôn đang bận tâm đến chính nó, phải tự-cắt đứt nó khỏi mọi hình thức của liên hệ. Và liên hệ là sự việc quan trọng nhất trong sống, bởi vì nếu chúng ta không có sự liên hệ đúng đắn với một người – làm ơn lắng nghe điều này – nếu chúng ta không có sự liên hệ đúng đắn với một người, bạn không thể có sự liên hệ đúng đắn với bất kỳ người nào khác, bạn có thể tưởng tượng bạn sẽ có liên hệ tốt hơn với một người khác, nhưng nó chỉ là một liên hệ tưởng tượng bằng từ ngữ. Nhưng nếu bạn hiểu rõ sự liên hệ là gì, sự liên hệ giữa hai con người và thế là sự liên hệ với phần còn lại của thế giới, vậy thì sự cô lập, sự cô độc cùng tất cả đau khổ của nó, hoàn toàn có một ý nghĩa khác hẳn.

Vì vậy sự liên hệ là gì? Chúng ta sẽ quay trở lại sau khi xác nhận sự liên hệ là gì, để cố gắng tìm ra tại sao con người lại quá cô độc như thế, muốn được thương yêu, không có tình yêu, tự-tách rời chính họ, cả phần thân thể và tâm lý, và thế là trở thành loạn thần kinh. Bạn không gặp quá nhiều người bị loạn thần kinh kỳ lạ hay sao? Dĩ nhiên gồm cả chính chúng ta, không phải những người khác! Một chút mất cân bằng, cố định vào một cá tính đặc biệt nào đó. Tất cả việc này phát sinh, dường như đối với tôi, nếu bạn tìm hiểu nó cẩn thận và thâm nhập nó, từ sự thiếu vắng hoàn toàn của sự liên hệ đúng đắn.

Vì vậy trước khi chúng ta bắt đầu hiểu rõ làm thế nào kết thúc được sự cô độc này, sự đau khổ này, sự phiền muộn lẫn lo âu thuộc sự tồn tại của con người này, người ta phải tìm hiểu vấn đề của sự liên hệ này. Có liên hệ có nghĩa gì?

Chúng ta có liên hệ gì với một người khác? Hay chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta có, mặc dù tư tưởng khẳng định rằng chúng ta có liên hệ nhưng thật ra có lẽ chúng ta chẳng có liên hệ gì cả bởi vì nếu – lại nữa nó có vẻ – nếu chúng ta không tìm ra rằng một con người có thể sống với một người khác, thân mật hay không, tình dục hay không, nếu người ta không tìm ra một cách sâu thẳm sự thật của sự liên hệ, có vẻ chắc chắn những con người phải chấm dứt trong đau khổ, trong hoang mang và trong xung đột, dù họ đến nhà thờ, dù họ tin tưởng Thượng đế, dù họ làm công tác xã hội, hay dù họ chấp nhận những hình thức tin tưởng khác nhau và mọi chuyện như thế, việc đó hoàn toàn không giá trị gì cả nếu những con người đã không thiết lập được giữa chính họ một liên hệ mà trong đó không có xung đột nào cả. Và điều đó có thể được không? Liệu bạn và tôi có thể, có lẽ bạn có thể có một liên hệ rất tốt với tôi, bởi vì tôi sẽ ở đây đến tuần tới hay tuần sau nữa, và nó chấm dứt. Nhưng liệu bạn có một liên hệ đúng đắn – có lẽ chúng ta không nên dùng từ ngữ “đúng đắn” – một sự liên hệ với một người khác, và sự liên hệ này có ý nghĩa gì? Liệu có thể có một liên hệ giữa hai con người nếu mỗi người cứ bận tâm về chính anh ấy, nếu mỗi người chỉ quan tâm đến những tham vọng, những buồn rầu, những lo âu riêng của anh ấy, chức vụ trong thế giới của anh ấy, tiếng tăm của anh ấy – bạn biết tất cả những điều xuẩn ngốc đó mà con người trải qua hay không? Khi một con người bị trói buộc trong mạng lưới đó, liệu anh ấy có bất kỳ sự liên hệ nào với một người khác hay không?

Làm ơn hãy tìm hiểu nó và chúng ta sẽ thâm nhập nó bởi vì chúng ta đang cùng nhau chia sẻ sự việc này, chúng ta không chỉ đang lắng nghe một bài giảng đạo buổi sáng. Liệu bạn biết câu chuyện của những bài giảng: một ngày một người thầy đã giảng thuyết trong nhiều năm trước một số ít khán giả được chọn lựa. Vào một ngày khi ông ấy leo lên bục giảng, ông ấy thấy một con chim nhỏ đến và đậu bên cửa sổ, và nó bắt đầu hót; và nó hót trong vài phút. Hót xong, nó bay đi, và người giảng đạo nói rằng, “Sáng nay bài giảng chấm dứt”. Tôi ước rằng chúng ta có thể làm như vậy ở đây ngay lúc này! Điều đó sẽ tuyệt vời lắm, phải không? Ít ra đối với tôi nó cũng là như vậy.

Vì vậy sự liên hệ là gì? Liệu có thể có một liên hệ nếu mỗi người có một vấn đề, dù tầm thường, dù phức tạp, liệu có một liên hệ khi mỗi người đang theo đuổi sự leo thang địa vị của anh ấy hay không? Liệu có thể có một liên hệ khi mỗi người đang theo đuổi khuynh hướng riêng nhỏ nhoi của anh ấy? Liệu có một liên hệ khi có sự tham vọng, tham lam, ganh tị, khi mỗi người có một niềm tin – làm ơn hãy theo sát tất cả điều này – một niềm tin mà anh ấy bám vào hay không? Liệu có thể có bất kỳ liên hệ nào giữa một người đàn ông và một phụ nữ khi một người là người Thiên chúa giáo và người kia là người Tin lành, hay một người Ấn độ giáo hay một người Phật giáo, đang cố gắng tu hành? Vì vậy sự liên hệ là gì? Bởi vì dường như đối với tôi điều đó là một trong những sự việc quan trọng nhất trong sống, bởi vì đang sống là liên hệ. Nếu không có sự liên hệ đúng đắn, không có đang sống gì cả, lúc đó chỉ là một chuỗi của những xung đột, hoặc là kết thúc trong ly dị, hoặc trong ly thân, hoặc bị cô lập cùng tất cả những lo âu, những quyến luyến, những sợ hãi của nó và tất cả những sự việc mà bao hàm trong ý thức của sự cô lập hoàn toàn này. Tôi chắc chắn rằng bạn biết tất cả điều này. Người ta càng già nua bao nhiêu, không những về tuổi tác nhưng còn cả trong quan sát người ta càng nhận ra – tôi phải cẩn thận ở đây, sự quan sát không thuộc vấn đề của thời gian, tôi phải rút lại từ ngữ đó. Người ta quan sát được rằng trong sống sự liên hệ sinh động đến chừng nào. Và rõ ràng chẳng có bao nhiêu người đã phá sập được rào chắn hiện diện giữa chính họ và một người khác. Và muốn phá vỡ rào chắn này, cùng tất cả những hàm ý trong nó, không chỉ rào chắn vật chất, người ta phải tìm hiểu rất sâu sắc câu hỏi của hành động này. Đúng chứ? Chúng ta đang theo kịp nhau hay không?

Hành động là gì? Hành động không là hành động tương lai, hay hành động quá khứ, nhưng đang hành động – nó là kết quả của một kết luận và đang hành động theo kết luận đó à? Hay nó được đặt nền tảng trên niềm tin nào đó và hành động theo niềm tin đó? Hay nó được đặt nền tảng trên trải nghiệm nào đó và hành động theo trải nghiệm và hiểu biết đó? Và nếu nó là như thế, vậy thì hành động luôn luôn trong quá khứ. Không phải sao? Và vì vậy sự liên hệ của chúng ta luôn luôn trong quá khứ, không trong hiện tại. Chúng ta đang gặp gỡ nhau chứ?

Hãy nhìn, nếu tôi có một liên hệ với một người khác, trong liên hệ đó – và sự liên hệ là hành động, rõ ràng như thế, trong liên hệ đó qua nhiều ngày, nhiều năm, hay một tuần lễ, tôi đã dựng lên một hình ảnh về cô ấy, hay anh ấy. Và tùy theo hình ảnh tôi đã dựng lên đó, tôi hành động. Và cô ấy hành động tùy theo hình ảnh cô ấy đã dựng lên đó. Và hình ảnh này là sự liên hệ giữa cô ấy và tôi, hay giữa anh ấy và bạn. Đúng chứ? Bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này? Làm ơn hãy quan sát những cái trí riêng của các bạn, hoạt động trong liên hệ riêng của bạn và chẳng mấy chốc bạn sẽ tìm ra được sự thật và giá trị của câu phát biểu này. Sự liên hệ của chúng ta được đặt nền tảng trên những hình ảnh. Đúng chứ? Và làm thế nào có được một liên hệ với người khác nếu nó chỉ là một liên hệ của những hình ảnh? Bạn hiểu chứ? Không à? Được rồi tôi sẽ tiếp tục. Tệ quá! Nếu bạn không hiểu vậy thì bạn không hiểu rõ nó. Điều đó tùy thuộc bạn.

Bởi vì trong sống, tôi quan tâm có được sự liên hệ đúng đắn, một liên hệ không xung đột, và một liên hệ mà tôi không đang sử dụng một người khác, và không đang trục lợi một người khác, hoặc vì tình dục, hoặc vì những lý do vui thú, hay tình bè bạn. Và tôi thấy muốn có một liên hệ như thế mà trong đó tuyệt đối không có xung đột, bởi vì nếu có một xung đột nó hủy diệt bất kỳ hình thức nào của liên hệ, bởi vì tôi phải giải quyết xung đột đó ngay tại trung tâm, không phải ở vòng ngoài. Và tôi chỉ có thể kết thúc xung đột đó bằng cách hiểu rõ hành động, không chỉ trong sự liên hệ mà còn trong sống hàng ngày. Tôi muốn tìm ra liệu hoạt động của tôi có đang tách rời hay không, đang dựng lên một bức tường quanh chính tôi, bức tường là tôi quan tâm đến chính bản thân tôi, đến tương lai của tôi, đến hạnh phúc của tôi, đến sức khoẻ của tôi, đến Thượng đế của tôi, đến niềm tin của tôi, đến thành công của tôi, đến đau khổ của tôi – bạn theo kịp chứ? Hay sự liên hệ của tôi không liên quan gì với chính bản thân tôi? Bạn đang theo kịp chứ? Chính bản thân tôi là trung tâm, và hành động tùy theo cái tôi, tùy theo sự thoả mãn của tôi, vinh quang của tôi, hạnh phúc của tôi, nó phải tách rời. Và nơi nào có sự tách rời, sự cô lập phải có sự quyến luyến, và sự lệ thuộc. Và khi có một ngờ vực trong quyến luyến và lệ thuộc đó, vậy thì có đau khổ, và sự đau khổ hàm ý sự tách rời trong bất kỳ sự liên hệ nào. Tôi thấy điều đó rất rõ ràng, mà không phải bằng từ ngữ, hay bằng trí năng, nhưng thực sự – một sự kiện thực sự.

Vì vậy làm thế nào tôi, người trong nhiều năm đã dựng lên những hình ảnh về chính tôi, và những hình ảnh về một người khác, đã tách rời chính tôi qua hành động, qua niềm tin và vân vân, làm thế nào tôi được tự do khỏi những hình ảnh này? Đó là câu hỏi đầu tiên của tôi. Những hình ảnh của Thượng đế của tôi, tôn giáo của tôi, tình trạng bị quy định của tôi, những hình ảnh mà tôi phải đạt được sự nổi danh, hay đạt được sự khai sáng, mà là cùng sự việc, đạt được sự thành công và vì vậy sợ hãi sự thất bại. Bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này? Vì vậy tôi có nhiều, nhiều hình ảnh về chính bản thân tôi và về bạn, bây giờ làm thế nào tôi được tự do khỏi chúng? Nó giải quyết được qua sự phân tích? Chúng ta đã giải thích nó vào ngày trước. Sự kết thúc của những hình ảnh, sự dựng lên của những hình ảnh, liệu nó kết thúc qua qui trình phân tích? Chắc chắn không, mà chúng ta đã tìm hiểu vào ngày trước, và tôi sẽ không trình bày lại nó nữa. Vậy thì tôi sẽ phải làm gì đây? Nó là một vấn đề – bạn hiểu chứ – nó là một vấn đề và tôi phải kết thúc được vấn đề đó, không phải để dành nó cho ngày hôm sau. Tôi cũng đã giải thích về điều đó. Bởi vì nếu tôi không kết thúc vấn đề của tôi ngày hôm nay, vấn đề đó tạo ra vô-trật tự, phiền muộn, và bộ não cần trật tự để vận hành một cách lành mạnh và bình thường, không loạn thần kinh. Tôi phải thiết lập trật tự ngay bây giờ, suốt ban ngày, ngược lại cái trí của tôi lo âu về nó, có những giấc mộng và mọi chuyện như thế, và không thể tươi mát được vào sáng hôm sau. Lại nữa chúng ta đã tìm hiểu điều đó tại nói chuyện nào đó trước đây rồi. Vậy là tôi phải kết thúc được vấn đề của dựng lên và ngăn cản những hình ảnh. Đúng chứ?

Bây giờ làm thế nào thực hiện được điều này? Bằng cách không tạo tác một hình ảnh-siêu nhiên, chắc chắn là vậy. Đúng chứ? Tôi có nhiều hình ảnh – giả sử tôi có, tôi không có hình ảnh nào cả, cám ơn Chúa – giả sử tôi có nhiều hình ảnh, bởi vì không thể giải quyết được chúng, khuynh hướng của tôi là phải được tự do khỏi những hình ảnh này, cái trí tạo tác một hình ảnh-siêu nhiên – cái tôi cao hơn, Đại ngã, những dạng khác nhau của những tác nhân bên ngoài, dù rằng những tác nhân bên ngoài thuộc trí năng hay người Anh hai của thế giới Cộng sản, hay thế giới tôn giáo; nếu không tạo ra một hình ảnh cao hơn, phải có sự kết thúc của tất cả những hình ảnh mà tôi đã thâu lượm. Bây giờ làm thế nào thực hiện được điều này? Tôi hy vọng bạn quan tâm đến điều này. Bởi vì nếu tôi có bất kỳ hình ảnh nào, sẽ không thể nào có được sự liên hệ đúng đắn; bởi vì những hình ảnh gây tách rời, và nơi nào có sự tách rời phải có xung đột, không chỉ thuộc quốc gia nhưng còn giữa những con người. Điều đó rõ ràng. Vì vậy làm thế nào tôi sẽ được tự do khỏi tất cả những hình ảnh mà tôi đã thâu lượm trong sống của tôi, để cho cái trí hoàn toàn được tự do và trong sáng, và tươi trẻ để cho nó có thể quan sát mới mẻ lại toàn chuyển động của sống? Đúng chứ?

Bây giờ trước hết tôi phải tìm ra làm thế nào những hình ảnh này hiện diện được, không qua sự phân tích. Đúng chứ?

Đó là, tôi phải học quan sát. Bây giờ sự quan sát được đặt nền tảng trên sự phân tích à? Tôi quan sát, tôi thấy. Đó là kết quả của thời gian, của phân tích, của luyện tập à? Hay nó là một động thái bên ngoài của thời gian? Tôi thua cuộc rồi. Tôi vô cùng quan tâm đến điều này bởi vì, bạn thấy rằng con người đã cố gắng vượt khỏi thời gian bằng những ma mãnh, và họ đã luôn luôn thất bại. Con người đã cố gắng, bởi vì biết rằng anh ấy không thể xóa sạch vô vàn những hình ảnh này, thế là anh ấy đã sáng chế một hình ảnh-siêu nhiên, và anh ấy trở thành một nô lệ cho hình ảnh đó và thế là anh ấy không được tự do, dù hình ảnh-siêu nhiên đó là một trạng thái hay bất kỳ điều gì, nó vẫn không là sự tự do, nó là một hình ảnh khác. Làm ơn cẩn thận theo sát điều này. Và bởi vì vô cùng quan tâm đến sự kết thúc của những hình ảnh, bởi vì chỉ nhờ thế mới có thể có sự liên hệ đúng đắn với một người khác, vậy thì quan tâm của tôi là liệu ngay tức khắc tôi có thể kết thúc tất cả những hình ảnh – không phải thay đổi một hình ảnh này bằng một hình ảnh khác, mà sẽ chẳng dẫn đến đâu cả, dĩ nhiên là như thế. Vì vậy tôi phải tìm ra liệu có thể phá vỡ hệ thống máy móc của cái trí mà xây dựng những hình ảnh.

Vì vậy tôi phải tìm hiểu câu hỏi nhận biết có nghĩa gì – xin lỗi vì đã phải khiến vấn đề hơi phức tạp một tí, nhưng không sao đâu. Bởi vì điều đó có lẽ giải quyết được vấn đề của tôi. Vấn đề của tôi là sự kết thúc của tất cả những hình ảnh, bởi vì điều đó cho sự tự do, và nơi nào có tự do nơi đó mới có thể có sự liên hệ đúng đắn, một liên hệ trung thực, mà trong đó mọi hình thức của xung đột đều kết thúc.

Vì vậy trạng thái nhận biết này có nghĩa gì? Nhận biết hàm ý một chú ý mà trong đó không có sự chọn lựa. Tôi không thể chọn lựa một hình ảnh trên một hình ảnh khác. Nếu như thế không có sự kết thúc của hình ảnh đó. Vì vậy tôi phải tìm được điều gì là sự nhận biết mà trong đó không có sự chọn lựa nhưng chỉ có sự quan sát thuần khiết, đang thấy thuần khiết. Chúng ta đang theo cùng nhau?

Bây giờ đang thấy là gì? Tôi quan sát một cái cây, hay một hòn núi, những quả đồi, mặt trăng, những dòng nước đang chảy như thế nào, tôi nhìn ngắm nó như thế nào? Không chỉ có sự quan sát bằng mắt nhưng còn cả cái trí có một hình ảnh về cái cây, đám mây, hòn núi, con sông. Con sông đó có một cái tên, con sông đó tạo ra một âm thanh dễ chịu, hay khó chịu. Tôi luôn luôn đang quan sát, đang nhận biết những sự vật, dựa vào ưa thích hay không-ưa thích, dựa vào sự so sánh. Và liệu có thể quan sát, lắng nghe con sông đó mà không có bất kỳ sự chọn lựa nào? Lắng nghe mà không có bất kỳ chống đối, bất kỳ quyến luyến, bất kỳ diễn tả bằng từ ngữ? Làm ơn, bạn thực hiện việc này khi chúng ta đang nói chuyện. Nó là bài tập buổi sáng của bạn. Liệu tôi có thể lắng nghe con sông đó mà không có bất kỳ ý thức của quá khứ? Liệu tôi có thể quan sát nhiều hình ảnh khác nhau này mà không có bất kỳ sự chọn lựa nào, mà có nghĩa rằng không có bất kỳ phê bình chúng, hay quyến luyến chúng, không có bất kỳ ưa thích, chỉ quan sát? Bạn có thể thực hiện được không? Bạn không thể, phải không? Tại sao vậy? Tại sao tôi không thể – làm ơn hãy đặt cho bạn câu hỏi đó – tại sao tôi không thể quan sát tất cả những hình ảnh mà tôi có, mà không có bất kỳ thành kiến, không có bất kỳ ưa thích, tại sao? Tại sao tôi không thể làm được? Có phải cái trí của tôi đã quen thuộc với những thành kiến, những ưa thích? Hay nó lười biếng, không đủ năng lượng cần thiết? Hay bởi vì nó thực sự không muốn được tự do khỏi bất kỳ hình ảnh nào nên bám vào một hình ảnh nhỏ xíu đặc trưng riêng của nó? Mà có nghĩa cái trí khước từ thấy sự thật, sự kiện rằng tất cả sự tồn tại là liên hệ, và khi có xung đột trong liên hệ đó vậy thì sống trở thành một đau khổ, một hoang mang, cô độc, bạn biết tất cả những chuyện theo sau nó.

Vì vậy liệu cái trí thấy được sự thật rằng nơi nào có xung đột, không có sự liên hệ – sự thật của nó, sự kiện của nó? – thấy có nghĩa không qua từ ngữ. Bây giờ làm thế nào bạn, làm thế nào người ta được tự do khỏi những hình ảnh mà người ta có? Trước hết tôi phải tìm ra những hình ảnh hiện diện như thế nào, chúng xảy ra như thế nào, cái hệ thống máy móc của nó là gì. Bạn có thể thấy rằng khi bạn không đang chú ý tại ngay khoảnh khắc của sự liên hệ thực sự, đó là, khi bạn đang nói chuyện, khi bạn đang càu nhàu, khi có sự hung tợn, khi có một lời chửi mắng, ngay khoảnh khắc khi bạn không hoàn toàn chú ý, vậy thì cái hệ thống máy móc của dựng lên một hình ảnh bắt đầu. Đúng chứ? Đó là, khi cái trí không hoàn toàn chú ý tại ngay khoảnh khắc của hành động, vậy thì bộ máy của dựng lên những hình ảnh bắt đầu. Đúng chứ? Đó là khi bạn nói điều gì đó với tôi mà tôi không thích, hay tôi thích, và nếu tại ngay khoảnh khắc đó tôi hoàn toàn không chú ý, vậy thì bộ máy đó bắt đầu. Nếu tôi chú ý, tỉnh thức, vậy thì không có việc dựng lên những hình ảnh. Đúng chứ? Đúng chứ? Mà có nghĩa tại ngay khoảnh khắc khi cái trí hoàn toàn tỉnh thức, không bị xao nhãng, không bị kinh hãi, hay phủ nhận điều gì đang được nói, tại ngay khoảnh khắc đó khi cái trí hoàn toàn tỉnh thức, vậy thì không thể có một hình ảnh. Bạn thử việc này, hãy thực hiện nó trong suốt ngày. Vậy thì điều gì xảy ra cho tất cả những hình ảnh mà người ta đã thâu lượm? Lúc này tôi đã tìm được làm thế nào để ngăn ngừa việc dựng lên những hình ảnh, nhưng điều gì xảy ra cho tất cả những hình ảnh mà tôi đã thâu lượm? Bạn đang theo kịp vấn đề chứ? Bạn làm gì với chúng đây? Tôi hy vọng bạn đang làm việc chăm chỉ như tôi – được không? Tôi nghi ngờ lắm!

Rõ ràng đây không là vấn đề của bạn, bởi vì nếu đây là vấn đề mãnh liệt, sinh động, sâu sắc thực sự của bạn, về sống của bạn, bạn đã tìm được câu trả lời, bạn không đang ngồi ở đó chờ đợi tôi tìm câu trả lời và sau đó bạn sao chép lại. Bây giờ điều gì xảy ra cho tất cả những hình ảnh mà bạn đã thâu lượm? Bạn biết rằng bạn có nhiều hình ảnh, được che giấu trong cái tủ của cái trí bạn? Và liệu bạn có thể giải quyết tất cả chúng từng chút một, một hình ảnh này sau hình ảnh khác? Và điều đó mất một thời gian vô hạn, phải không? Trong khi bạn đang giải quyết một hình ảnh bạn đang tạo tác một hình ảnh khác, vì vậy không có sự kết thúc cho cái qui trình của dần dần loại bỏ một hình ảnh tiếp theo một hình ảnh khác.

Vì vậy bạn đã tìm ra được một sự thật, đó là: bạn không thể loại bỏ những hình ảnh từng chút một, cái này qua cái kia; vì vậy phải có một cái trí, bởi vì nó đã hiểu rằng không thể loại bỏ những hình ảnh một cái này qua một cái khác, bởi vì nó đã thấy được điều đó, sự thật của nó, vậy thì cái trí, khi nó nhận biết được nó đang tạo tác một hình ảnh, trong sự chú ý đó tất cả những hình ảnh khác biến mất. Tôi tự hỏi liệu bạn có hiểu rõ? Bạn nắm bắt được nó chứ? Không à.

Như chúng ta đã vừa nói, những hình ảnh được hình thành khi cái trí không chú ý. Làm ơn hãy nhớ kỹ điều đó. Khi cái trí không chú ý, vậy thì những hình ảnh được hình thành. Và hầu hết cái trí của chúng ta đều không chú ý, không có sự chú ý. Thỉnh thoảng bạn có chú ý, phần thời gian còn lại bạn không chú ý. Trong những thời điểm của không chú ý đó, những hình ảnh được hình thành. Và khi bạn, một cách chú ý nhận biết được một hình ảnh, và một cách chú ý nhận biết được làm thế nào bộ máy vận hành, vậy thì trong sự chú ý đó tất cả những hình ảnh đều xóa sạch, tất cả những hình ảnh, cả những hình ảnh quá khứ lẫn đang dựng lên những hình ảnh hiện tại. Điều gì quan trọng là trạng thái của chú ý. Đúng chứ? Không phải bạn có bao nhiêu hình ảnh. Tôi tự hỏi liệu bạn hiểu rõ? Làm ơn nắm bắt điều này. Làm ơn hiểu rõ điều này bởi vì đây là điều quan trọng nhất. Tôi sẽ ngồi đây suốt năm tiếng đồng hồ cho đến khi bạn hiểu rõ nó! Bởi vì nếu bạn có thể thực sự nắm bắt được điều này một lần, bạn sẽ hiểu rõ toàn bộ máy của cái trí.

Bạn thấy rằng hầu hết chúng ta không thể giải quyết những vấn đề của chúng ta. Chúng ta không biết làm thế nào để giải quyết chúng. Và thế là chúng ta sống cùng chúng, và chúng trở thành thói quen của chúng ta, chúng trở thành giống như một bộ áo giáp mà bạn không thể xuyên thủng được. Và khi bạn có một vấn đề không được giải quyết vậy thì bạn không có năng lượng, năng lượng mà bạn có bị nuốt trọn bởi vấn đề. Và vì vậy bạn không có năng lượng. Và bởi vì không có năng lượng bạn rơi vào thói quen của nó. Vì vậy bạn phải tìm ra, nếu bạn nghiêm túc, nếu bạn thực sự muốn sống một sống trong đó không còn xung đột gì cả, bạn phải tìm ra làm thế nào kết thúc được một vấn đề ngay tức khắc, khẩn cấp, một vấn đề con người. Mà có nghĩa trao toàn chú ý cho vấn đề đó, đó là, không tìm kiếm một đáp án cho vấn đề – làm ơn theo dõi điều này – không tìm kiếm một đáp án cho vấn đề bởi vì nếu bạn đang tìm kiếm một đáp án thế là bạn đang ra khỏi vấn đề, trái lại nếu bạn ở lại cùng vấn đề một cách trọn vẹn và chú ý, vậy thì trong chính vấn đề đó là đáp án, không phải ra khỏi vấn đề.

Hãy nhìn thưa các bạn, hãy cho phép tôi giải thích nó cách khác. Tất cả chúng ta đều biết đau khổ là gì, cả thân thể lẫn tâm lý, phía bên trong. Sự đau đớn phần thân thể, người ta có thể giải quyết nó bằng những phương pháp điều trị khác nhau và không cho phép kỷ niệm của sự đau đớn đó tồn tại. Bạn theo kịp chứ? Bây giờ nếu bạn nhận biết được sự đau đớn đó, và trong ngay sự nhận biết đó bạn sẽ thấy kỷ niệm của sự đau đớn quá khứ biến mất. Và thế là bạn có năng lượng để gặp gỡ sự đau đớn lần kế tiếp, nếu bạn có nó, sự đau đớn thân thể. Theo tâm lý tất cả chúng ta đều đã chịu đựng đau khổ trong những mức độ khác nhau, mãnh liệt nhiều hơn, hay ít hơn, chúng ta đã trải qua đau khổ của loại này hay loại khác. Theo bản năng khi chúng ta trải qua đau khổ chúng ta muốn chạy trốn khỏi nó – nhà thờ, giải trí, thượng đế, bóng đá, bạn biết rồi, bất kỳ cái gì để tẩu thoát khỏi nó, đọc sách – tôi sẽ không nói tất cả những điều vô lý chúng ta làm. Bây giờ nếu cái trí có chú ý, và không chạy trốn khỏi trạng thái đau khổ gì cả, vậy thì bạn sẽ thấy từ chú ý hoàn toàn đó không chỉ có năng lượng, mà có nghĩa đam mê, nhưng cũng kết thúc sự chịu đựng đau khổ. Trong cùng cách như vậy, tất cả những hình ảnh có thể kết thúc ngay tức khắc khi không có ưa thích về bất kỳ hình ảnh nào. Điều này rất quan trọng: khi không có ưa thích về bất kỳ hình ảnh nào. Bởi vì bạn không có ưa thích, bạn không có thành kiến, vậy thì bạn chú ý, vậy thì bạn thấy. Trong sự quan sát đó không chỉ có sự hiểu rõ của việc dựng lên những hình ảnh nhưng còn cả sự kết thúc của tất cả những hình ảnh. Nếu bạn đã không nhận được nó, tệ quá, tôi phải tiếp tục.

Vậy là tôi thấy sự quan trọng của liên hệ, và có thể có một liên hệ mà không có bất kỳ xung đột, mà có nghĩa tình yêu. Tình yêu không là hình ảnh. Tình yêu không là vui thú. Tình yêu không là ham muốn. Tình yêu không là cái gì đó phải được vun quén, nó không bị lệ thuộc vào ký ức. Và liệu tôi có thể sống một sống, sống hàng ngày, mà không có bất kỳ ý thức nào của tự-quan tâm về chính mình? Tự-quan tâm về chính mình là hình ảnh cơ bản của tôi. Đúng chứ? Liệu tôi có thể sống mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh cơ bản nào, và thế là hành động, mà không tạo ra sự tách rời, cô độc và đau khổ? Đúng chứ?

Bây giờ bạn muốn nói chuyện, bàn luận? Có chứ thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Khi người ta nhìn vào phía bên trong, và dường như trải nghiệm một đam mê sâu thẳm muốn hiểu rõ, không động cơ, nhưng bằng chút ít chân thật bạn phát giác rằng thật ra cảm thấy này là một ao ước để có sự trải nghiệm của sự thật và thế là liệu cái tôi có thể, mà hôm nay tất cả chúng ta đều biết, trải nghiệm sự đam mê không lý do và dường như cốt lõi này và thấy sự khác biệt cốt lõi của hai cảm thấy đó?

Krishnamurti: Bạn cho phép tôi thở một chút nhé? Tôi sẽ dịch lại nó chốc lát nữa. Tôi sẽ lặp lại câu hỏi đó là gì. Chúng ta hãy nghỉ một tí nhé, nếu bạn không phiền.

Người hỏi nói – làm ơn sửa lại tôi nếu tôi lặp lại không đúng – người hỏi đưa ra câu hỏi: cái ngã, cái tôi, muốn trải nghiệm cái gì đó là sự thật, cái gì đó vượt khỏi cái tôi. Người hỏi đặt câu hỏi: liệu cái ngã, cái tôi, có thể trải nghiệm sự thật? Đúng chứ thưa bạn? Đó là một phần của câu hỏi, phải không?

Người hỏi: Liệu chúng ta có thể có sự đam mê không động cơ mà cần thiết để trực nhận sự thật?

Krishamurti: Liệu cái tôi có thể có – tôi đang lặp lại câu hỏi – sự đam mê không động cơ, mà một mình nó có thể tạo ra sự trực nhận sự thật? Đúng chứ? Liệu cái tôi có thể có sự đam mê mãnh liệt, mà cần thiết, sự đam mê, năng lượng, sức sống, thôi thúc mãnh liệt đó, để hiểu rõ, trực nhận cái đó mà không thuộc cái tôi – đúng chứ?

Bây giờ trước hết, cái tôi là gì? Khi bạn nói “cái tôi”, khi bạn nói: “cái tôi”, liệu tôi có thể trải nghiệm cái sự việc thực sự, cái sự việc lạ thường, “cái tôi” đó là gì? Bạn nghĩ “cái tôi” đó là gì? “Cái tôi” đó là kết quả của sự giáo dục của bạn, “cái tôi” đó là kết quả của những xung đột của bạn, những văn hoá của bạn, sự liên hệ của bạn với phần còn lại của thế giới, sự tuyên truyền mà đã nhồi nhét bừa bãi vào cái trí của bạn trong hai ngàn năm hay mười ngàn năm, “cái tôi” đó mà quyến luyến vào đồ đạc của bạn, người vợ của bạn, người chồng của bạn – đúng chứ – “cái tôi” đó nói, “Tôi muốn được hạnh phúc”, “Tôi đã thành tựu” – tất cả điều đó. Nó là “cái tôi”, phải không? Không à? “Cái tôi” mà nói, “Tôi là một người Thiên chúa giáo”, “cái tôi” mà nói, “Tôi là một người Cộng sản” – người Hồi giáo, người Ấn độ giáo, và tất cả những phân chia khủng khiếp. Bây giờ liệu “cái tôi” đó, mà cô lập, mà bởi chính cấu trúc và bản chất của nó bị giới hạn, và vì vậy đang tạo ra sự tách rời, liệu “cái tôi” đó có bất kỳ sự đam mê nào không? Nó có thể có sự đam mê về vui thú, mà khác hẳn sự đam mê chúng ta đang nói? Rõ ràng như thế phải không. Vì vậy chỉ bằng sự kết thúc của “cái tôi” thì mới có đam mê. Và chỉ một cái trí được tự do khỏi tất cả những thành kiến, những quan điểm, những đánh giá, “bạn nên là gì” – bị quy định – chỉ một cái trí như thế mới có thể có đam mê, mãnh liệt, và vì vậy có thể thấy cái là.

Người hỏi: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Bạn nói, vâng. Đó chỉ là một câu nói bằng từ ngữ, hay bạn thực sự thấy sự thật của nó và vì vậy bạn được tự do?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên, thưa bạn. Điều đó đúng. Hãy chờ một tí, thưa bạn. Tôi đã hiểu một chút tiếng Tây ban nha, bây giờ anh ấy đang làm mất khả năng đó!

Người hỏi: (Tiếp tục bằng tiếng Tây ban nha – không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Bạn nắm bắt được nó không, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Những hình ảnh này mà ở trong chính chúng tôi gây lãng phí năng lượng.

Krishanmurti: Dĩ nhiên. Vâng thưa bạn. Điều đó đúng. Ồ Chúa ơi! Câu hỏi là: những hình ảnh này mà người ta có, một hay nhiều hình ảnh, liệu chúng gây lãng phí năng lượng? Và thế là tất cả mọi chuyện còn lại của nó. Bạn nói gì đây? Rõ ràng. Nếu tôi có một hình ảnh về chính tôi và đó là sự đối nghịch với hình ảnh của bạn, phải có xung đột và thế là phải có một lãng phí năng lượng, không phải như thế à? Đừng lãng phí thời gian vào việc này.

Người hỏi: Liệu một người được tự do khỏi mọi vấn đề có thể có sự liên hệ với những người đầy những vấn đề?

Krishnamurti: Đúng. Liệu một người được tự do khỏi tất cả những vấn đề có thể, liệu ông ta có thể có bất kỳ sự liên hệ nào với một người đầy những vấn đề? Ồ bạn đã trả lời nó. Bạn đã không trả lời câu hỏi hay sao? Liệu ông ta có thể? Nếu bạn được tự do khỏi những vấn đề, thực sự, không chỉ tưởng tượng, thực sự được tự do khỏi mọi vấn đề mà những con người có – chết, tình yêu, đau khổ, vui thú – bạn biết rồi, những vấn đề – liệu tôi có thể có bất kỳ sự liên hệ nào với bạn nếu tôi có nhiều vấn đề của tôi? Dĩ nhiên là không. Vậy thì tôi làm gì đây? Bạn không có những vấn đề – hãy lắng nghe điều này – và tôi có những vấn đề, vậy thì tôi làm gì đây? Hoặc là tôi quẳng bạn đi, đẩy bạn ra xa, hoặc tôi bắt đầu tôn thờ bạn. Đúng chứ? Tôi đặt bạn lên bệ thờ và nói rằng, "Ồ! Ông ta là một người lạ thường làm sao. Ông ta là một con người lạ thường, ông ta không có những vấn đề". Và tôi lại có, thế là tôi bắt đầu tôn sùng bạn, tôi bắt đầu theo sau bạn, tôi lắng nghe bất kỳ điều gì bạn nói, hy vọng tôi sẽ giải quyết được những vấn đề của tôi bằng cách theo sau bạn. Mà có nghĩa là gì? Tôi sẽ hủy hoại bạn bằng những vấn đề của tôi. Bởi vì tôi quăng bạn ra xa, bây giờ tôi chấp nhận bạn bằng cách tôn sùng bạn mà có nghĩa tôi cũng sẽ giết chết bạn.

Người hỏi: Liệu có bất kỳ hy vọng nào cho chúng tôi?

Krishnamurti: Tất cả đều phụ thuộc vào bạn. Nếu bạn nghiêm túc. Nếu bạn thực sự quan tâm sâu sắc trong giải quyết trọn vẹn những vấn đề của bạn, vậy thì bạn có sự mãnh liệt và sinh lực để giải quyết chúng. Không phải nếu bạn đùa giỡn với chúng một ngày rồi ngày hôm sau lại tìm hiểu.

Vâng, thưa bà?

Người hỏi: (Bằng tiếng Pháp)

Krishnamurti: Vâng, quý bà kia nói: chúng ta dường như nhìn mọi thứ từ một khoảng cách, qua một đoạn đường, qua một tầm nhìn hạn hẹp. Đúng chứ? Phải vậy không thưa bà?

Người hỏi: Tôi xin phép đưa ra một câu hỏi?

Krishnamurti: Vâng thưa ông.

Người hỏi: Krishnaji, lần cuối khi ông ở Amsterdam vào tháng năm, vào cuối nói chuyện đầu tiên, có một cậu trai đứng dậy với một vấn đề. Vấn đề thuốc kích thích và ông đã nói – tôi sẽ không cố gắng giúp đỡ bạn bỏ dùng thuốc kích thích – và ông giải thích trong cách này . . . . Và toàn hội trường khoảng vài ngàn người đã lặng tăm và sau đó không ai nói một lời. Câu hỏi riêng của một người là: liệu có thể có bất kỳ việc gì thêm mà chúng ta có thể làm để giúp giới trẻ hay không?

Krishnamurti: Quý ông kia hỏi rằng: chúng ta có thể làm gì để ngăn ngừa những người khác dùng thuốc kích thích? Bạn có dùng thuốc kích thích ở đây không?

Người hỏi: Không.

Krishnamurti: Tôi hiểu câu hỏi của bạn, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi uống cà phê, chúng tôi uống rượu.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ đã, thưa bạn. Hãy chờ đã. Chúng tôi uống cà phê, chúng tôi uống rượu, chúng tôi hút thuốc lá, chúng tôi làm mọi loại sự việc, kể cả dùng thuốc kích thích, cần sa, cỏ hasish, thuốc phiện và heroin – đúng chứ? Bây giờ bạn muốn tìm hiểu điều này phải không?

Người hỏi: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Tốt! Tại sao bạn sử dụng chúng? Cà phê – làm ơn lắng nghe điều này – cà phê, trà, cần sa, heroin, rượu – tại sao? Cà phê, trà là những chất kích thích, phải không? Không à?

Khán giả: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Tôi biết. Tôi biết. Tôi không dùng chúng nhưng tôi biết. Cà phê, trà là những chất kích thích. Theo tâm lý bạn có lẽ cần một vài hình thức của kích thích. Đúng không? Một số người cần chúng. Và liệu rượu, thuốc lá cũng giống như dùng thuốc kích thích? Hãy tiếp tục trả lời nó.

Khán giả: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Chờ tí đã. Bạn nói uống rượu cũng giống như dùng thuốc kích thích.

Người hỏi: Không.

Người hỏi: Có.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ. Hãy chờ. Làm ơn đừng đứng về phía này hay phía kia. Một người nói rằng, không, và một người nào khác lại nói, có. Vậy thì chúng ta ở đâu? Tôi đang hỏi: tại sao chúng ta dùng bất kỳ những thứ này? Có phải bạn cần những chất kích thích hay không? Bạn cần được thúc đẩy, được khuyến khích, được kích thích? Tiếp tục trả lời đi? Bạn đã quá nhanh khi nói, có, bây giờ hãy trả lời điều này. Bóng đá, kích thích. Rượu, kích thích. Trà, thuốc lá, heroin, tất cả những thứ còn lại. Tại sao bạn cần chúng?

Người hỏi: Để tẩu thoát.

Krishnamurti: Để tẩu thoát. Uống một cốc rượu và bạn hạnh phúc, vì vậy nó được thực hiện mau lẹ!

Người hỏi: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ, hãy chờ. Hãy chờ đã. Vì vậy bạn cần những chất kích thích trong những hình thức khác nhau. Ở đây bạn đang được kích thích bởi tôi phải không?

Người hỏi: Vâng.

Krishanmurti: Hãy chờ đã. (Tiếng cười). Làm ơn chú ý một chút. Bạn đang bị kích thích bởi người nói phải không? Đừng nói, không, và quý ông này lại nói, có. Làm ơn. Hãy tìm hiểu nó. Bạn đang được kích thích? Nếu bạn như thế thì người nói cũng tốt như một viên thuốc. Vậy thì bạn lệ thuộc vào người nói, như bạn lệ thuộc vào thuốc men hay cà phê, trà, và vân vân. Tôi đang hỏi tại sao bạn lệ thuộc, không phải đúng hay sai, hay nên, không nên. Tại sao bạn lệ thuộc vào bất kỳ những chất kích thích này?

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi không trả lời để bênh vực. Chúng tôi có thể thấy nó có hành động như thế và như thế vào chúng tôi, nhưng chúng tôi không cần bị lệ thuộc.

Krishnamurti: Ông ấy nói rằng, chúng ta có thể thấy hành động của nó nhưng chúng ta không cần bị lệ thuộc. Nhưng bạn bị lệ thuộc khi chất kích thích đó hết tác dụng và bạn cần nhiều kích thích hơn, mà có nghĩa rằng bạn bị lệ thuộc. Tôi có lẽ uống LSD vào buổi sáng và dẹp nó đi, thực hiện một chuyến đi hay bất kỳ việc gì, nhưng nó hạ gục tôi và tôi dùng lại nó vào ngày mốt. Vì vậy tôi lệ thuộc nó. Bây giờ tôi đang hỏi tại sao cái trí con người bị lệ thuộc – làm ơn lắng nghe điều này – lệ thuộc vào ái ân, vào thuốc men, vào rượu, hay bất kỳ hình thức kích thích nào từ bên ngoài. Tất cả việc này là thuộc tâm lý. Đúng chứ. Cà phê, trà có lẽ thuộc vật chất bởi vì chúng ta ăn uống không đúng cách, chúng ta sống sai lầm, chúng ta quá buông thả và vân vân và vân vân, chúng ta cần vài hình thức của kích thích. Nhưng tại sao chúng ta muốn bị kích thích trong bất kỳ hình thức khác, thuộc tâm lý? Đó có phải bởi vì trong chính chúng ta, chúng ta quá nghèo khó? Vâng. Đó là như thế phải không? Bởi vì chúng ta không có những bộ não, có khả năng để làm điều gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn, và không lệ thuộc tất cả việc này? Vậy thì nếu bạn lệ thuộc, rượu, cà phê, trà, thuốc kích thích – thuốc kích thích nghiêm trọng hơn rượu hay trà, hay cà phê, bởi vì thuốc kích thích, do điều gì tôi đã được giải thích từ những bác sĩ mà đã nghiên cứu điều này khá thấu đáo, rằng nó hủy hoại những tế bào não.

Người hỏi: Rượu không như thế sao?

Krishnamurti: Hãy đợi. Nó hủy hoại những tế bào não, rượu có thể hủy hoại nó từ từ, rất nhiều năm, nhưng thuốc kích thích lại rất, rất nghiêm trọng bởi vì nó ảnh hưởng đến thế hệ tương lai của bạn, con cái của bạn. Vì vậy nếu bạn nói, “Ồ, tôi không bận tâm điều gì sẽ xảy đến cho cháu chắt của tôi, tôi muốn thoả mãn trong thuốc kích thích” – điều đó chấm dứt sự bàn luận. Nhưng tôi đang nói, điều gì xảy ra cho cái trí của bạn khi bạn lệ thuộc vào cái gì đó, dù nó là cà phê, trà, tình dục, bất kỳ việc gì bạn muốn, vẫy một lá cờ?

Người hỏi: Tôi mất sự tự do của tôi.

Krishnamurti: Bạn không chỉ – bạn thấy rằng bạn nói những điều này nhưng bạn không sống cùng nó. Đúng chứ?

Nó hủy hoại sự tự do phải không? Nó không, khi bạn lệ thuộc vào thứ gì đó, nó không biến bạn thành một nô lệ cho rượu, bạn phải có rượu, rượu martini, bất kỳ thứ gì bạn uống. Vì vậy dần dần cái trí của bạn trở nên xơ cứng qua sự lệ thuộc. Và vì vậy nó đã được thiết lập, từ xa xưa, ở Ấn độ, rằng bất kỳ con người tôn giáo nào mà thực sự sùng đạo sẽ không bao giờ chạm vào bất kỳ thứ này. Nhưng thưa bạn, bạn không thèm quan tâm. Bạn nói, "Tôi cần sự kích thích". Bạn biết, có một lần tôi gặp một người đàn ông đã sử dụng nhiều thuốc kích thích, LSD và ông ấy nói: "Tôi đến viện bảo tàng sau khi đã dùng LSD và tôi thấy những màu sắc rực sáng hơn, mọi thứ nổi bật sắc nét hơn, có vẻ đẹp". Nhưng cái trí dần dần bị hủy hoại, ông ấy có lẽ thấy ánh sáng dễ thương của cảnh hoàng hôn, nhưng cái trí của ông ấy đang bị bào mòn, đang chết dần, chấm dứt, sau một năm hay hai năm ông ấy chỉ còn là một thực thể không còn suy nghĩ. Bây giờ nếu bạn thích tất cả loại ngu xuẩn đó, hãy đến với nó. Nhưng nếu bạn không thích nó, hãy hoàn toàn dẹp bỏ nó khỏi bạn. Tôi nghĩ từng đó là đủ rồi, phải không?

SAANEN

Ngày 25 tháng 7 năm 1971

– 5 – TƯ TƯỞNG VÀ CÁI KHÔNG THỂ ĐO LƯỜNG

Liệu tư tưởng có thể giải quyết những vấn đề của chúng ta? Chức năng của tư tưởng. Lãnh vực của tư tưởng và những chiếu rọi của chúng. Liệu cái trí có thể thâm nhập vào cái không thể đo lường? Nhân tố của ảo tưởng là gì? Sợ hãi thân thể và tinh thần và những tẩu thoát. Cái trí mà liên tục đang học hành.

Câu hỏi: Liệu người ta có thể quan sát mà không nhận xét và đánh giá? Sự nhận biết là thấy cái gì đó tổng thể? Liệu từ ngữ có thể được sử dụng để diễn tả một trạng thái không-từ ngữ?

Tôi hy vọng sáng nay bạn đã chuẩn bị để tìm hiểu điều gì đó mà đòi hỏi nhiều suy nghĩ, và thấu triệt, không chỉ bằng từ ngữ, thuộc trí năng, mà còn bằng không-từ ngữ. Tôi hoàn toàn không biết phải bắt đầu từ đâu bởi vì theo cá nhân tôi muốn tìm hiểu điều gì đó mà dường như đối với tôi có nhiều hứng thú và quan trọng, và cần sự suy nghĩ rất sáng suốt, có lý luận, khách quan. Và tôi hy vọng bạn đã chuẩn bị sẵn sàng cho điều đó. Tôi không biết kết quả của nó sẽ là gì, nhưng chúng ta sẽ cố gắng.

Hầu hết chúng ta đều cảm thấy rằng thế giới quá hỗn loạn – nếu bạn cho phép một kẻ điên khùng tổ chức thế giới anh ấy không thể làm tốt hơn điều gì như hiện nay. Và nhiều người cảm thấy rằng phải có sự thay đổi môi trường sống – thuộc chính trị, kinh tế, ô nhiễm không khí, chấm dứt những chiến tranh, nhiều nghèo đói và cùng lúc lại có giàu có khủng khiếp, sự phân phối không đồng đều và vân vân. Hầu hết chúng ta đều nghĩ rằng trước tiên những điều này phải được thay đổi – thay đổi hoàn toàn phía bên ngoài, môi trường sống, rồi sau đó con người sẽ có thể giải quyết chính anh ấy một cách hợp lý hơn, thông minh hơn. Nhưng tôi nghĩ vấn đề còn sâu sắc hơn, phức tạp hơn là chỉ thay đổi trong những hoàn cảnh bên ngoài. Tôi nghĩ hầu hết những cái trí có giáo dục và chín chắn – tôi có ý qua từ ngữ có giáo dục không phải trong ý nghĩa thông thường của từ ngữ đó, nhưng cái trí mà đã quan sát những biến cố trong thế giới, hành động buông thả của giới trẻ và thái độ rất đạo đức giả của thế hệ già nua – và cái trí chín chắn tạm gọi là có giáo dục, nhận biết được rằng vấn đề sâu sắc hơn nhiều, phức tạp hơn nhiều, cần đến một tiếp cận hoàn toàn khác hẳn đến vấn đề mà bạn quen thuộc.

Tôi hoàn toàn không biết phải bắt đầu từ đâu. Tôi nghĩ đó là một sự thật. Và người ta cũng thấy rằng tất cả nỗ lực này của con người, phía bên ngoài cũng như bên trong – đi đến mặt trăng và thay đổi chính người ta, cái trí của người ta và quả tim của người ta – chúng ta nghĩ tất cả đều có thể thực hiện được bởi tư tưởng. Chúng ta đã trao quá nhiều sự quan trọng cho chức năng của tư tưởng – một cách hợp lý, khách quan, hay không hợp lý, hay loạn thần kinh. Xuyên suốt mọi thời đại, như người ta thấy, tư tưởng đã đảm trách một vai trò quan trọng lạ thường. Tư tưởng có tánh đo lường, và sự đo lường bởi tư tưởng để tạo ra trật tự và thay đổi này rất bị giới hạn, và rõ ràng đã không thành công – nó có thay đổi nhưng hời hợt và không triệt để. Tư tưởng, toàn bộ máy của suy nghĩ, đã đảm trách một nhiệm vụ mà đã tạo ra sự quy định hiện nay của thế giới này, tôi nghĩ điều đó không thể phủ nhận được. Và chúng ta nghĩ tư tưởng có thể thay đổi, không chỉ những biến cố và những sự việc xảy ra phía bên ngoài, và sự ô nhiểm và mọi chuyện như thế, nhưng người ta cũng nghĩ rằng bằng cách sử dụng cẩn thận tư tưởng người ta có thể thay đổi tình trạng bị quy định của con người, phương cách hành động, phương cách sống của con người. Và lại nữa điều đó rất rõ ràng: rằng tư tưởng có cần thiết để mang lại trật tự trong thế giới. Đó là, nếu tư tưởng được tổ chức, được suy nghĩ một cách cẩn thận, khách quan, lành mạnh, chúng ta nghĩ có thể thay đổi môi trường sống; và môi trường sống cùng sự ô nhiễm, nghèo đói của nó và tất cả mọi chuyện như thế cần đến những thay đổi lớn lao. Lại nữa tôi nghĩ điều đó rất rõ ràng. Và toàn thế giới công nghệ trong đó chúng ta sống đều đặt nền tảng trên tư tưởng cùng sự đo lường của nó. Và tư tưởng chỉ có thể vận hành khi có không gian. Tư tưởng tạo ra không gian riêng của nó – không gian là thời gian, khoảng cách từ đây đến đó, sự đo lường. Và toàn thế giới hiện đại được xây dựng dựa vào đó. Đúng chứ?

Tôi có thể tiếp tục được chứ? Và sự đo lường, mà là chính bản chất của suy nghĩ, cùng không gian của nó, rõ ràng là rất, rất bị giới hạn, bởi vì tư tưởng bị quy định. Tư tưởng là sự phản ứng của toàn ký ức, mà là quá khứ; sự phản ứng đến quá khứ khi nó bị thách thức là tư tưởng. Phải không? Bạn đang theo cùng tôi chứ? Hay tôi đang nói chuyện một mình đây?

Và rõ ràng tư tưởng không kết thúc được chiến tranh. Trái lại tư tưởng đã nuôi dưỡng những chiến tranh, sự phân chia, cả về tôn giáo, kinh tế, xã hội và vân vân. Trong chính nó tư tưởng là nguyên nhân của sự phân chia. Và chức năng của tư tưởng là gì – tư tưởng là sự đáp lại của hiểu biết, và hiểu biết luôn luôn ở trong quá khứ. Từ hiểu biết đó tư tưởng có thể chiếu rọi tương lai, đang bổ sung qua những hoạt động của hiện tại. Đúng chứ? Và bởi vì hiểu biết của nó, tư tưởng có thể chiếu rọi một tương lai của thế giới nên là gì. Nhưng rõ ràng thế giới nên là gì không bao giờ xảy ra được. Những người triết lý, những người thầy tạm gọi là tôn giáo, đã chiếu rọi một thế giới trong tương lai, được đặt nền tảng trên hiểu biết thuộc quá khứ của chúng ta, và đang chiếu rọi cái gì đó từ quá khứ mà sẽ là sự phản ứng đối nghịch hay được bổ sung của quá khứ, và thế là tư tưởng không bao giờ mang con người lại cùng nhau. Lại nữa đó là một sự thật.

Trái lại tư tưởng ham muốn được vận hành trong hiểu biết, và nó chỉ có thể vận hành trong hiểu biết, và hiểu biết lại có tánh đo lường, tư tưởng không bao giờ tạo ra sự liên hệ thực sự giữa con người và con người. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy tôi đang tự hỏi: chức năng của hiểu biết là gì, mà là cái đã được biết, mà là quá khứ, sự vận hành của phản ứng đến quá khứ đó, mà là tư tưởng, trong sống hàng ngày là gì? Đúng chứ? Bạn có khi nào đặt câu hỏi này?

Người ta sống dựa vào tư tưởng, người ta hành động dựa vào tư tưởng. Tất cả những toan tính của chúng ta, tất cả những liên hệ của chúng ta, và tất cả cách cư xử của chúng ta đều dựa vào tư tưởng, mà là hiểu biết, và hiểu biết đó là đo lường, trong chừng mực nào đó, nhiều hay rộng lớn, nó là đo lường. Và hiểu biết luôn luôn trong lãnh vực của cái đã được biết. Và liệu con người, liệu bạn và tôi, có thể nhận ra sự quan trọng của hiểu biết và thấy được những giới hạn của nó và vượt khỏi nó? Đó là vấn đề của tôi – bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Đó là điều gì tôi muốn tìm ra. Bởi vì tôi thấy rằng nếu bạn luôn luôn đang vận hành trong lãnh vực của hiểu biết, bạn sẽ luôn luôn là những tù nhân, rất bị giới hạn với những biên giới chật chội hay mở rộng nào đó mà luôn luôn đo lường được. Và vì vậy cái trí sẽ luôn luôn bị giam giữ trong những biên giới của hiểu biết. Đúng chứ? Tôi đang tự hỏi liệu hiểu biết, mà là trải nghiệm, dù được thâu lượm trong vài ngày qua, hay trong nhiều, nhiều thế kỷ, liệu cái trí đó có thể làm tự do con người để cho anh ấy có thể vận hành hoàn toàn khác hẳn, để cho anh ấy luôn luôn không đang sống trong quá khứ, mà là hiểu biết? Chúng ta có đang gặp gỡ chứ?

Bạn biết câu hỏi này đã được đặt ra hoàn toàn khác hẳn bởi nhiều người thực sự rất nghiêm túc, đặc biệt trong thế giới tôn giáo: liệu con người luôn luôn bị trói buộc bởi thời gian, mà là hiểu biết? Đó là, bị trói buộc vào quá khứ, hiện tại và tương lai. Và họ đã luôn luôn đặt ra câu hỏi này – ít nhất những học giả, những người thông thái, và những đạo sư vĩ đại mà đã nói chuyện với tôi – họ luôn luôn hỏi tôi liệu con người có thể vượt khỏi thời gian – không phải thời gian tưởng tượng thuộc khoa học – bạn đang theo kịp chứ? – nhưng thực sự không là một nô lệ cho thời gian, bởi vì thời gian có thể đo lường được, hiểu biết có thể đo lường được, hành động trong lãnh vực của hiểu biết là đo lường được, và vì vậy nếu con người không tự-giải thoát anh ấy khỏi lãnh vực đó, anh ấy sẽ luôn luôn là một nô lệ. Bạn có lẽ trang hoàng lãnh vực đó, bạn có lẽ làm mọi loại sự việc trong lãnh vực đó, biến nó trở nên đẹp đẽ, không bị ô nhiễm – bạn biết đó – không có nghèo đói và vân vân, nhưng anh ấy sẽ luôn luôn sống trong sự giới hạn của lãnh vực đó, mà là thời gian, đo lường, hiểu biết. Đúng chứ? Bạn sẽ tự-đặt câu hỏi đó cho chính mình chứ? Làm ơn hãy thực hiện! Đó là: liệu con người luôn luôn bị trói buộc vào quá khứ cùng những hiểu biết, trải nghiệm và hành động của nó? Nếu anh ấy như thế, anh ấy có thể không bao giờ được tự do. Đúng không? Anh ấy luôn luôn bị quy định và từ tình trạng bị quy định đó anh ấy có lẽ chiếu rọi một ý tưởng của sự tự do, một thiên đàng nơi anh ấy sẽ ngồi bên phải chúa – hay bên tay trái, nó tùy thuộc vào loại niềm tin tôn giáo nào bạn có. Và vì vậy tẩu thoát khỏi sự kiện thực sự của thời gian, bằng cách chiếu rọi một ý tưởng, một niềm tin, một khái niệm, anh ấy có thể tẩu thoát vào một ảo tưởng mà có lẽ là không thời gian, nhưng vẫn còn là một ảo tưởng. Đúng chứ?

Bây giờ tôi muốn tìm ra liệu con người có thể vận hành trong thế giới này, nhưng lại đang được tự do khỏi thời gian. Có thời gian tuần tự – hôm nay, ngày mai và ngày kia, Thứ ba, Thứ tư, Thứ năm, tuần tới, tháng tới, năm tới. Nếu tôi không có thời gian tuần tự, tôi sẽ nhỡ chuyến xe lửa, chuyến xe buýt. Và tôi nhận ra rằng thời gian tuyệt đối phải tồn tại để vận hành, để làm việc gì đó. Và thời gian đó đo lường được. Thời gian luôn luôn đo lường được. Và hành động của thời gian, mà là hiểu biết, là cần thiết; ngược lại tôi không thể nói tiếng Anh, tôi sẽ không thể tìm ra nơi nào tôi sống, hay đi xe lửa, đi đến văn phòng, làm việc trong nhà máy và vân vân. Hiểu biết như thời gian và hành động là cần thiết. Và nếu đó là việc duy nhất trong đó tôi sống, và vận hành và chuyển động, tôi bị trói buộc hoàn toàn, tôi là một nô lệ. Và cái trí của tôi quan sát, nhìn, hỏi, và muốn tìm ra liệu nó có thể được tự do khỏi chuỗi thời gian này? Đúng chứ? Đó là, tôi nhận thấy hiểu biết là cần thiết – để viết một lá thư, để làm bất kỳ việc gì tôi phải có hiểu biết. Và tôi cũng thấy rằng hiểu biết, vì đo lường được, luôn luôn bị giới hạn. Và cái trí phản kháng chống lại ý tưởng là một nô lệ của thời gian – thời gian là truyền thống, thế hệ già nua hơn, thế hệ trẻ hơn, khoảng cách giữa già và trẻ, tất cả điều đó là thời gian. Và khi bị trói buộc trong điều đó cái trí phản kháng chống lại toàn ý tưởng của sống trong một văn hoá được đặt nền tảng trên tư tưởng, và thời gian, và hiểu biết. Đúng chứ? Tôi nghĩ rằng tôi đã giải thích đầy đủ.

Bây giờ tôi muốn tìm ra – cái trí muốn tìm ra liệu nó có thể vượt khỏi thời gian? Đó là, thâm nhập vào cái vô hạn, mà có khoảng không gian riêng của nó, và sống trong thế giới đó và vận hành cùng sự hiểu biết? Sống trong một thế giới tuyệt đối không đo lường, tự do khỏi thời gian, và tuy nhiên vẫn vận hành cùng thời gian, cùng hiểu biết, cùng tất cả thành tựu công nghệ mà tư tưởng đã mang lại? Bạn đang nắm rõ quan điểm của tôi chứ? Không à? Đây là một câu hỏi rất quan trọng phải đặt ra. Và những người tôn giáo, vì không thể thâm nhập vào cái gì đó mà không đo lường được, đã sáng chế ra một khái niệm về tự do, mà là một ảo tưởng bởi vì khái niệm đó là kết quả của tư tưởng, và vì vậy vẫn còn ở trong lãnh vực của thời gian và hiểu biết.

Bây giờ liệu tôi có thể, cái trí này có thể tìm hiểu chất lượng và bản chất của cái vô hạn, khi biết rất rõ rằng bất kỳ hình thức nào của ảo tưởng, một chiếu rọi của tư tưởng, vẫn còn nằm trong lãnh vực của thời gian và thế là hiểu biết? Vì vậy cái trí phải hoàn toàn được tự do khỏi bất kỳ chuyển động nào mà có lẽ tạo ra ảo tưởng. Bạn có đang theo kịp điều này? Bởi vì rất dễ dàng để tưởng tượng người ta ở trong một thế giới không thời gian và mê đắm trong nó, bị loạn thần kinh, có những ảo tưởng kỳ dị, và nghĩ rằng bạn đã có được Thượng đế bên tay phải! Tất cả điều đó là ảo tưởng. Vì vậy điều gì gây ra ảo tưởng? Bạn theo kịp không? Điều gì tạo ra ảo tưởng? Sự lừa dối, một cái trí bị bệnh tâm thần phân liệt, tách rời, loạn thần kinh. Đúng chứ? Điều gì tạo ra một ảo tưởng như thế? Nhân tố của ảo tưởng là gì? Chúng ta đang theo cùng nhau? Tôi xin phép tiếp tục chứ? Tôi biết, tôi biết, bạn muốn tôi tiếp tục và bạn chỉ lắng nghe. Làm ơn, đừng làm việc đó, không vui gì cả đâu. Bởi vì bạn phải thực hiện việc này, bạn biết không, thực sự làm nó, đó là tự-biết cho chính bạn rất rõ ràng sự giới hạn, sự nô lệ, vào hiểu biết. Và tuyệt đối cần thiết phải biết việc đó, trái lại bạn không thể làm điều gì cả.

Và cũng ý thức được, nhận biết được, rằng người ta có thể tự-lừa dối mình một cách rất kỳ lạ, tưởng tượng rằng bạn có những tầm nhìn lạ thường và tất cả những ngu xuẩn đó. Vì vậy người ta phải tìm hiểu nghi vấn này rất, rất cẩn thận. Trước hết không được tự-lừa dối chính mình trong bất kỳ tình huống nào, không đạo đức giả, không có những tiêu chuẩn hai mặt, tiêu chuẩn riêng tư và tiêu chuẩn công chúng, nói một việc và làm việc khác, suy nghĩ điều gì đó và nói điều gì đó khác. Điều đó đòi hỏi sự chân thật vô cùng, mà có nghĩa tôi phải tìm được điều gì là nhân tố mà tạo ra, gây ra trong cái trí, sự lừa dối, đạo đức giả, nói hai lời, ảo tưởng, những biến dạng loạn thần kinh khác nhau. Nếu cái trí không rất rõ ràng về bất kỳ sự biến dạng nào, nó không thể thâm nhập vào cái vô hạn. Đúng chứ?

Vì vậy bạn nghĩ điều gì mang lại những ảo tưởng – những ảo tưởng của cái vô hạn, những ảo tưởng của một ý thức lớn lao rằng bạn đã tìm được sự thật, rằng bạn đã nắm được trong bàn tay của bạn tất cả sự khai sáng – bạn biết rồi – những sự việc, những qui trình loạn thần kinh mà người ta có? Điều gì là nguyên nhân, mà không phân tích, tự-thấy cho chính mình rất rõ ràng nơi nào sự biến dạng xảy ra? Sự biến dạng là đạo đức giả, sự biến dạng là tưởng tượng, nơi nào sự tưởng tượng không nên len lỏi vào. Nó có thể được, sự tưởng tượng khi bạn vẽ một bức tranh, khi viết một bài thơ, viết một quyển sách, một quyển tiểu thuyết, một truyện trinh thám, nhưng nếu bạn sử dụng tưởng tượng và nói rằng

“Cái vô hạn đó hiện diện”, vậy thì bạn bị trói buộc. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy tôi phải tìm ra nhân tố của ảo tưởng, biến dạng – không phải chỉ tìm ra mà còn phải được hoàn toàn tự do khỏi nó. Đúng chứ? Bạn đã đặt câu hỏi này cho chính bạn chưa? Không có những tiêu chuẩn hai mặt, sống cá nhân và sống công chúng, nói chuyện nước đôi, tin tưởng một điều và làm một điều khác, là một người Thiên chúa giáo với tất cả những ý tưởng và huyền thoại về Chúa Jesus và tất cả điều đó, và cùng lúc – bạn biết đó – lại bạo lực, hung hăng, thú tính và vân vân, nói về tình huynh đệ và hiến dâng cho chủ nghĩa quốc gia, cho những phân chia. Vì vậy tất cả điều này là những thể hiện của sự biến dạng.

Và tôi muốn tìm ra liệu cái trí có thể hoàn toàn được tự do khỏi bất kỳ nhân tố nào gây biến dạng? Đúng chứ? Lúc này điều gì gây biến dạng cái trí? Tôi được phép tìm hiểu nó chứ? Nhân tố của sự biến dạng là tư tưởng. Đó là, tư tưởng nuôi dưỡng sợ hãi, giống như tư tưởng nuôi dưỡng vui thú. Tư tưởng nói, “Tôi phải thâm nhập vào trạng thái không thời gian đó bởi vì nó hứa hẹn sự tự do và có lẽ có cái gì đó hơn thế nữa cho tôi”. Nó muốn thành tựu, nó muốn đạt được, bởi vì có lẽ bạn có trải nghiệm lạ thường hơn ở đó? Đúng chứ? Thế là tư tưởng, mà là hiểu biết, khi nó vận hành hợp lý, khách quan, thông minh, không là một nhân tố gây biến dạng. Đúng chứ? Muốn đi đến mặt trăng – nếu bạn loạn thần kinh bạn không thể đi đến mặt trăng, nếu bạn là một chuyên viên loạn thần kinh trong công nghệ bạn không thể sắp đặt mọi vật vào cùng nhau. Nhưng khi bạn đến được mặt trăng bạn vẫn còn là người Nga hay người Mỹ, mà là loạn thần kinh, và ở đó bạn cắm một lá cờ hay làm tất cả những sự việc trẻ con, ngu xuẩn, mà vẫn là hành động của tư tưởng. Bạn theo kịp tất cả điều này chứ?

Vì vậy nhân tố chính – làm ơn lắng nghe điều này – nhân tố của biến dạng là sợ hãi và sự đòi hỏi vui thú qua sự thỏa mãn. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy cái trí phải hoàn toàn được tự do khỏi sợ hãi. Nó có thể được hay không? Đừng nói được hay không được. Bạn không biết gì cả. Chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu. Làm ơn thấy sự quan trọng của điều này. Yếu tố của biến dạng là sợ hãi. Yếu tố của biến dạng là sự đòi hỏi vui thú, thỏa mãn, thụ hưởng, sự đòi hỏi – không phải chính vui thú nhưng đòi hỏi có vui thú – bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này – tất cả những cấu trúc tôn giáo đạo đức của chúng ta đều được đặt nền tảng trên đó. Vì vậy tôi đang tự hỏi chính mình: liệu cái trí này, cái trí con người, cái trí con người mà là kết quả của thời gian, mà cùng bộ não của nó là toàn nội dung của ký ức, bao quát hay giới hạn, nông cạn hay rộng rãi, có thể đo lường được, liệu cái trí này có thể hoàn toàn được tự do khỏi sợ hãi, ngược lại sự biến dạng xảy ra?

Bây giờ có sợ hãi thuộc thân thể – sợ hãi những con rắn, bóng tối, những con thú hoang, không chỉ trong cánh rừng mà còn trong văn minh, sợ hãi cái không biết được, sợ hãi mất đi điều gì người ta có, sợ hãi chết, sợ hãi không được thương yêu, sợ hãi không đạt được, sợ hãi không thành tựu, không trở thành, sợ hãi cô độc, sợ hãi không có những liên hệ – bạn theo kịp không? – sợ hãi. Chính những sợ hãi rất, rất nhỏ, những sợ hãi thân thể và những sợ hãi phức tạp nhiều hơn và nhiều hơn, những sợ hãi thuộc tâm lý; bắt đầu bằng sợ hãi thân thể và dần dần thâm nhập vào những sợ hãi phức tạp hơn. Liệu cái trí có thể được tự do khỏi tất cả những sợ hãi, không chỉ ở mức độ tầng ý thức bên ngoài mà còn ở mức độ sâu thẳm hơn? Đúng chứ?

Tôi phải tìm ra điều này. Cái trí phải thật tàn nhẫn để tìm ra điều này, ngược lại tôi đi vào một thế giới của ảo tưởng, biến dạng. Những sợ hãi thuộc thân thể, đó là, những đau đớn thuộc thân thể, bệnh tật, sức khỏe kém, tất cả chúng ta đều biết những đau đớn thân thể, và những đau đớn thân thể để lại một kỷ niệm, phải không? Đúng chứ? Tuần trước tôi bị đau răng nhiều, hay bất kỳ việc gì, và đau đớn đó đã để lại một dấu vết trong bộ não và ký ức của nó – làm ơn hãy theo sát điều này – và ký ức đó, mà là tư tưởng, nói rằng “Tôi không được có đau đớn đó vào ngày mai hay tuần tới. Vì

Chúa hãy cẩn thận. Hãy làm những việc đúng đắn, ăn uống đúng cách, hãy tỉnh táo”. Tư tưởng đang suy nghĩ về sự đau đớn của quá khứ chiếu rọi vào sự đau đớn của tương lai, và do đó sợ hãi tương lai. Đúng chứ? Bạn đang theo sát điều này? Nó rất đơn giản. Bây giờ khi sự đau đớn thân thể xảy ra, tình cờ xảy ra, sống cùng nó và kết thúc nó và không chuyển nó đi. Nếu bạn chuyển nó đi, vậy thì sợ hãi len lỏi vào. Đúng chứ? Đó là, tôi đã gặp phải sự đau đớn quá chừng cách đây vài ngày, hay cách đây một tháng, và tôi thấy sự quan trọng khi không có sợ hãi. Đó là sự đòi hỏi mãnh liệt, sinh động của tôi, rằng phải không có sợ hãi, luôn luôn nhớ điều đó – bạn biết, đang canh chừng nó. Khi sự đau đớn xảy ra, hãy kết thúc được nó, trải qua trọn vẹn cùng nó – không đồng hóa cùng nó và tiếp tục chuyển nó đi, nhưng hãy kết thúc nó. Và muốn kết thúc sự đau đớn đã qua rồi đó, bạn phải sống cùng nó, phải không, không nói rằng, “ Chúa ơi, làm thế nào tôi có thể ra khỏi nó thật mau lẹ?” Tự-thương xót – bạn biết mọi điều vô lý vây quanh sự đau đớn. Liệu bạn có thể làm tất cả điều này? Không à. Liệu bạn có thể, khi bạn có đau đớn, sống cùng nó, không phàn nàn, làm bất kỳ điều gì cần thiết để kết thúc sự đau đớn, và khi sự đau đớn qua rồi nó chấm dứt, không mang nó theo cùng. Tư tưởng chuyển nó đi tiếp, chứ không phải sự đau đớn. Sự đau đớn chấm dứt nhưng tư tưởng, mà là sự đáp trả của ký ức, ký ức đó đã được thiết lập khi bạn có đau đớn và nói bạn không được có nó, khi bạn có đau đớn liệu nó không thể dựng lên ký ức được không? Đúng chứ? Liệu bạn có thể thực hiện được việc đó? Bạn biết điều này có nghĩa gì không? Hoàn toàn tỉnh thức khi bạn có đau đớn. Chú ý trọn vẹn và không thả nó đi. Đúng chứ? Hãy thực hiện nó nếu bạn hứng thú.

Vì vậy bạn biết làm thế nào để tiếp xúc cùng những sợ hãi thuộc thân thể. Không đặt thành vấn đề sự đau đớn đó đang hành hạ đến chừng nào. Tiếp theo có mọi loại sợ hãi thuộc tâm lý mà còn phức tạp hơn nhiều. Lại nữa sự phức tạp bị gây ra bởi tư tưởng. Tôi muốn là một người vĩ đại và tôi không là một người vĩ đại. Và có sự đau khổ của không là vĩ đại. Tôi cảm thấy thấp kém ghê lắm bởi vì tôi đã tự-so sánh chính tôi với một ai đó mà tôi nghĩ là giỏi giang hơn và tôi cảm thấy tôi thấp kém, và thế là tôi đau khổ từ việc đó, mà là tất cả sự đo lường của tư tưởng. Đúng chứ? Và tôi sợ hãi chết, kết thúc tất cả những sự việc tôi sở hữu. Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu điều đó vào một lần khác, toàn vấn đề của nó. Bạn biết toàn bộ sự phức tạp thuộc tâm lý của tư tưởng – tư tưởng luôn luôn muốn được bảo đảm và luôn luôn sợ hãi cái không chắc chắn, luôn luôn muốn thành tựu, vì biết rằng nó có lẽ thất bại. Và thế là có một trận chiến giữa hành động của tư tưởng và chính tư tưởng – bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này.

Vì vậy liệu sợ hãi có thể kết thúc hoàn toàn? Đang ngồi ở đây lắng nghe người nói, tại khoảnh khắc hiện tại này bạn không bị sợ hãi, không có sợ hãi bởi vì bạn đang lắng nghe. Và bạn không thể gợi lên sự sợ hãi, mà sẽ là điều giả tạo. Nhưng bạn có thể hiểu rằng khi bạn bị quyến luyến hay bị lệ thuộc, sự lệ thuộc và quyến luyến này được đặt nền tảng trên sự sợ hãi. Thế là, chắc chắn bạn có thể nhận ra những quyến luyến của bạn, những lệ thuộc của bạn, thuộc tâm lý đang lệ thuộc vào người vợ của bạn, người chồng của bạn, quyển sách của bạn hay bất kỳ thứ gì. Và nếu bạn quan sát một cách chặt chẽ sự quyến luyến đó, nhìn ngắm nó, vậy là bạn sẽ tìm ra trong sự quyến luyến đó có gốc rễ của nó, mà là sợ hãi, không thể ở một mình, đang muốn sự bầu bạn – bạn biết tất cả những công việc của nó, cảm thấy nghèo khó, thiếu thốn, bạn biết rồi, đang lệ thuộc người nào đó. Đó kìa bạn thấy toàn cấu trúc của sợ hãi. Bây giờ liệu bạn có thể, bị lệ thuộc, bị quyến luyến, liệu bạn có thể thấy được những bao hàm của sợ hãi trong nó và không bị quyến luyến, không bị lệ thuộc một cách tâm lý. Liệu bạn có thể?

Bây giờ hãy thử nghiệm. Chúng ta có thể đùa giỡn với những từ ngữ, với những ý tưởng, nhưng khi nó trở thành sự kiện thực sự chúng ta lại thối lui. Vì vậy khi bạn thối lui và không đối diện sự kiện bạn không quan tâm đến sự hiểu rõ về ảo tưởng, thế là bạn thích sống trong ảo tưởng hơn là ra khỏi nó. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy đừng là người đạo đức giả. Tôi ưa thích điều này, tôi ưa thích sống trong một ảo tưởng, trong lừa dối. Hãy đối diện nó. Vậy thì bạn sẽ bắt gặp sợ hãi và vậy thì bạn có thể tẩu thoát khỏi nó, bạn có thể sử dụng mọi loại ma mãnh và mỗi lúc bị loạn thần kinh nhiều hơn, nhưng nếu bạn ưa thích điều đó – hãy ở trong nó, đừng chiến đấu với nó. Bạn hiểu chứ? Bạn càng chiến đấu với nó nhiều bao nhiêu bạn càng có nhiều sợ hãi bấy nhiêu. Nhưng nếu bạn hiểu rõ toàn bản chất của sợ hãi mà là sự lệ thuộc, và tất cả việc đó, và đối mặt với nó, nhìn ngắm nó, vậy thì khi bạn quan sát bạn không chỉ nhận biết được những sợ hãi hời hợt ở tầng ý thức bên ngoài, mà còn cả xuyên thấu một cách sâu thẳm vào những ngõ ngách của cái trí bạn. Bạn đang làm việc này chứ? Thế là sợ hãi kết thúc trọn vẹn, và thế là nhân tố của sự biến dạng kết thúc.

Và nếu bạn đang theo đuổi hay đang đòi hỏi vui thú mà cũng là một nhân tố của ảo tưởng. Tôi không thích vị đạo sư này, nhưng tôi thích vị đạo sư kia. Đạo sư của tôi tốt lành hơn đạo sư của bạn. Tôi sẽ đi đến những ngõ ngách xa xôi nào đó của thế giới – Ấn độ, Nhật bản hay bất kỳ nước nào – và tìm sự thật, sự thật ở ngay góc đường, ở đây, không phải ở đó.

Vì vậy khi có sự đòi hỏi cho vui thú – bạn hiểu rõ không? – tình dục, trong bất kỳ hình thức nào, đây phải là một nhân tố gây biến dạng. Bởi vì vui thú, vui thú, bạn biết rồi, sự thưởng thức, là đúng đắn, phải không? Nó rất đáng yêu, nó rất tốt lành khi thưởng thức bầu trời, mặt trăng, những đám mây, những quả đồi, những cái bóng – bạn biết không – có những sự vật đẹp đẽ, quả đất. Nhưng cái trí – tư tưởng nói, "Tôi phải có nó nhiều hơn và nhiều hơn và nhiều hơn. Tôi phải lặp lại vui thú này, sự thưởng thức này, ngày mai tôi phải có nó". Và tất cả những thói quen của thuốc kích thích, nhậu nhẹt đều được đặt nền tảng trên điều này – bạn biết rồi – tất cả. Mà lại nữa là hoạt động của tư tưởng. Khi thấy hòn núi trong ánh hoàng hôn, những đỉnh núi tuyết và những cái bóng trong thung lũng tối đen, và đang thưởng thức nó đầy đam mê, vẻ đẹp, vẻ dễ thương của nó, ánh sáng mềm dịu, sau đó tư tưởng nói, “Tôi phải có điều đó lại vào ngày mai. Nó quá đẹp”. Thế là tư tưởng đang đòi hỏi vui thú, theo đuổi trải nghiệm của hoàng hôn đó trên những quả đồi kia, và duy trì kỷ niệm. Và lần tới bạn thấy hoàng hôn mà ký ức được củng cố thêm. Vì vậy sợ hãi và vui thú là những nhân tố gây biến dạng – những đòi hỏi của vui thú và sợ hãi là những nhân tố gây biến dạng. Đúng chứ? Liệu cái trí có thể nhìn ngắm hoàng hôn đó, sống trọn vẹn cùng nó tại ngay khoảnh khắc đó, chấm dứt nó và bắt đầu lại vào ngày mai? Bạn theo kịp chứ? Để cho cái trí luôn luôn được tự do khỏi cái đã được biết. Bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này? Mặc dù cái đã được biết phải được sử dụng nhưng nó luôn luôn được tự do. Đúng chứ?

Vậy là có một tự do, mà không đo lường được. Bạn có thể không bao giờ nói, “Tôi được tự do” – bạn hiểu không, đó là một kinh tởm. Mọi điều bạn có thể tìm hiểu là chức năng của tư tưởng trong hiểu biết và liệu có bất kỳ hành động nào mà không đo lường được, không ở trong lãnh vực của cái đã được biết? Bạn đang học hành liên tục. Một cái trí đang học hành liên tục không có sợ hãi và thế là một cái trí như thế có thể thâm nhập vào cái không thể đo lường được.

Các bạn có muốn đưa ra bất kỳ câu hỏi nào?

Người hỏi: Liệu người ta có thể quan sát mà không có bất kỳ đánh giá, mà không có bất kỳ nhận xét, mà không có bất kỳ thành kiến? Liệu điều đó có thể được, hay nó chỉ là một loại ma mãnh khác của cái trí, một lừa dối? Ông thấy một hòn núi và ông công nhận nó là một hòn núi, không phải một con voi. Chắc chắn, để phân biệt theo cách này, phải có sự nhận xét và đánh giá.

Krishnamurti: Vâng thưa bạn. Vâng thưa bạn. Tôi đã hiểu câu hỏi. Tôi được phép tìm hiểu nó chứ? Câu hỏi là: liệu người ta có thể quan sát mà không có bất kỳ đánh giá, không có bất kỳ nhận xét, không có bất kỳ thành kiến, liệu điều đó có thể được, hay điều đó là một ma mãnh khác của cái trí, một lừa dối? Bạn thấy một hòn núi và bạn công nhận nó là một hòn núi, nó không phải một con voi.

Người hỏi: Ông thấy nó.

Krishnamurti: Bạn thấy nó. Chờ một chút thưa bạn. Bạn thấy nó nhưng bạn công nhận nó như một hòn núi. Nhưng bạn không nói rằng, “Đó là một con voi”. Nó là một hòn núi. Bây giờ hãy chờ một chút. Bạn thấy nó, bạn công nhận nó và sự công nhận chỉ có thể được khi đã có ký ức được thiết lập như hòn núi. Dĩ nhiên, ngược lại bạn thông thể thấy nó.

Người hỏi: Tôi nhớ hồi còn nhỏ khi tôi đến Thụy sĩ, lần đầu tiên tôi thấy một hòn núi mà không có bất kỳ hồi tưởng nào. Nó rất, rất đẹp.

Krishnamurti: Vâng thưa bạn. Khi bạn thấy nó lần đầu tiên bạn không nói nó là một hòn núi. Ai đó đã bảo cho bạn biết nó là một hòn núi. Và lần sau bạn thấy nó bạn công nhận nó như một hòn núi.

Người hỏi: Tôi thích nó hơn những sự vật xấu xí.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ. Dĩ nhiên, thưa bạn. Bạn thích hòn núi đó hơn tòa nhà xấu xí. Không đặt thành vấn đề nó là gì. Nhưng khi bạn quan sát có toàn qui trình của sự công nhận. Bạn không lầm lẫn nó với một ngôi nhà, với một con voi, với một con cá sấu, nó là một hòn núi. Bây giờ, lúc đó vấn đề khó khăn chen vào: quan sát mà không có từ ngữ. Nó là một hòn núi. Tôi thích nó. Tôi không thích nó. Tôi ao ước có một ngôi nhà trên quả đồi đó – bạn theo kịp không – mọi việc như thế. Chỉ quan sát nó. Ở đó, nó khá dễ dàng, phải không? Bởi vì những hòn núi không ảnh hưởng đến sống của bạn. Nhưng người chồng của bạn, người vợ của bạn, người chính trị của bạn, vị giáo sĩ của bạn, người hàng xóm của bạn, người bạn trai của bạn, người bạn gái của bạn, cái đó có ảnh hưởng đến bạn. Vì vậy bạn không thể nhìn người bạn của bạn, hay cô gái, hay cậu trai mà không có sự đánh giá, mà không có hình ảnh. Đó là nơi vấn đề phát sinh. Đúng chứ? Liệu bạn có thể nhìn hòn núi, và nhìn người vợ, người chồng, cô gái của bạn hay bất kỳ nhìn vào sự vật gì mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh nào hay không? Hãy xem thử điều gì xảy ra! Nếu bạn có thể nhìn không có một hình ảnh vậy thì bạn đang nhìn lần đầu tiên. Đúng không? Vậy thì bạn đang nhìn quả đất, những vì sao, những hòn núi, những người chính trị xấu xa và mọi chuyện như thế, lần đầu tiên. Và điều đó có nghĩa đôi mắt của bạn trong sáng, không bị chất nặng bởi những kỷ niệm của quá khứ. Đó là tất cả. Liệu bạn có thể nhìn cái cây đó mà không có một hình ảnh của cái cây đó? Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Hãy tìm hiểu nó đi. Hãy thực hiện nó đi. Bạn sẽ tìm ra vẻ đẹp tuyệt vời trong nó.

Người hỏi: Nếu ông nhìn theo lối đó, giống như ông nhìn hòn núi, mà không nhận biết một nhà máy gây tác động xấu ra sao cho môi trường của nó, ông không thể hành động.

Krishanmurti: Ồ, vâng, bạn có chứ. Khi bạn nhìn một nhà máy theo lối đó bạn không thể làm gì cả à? Trái lại, nó đang gây ô nhiễm không khí, tất cả sự phun khói đó, bạn biết không, bạn muốn làm việc gì đó. Không thưa bạn, đừng lẫn lộn nó. Hãy giữ nó thật đơn giản. Hãy thực hiện nó và bạn sẽ thấy hành động gì phát sinh từ nó.

Người hỏi: Liệu sự nhận biết là đang thấy cái gì đó một cách tổng thể, và liệu nó là từ từ hay tức khắc?

Krishnamurti: Liệu sự nhận biết – tôi đang diễn giải câu này thưa bạn – liệu rằng sự nhận biết, đang thấy cái gì đó một cách tổng thể, nó là từ từ hay tức khắc? Đó là câu hỏi phải không? Đó là câu hỏi của bạn phải không, thưa bạn? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi? Liệu tôi tự-quan sát trọn vẹn, toàn bộ thân tâm của tôi, mọi phản ứng, mọi sợ hãi, những tận hưởng, theo đuổi vui thú – bạn biết không, tất cả việc đó –

tại một thoáng nhìn, hay tôi phải làm nó từ từ? Đúng không? Bạn nghĩ gì đây? Nếu tôi làm nó từ từ, một ngày nhìn vào một phần của chính tôi, ngày hôm sau vào một phần khác của chính tôi – bạn theo kịp không – từ từ, điều đó được hay không? Điều gì xảy ra? Ngày hôm nay tôi nhìn vào một mảnh của chính tôi và khi tôi nhặt lên một mảnh khác của chính tôi vào ngày mai, sự liên hệ của mảnh đầu tiên với mảnh thứ hai là gì? Và trong khoảng ngừng giữa sự nhận biết của mảnh đầu tiên đó với mảnh thứ hai, những nhân tố khác đã hiện diện. Và thế là sự tìm hiểu và tiếp cận, và quan sát bị phân chia này, dẫn đến nhiều phức tạp, nó không có giá trị. Vì vậy lúc đó câu hỏi của tôi sẽ là: liệu tôi có thể, cái trí này có thể quan sát trọn vẹn ngay tức khắc? Đúng chứ?

Người hỏi: Khi ông quan sát trọn vẹn ngay tức khắc, không có gì cả. Tiếp theo đó là cái tôi phải không?

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ một chút thưa bà, chúng ta hãy ngừng một tí. Vì vậy liệu tôi có thể nhìn vào chính tôi một cách không-phân chia – bạn hiểu chứ thưa bạn? Tôi đã được giáo dục, bị quy định để nhìn vào chính tôi một cách phân chia, nhìn vào thế giới một cách phân chia – người Thiên chúa giáo, người Cộng sản, người Xã hội, người Tin lành giáo, người Ấn độ giáo, người Hồi giáo, người Phật giáo, Zen – bạn theo kịp không – tôi đã được nuôi dưỡng, được giáo dục trong văn hóa này, đó là nhìn vào thế giới một cách phân chia, như một người Do thái, như một người Anh, như một người Thiên chúa giáo – bạn biết rồi – hàng đống chuyện phá hoại như thế! Vậy là bởi vì bị quy định trong văn hóa này, tôi không thể có một tầm nhìn tổng thể. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy tiếp theo sự quan tâm chính của tôi là, được tự do khỏi nền giáo dục bị phân chia này – đúng chứ? Không phải liệu tôi có thể thấy một cách trọn vẹn hay không-trọn vẹn, nhưng làm cho cái trí được tự do khỏi sự phân chia. Đúng chứ? Không là người Thiên chúa giáo, không là người Tin lành – bạn biết tất cả mọi chuyện như thế. Xóa sạch tất cả những việc đó đi. Tôi chỉ có thể xóa sạch tất cả những việc đó ngay tức khắc khi tôi thấy sự thật của nó. Đúng chứ? Tôi không thể thấy sự thật của nó nếu tôi nói, “Tôi thích là một người Ấn độ giáo”, bởi vì là một người Ấn độ giáo cho tôi một vị trí nào đó, tôi khoác vào một cái áo và gây ấn tượng nhiều người xuẩn ngốc! Và tôi thỏa mãn trong quá khứ bởi vì truyền thống nói rằng chúng ta là một trong những chủng tộc cổ xưa nhất, và điều đó cho tôi sự thỏa mãn vô cùng. Nhưng nếu tôi thấy sự giả dối của tất cả điều đó, thấy sự thật của nó, tôi có thể thấy sự thật chỉ khi nào tôi thấy sự giả dối – sự thật ở trong sự giả dối.

Người hỏi: Ông đã dùng những từ ngữ để diễn tả một trạng thái không-từ ngữ của cái trí. Đây không là một mâu thuẫn hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Ông đã và đang sử dụng những từ ngữ để diễn tả cái không thể diễn tả được; và không có một mâu thuẫn trong đó hay sao? Đúng chứ thưa bạn? Ông đã và đang sử dụng những từ ngữ để diễn tả cái không thể diễn tả được và đó không là một mâu thuẫn hay sao? Bây giờ hãy chờ một chút. Sự diễn tả không là điều được diễn tả. Đúng chứ? Đúng chứ thưa bạn? Tôi có thể diễn tả hòn núi nhưng sự diễn tả không là hòn núi. Nhưng nếu tôi bị trói buộc trong sự diễn tả, như hầu hết mọi người đều như thế, vậy thì bạn không bao giờ thấy được hòn núi. Không có mâu thuẫn trong điều đó. Và làm ơn hãy rất cẩn thận. Tôi đã không diễn tả cái không thể thể đo lường được – đúng chứ? Tôi đã nói rằng bạn không thể thâm nhập cái không thể đo lường được đó, dù nó là gì chăng nữa, nếu nó hiện diện, nếu cái trí không hiểu rõ toàn công việc của tư tưởng. Đúng chứ? Tôi đã không diễn tả nó. Tôi chỉ đã diễn tả toàn sự vận hành của tư tưởng trong hành động liên quan đến hiểu biết và thời gian. Chúng ta đã tìm hiểu điều đó, cái không thể đo lường được không thể nào tìm hiểu được. Tôi nghĩ từng đó đã đủ cho ngày hôm nay, phải không?

SAANEN

Ngày 27 tháng 7 năm 1971

– 6 – HÀNH ĐỘNG CỦA Ý CHÍ VÀ NĂNG LƯỢNG

ĐƯỢC CẦN ĐẾN CHO SỰ THAY ĐỔI CƠ BẢN

Năng lượng vô hạn được cần đến; sự lãng phí của nó. Ý chí là sự kháng cự. Ý chí là sự khẳng định của "cái tôi". Có hành động không chọn lựa, không động cơ hay không? "Nhìn bằng đôi mắt không bị quy định." Nhận biết không chọn lựa về tình trạng bị quy định. Thấy và phủ nhận sự giả dối. Tình yêu không là gì. Đối diện nghi vấn của chết. "Sự kết thúc năng lượng như 'cái tôi' là khả năng nhìn vào chết". Năng lượng nhìn vào cái không biết được:năng lượng tột đỉnh là thông minh.

Những câu hỏi: Chúng tôi hiểu một cách trí năng, nhưng không thể sống cùng nó; liệu một con người có thể sống cùng nó? Làm thế nào để lắng nghe? Những cảm thấy và những cảm xúc không là nguyên nhân của bạo lực?

Sáng nay tôi muốn nếu tôi được phép, tìm hiểu nhiều vấn đề bởi vì chúng ta sẽ chỉ còn một nói chuyện nữa và phần thời gian còn lại sẽ dành cho những bàn luận.

Tôi nghĩ chắc chắn rằng người ta cần nhiều năng lượng – năng lượng, sức sống, sự hứng thú, sự mãnh liệt và sự đam mê để tạo ra một thay đổi trong chính chúng ta, nhưng cũng để, nếu bạn quan tâm đến hiện tượng bên ngoài, thấy điều gì chúng ta có thể làm cho phần còn lại của thế giới trong sự tiến hành của tự-thay đổi chính chúng ta. Không chỉ làm thế nào để bảo toàn năng lượng, nhưng cũng còn cả làm thế nào để gia tăng nó. Chúng ta không ngừng lãng phí năng lượng – nói chuyện vô ích, có vô số quan điểm về mọi thứ, sống trong một thế giới của những khái niệm và những công thức và mãi mãi xung đột với chính chúng ta. Tất cả điều này thể hiện một lãng phí năng lượng – xung đột, những quan điểm, những kết luận, những hình ảnh, những công thức và vân vân – tôi nghĩ, những việc này làm lãng phí năng lượng. Nhưng ngoài những điều này còn có một nguyên nhân sâu xa hơn mà làm lãng phí năng lượng vô hạn được cần đến để không những thay đổi, tạo ra một thay đổi trong chính chúng ta mà còn để thâm nhập rất, rất sâu vào những giới hạn riêng của tư tưởng chúng ta. Chúng ta cần một lượng vô hạn của năng lượng. Và những người cổ xưa đã nói rằng bạn phải kiểm soát tình dục, chế ngự những giác quan của bạn thật chặt chẽ, đưa ra những lời thề khác nhau để cho bạn không lãng phí năng lượng của bạn, tập trung năng lượng của bạn vào Thượng đế hay bất kỳ điều gì. Tất cả những hình thức như thế cũng là một lãng phí năng lượng bởi vì rõ ràng là khi bạn đưa ra một lời thề, đó là một hình thức của kháng cự. Thấy tất cả điều đó, người ta cần có một năng lượng không chỉ để tạo ra một thay đổi hời hợt phía bên ngoài mà còn một thay đổi hay cách mạng sâu thẳm phía bên trong, và để vượt khỏi điều đó người ta cần có một ý thức lạ thường của năng lượng mà không có nguyên nhân, mà không có động cơ, mà có thể tuyệt đối yên lặng để cho chính sự yên lặng đó có chất lượng bùng nổ riêng của nó. Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu tất cả điều đó. Tôi không biết liệu bạn có quan tâm đến nó không nhưng nếu bạn không, tệ quá, tôi sẽ tiếp tục!

Trước hết người ta thấy con người lãng phí năng lượng của họ biết chừng nào – những cãi cọ, những ghen tuông, ý thức lo lắng kỳ cục này và sự theo đuổi vô tận những vui thú, đòi hỏi nó, sợ hãi và vân vân – điều đó khá rõ ràng, đó là một lãng phí năng lượng. Và cũng vậy liệu không là một lãng phí năng lượng khi có vô số quan điểm và những niềm tin về mọi thứ – người ta nên cư xử như thế nào, người ta nên làm gì và vân vân? Và liệu không là một lãng phí năng lượng khi có những công thức, những khái niệm? Và trong văn hóa này chúng ta được khuyến khích để có những khái niệm, để có những công thức dựa vào đó chúng ta sống. Bạn không có những công thức, những khái niệm trong ý nghĩa có những hình ảnh, bạn nên là gì, điều gì sẽ xảy ra, nhận thức của tư tưởng mà phủ nhận “cái gì là” và hình thành "cái gì nên là"? Tất cả những nỗ lực như thế là một lãng phí năng lượng. Và tôi hy vọng chúng ta có thể tiếp tục từ đó.

Và lý do căn bản gây lãng phí nhiều năng lượng là gì? Cả hai chúng ta đều đang tìm hiểu, chúng ta đang cùng chia sẻ sự tìm hiểu này. Tôi muốn tìm ra, ngoại trừ sự thừa hưởng văn hóa thông thường mà người ta đã có được, chúng ta lãng phí năng lượng như thế nào, có nhiều vấn đề sâu thẳm hơn, đó là: liệu sống có thể vận hành, đang sống, tiếp tục sống hàng ngày mà không có bất kỳ hình thức của kháng cự nào? Rõ ràng một kháng cự là ý chí. Tôi biết tất cả các bạn đều được nuôi dưỡng dựa vào ý chí trong ý nghĩa rằng bạn phải, bạn không được, nên, không nên, kiểm soát – bạn biết rồi – ý chí. Ý chí tách rời khỏi sự kiện. Ý chí là sự khẳng định của cái tôi – làm ơn theo sát tất cả điều này – của "cái tôi" tách rời khỏi "cái gì là". Đúng chứ? Ý chí là sự ham muốn, sự biểu lộ của ham muốn là ý chí. Và một cách hời hợt hay sâu thẳm, chúng ta vận hành trong khẳng định của sự kháng cự về ham muốn này như ý chí, mà không liên quan đến sự kiện, lệ thuộc vào sự ham muốn của "cái tôi", cái ngã. Đúng chứ? Chúng ta đang gặp gỡ nhau. Đúng chứ?

Vì vậy tôi đang hỏi: liệu có thể sống trong thế giới này mà không có sự vận hành của ý chí, đang biết ý chí là gì? Ý chí là một hình thức của kháng cự. Ý chí là một hình thức của phân chia, tôi muốn chống lại cái gì đó mà tôi không muốn, tôi phải chống lại cái gì đó mà tôi không được. Vì vậy ý chí đang xây dựng một bức tường trong hành động chống lại hình thức hành động khác. Chúng ta đang cùng nhau? Đúng chứ? Tôi không muốn đi một mình đâu. Chúng ta chỉ biết hành động hoặc là tuân phục vào một công thức, vào một khái niệm, hoặc là phỏng chừng tùy theo một lý tưởng, và hành động trong liên hệ đến lý tưởng đó, đến khuôn mẫu đó, đến công thức đó. Đó là điều gì chúng ta gọi là hành động. Và trong hành động đó có xung đột. Không chỉ có sự mô phỏng của "cái gì nên là" mà chúng ta đã chiếu rọi như một lý tưởng, và theo điều đó hành động, và vì vậy có xung đột giữa hành động và lý tưởng. Đúng chứ? Bởi vì trong đó luôn luôn có một phỏng chừng, một bắt chước, một tuân phục. Tôi hy vọng chúng ta đang quan sát những hoạt động riêng của chúng ta, những cái trí riêng của chúng ta, chúng ta vận dụng ý chí trong hành động như thế nào. Và tôi cảm thấy đó là một lãng phí hoàn toàn của năng lượng. Và tôi sẽ giải thích tại sao.

Như chúng ta đã nói, ý chí tách trời khỏi sự kiện, khỏi “cái gì là” và lệ thuộc vào “cái tôi”, điều gì nó mong muốn, không phải điều gì nó là nhưng điều gì nó mong muốn. Và mong muốn đó lệ thuộc vào những hoàn cảnh, môi trường sống, văn hóa của nó và vân vân, tách rời khỏi sự kiện – vì vậy có mâu thuẫn. Vì vậy có một kháng cự chống lại “cái gì là” và đó là sự lãng phí của năng lượng.

Và hành động có nghĩa là đang làm ngay lúc này, không phải ngày mai hay đã hành động, hành động ở trong hiện tại. Bây giờ liệu có thể có một hành động không-ý tưởng, không-công thức, không-khái niệm, một hành động mà trong đó không có kháng cự như ý chí, và vì vậy nếu có ý chí có mâu thuẫn và kháng cự và nỗ lực, mà là một lãng phí của năng lượng? Vì vậy tôi muốn tìm ra liệu có hành động mà không có bất kỳ ý chí nào mà là sự khẳng định của “cái tôi” như kháng cự? Bạn có quan tâm tất cả điều này không?

Khán giả: Có chứ.

Krishnamurti: Các bạn thật may mắn. Tôi nghi ngờ nó, nhưng được thôi, tôi sẽ tiếp tục. Bởi vì bạn thấy rằng chúng ta là những nô lệ của văn hóa hiện nay. Chúng ta là văn hóa và nếu có một hành động khác hẳn, một loại sống khác hẳn và vì thế một loại văn hóa hoàn toàn khác hẳn, không phải một văn hóa đối nghịch nhưng là cái gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn, người ta phải hiểu rõ toàn vấn đề của ý chí này. Ý chí lệ thuộc vào văn hóa cũ kỹ mà trong đó được bao hàm tham vọng, động cơ – bạn biết không – toàn sự khẳng định và hung hăng của “cái tôi”. Và nếu có một lối sống hoàn toàn khác hẳn người ta phải hiểu rõ mấu chốt trọng điểm này, đó là: liệu có thể có một hành động không một công thức, không một khái niệm, không một lý tưởng, không một niềm tin, không một hành động được đặt nền tảng vào hiểu biết mà là quá khứ và vì vậy không-hành động – hãy theo sát tất cả điều này – và vì vậy bị quy định và khi bị quy định nếu nó lệ thuộc vào quá khứ, chắc chắn nó phải tạo ra sự không-hòa hợp và thế là xung đột? Vì vậy tôi muốn tìm ra – cả hai chúng ta, chúng ta đang tìm hiểu – liệu có một hành động mà trong đó ý chí không thâm nhập vào và do đó chọn lựa?

Ngày hôm trước chúng ta đã nói, nơi nào có sự hoang mang phải có sự chọn lựa. Một con người thấy mọi sự việc rất rõ ràng, không loạn thần kinh hay cố chấp, anh ấy không chọn lựa. Vì vậy chọn lựa, ý chí, kháng cự, “cái tôi” trong hành động là một lãng phí của năng lượng. Và liệu có hành động không-liên quan đến tất cả điều này, để cho cái trí sống trong thế giới này, đang vận hành trong lãnh vực của hiểu biết, và tuy nhiên lại được tự do để hành động mà không có sự cản trở của hiểu biết bị giới hạn? Bạn biết đó là một khó khăn cực kỳ khi chuyển tải tất cả điều này bằng từ ngữ, đặc biệt cho nhiều người như thế này. Với hai hay ba người đang ngồi cùng nhau, chúng ta có thể thâm nhập chủ đề này rất mau lẹ, chúng ta sẽ có sự tiếp xúc trực tiếp, sự hiệp thông trực tiếp, đó là, sự hiệp thông chia sẻ cùng nhau khi chúng ta theo cùng nhau rất nhạy bén, không chỉ ở mức độ từ ngữ mà còn ở mức độ sâu thẳm hơn, không-từ ngữ. Chúng ta nói, tôi nói, người nói nói rằng có hành động như thế – một hành động mà trong đó không có kháng cự, không có sự can thiệp của quá khứ, không có sự phản ứng của “cái tôi”. Bây giờ, hành động đó là ngay tức khắc bởi vì nó không ở trong lãnh vực của thời gian – thời gian là ngày hôm qua, cùng tất cả hiểu biết, trải nghiệm, mà hành động hôm nay và tương lai đã được thiết lập sẵn bởi quá khứ rồi. Có một hành động mà ngay tức khắc và vì vậy trọn vẹn, mà trong đó ý chí không vận hành. Và muốn tìm được hành động đó cái trí của tôi phải học hành cách quan sát, cách nhìn ngắm. Nếu cái trí thấy mà lệ thuộc vào công thức, điều gì bạn nên là, hay điều gì tôi nên là, vậy thì hành động đó thuộc quá khứ? Đúng chứ? Bây giờ tôi đang hỏi: liệu có một hành động không bị thúc đẩy, mà ở trong hiện tại và không tạo ra mâu thuẫn, lo âu, xung đột? Như tôi đã nói, cái trí được đào tạo, được nuôi dưỡng trong một văn hóa mà tin tưởng và vận hành và hành động cùng ý chí, rõ ràng một cái trí như thế không thể hành động theo ý nghĩa chúng ta đang trình bày, bởi vì nó bị quy định và vì vậy nó không thể. Liệu cái trí, cái trí của bạn, có thể thấy tình trạng bị quy định này và được tự do khỏi nó để hành động khác hẳn hay không? Đúng chứ? Nếu tôi, nếu cái trí của tôi bị đào tạo, bị giam giữ trong sự giáo dục, toàn sự việc như thế, để vận hành theo ý chí, vậy thì nó không thể hiểu rõ nó hành động mà không có ý chí là gì. Vì vậy quan tâm của tôi không phải làm thế nào để tìm ra hành động không có ý chí ra sao, nhưng trái lại tìm ra liệu rằng cái trí của tôi có thể được tự do khỏi tình trạng bị quy định của nó, mà là tình trạng bị quy định của ý chí. Đúng chứ? Đó là sự quan tâm của tôi. Và tôi thấy, khi tôi nhìn vào chính bản thân tôi, mọi thứ tôi làm đều có động cơ bí mật, là kết quả của lo âu, sợ hãi nào đó, sự đòi hỏi cho vui thú và vân vân. Bây giờ liệu cái trí đó có thể làm tự do chính nó ngay tức khắc để hành động khác hẳn? Đúng chứ? Bạn đang theo kịp điều gì tôi đang nói?

Vì vậy tôi phải học hành, cái trí phải học hành cách nhìn ngắm. Đó là vấn đề mấu chốt cho tôi. Cái trí này, mà là kết quả của thời gian, kết quả của nhiều nền văn hóa, trải nghiệm hiểu biết khác nhau, liệu nó có thể nhìn bằng đôi mắt không bị quy định? Đó là liệu nó có thể vận hành ngay tức khắc và được tự do khỏi tình trạng bị quy định của nó? Vì vậy tôi phải học hành để nhìn ngắm tình trạng bị quy định của tôi mà không có bất kỳ ham muốn để thay đổi, để thăng hoa và vượt khỏi nó. Đúng chứ? Tôi phải có thể nhìn ngắm nó như nó là. Đúng chứ? Nếu tôi muốn thay đổi nó vậy thì lại nữa tôi tạo ra hành động của ý chí. Nếu tôi muốn tẩu thoát khỏi nó, lại nữa một kháng cự. Nếu tôi chấp nhận điều gì đó và phủ nhận những điều khác, lại nữa nó là sự chọn lựa. Và như chúng ta đã nói rõ, chọn lựa là hỗn loạn. Vì vậy liệu tôi có thể, cái trí này có thể, nhìn ngắm mà không có bất kỳ kháng cự, không có bất kỳ chọn lựa? Liệu tôi có thể nhìn những hòn núi, những quả đồi, cây cối, người hàng xóm của tôi, người vợ của tôi, người chồng của tôi, con cái của tôi, những người chính trị, những vị giáo sĩ, mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh? Hình ảnh là quá khứ. Đúng chứ?

Vì vậy tôi phải có thể, cái trí phải có thể nhìn ngắm. Vì vậy khi tôi nhìn ngắm "cái gì là" trong chính tôi và trong thế giới, thực sự "cái gì là" mà không có kháng cự, vậy thì từ sự quan sát đó có hành động ngay tức khắc mà không là kết quả của ý chí. Nắm được nó chứ?

Bây giờ chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu điều gì đó từ vấn đề này, đó là: tôi muốn tìm ra làm thế nào để sống một sống trong thế giới này đang hành động, không đang lẩn trốn vào một tu viện, không tẩu thoát đến Niết bàn nào đó hay những khẳng định của vị đạo sư nào đó rằng nếu bạn làm việc này bạn sẽ có được cái đó – tất cả trò vô lý xuẩn ngốc đó. Hãy gạt tất cả thứ đó đi, tôi muốn làm thế nào sống trong thế giới này mà không có bất kỳ kháng cự, không có bất kỳ ý chí nào – mà chúng ta đã tìm hiểu một chút rồi. Và tôi cũng muốn tìm ra tình yêu là gì. Vì vậy cái trí của tôi, mà đã bị quy định vào sự đòi hỏi của vui thú, vào sự đòi hỏi của hài lòng, thỏa mãn, và vì vậy kháng cự, tất cả điều đó không là tình yêu. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy tình yêu là gì? Bạn biết muốn tìm ra "cái gì là", người ta phải phủ nhận, gạt đi trọn vẹn, cái gì nó không là. Qua phủ nhận đến được tích cực, không tìm kiếm tích cực nhưng đến được tích cực khi hiểu rõ cái gì nó không là. Đúng chứ? Đó là, nếu tôi muốn tìm ra sự thật là gì, vì không biết nó là gì, tôi phải có thể thấy được điều gì là giả dối. Nếu tôi không thể nhận biết được điều gì là giả dối, tôi không thể thấy điều gì là sự thật. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy tôi phải tìm ra điều gì là giả dối. Điều gì là giả dối? Mọi thứ mà tư tưởng đã xếp đặt vào chung, ngoại trừ thuộc công nghệ, đều là giả dối. Đó là, tư tưởng đã xếp đặt vào chung “cái tôi” Đúng không? “Cái tôi”, cái ngã cùng ký ức của nó, cùng sự hung hăng của nó, cùng sự tách rời của nó, cùng những tham vọng, ganh đua, bắt chước, sợ hãi của nó, và những kỷ niệm quá khứ, tất cả đều đã được xếp đặt vào cùng nhau bởi tư tưởng, giống như tư tưởng đã xếp đặt vào cùng nhau những sự việc lạ thường một cách máy móc. Vì vậy tư tưởng, là “cái tôi”, mà ngay bản chất của nó không phải thực sự, là giả dối. Vậy là khi cái trí hiểu rõ rằng nó là giả dối, sự thật hiện diện ở đó.

Tương tự như thế khi cái trí thực sự thâm nhập sâu thẳm vào điều gì là tình yêu, thâm nhập, không nói rằng “nó là cái này”, “nó là cái kia”, thâm nhập – vậy thì nó phải thấy điều gì tình yêu không là và hoàn toàn buông bỏ nó, ngược lại bạn không thể tìm được sự thật, rõ ràng là như thế. Đúng chứ? Người ta có thể làm việc đó hay không? Ví dụ, tình yêu không là tham vọng. Đúng chứ? Bạn theo kịp không? Tất cả các bạn đều đồng ý, phải không? Chúng ta đồng ý phải không? Một cái trí tham vọng muốn thành tựu, muốn trở nên có quyền lực, hung hăng, ganh đua, bắt chước, một cái trí như thế không thể nào hiểu rõ tình yêu là gì. Chúng ta thấy điều đó, phải không? Liệu có bất kỳ ngờ vực nào về điều đó? Ồ, chúa ơi! Ồ nếu bạn có những ngờ vực, bạn cứ tiếp tục thôi. Bây giờ liệu cái trí có thể thấy được sự giả dối của nó, rằng một cái trí tham vọng không thể có tình yêu, và buông bỏ nó ngay tức khắc bởi vì nó là giả dối? Đúng không? Bởi vì chỉ khi nào bạn phủ nhận hoàn toàn cái đó mà là giả dối vậy thì cái còn lại hiện diện.

Vì vậy chúng ta thấy rất rõ ràng, có lẽ bằng từ ngữ, bằng trí năng, nhưng không phải thực sự, rằng cái trí đang tìm kiếm sự đạt được, sự thành công hoặc trong thế giới, hay thế giới tạm gọi là tinh thần, ngồi cạnh chúa, tìm kiếm sự khai sáng, bạn biết rồi, cái động cơ để tìm ra, để thành tựu là tham vọng. Vì vậy liệu cái trí có thể thấy được sự giả dối của nó và buông bỏ trọn vẹn nó ngay tức khắc? Nếu không bạn không thể tìm ra cái gì là. Nếu không bạn không bao giờ tìm ra được tình yêu là gì. Và tình yêu không là ghen tuông, phải không? Tình yêu không là sở hữu. Tình yêu không là lệ thuộc. Đúng chứ? Liệu bạn thấy điều đó? Không mang nó theo cùng bạn đến ngày hôm sau nhưng buông bỏ nó ngay tức khắc. Động thái buông bỏ nó ngay tức khắc không lệ thuộc vào ý chí. Nó lệ thuộc vào liệu bạn có thực sự nhìn thấy sự giả dối của nó. Đúng chứ? Bạn đồng ý không? Và vì vậy khi bạn buông bỏ cái đó mà là giả dối, mà không là, cái còn lại hiện diện.

Bây giờ, tình yêu là vui thú? Nó đã trở nên hơi khó khăn một tí rồi. Tình yêu là sự thành tựu? Thưa bạn hãy quan sát: người ta phải tìm hiểu điều này khá sâu xa nếu bạn thực sự muốn có một cái trí mà có tình yêu. Bạn phải tìm hiểu nó rất, rất sâu xa. Chúng ta đang hỏi, liệu vui thú, sự hài lòng, sự thành tựu, là tình yêu? Ngày hôm trước chúng ta đã tìm hiểu rằng sự đòi hỏi cho vui thú là sự tiếp tục của tư tưởng, mà theo đuổi vui thú như là ham muốn và ý muốn tách rời khỏi “cái gì là”? Chúng ta đã kết hợp tình yêu với tình dục; và bởi vì có vui thú trong tình dục chúng ta đã biến nó thành một điều kỳ diệu, nó đã trở thành điều quan trọng nhất trong sống. Không à? Không phải dành cho chúng ta, những người già! Nhưng chúng ta đã biến tình dục thành một trong những sự việc quan trọng nhất trong sống. Và trong đó chúng ta đã cố gắng tìm ra ý nghĩa sâu thẳm nào đó, sự thật sâu thẳm, cảm nghĩ về sự hợp nhất lớn lao, một trạng thái hợp nhất, và một sự việc thăng hoa nào khác trong sống. Nó đã trở nên quan trọng bởi vì chúng ta không có gì khác nữa trong sống. Hiểu biết trở nên khá nhàm chán, mô phỏng, tuân theo một người nào đó, trở nên tầm thường, theo đuổi tiền bạc là được thôi và nếu không có tiền bạc bạn không thể có tình dục. Vì vậy tình dục và vui thú trở thành sự việc kinh ngạc nhất trong văn minh. Và đó là điều gì chúng ta gọi là tình yêu.

Vì vậy vui thú là tình yêu? Và cũng vậy tại sao tình dục có một ý nghĩa như thế trong sống chúng ta? Có lẽ chúng ta không có cái gì khác nữa. Có lẽ trong mọi lãnh vực khác chúng ta đã máy móc quá rồi. Không còn cái gì là khởi nguồn trong chính chúng ta, không còn cái gì là sáng tạo, không phải trong ý nghĩa tạo ra những bức tranh và những bài hát, những bài thơ, đó là một bộ phận rất hời hợt của cái đó mà thực sự là một ý thức của trạng thái sáng tạo. Vì vậy trong chừng mực nào đó chúng ta là loại người thứ hai, tình dục trở thành quan trọng lạ thường và vì vậy vui thú. Và đó là lý do tại sao chúng ta gọi nó là tình yêu và đằng sau cái mặt nạ đó, chúng ta làm tất cả mọi loại ma mãnh.

Vì vậy liệu chúng ta có thể tìm ra tình yêu là gì? Bạn biết điều này mãi mãi đã là một vấn đề, nó không chỉ được đặt ra vào lúc này. Con người đã tìm hiểu điều này và không thể tìm được nó, anh ấy nói rằng, “ Hãy yêu chúa”, “Hãy yêu một ý tưởng”, “Hãy yêu chính thể”, “Hãy yêu người hàng xóm của bạn” – không phải rằng bạn không nên yêu người hàng xóm của bạn, nhưng những việc này đã trở thành chỉ là một vận hành của xã hội, không phải là tình yêu mà thực sự luôn luôn mới mẻ. Vì vậy tình yêu không là sản phẩm của tư tưởng, mà là vui thú. Như chúng ta đã nói tư tưởng là cũ kỹ, không được tự do, nó là sự phản ứng của quá khứ. Và vì vậy tình yêu không liên quan gì với tư tưởng. Và hầu hết sống của chúng ta là một trận chiến, như chúng ta biết – sự căng thẳng, sự lo âu, tội lỗi, sự thất vọng, ý thức cô độc vô cùng, đau khổ, đó là sống của chúng ta. Đó thực sự là “cái gì là”. Và chúng ta không sẵn lòng đối diện với điều đó. Và bây giờ liệu cái trí có thể đối diện với tất cả điều đó, không kháng cự nó? Và khi bạn đối diện với tất cả điều đó mà không có chọn lựa và kháng cự, điều gì xảy ra? Khi bạn đối diện nó, không cố gắng chế ngự sợ hãi, chế ngự ghen tuông, điều này hay điều kia, nhưng thực sự nhìn vào nó mà không có bất kỳ ý thức muốn thay đổi nó, chinh phục nó, kiểm soát nó, chỉ quan sát nó trọn vẹn, trao toàn chú ý của bạn vào nó

– mà là sống của chúng ta, sống hàng ngày cực nhọc của chúng ta, sống hàng ngày với thói trưởng giả, không-trưởng giả của chúng ta. Quan sát nó. Điều gì xảy ra? Vậy thì bạn có năng lượng vô hạn, bởi vì năng lượng này đã bị lãng phí trong kháng cự nó, trong chế ngự nó, trong thoát khỏi nó, trong cố gắng hiểu rõ nó, trong cố gắng thay đổi nó? Vì vậy khi bạn nhìn sống này như nó là, lúc đó không có một thay đổi của "cái gì là" hay sao? Và thay đổi đó xảy ra chỉ khi nào bạn có năng lượng này mà trong đó sự vận hành của ý chí không tồn tại.

Bạn biết rằng chúng ta thích những giải thích, chúng ta thích những lý thuyết, chúng ta chiều chuộng những triết lý phỏng đoán và chúng ta bị cuốn theo bởi tất cả điều đó – mà rõ ràng là một lãng phí thời gian và năng lượng. Và lúc này khi người ta quan sát sống như nó là, đau khổ, nghèo đói, ô nhiễm, sự phân chia bi thảm của những con người và những quốc gia, những chiến tranh, như nó là, mà mỗi con người đã tạo ra, nó đã không hiện diện một cách kỳ diệu, mỗi người chúng ta chịu trách nhiệm cho tất cả điều này. Và muốn thay đổi tất cả điều này chúng ta phải đối diện cái gì thực sự là.

Và cũng vậy chúng ta phải đối diện với một trong những sự kiện quan trọng nhất trong sống, chết. Không à? Đó là một trong những sự việc mà con người đã luôn luôn lẩn tránh. Những văn minh cổ xưa và những văn minh hiện đại đã cố gắng vượt khỏi điều đó, bằng cách này hay cách khác chinh phục nó, tưởng tượng rằng có sự bất tử, sống sau khi chết, bất kỳ điều gì ngoại trừ đối diện nó. Bây giờ làm thế nào một cái trí có thể đối diện cái gì đó mà nó biết tuyệt đối không là gì cả? Bạn biết, bất hạnh thay, hầu hết chúng ta, nếu tôi có thể nói như thế, đã đọc rất nhiều về tất cả những sự việc này. Có thể bạn đã đọc những người triết lý, những vị giáo sư Ấn độ, đã chỉ bảo cho chúng ta, đã nói rằng, hay bạn đã đọc những người triết lý khác, hoặc sự đào tạo thuộc Thiên Chúa giáo riêng của bạn. Bạn chứa đầy những hiểu biết, những khẳng định, những quan điểm của những người khác. Bạn bị bắt buộc để là như thế mặc dù có lẽ bạn không thừa nhận điều đó một cách có ý thức, nhưng nó ở đó trong máu huyết của bạn, bởi vì bạn đã được nuôi dưỡng trong văn minh này, trong văn hóa này. Và đây là điều gì đó mà bạn tuyệt đối không biết gì cả. Tất cả mọi điều bạn biết là bạn bị sợ hãi. Đó là mọi điều bạn biết. Sợ hãi đến một sự kết thúc – và đó là chết có nghĩa gì. Sợ hãi ngăn cản bạn không nhìn ngắm nó, bởi vì sợ hãi đã ngăn cản bạn không-sống – bạn hiểu chứ – không đang sống cùng lo âu, đau khổ, sầu muộn, tham vọng, tội lỗi – bạn biết tất cả những điều tàn nhẫn đó. Vì vậy sợ hãi đã ngăn cản bạn không-sống, và sợ hãi ngăn cản bạn không nhìn ngắm chết là gì. Và thế là, sợ hãi phải cần có sự thanh thản. Vì vậy có toàn ý thức của sự sống lại, làm mới mẻ lại của đời sống mới mẻ và vân vân và vân vân – mà chúng ta sẽ không tìm hiểu bởi vì điều gì chúng ta quan tâm là đối diện sự kiện này: liệu cái trí của bạn có thể đối diện với thực tế của một kết thúc, bởi vì đó là điều gì sẽ xảy ra, một cách hợp lý hay không-hợp lý, trong khi bạn khỏe mạnh hay không khỏe mạnh, bị tàn tật hay khá sung sức, tuổi già, bệnh tật, tai nạn, bất kỳ điều gì có thể xảy ra. Liệu cái trí có thể nhìn ngắm nghi vấn không đáp án vô cùng quan trọng này? Liệu bạn có thể nhìn ngắm nó như thể lần đầu tiên? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi? Lần đầu tiên, không có ai chỉ bảo cho bạn phải làm gì, bởi vì biết rằng để tìm kiếm sự thanh thản là một tẩu thoát khỏi sự kiện. Vì vậy như thể lần đầu tiên, liệu bạn có thể đối diện cái gì đó mà không thể tránh né được?

Vì vậy trạng thái của cái trí ra sao mà có thể nhìn ngắm cái gì đó mà nó biết tuyệt đối không biết gì cả ngoại trừ có một cái chết thuộc cơ quan, các bộ phận cơ thể kết thúc? Phải không? Qua sự hư hỏng của quả tim, qua căng thẳng, qua những xúc động, vân vân, vân vân, bệnh tật và vân vân. Nhưng nghi vấn, nghi vấn thuộc tâm lý là: liệu cái trí có thể đối diện cái gì đó, khi biết rằng cái trí tuyệt đối không biết gì cả về cái gì đó và chỉ nhìn ngắm nó, sống cùng nó, hiểu rõ nó trọn vẹn? Mà có nghĩa, liệu cái trí có thể nhìn ngắm chết mà không có ý thức của sợ hãi, khoảnh khắc bạn có sợ hãi bạn có chọn lựa, khoảnh khắc bạn có sợ hãi bạn có ý chí, có kháng cự, và đó là một lãng phí của năng lượng. Sự kết thúc của năng lượng như "cái tôi" là khả năng của nhìn ngắm chết.

Bây giờ muốn đối diện cái gì đó mà tôi không biết đòi hỏi năng lượng vô hạn, phải không? Không phải những đòi hỏi, muốn đối diện cái gì đó mà tôi tuyệt đối không biết gì cả, tôi chỉ có thể đối diện được cái đó khi nào không có ý chí, không có kháng cự, không có chọn lựa – bạn theo kịp chứ – không lãng phí của năng lượng. Muốn đối diện cái gì đó không biết được phải có dạng tột đỉnh của năng lượng. Và khi có năng lượng tổng thể đó, liệu có chết hay không? Có một sợ hãi về chết? Hay có một sợ hãi về tiếp tục? Có sợ hãi về không-tồn tại, hay tồn tại, đang sống, hay không-đang sống, chỉ khi nào tôi đã sống một sống của kháng cự, ý chí và chọn lựa. Và khi cái trí bị đối diện với cái không biết được và tất cả những sợ hãi này không còn nữa – sự lãng phí năng lượng – có năng lượng vô hạn. Và khi có năng lượng tột đỉnh đó, mà là thông minh, có chết hay không? Bạn tìm ra đi.

Làm ơn, bây giờ bạn muốn đặt ra câu hỏi nào nữa?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, sáng nay ông đã đặt nhiều câu hỏi về những tôn giáo, và họ nói gì, mà thúc đẩy tôi hỏi như thế này: làm thế nào tôi có thể hiểu rõ ở mức độ trí năng điều ông nói, nó dường như hợp lý, dường như có lý luận, nó có ý nghĩa tuy nhiên tôi thiếu sự đam mê.

Krishnamurti: Điều gì ông nói theo trí năng, theo từ ngữ, tạo ra ý nghĩa nào đó. Tôi hiểu, người hỏi nói, sự hợp lý của nó, nhưng trong chừng mực nào đó nó không xuyên thấu, không thâm nhập sâu lắm, không tiếp xúc được cái nguồn của những sự việc để cho tôi có thể phá vỡ được – đúng chứ thưa bạn? Bạn đã hiểu rõ câu hỏi chưa?

Tôi chấp nhận theo trí năng, theo từ ngữ điều gì ông nói nhưng nó vẫn không tác động đến tôi nhiều lắm, nó không gây ra một ý thức của sức sống, quan tâm thúc đẩy, đang khuấy động đó của – không cảm xúc, không cảm tính, không hứng khởi, không nhiệt tình, tất cả việc đó đều thuộc loại vô ích – nhưng một ý thức trọn vẹn của đang sống cùng nó. Đúng chứ thưa bạn? Tôi e rằng đó là trường hợp cho hầu hết mọi người.

Người hỏi: Hầu hết mọi người không sợ hãi chết nhưng sợ hãi chịu đựng sự đau khổ.

Krishnamurti: Làm ơn đừng trả lời, đừng giải thích. Chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu. Quý ông kia nói rằng, điều gì ông nói là hợp lý, theo trí năng tôi đồng ý và vân vân, nhưng tôi không cảm thấy nó sâu thẳm trong quả tim của tôi và vì vậy không tạo ra một sự thay đổi, một cách mạng trong bản thân tôi và sống một loại sống hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Và tôi nói rằng đó là trường hợp cho hầu hết chúng ta. Chúng ta đã trải qua một phần chặng đường, cùng nhau thực hiện một chuyến hành trình được một khoảng ngắn và rồi thối lui. Tiếp tục sự quan tâm được mười phút và phần còn lại của một tiếng đồng hồ lại nghĩ về điều gì khác. Rời đây sau nói chuyện và tiếp tục sống hàng ngày của bạn – bạn biết – hèn hạ, hay tốt lành, hay cao cả, hay xấu xa. Bây giờ tại sao điều này xảy ra? Tại sao điều này xảy ra rằng bạn hiểu rõ nó theo trí năng, theo từ ngữ, theo lý luận, và lại rõ ràng nó không thẩm thấu sâu thẳm cùng bạn để cho bạn sẽ, giống như một ngọn lửa, đốt cháy đi cái cũ kỹ? Hãy chờ đó thưa bạn, hãy lắng nghe, từ từ, từ từ. Tại sao điều này không xảy ra được? Có phải do không có sự quan tâm? Có phải nó do bởi một ý thức của uể oải, lười biếng đã bám quá chặt? Tìm hiểu nó thưa bạn, tìm hiểu nó. Không quan tâm? Nếu nó là không quan tâm, tại sao? Tại sao bạn không quan tâm? Khi ngôi nhà đang cháy – ngôi nhà của bạn, con cái của bạn sẽ lớn lên, bị giết chết – bạn theo kịp chứ? – tất cả những sự việc khủng khiếp sẽ xảy ra – tại sao bạn không quan tâm? Bạn bị đui mù, vô cảm, dửng dưng, lãnh đạm? Hay sâu thẳm bên trong bạn không có năng lượng và vì vậy bạn uể oải, lười biếng, không thèm quan tâm – bạn biết không? Hãy chờ thưa bạn, hãy tìm hiểu nó, đừng đồng ý – làm ơn thưa các bạn, đừng đồng ý hay không-đồng ý, hãy tìm hiểu nó. Hay bạn đã trở thành quá vô cảm bởi vì bạn có những vấn đề riêng của bạn – bạn biết không – bạn muốn thành tựu, bạn là người hèn kém, bạn là người cao quý, bạn bị lo âu, bạn có nhiều sợ hãi – tất cả điều đó. Những vấn đề của bạn đang bóp nghẹt bạn và thế là bạn chẳng còn quan tâm đến bất kỳ điều gì khác ngoại trừ ưu tiên giải quyết những vấn đề của bạn. Nhưng những vấn đề của bạn là những vấn đề của người khác, những vấn đề của bạn là kết quả của văn hóa này mà chúng ta sống trong đó. Làm ơn hãy lắng nghe, thưa các bạn.

Vì vậy nó là cái gì? Dửng dưng, vô cảm, lãnh đạm hoàn toàn? Hay toàn văn hóa, toàn đào tạo của bạn, đã là trí năng, từ ngữ, những triết lý của bạn là từ ngữ, những lý thuyết, sản phẩm của những bộ não vô cùng ma mãnh. Và bạn đã được nuôi nấng trong đó. Toàn giáo dục của bạn được đặt nền tảng trên đó. Có phải vì rằng – làm ơn lắng nghe điều này – có phải vì rằng tư tưởng đã được trao cho sự quan trọng cực kỳ, cái trí, cái trí công nghệ, khôn khéo, ranh mãnh, có khả năng, có hiệu quả, cái trí mà có thể đo lường, xây dựng, chiến đấu, tổ chức, và bạn đã được đào tạo trong đó, và bạn đáp lại ở mức độ đó, nói, “Vâng, theo trí năng, theo từ ngữ, tôi đồng ý với ông, tôi thấy được sự hợp lý của nó, sự phối hợp đúng cách của nó”, và bạn không thể vượt khỏi nó bởi vì cái trí của bạn bị trói buộc trong những vận hành của tư tưởng mà là đo lường. Nó có thể đo lường, tư tưởng có thể đo lường, không phải chiều sâu hay chiều cao, nhưng ở mức độ riêng của nó – tôi sẽ không tìm hiểu tất cả việc đó.

Vì vậy đây thực sự là một vấn đề quan trọng cho mọi người bởi vì hầu hết chúng ta đều đồng ý với tất cả điều này, theo từ ngữ, theo trí năng, nhưng trong chừng mực nào đó ngọn lửa không bùng cháy được.

Vâng thưa bạn muốn hỏi gì?

Người hỏi: Tôi nghĩ rằng không có sự thay đổi bởi vì thật ra những nghi vấn quan trọng không những ở mức độ trí năng nhưng còn ở mức độ khác mà là mức độ của sự quan tâm, mức độ của giai cấp, mức độ của những sự việc tâm lý mà quy định chúng ta.

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì chúng ta đã nói, thưa bạn. Đó là điều gì tôi đã nói, thưa bạn. Không có sự thay đổi, quý ông này nói, bởi vì theo tâm lý, theo kinh tế, theo xã hội, trong giáo dục chúng ta bị quy định. Chúng ta là kết quả của văn hóa trong đó chúng ta sống. Và ông ấy nói rằng chừng nào còn không có sự thay đổi trong chúng ta, chúng ta sẽ không có sự quan tâm sâu sắc. Chính xác đó là điều gì chúng ta đang trình bày, thưa bạn. Vì vậy tôi đang hỏi tại sao mặc dù bạn lắng nghe tất cả điều này một cách hợp lý và tôi hy vọng, với một cái trí lành mạnh, tại sao điều này không thắp sáng một ngọn lửa để cho bạn thiêu rụi tất cả những vấn đề này? Làm ơn hãy tự-hỏi chính các bạn.

Vâng thưa bạn hỏi gì?

Người hỏi: Tôi không hiểu liệu những tranh cãi và những chiến tranh là những kết quả của văn hóa, hay không có văn hóa?

Krishnamurti: Bạn có thể dùng từ ngữ “văn hóa” trong những cách khác hẳn. Nó là không-văn hóa mà tạo ra chiến tranh hay nó là có-văn hóa mà tạo ra chiến tranh? Bạn có thể đùa giỡn với những từ ngữ.

Làm ơn thưa bạn, hãy tìm hiểu điều này, hãy tìm ra: một cách hợp lý, một cách hời hợt, theo từ ngữ, bạn có đồng ý tại sao cái đó không thẩm thấu sâu thẳm trong bạn? Hãy vất hết tiền bạc của bạn cái đó sẽ tiếp xúc cùng bạn. Bỏ đi tình dục của bạn cái đó sẽ tiếp xúc cùng bạn. Xóa sạch ý thức về quan trọng của bạn, vậy thì bạn sẽ đấu tranh. Gạt bỏ những thần thánh của bạn, chủ nghĩa dân tộc của bạn, những thói trưởng giả tầm thường của bạn, và vân vân, bạn sẽ nỗ lực hết sức mình. Mà tất cả thể hiện rằng thuộc trí năng chúng ta có khả năng về bất kỳ cái gì – lên mặt trăng và vân vân, thuộc công nghệ. Chúng ta sống dựa vào mức độ của tư tưởng, và tư tưởng không thể thắp sáng ngọn lửa, mà thay đổi con người. Điều gì thay đổi con người là đối diện tất cả điều này, nhìn vào nó, và luôn luôn không sống trên một mức độ rất, rất hời hợt.

Người hỏi: Sáng nay ông nói rằng khi bạn có khả năng nhìn ngắm chết như cái tuyệt đối không biết được, điều đó bao hàm rằng bạn cũng có khả năng nhìn ngắm sống như nó là và cũng bao hàm rằng bạn có khả năng hành động.

Krishanmurti: Đúng rồi, thưa bạn. Đúng rồi, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Rằng bạn đang ở trong một trạng thái của ngay lúc này.

Krishnamurt: Đúng rồi, thưa bạn. Ông ta nói rằng khi bạn có khả năng – hãy chờ một chút, từ ngữ capable khả năng là một từ ngữ khó. Khả năng có nghĩa là làm việc, có khả năng tạo tác cái gì đó – lại nữa một ý nghĩa khó của từ ngữ đó – bạn biết bạn có thể bồi dưỡng khả năng. Đúng chứ? Tôi có thể bồi dưỡng khả năng để chơi golf, quần vợt, sắp xếp các bộ phận máy móc vào cùng nhau. Lúc này chúng ta không đang dùng từ ngữ capacity khả năng trong ý nghĩa của thời gian. Bạn hiểu rõ không? Khả năng bao hàm thời gian, phải không? Đó là, tôi không có khả năng bây giờ nhưng cho tôi một năm tôi sẽ có thể nói tiếng Ý, tiếng Pháp, hay xếp đặt các bộ phận máy móc vào cùng nhau – khả năng bao hàm thời gian. Nếu bạn đã hiểu khả năng như thời gian, tôi không có ý như vậy. Tôi có ý rằng quan sát cái không biết được mà không có bất kỳ sợ hãi, quan sát, sống cùng nó. Điều đó không cần khả năng. Tôi đã nói rằng bạn sẽ thực hiện được nó nếu bạn biết điều gì là giả dối, và phủ nhận tất cả giả dối.

Vâng thưa bạn muốn hỏi gì?

Người hỏi: Nó là một vấn đề của chúng ta không biết làm thế nào để lắng nghe.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta không biết làm thế nào để lắng nghe.

Người hỏi: Ông đã nói rằng đây là một trong những sự việc khó khăn nhất khi thực hiện, lắng nghe.

Krishnamurti: Vâng thưa bạn. Đây là một trong những sự việc khó khăn nhất khi thực hiện, lắng nghe. Bạn có ý nói một người, mà cam kết vào hoạt động xã hội và đã dâng trọn sống của người ấy cho nó, và vì những lý do tâm lý khác nhau luôn luôn sắp sửa lắng nghe mọi điều này? Hay một người mà nói, “Tôi đã giữ lời thề sống độc thân” – liệu anh ấy có lắng nghe tất cả điều này? Không thưa bạn. Lắng nghe là một nghệ thuật. Đúng chứ? Đó không đủ cho ngày hôm nay hay sao. Vâng, thưa bạn muốn hỏi gì?

Người hỏi: Ông nói rằng sự khó khăn ở trên mức độ trí năng và rằng chúng ta không cho phép những cảm thấy của chúng ta và những cảm xúc của chúng ta chen vào những liên hệ với những người khác của chúng ta. Nhưng tôi có ấn tượng nó chính xác là sự đối nghịch. Tôi nghĩ hầu hết những rắc rối trong thế giới bị gây ra bởi những cảm xúc và những đam mê không kiểm soát được, có thể bị sinh ra từ không-hiểu rõ. Nhưng chúng là những đam mê.

Krishnamurti: Quý ông kia nói rằng: Chúng ta không sống trên mức độ trí năng, chúng ta sống bằng những cảm xúc giả dối, cùng những lo âu và sầu muộn và tức giận và ghen ghét nhỏ nhen tầm thường của chúng ta – những cảm xúc. Bởi vì chúng ta không biết làm thế nào để khuất phục những điều đó chúng ta sống một sống đau khổ – đúng chứ thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Bạo lực.

Krishnamurti: Bạo lực, dĩ nhiên, điều đó được hiểu rõ. Bây giờ bạn sống một sống cảm xúc, một sống tình cảm, mà cần khuất phục? Cảm xúc, đó là, bạn biết rồi, sự hứng khởi, sự vui thú và tất cả sự nhiệt thành, tình cảm đó, bạn sống trong thế giới đó? Và khi bạn sống trong thế giới đó, và khi nó trở nên khá mất trật tự vậy thì trí năng chen vào và sau đó bạn bắt đầu kiểm soát nó, nói, “Tôi không được” nhưng trí năng luôn luôn thống trị.

Người hỏi: Hay nó bênh vực..

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên thưa bạn, bênh vực hay chỉ trích. Tôi có lẽ đầy cảm xúc nhưng trí năng chen vào và nói, hãy theo dõi, hãy cẩn thận, hãy cố gắng kiểm soát bạn. Vì vậy trí năng luôn luôn thống trị, mà là tư tưởng. Không à. Ồ Chúa ơi! Đúng chứ thưa bạn. Chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu nó.

Hãy theo dõi, trong sự quan hệ của tôi với người khác tôi bị tức giận, bị khiêu khích, có cảm xúc, trong sự quan hệ của tôi. Vậy thì điều gì xảy ra? Điều đó dẫn đến rắc rối. Có một cãi cọ xảy ra giữa hai con người. Sau đó tôi cố gắng kiểm soát nó, mà là tư tưởng, bởi vì nó đã dựng lên một khuôn mẫu cho chính nó, điều gì không nên, hay điều gì nó nên là, nói rằng, “Tôi phải kiểm soát”. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy tiếp theo chúng ta nói rằng, phải có sự kiểm soát nếu không mối quan hệ phải chấm dứt. Tất cả điều đó không là qui trình của suy nghĩ hay sao? Một qui trình thuộc trí năng? Và trí năng đảm trách một vai trò quan trọng trong sống của chúng ta, đó là tất cả mọi vấn đề chúng ta đã giải thích rõ ràng. Chúng ta không đang nói rằng những cảm xúc là đúng hay sai, hay trung thực, nhưng tư tưởng cùng sự đo lường của nó luôn luôn đang nhận xét, đang đánh giá, đang kiểm soát, đang chế ngự và vì vậy tư tưởng ngăn cản bạn không-đang nhìn. Đó là tất cả, thưa các bạn. Chúng ta sẽ gặp nhau vào ngày mốt.

SAANEN

Ngày 29 tháng 7 năm 1971

– 7 – TƯ TƯỞNG, THÔNG MINH, VÀ CÁI KHÔNG THỂ ĐO LƯỜNG

Những ý nghĩa khác nhau của không gian. Không gian mà chúng ta suy nghĩ và hành động từ đó; không gian mà tư tưởng đã dựng lên. Làm thế nào người ta có không gian vô hạn? “Vác gánh nặng của chúng ta và lại tìm kiếm sự tự do.” Tư tưởng mà không tự-phân chia chính nó đang chuyển động trong trải nghiệm. Ý nghĩa của thông minh. Hòa hợp: cái trí, quả tim và các cơ quan thân thể. “Tư tưởng thuộc thời gian, thông minh không thuộc thời gian.” Thông minh và cái vô hạn.

Những câu hỏi: Hatha Yoga. Liệu có sự tách rời của người quan sát và vật được quan sát trong thế giới công nghệ? Sự nhận biết và giấc ngủ.

Bạn biết chúng ta đã nói về những tình trạng mâu thuẫn khác nhau của thế giới, phía bên ngoài của chúng ta như nó đã là – những người tị nạn chính trị, những bị hành hạ của họ, và nỗi kinh hoàng của chiến tranh, sự nghèo đói, sự phân chia quốc gia, và những phân chia tôn giáo của con người, và sự bất công của kinh tế và xã hội. Nó không chỉ là những câu phát biểu bằng từ ngữ nhưng là những sự kiện thực sự của điều gì đang xảy ra trong thế giới – bạo lực, hỗn loạn cực kỳ, sự thù hận và mọi hình thức của bại hoại. Và cùng hiện tượng như vậy trong chính chúng ta, chúng ta đang xung đột với chính chúng ta, bất hạnh, thất vọng, đang tìm kiếm điều gì đó mà chúng ta không biết nhưng chúng ta đang tìm kiếm, chúng ta bạo lực, hung hăng, hư hỏng và phiền muộn, cô độc khủng khiếp và chịu đựng nhiều đau khổ. Và trong chừng mực nào đó dường như chúng ta không thể thoát khỏi, không thể được tự do khỏi những quy định này. Chúng ta đã cố gắng áp dụng nhiều hình thức chữa trị về cách cư xử, những luật lệ thuộc tôn giáo và những theo đuổi của họ, sống trong tu viện, một sống hiến dâng, từ bỏ, kiềm chế, và sự tìm kiếm mù quáng, đi từ quyển sách này đến quyển sách khác, hay từ vị đạo sư tôn giáo này đến một vị khác, những đổi mới chính trị, những cách mạng. Chúng ta đã thử qua quá nhiều sự việc, và tuy nhiên trong chừng mực nào đó chúng ta dường như không thể giải thoát mình ra khỏi sự hỗn loạn khủng khiếp này, trong chính chúng ta, cũng như phía bên ngoài. Và chúng ta đi theo vị đạo sư mới nhất mà đưa ra một hệ thống nào đó, thuốc chữa trị mọi bệnh tật, phương pháp nào đó để lết ra khỏi sự đau khổ riêng của chúng ta, và lại nữa điều đó dường như không thể giải quyết được bất kỳ vấn đề nào của chúng ta. Và tôi nghĩ rằng một con người bình thường ở đây hỏi, "Tôi biết tôi là tất cả những điều này, bị trói buộc trong một cái bẫy của văn minh, đau khổ, một sống khá chật hẹp, nhỏ nhen và phiền muộn; tôi đã thử thực hiện việc này và việc kia, nhưng trong chừng mực nào đó tất cả hỗn loạn này vẫn còn trong tôi, tôi sẽ làm gì đây, làm thế nào tôi sẽ thoát khỏi tất cả hỗn loạn này?

Chúng ta đã nói, đã đưa ra nhiều sự việc khác nhau trong suốt bảy nói chuyện này, về trật tự, sợ hãi, đau khổ, tình yêu và chết, phiền muộn, và vào cuối ngày, vào cuối những gặp gỡ này; đối với hầu hết mọi người, chúng ta vẫn ở nơi mà chúng ta đã bắt đầu, có lẽ những thay đổi được bổ sung một chút, ở vòng ngoài một chút, nhưng ngay tại gốc rễ của thân tâm chúng ta, toàn cấu trúc và bản chất của chúng ta, trong chừng mực nào đó vẫn còn y nguyên như nó đã là. Và làm thế nào tất cả những việc này sẽ thực sự được bật ra, bùng nổ, để cho khi bạn rời khỏi nơi này, ít nhất trong một ngày, trong một tiếng đồng hồ, sẽ có cái gì đó hoàn toàn mới mẻ, một sống thực sự có ý nghĩa, có một quan trọng, có chiều sâu và chiều rộng.

Tôi muốn, nếu sáng nay tôi được phép, một buổi sáng khá đẹp, tôi không hiểu liệu bạn có thấy những quả đồi, những hòn núi, con sông và những cái bóng đang trải dài ra của buổi sáng, và những cây thông sẫm màu tương phản bầu trời xanh, và những quả đồi diệu kỳ kia đầy ánh sáng và bóng râm – vào một buổi sáng như thế này, ngồi trong một cái lều và nói về những sự việc nghiêm túc dường như khá vô lý khi mọi thứ quanh chúng ta đang reo hò hân hoan, đang la hét đến tận những bầu trời về vẻ đẹp của quả đất và sự đau khổ của con người. Nhưng bởi vì chúng ta có mặt ở đây, bất hạnh hay không bất hạnh, sáng nay tôi muốn tiếp cận toàn vấn đề trong một cách khác hẳn. Bạn chỉ lắng nghe nó, không chỉ nghĩa lý của những từ ngữ, không chỉ những diễn tả, bởi vì sự diễn tả, như chúng ta đã nói vào một ngày trước, không bao giờ là vật được diễn tả, khi bạn diễn tả những quả đồi, cây cối, sông ngòi, những cái bóng, nhưng nếu bạn không tự-thấy chúng cho chính bạn, bằng quả tim của bạn và cái trí của bạn, sự diễn tả chẳng có ý nghĩa bao nhiêu. Giống như diễn tả món ăn ngon cho một người đang đói, anh ấy phải có thức ăn và không chỉ những từ ngữ và mùi vị của những từ ngữ đó.

Tôi hoàn toàn không biết làm thế nào để trình bày tất cả điều này một cách khác hẳn. Tôi sẽ cố gắng. Tôi hoàn toàn không biết được nó sẽ dẫn đến đâu, tôi đã không chuẩn bị trước, đã không suy nghĩ mọi vấn đề một cách hợp lý rồi đến đây và phun ra, nhưng tôi muốn tìm hiểu – nếu bạn muốn cùng tôi – một cách khác hẳn khi quan sát tất cả điều này, từ một kích thước hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Không phải kích thước thông thường của tôi và bạn, và của chúng ta và của họ, và những vấn đề của tôi và những vấn đề của họ, làm thế nào để kết thúc điều này và làm thế nào để đạt được cái đó, làm thế nào để trở nên đẹp đẽ, thông minh, tốt lành và cao quý hơn, nhưng trái lại cùng nhau thấy liệu chúng ta có thể quan sát tất cả hiện tượng này từ một kích thước khác hẳn. Và có lẽ một số người chúng ta không quen thuộc với kích thước đó, chúng ta không biết liệu có một kích thước khác hẳn, chúng ta có lẽ phỏng đoán về nó, chúng ta có lẽ tưởng tượng, nhưng sự phỏng đoán và tưởng tượng không là sự kiện. Thế là bởi vì chúng ta chỉ đang giải quyết những sự kiện và không phải những phỏng đoán, những niềm tin, những học thuyết; tôi nghĩ, chúng ta cần phải không những lắng nghe điều gì người nói sắp sửa trình bày, nhưng còn cố gắng vượt khỏi những từ ngữ và những giải thích. Mà có nghĩa bạn cũng phải chú ý, và quan tâm, tỉnh thức trọn vẹn được ý nghĩa của một kích thước mà có thể chúng ta đã không bao giờ tiếp xúc được. Và liệu sáng nay tôi có thể thấy kích thước đó, không phải bằng đôi mắt trần của tôi nhưng bằng đôi mắt của sự thông minh khách quan và vẻ đẹp và sự quan tâm.

Tôi không hiểu liệu có khi nào bạn suy nghĩ về không gian. Nơi nào có không gian có sự yên lặng. Không phải không gian được tạo ra bởi tư tưởng nhưng một không gian không biên giới, một không gian không thể đo lường, không thể hợp tác, không được sắp xếp vào chung, một không gian mà thực sự không thể tưởng tượng được. Bởi vì khi con người có không gian, không gian thực sự, chiều rộng và chiều sâu và ý thức không đo lường được của sự lan rộng, không phải của ý thức anh ấy mà chỉ là một hình thức khác của tư tưởng đang tự-lan rộng chính nó bằng sự đo lường, từ một trung tâm – nhưng ý thức của không gian đó mà không được hình thành bởi tư tưởng. Bây giờ khi có loại không gian đó có sự yên lặng tuyệt đối. Và với sự đông đúc của những thành phố, sự ồn ào, và những người giảng thuyết mâu thuẫn và những đạo sư của họ, sự bùng nổ dân số, phía bên ngoài càng ngày càng có nhiều sự kiềm hãm, càng ngày càng có ít không gian. Tôi không biết bạn có nhận thấy trong thung lũng này những cao ốc mới đang mọc lên, nhiều người hơn, càng ngày càng nhiều xe cộ gây ô nhiễm, tất cả những kinh hoàng đang xảy ra theo cùng những thành phố đông đúc.

Vì vậy phía bên ngoài càng ngày càng có ít không gian, bạn đi vào bất kỳ con đường nào trong những thị trấn đông đúc và bạn sẽ nhận thấy điều này, đặc biệt ở phương Đông. Nếu có lần nào bạn đi đến đó bạn sẽ thấy hàng ngàn người đang ngủ trên vỉa hè, chen chúc, đang sống trên vỉa hè. Và hãy quan sát những thành phố lớn, New York, London hay nơi nào bạn muốn, Paris, hầu như không có không gian, những ngôi nhà nhỏ bé, họ đang sống trong những loại ngăn kéo, bị vây kín, bị nhốt bên trong. Và nơi nào không có không gian có bạo lực – không có không gian theo kinh tế, theo xã hội, không gian trong cái trí riêng của chúng ta; và vì vậy phần nào đó chúng ta chịu trách nhiệm cho bạo lực này bởi vì chúng ta không có không gian. Và trong cái trí riêng của chúng ta không gian mà chúng ta tạo ra là sự tách rời, một bức tường được dựng lên quanh chính chúng ta. Làm ơn hãy quan sát điều này trong chính các bạn không phải vì người nói đang trình bày về nó. Không gian của chúng ta là một không gian của cô lập và rút lui, chúng ta không muốn bị tổn thương nữa, chúng ta bị tổn thương khi chúng ta còn trẻ và những dấu vết của sự tổn thương này vẫn tồn tại, và thế là chúng ta rút lui, chúng ta kháng cự, chúng ta xây dựng một bức tường quanh chính chúng ta và quanh những người kia mà chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta thương yêu, và hành động đó có một không gian rất bị giới hạn. Giống như nhìn qua bức tường vào ngôi vườn của người khác, hay vào cái trí của một người khác, nhưng vẫn vậy bức tường ở đó. Và trong thế giới đó có rất ít không gian. Trong không gian, chật hẹp, nhỏ bé đó, không gian bé tí khá tầm thường đó, từ đó chúng ta hành động, chúng ta suy nghĩ, chúng ta thương yêu, chúng ta vận hành. Và từ trung tâm đó chúng ta cố gắng đổi mới thế giới, gia nhập đảng phái này hay đảng phái kia. Và từ cái lỗ chật hẹp nhỏ xíu đó, mà chắc chắn ở trong không gian, chúng ta cố gắng tìm một đạo sư mới mà dùng phương pháp mới nhất để dạy dỗ chúng ta đạt được sự khai sáng. Và trong cái trí của chúng ta bị nhét đầy hiểu biết, những đồn đại, những quan điểm, những huyên thuyên, hầu như không có bất kỳ không gian nào.

Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn đã nhận ra hiện tượng lạ lùng này, rằng chúng ta càng sống trong sự quan sát, trong tỉnh thức lâu bao nhiêu, không phải chỉ sống để kiếm tiền và cất vào một tài khoản ngân hàng nhỏ xíu, bạn biết rồi, tình dục và tất cả việc đó, mà là thành phần của sống, nhưng nếu người ta có quan sát, nhận biết được những sự việc quanh người ta và trong chính người ta, người ta chắc phải đã nhận ra rằng người ta có một không gian nhỏ bé làm sao đâu. Trong chính chúng ta nó chen chúc như thế nào. Làm ơn hãy quan sát nó trong chính bạn. Và làm thế nào người ta, bởi vì bị cô lập trong không gian nhỏ xíu đó, cùng những bức tường kháng cự dày khủng khiếp, của những ý tưởng và của những hung hăng, làm thế nào người ta có được không gian mà thực sự không thể đo lường được? Như chúng ta đã nói ngày hôm trước, tư tưởng có thể đo lường được, tư tưởng là đo lường. Và bất kỳ hình thức nào của tự-hoàn thiện là đo lường. Và rõ ràng tự-hoàn thiện là hình thức dửng dưng nhất của sự cô lập. Và người ta thấy rằng tư tưởng không thể tạo ra không gian bao la mà trong đó có sự yên lặng tổng thể và trọn vẹn. Bạn đang theo sát. Tư tưởng không thể tạo ra nó. Tư tưởng chỉ có thể phát triển, tiến hóa, theo tỷ lệ đến khúc cuối mà nó chiếu rọi, mà đo lường được. Và không gian đó, mà tư tưởng tạo ra, theo tưởng tượng, hay theo nhu cầu, không bao giờ có thể thâm nhập hay tiến vào một kích thước mà trong đó có không gian không phải của tư tưởng. Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi không? Tư tưởng đã dựng lên, qua hàng thế kỷ, một không gian mà rất, rất bị giới hạn, chật chội, cô lập, và bởi vì sự giới hạn chật hẹp này nó tạo ra phân chia, khi có phân chia có xung đột, theo quốc gia, theo tôn giáo, theo chính trị, trong mọi cách, trong sự liên hệ và vân vân. Xung đột đó là đo lường – ít xung đột hơn và nhiều xung đột hơn và vân vân.

Bây giờ câu hỏi là: làm thế nào tư tưởng có thể thâm nhập vào cái khác; hay cái khác không tồn tại – tư tưởng không bao giờ có thể thâm nhập vào nó – bạn đã hiểu rõ chưa? Tôi là kết quả của tư tưởng, tất cả những hoạt động của tôi đều được đặt nền tảng trên tư tưởng – hợp lý, không hợp lý, loạn thần kinh, hay có giáo dục cao, có hiểu biết rộng rãi, có lý luận, có khoa học, có công nghệ. Tôi là kết quả của tất cả điều đó. Và nó có không gian phía bên trong những bức tường của sự kháng cự. Bây giờ làm thế nào cái trí sẽ thay đổi được tất cả điều đó và khám phá cái gì đó mà là một kích thước hoàn toàn khác hẳn? Bạn đã hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi chứ? Chúng ta có đang gặp gỡ lẫn nhau không? Hai người có thể theo cùng nhau không? Tự do mà trong đó có sự yên lặng hoàn toàn và vì vậy có không gian bao la, và những bức tường của sự kháng cự mà tư tưởng đã tạo ra, cùng không gian nhỏ xíu chật chội của nó – liệu hai cái này có thể tập hợp cùng nhau và trôi chảy cùng nhau? Đúng chứ? Đây đã là vấn đề của con người, theo tôn giáo, khi anh ấy tìm hiểu thật sâu thẳm, đây là vấn đề. Liệu tôi có thể bám vào cái tôi nhỏ xíu của tôi, vào cái không gian nhỏ xíu của tôi, vào những sự việc mà tôi đã thâu lượm, hiểu biết, những trải nghiệm, những hy vọng, những vui thú, và chuyển động vào một kích thước khác hẳn nơi hai cái này có thể cùng nhau vận hành? Tôi muốn ngồi bên tay phải của chúa và tuy nhiên tôi lại muốn được tự do khỏi chúa. Tôi muốn sống một sống của thỏa mãn và vui thú và vẻ đẹp, và tôi cũng muốn có hân hoan mà không thể đo lường, không thể bị trói buộc bởi tư tưởng. Bạn đang theo sát? Bạn muốn vui thú và hân hoan. Tôi biết chuyển động của vui thú, những đòi hỏi của vui thú, sự theo đuổi của vui thú, cùng tất cả những sợ hãi, những lao dịch, đau khổ, lo âu. Và tôi cũng muốn hân hoan đó mà hoàn toàn không được mời mọc, mà tư tưởng không bao giờ nắm bắt được – nếu nó nắm bắt được, nó trở thành vui thú và thế là lề thói cũ kỹ lại bắt đầu. Vì thế tôi muốn có cả hai – những thứ của thế giới và thế giới khác.

Tôi nghĩ đây là vấn đề cho hầu hết chúng ta – phải không? Có một thời gian vui vẻ nhiều trong thế giới này – tại sao không? – và lẩn tránh mọi đau khổ, mọi buồn phiền, tôi cũng biết những khoảnh khắc khác khi có hân hoan vô cùng mà không thể tiếp xúc được, mà thanh khiết: tôi muốn cả hai. Và đó là điều gì chúng ta đang tìm kiếm. Mang tất cả gánh nặng của chúng ta và tuy vậy vẫn tìm kiếm sự tự do.

Và liệu tôi có thể làm được điều này? Liệu tôi có thể – qua ý chí – bạn hiểu rõ điều gì ngày hôm trước chúng ta đã nói về ý chí, ý chí không liên quan cái thực sự, “cái gì là”, nhưng ý chí là sự biểu lộ của ham muốn như ”cái tôi”, và chúng ta nghĩ trong chừng mực nào đó nhờ vào ý chí chúng ta sẽ bắt gặp cái khác. Và thế là chúng ta nói với chính mình, “Tôi phải kiểm soát tư tưởng, tôi phải kỷ luật tư tưởng”. Khi “cái tôi” nói, tôi phải kiểm soát, kỷ luật tư tưởng, nó vẫn còn là tư tưởng đang tự-phân chia chính nó như “cái tôi” và tư tưởng như cái gì đó tách rời, nhưng nó vẫn còn là tư tưởng, như “cái tôi” và “cái không tôi”. Và người ta nhận ra tư tưởng, bởi vì có thể đo lường, nhiễu loạn, huyên thuyên, dong duổi khắp mọi nơi, đã tạo ra không gian của một con chuột nhỏ xíu, một con khỉ đuổi theo cái đuôi riêng của nó. Thế là người ta nói, người ta nói, làm thế nào tư tưởng sẽ yên lặng? Bởi vì tư tưởng đã tạo ra thế giới công nghệ và thế giới của hỗn loạn, thế giới của chiến tranh, những phân chia quốc gia, những tách rời tôn giáo; tư tưởng đã tạo ra đau khổ, hoang mang, phiền muộn; tư tưởng là thời gian. Vì vậy thời gian là đau khổ. Và người ta thấy tất cả điều này – nếu bạn đã tìm hiểu rất, rất sâu thẳm, không phải do sự hướng dẫn của người khác, nhưng chỉ quan sát điều này trong thế giới và trong chính bạn.

Vậy là nghi vấn nảy sinh: liệu tư tưởng có thể hoàn toàn bặt tăm và chỉ vận hành khi cần thiết? Bạn theo kịp chứ? Khi cần thiết, khi nó phải sử dụng hiểu biết, công nghệ, đi đến văn phòng, nói chuyện và tất cả mọi việc như thế; và phần còn lại của thời gian tuyệt đối yên lặng. Càng có không gian và yên lặng đó nhiều bao nhiêu nó càng có thể vận hành một cách hợp lý, sáng suốt, lành mạnh, cùng hiểu biết nhiều bấy nhiêu. Nếu không hiểu biết trở thành một kết thúc trong chính nó và tạo ra sự hỗn loạn. Bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này chứ? Không phải đồng ý với tôi, bạn thấy nó cho chính bạn.

Vì vậy câu hỏi là: tư tưởng, mà là sự phản ứng của ký ức, hiểu biết, trải nghiệm, thời gian, và tư tưởng là nội dung của ý thức, vì biết rằng tư tưởng phải vận hành cùng hiểu biết, và nó chỉ có thể vận hành cùng thông minh tột đỉnh chỉ khi nào có không gian và yên lặng, và từ đó vận hành. Tôi đang trình bày rõ ràng? Đúng chứ? Đúng chứ thưa bạn? Hãy nói cho tôi biết. Hãy khuyến khích tôi! Không, xin lỗi, tôi không muốn sự khuyến khích của bạn!

Vì vậy đó là vấn đề của tôi. Đó là, phải có không gian bao la và yên lặng bởi vì khi có không gian và yên lặng đó vẻ đẹp đến, vậy thì tình yêu hiện diện. Không phải vẻ đẹp được sắp xếp bởi con người, kiến trúc, đồ gốm, đồ sứ, bức họa, những bài thơ, nhưng ý thức của vẻ đẹp của không gian bao la và yên lặng đó. Và vẫn vậy tư tưởng phải hành động, vận hành. Không có đang sống ở đó và sau đó tuột xuống. Vì vậy đó là vấn đề của tôi – không phải vấn đề thực sự của tôi bởi vì – bạn hiểu chứ? – tôi đang biến nó thành một vấn đề để cho chúng ta có thể cùng nhau tìm hiểu nó, để cho cả bạn và tôi khám phá cái gì đó hoàn toàn mới mẻ trong nó. Bởi vì mỗi lần người ta tìm hiểu, không phải đang biết, người ta khám phá được cái gì đó. Nhưng nếu bạn tìm hiểu bằng đang biết vậy thì không bao giờ bạn sẽ khám phá được bất kỳ điều gì cả. Và đó là điều gì chúng ta đang làm. Liệu tư tưởng có thể trở nên bặt tăm? Và liệu tư tưởng đó có thể, phải vận hành trong lãnh vực của cái đã được biết, một cách trọn vẹn, hoàn toàn, khách quan, sáng suốt, lành mạnh, hợp lý, liệu tư tưởng đó có thể tự kết thúc chính nó? Đó là, liệu tư tưởng mà là quá khứ, mà là ký ức, mà là một ngàn ngày hôm qua, liệu tất cả quá khứ đó có thể hoàn toàn kết thúc, mà là tất cả tình trạng bị quy định đó, để cho có yên lặng, có không gian, có một ý thức của kích thước lạ thường?

Vậy là tôi đang tự-hỏi chính tôi, và bạn đang tự-hỏi nó cùng tôi, làm thế nào tư tưởng đó sẽ kết thúc, và không phải trong chính kết thúc của nó để làm biến dạng nó và lang thang vào trạng thái tưởng tượng nào đó và trở thành khá chênh vênh, loạn thần kinh và lơ đãng. Tư tưởng phải vận hành cùng sức sống mãnh liệt, năng lượng vô hạn, một cách hợp lý, sáng suốt? Và vì thế tôi đang hỏi làm thế nào tư tưởng đó, mà phải vận hành, và cùng lúc lại hoàn toàn bất động? Bạn nắm được nó chứ? Bạn nắm được câu hỏi của tôi chưa? Đây đã là vấn đề của mọi con người tôn giáo nghiêm túc – không phải con người mà thuộc về giáo phái nào đó, dù là Thiên chúa giáo, Ấn độ giáo, Phật giáo, bất kỳ tôn giáo gì, mà được đặt nền tảng vào niềm tin và sự tuyên truyền có tổ chức và vì vậy không là tôn giáo gì cả, điều này đã là vấn đề. Khi người ta thâm nhập rất, rất sâu, liệu hai cái này có thể vận hành cùng hau hay không? Bạn hiểu chứ? Liệu hai cái này có thể chuyển động cùng nhau, không phải kết hợp thành một thể, không phải hợp nhất, nhưng chuyển động cùng nhau? Và chúng có thể chuyển động cùng nhau nếu tư tưởng không tự-tách rời chính nó như người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Bạn đang nắm bắt nó chứ? Bạn theo kịp chứ? Tôi muốn trình bày tiếp!

Bạn thấy sống là một chuyển động trong liên hệ, liên tục đang chuyển động, đang thay đổi, và chuyển động đó có thể tự-duy trì chính nó, chuyển động một cách tự do khi không có người suy nghĩ và vật được suy nghĩ. Đó là, khi tư tưởng không phân chia chính nó như “cái tôi” và “cái không tôi”, khi tư tưởng không phân chia chính nó như người quan sát, người trải nghiệm, và vật được quan sát và vật được trải nghiệm. Bởi vì trong đó có phân chia và vì vậy có xung đột. Khi tư tưởng thấy sự thật của điều đó, vậy thì nó không đang tìm kiếm trải nghiệm, vậy thì nó đang chuyển động trong trải nghiệm. Bạn đang nắm bắt được điều này chứ? Bạn đang thực hiện điều này bây giờ phải không? Hãy theo dõi thưa bạn, lúc nãy tôi vừa nói rằng tư tưởng cùng tất cả hiểu biết, luôn luôn đang tích lũy, là một vật đang sống, không phải một vật chết, vì vậy không gian bao la có thể chuyển động cùng tư tưởng. Và khi tư tưởng tự-tách rời chính nó như người suy nghĩ, như người trải nghiệm vậy thì người trải nghiệm, người quan sát, người suy nghĩ trở thành quá khứ và vì vậy có một phân chia, và xung đột, và quá khứ mà cố định – đúng chứ? – và thế là không thể chuyển động. Bạn nắm được điều này chứ? Tôi đang nói với chính tôi, hay chúng ta đang cùng nhau chia sẻ điều này?

Tôi thấy trong sự tìm hiểu này, cái trí thấy rằng nơi nào có sự phân chia trong tư tưởng, chuyển động không thể xảy ra được. Chuyển động. Nơi nào có sự phân chia quá khứ len lỏi vào, vì vậy quá khứ trở thành cố định, trung tâm, trung tâm bất động, trung tâm bất động có thể được bổ sung, được thêm vào, nhưng nó là một trạng thái bất động và thế là nó không chuyển động tự do.

Vì vậy câu hỏi kế tiếp của tôi là, đối với tôi và cũng vậy đối với bạn: liệu tư tưởng thấy điều này, hay sự nhận biết là cái gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn tư tưởng. Hãy theo dõi: người ta thấy sự phân chia trong thế giới, quốc gia, tôn giáo, kinh tế, xã hội và mọi chuyện như thế, giai cấp, và trong sự phân chia này có xung đột. Điều đó rõ ràng. Và – chỉ lắng nghe việc này, tôi đã nắm bắt được nó – và khi có sự phân chia trong chính tôi, sự vỡ vụn, phải có xung đột. Vậy thì trong chính tôi, tôi bị phân chia như người quan sát và vật được quan sát, người suy nghĩ và vật được suy nghĩ, người trải nghiệm và vật được trải nghiệm, chính sự phân chia đó bị tạo tác bởi tư tưởng, và tư tưởng là kết quả của quá khứ. Bây giờ tôi thấy sự thật của điều này. Câu hỏi của tôi là: tư tưởng thấy điều này hay một nhân tố nào khác thấy điều này? Bạn đang gặp gỡ tôi chứ? Khi tôi nói rằng tôi thấy điều này, sự thật của điều này, tư tưởng thấy sự thật này hay nhân tố nào khác thấy sự thật? Hay nhân tố mới mẻ là thông minh và không phải tư tưởng?

Vậy thì sự liên hệ giữa tư tưởng và thông minh là gì? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi? Theo cá nhân, tôi vô cùng quan tâm đến điều này, liệu bạn có thể theo cùng tôi hay không. Lạ thường lắm khi thâm nhập điều này. Tư tưởng đã tạo ra sự phân chia này, quá khứ, hiện tại, tương lai. Tư tưởng là thời gian. Tư tưởng tự-nói với chính nó rằng, tôi thấy sự phân chia này phía bên ngoài lẫn bên trong. Và tôi thấy sự phân chia này là nhân tố của xung đột. Và nó không thể thoát khỏi điều đó. Thế là nó nói, tôi vẫn còn ở nơi tôi đã bắt đầu, tôi vẫn có những xung đột của tôi, bởi vì tư tưởng nói, tôi thấy sự thật của sự phân chia và xung đột. Bây giờ có phải tư tưởng thấy điều đó, hay một nhân tố mới mẻ của thông minh thấy điều đó? Đúng chứ? Bây giờ nếu nó là thông minh mà thấy điều đó, vậy thì sự liên hệ giữa tư tưởng và thông minh là gì? Thông minh thuộc cá nhân? Thông minh là kết quả của hiểu biết sách vở, lý luận, đang sống, trải nghiệm? Hay thông minh là sự tự do khỏi sự phân chia mà tư tưởng đã tạo tác, và một cách hợp lý thấy điều đó và không thể thoát khỏi nó, ở lại cùng nó, không cố gắng đấu tranh với nó, và không cố gắng khuất phục nó, từ đó thông minh hiện diện. Đúng chứ thưa bạn? Tôi đang trình bày rõ ràng chứ?

Bạn thấy rằng chúng ta đang hỏi: thông minh là gì? Thông minh có thể được vun quén, hay thông minh là thuộc bản năng? Và liệu tư tưởng thấy sự thật của xung đột, phân chia và mọi chuyện còn lại, hay liệu chất lượng của cái trí mà thấy được sự kiện và hoàn toàn yên lặng cùng sự kiện, hoàn toàn bất động cùng sự kiện, không cố gắng thoát khỏi nó, chế ngự nó, thay đổi nó, nhưng hoàn toàn bất động cùng sự kiện? Chính sự bất động đó là thông minh. Vì vậy thông minh không là tư tưởng. Thông minh là sự yên lặng này, và vì vậy nó hoàn toàn không-cá nhân. Nó không thuộc bất kỳ nhóm nào, bất kỳ người nào, bất kỳ chủng tộc nào, bất kỳ văn hóa nào.

Vậy là tôi đã tìm ra, cái trí của tôi đã tìm ra rằng có sự yên lặng, không phải bị xếp đặt bởi tư tưởng và kỷ luật, luyện tập và tất cả mọi điều kinh hoàng đó, nhưng một đang thấy, đang thấy rằng tư tưởng không thể tự-thoát khỏi chính nó; bởi vì tư tưởng là kết quả của quá khứ. Và nơi nào quá khứ đang vận hành phải có sự phân chia, và vì vậy có những xung đột và mọi chuyện như thế, đang thấy điều đó và hoàn toàn duy trì sự yên lặng cùng điều đó. Bạn biết rằng nó giống như tuyệt đối yên lặng cùng đau khổ. Bạn biết người nào đó mà bạn thương yêu, bạn chăm sóc, bạn đã tử tế, ấp ủ, ân cần, quan tâm, khi người đó chết có sự choáng váng của cô độc, thất vọng, ý thức tách rời, mọi thứ quanh bạn đều sụp đổ, trong sự đau khổ đó hãy ở cùng nó, không tìm kiếm những giải thích, nguyên nhân, tại sao anh ấy ra đi và tại sao tôi không, hãy tuyệt đối bất động cùng nó. Ở lại cùng nó một cách tuyệt đối bất động là thông minh. Và vậy là thông minh đó có thể vận hành trong tư tưởng, sử dụng hiểu biết, và hiểu biết lẫn tư tưởng đó sẽ không tạo tác sự phân chia. Tôi đã nắm được nó.

Vì vậy câu hỏi phát sinh từ điều đó: làm thế nào cái trí, cái trí của bạn, huyên thuyên liên tục – làm ơn lắng nghe điều này, hãy lắng nghe nó – mà luôn luôn theo lề thói trưởng giả, bị kẹt trong một cái bẫy, đang tranh đấu, đang tìm kiếm, đang theo sau những vị thầy và bạn biết những vị đạo sư, và đệ tử, làm thế nào cái trí đó sẽ tuyệt đối yên lặng?

Bây giờ: bạn biết sự hòa hợp là trạng thái yên lặng – hòa hợp, không phải bất hòa – hòa hợp giữa thân thể, quả tim và cái trí. Hòa hợp hoàn toàn. Điều đó có nghĩa thân thể, thân thể của bạn phải không bị áp đặt bởi cái trí, không bị kỷ luật bởi cái trí, không bị kỷ luật bởi cái trí khi nó thích một loại thức ăn, thuốc lá, thuốc kích thích nào đó – bạn theo kịp không – sự phấn khởi của tất cả điều đó, khi bị kiểm soát bởi cái trí, lúc đó nó là một áp đặt. Trái lại thân thể khi nó nhạy cảm, sinh động, có thông minh riêng của nó, không bị hư hỏng. Người ta phải có một thân thể như thế, nhạy cảm, sinh động, năng động vô cùng, không bị thuốc kích thích. Và người ta cũng phải có một quả tim – bạn hiểu rõ không – không phải phấn khởi, không phải cảm tính, không phải cảm xúc, không phải nhiệt thành nhưng ý thức của trọn vẹn đó – bạn biết rồi – chiều sâu, chất lượng, sức sống. Nó chỉ có thể hiện diện khi có tình yêu. Và một cái trí có không gian vô hạn, vậy thì có sự hòa hợp.

Bây giờ làm thế nào cái trí – hãy lắng nghe điều này – bất chợt bắt gặp cái này. Tôi chắc chắn rằng tất cả các bạn đang hỏi điều này, có lẽ không phải đang ngồi ở đó nhưng khi bạn về nhà, khi bạn dạo bộ, làm thế nào người ta có được ý thức của hợp nhất, hòa hợp trọn vẹn này, mà không có bất kỳ sự biến dạng nào, sự phân chia nào, sự tách rời nào – thân thể, quả tim, và cái trí – bạn nghĩ làm thế nào bạn có thể có được nó. Bây giờ bạn thấy sự thật của điều này, phải không? Bạn thấy sự thật của nó rằng bạn phải có sự hòa hợp trọn vẹn trong chính bạn, cái trí, quả tim, thân thể. Nó giống như có một cửa sổ sạnh sẽ, không bị vấy bẩn, không có bất kỳ vết trầy xước nào, không bị hoen ố, vì vậy khi bạn nhìn qua cửa sổ bạn có thể thấy sự vật mà không có bất kỳ biến dạng nào. Bây giờ làm thế nào bạn có thể có được nó?

Bây giờ ai đang thấy sự thật này? Bạn đang theo kịp chứ? Ai thấy sự thật rằng phải có sự hòa hợp, sự hòa hợp hoàn toàn này? Như chúng ta đã nói, khi có hòa hợp có tĩnh lặng. Khi một trong ba yếu tố này bị biến dạng có sự rắc rối, có sự nhiễu loạn. Nhưng khi cái trí, quả tim và các cơ quan thân thể hòa hợp hoàn toàn, có sự yên lặng. Bây giờ ai thấy sự thật này? Bạn hiểu câu hỏi của tôi? Bạn thấy nó như một ý tưởng, như một lý thuyết, như cái gì đó bạn “nên có”? Nếu bạn như thế, vậy thì tất cả nó là sự vận hành của tư tưởng, vậy thì bạn sẽ nói, hãy bảo cho tôi hệ thống gì, loại hệ thống nào tôi phải vận dụng để nắm bắt được điều này, tôi sẽ luyện tập, tôi sẽ phủ nhận, tôi sẽ kỷ luật, tôi sẽ nghiền ngẫm nó.

Tất cả điều đó là hoạt động của tư tưởng. Nhưng khi bạn thấy sự thật của điều này – sự thật không phải cái gì “nên là” – khi bạn thấy đó là sự thật, nó là như thế, vậy thì chính là thông minh mà thấy nó. Vì vậy chính là thông minh mà sẽ vận hành và vì vậy tạo ra trạng thái này. Bạn nắm được nó chứ? Không tư tưởng. Tôi không thể làm bất kỳ điều gì nữa.

Vì vậy tư tưởng thuộc thời gian. Thông minh không thuộc thời gian. Thông minh là không thể đo lường được – không phải sự thông minh thuộc khoa học, không phải sự thông minh của một chuyên viên, không phải sự thông minh của một người nội trợ, không phải sự thông minh của con người mà biết vô số vấn đề. Tất cả những thông minh đó đều ở trong lãnh vực của tư tưởng và hiểu biết. Và chỉ khi nào cái trí hoàn toàn yên lặng – và nó có thể yên lặng, bạn không phải luyện tập, kiểm soát, nó có thể hoàn toàn yên lặng – và khi nó như thế, có sự hòa hợp, có không gian bao la và yên lặng. Và chỉ lúc đó cái không thể đo lường mới được hiện diện. Đúng chứ, thưa các bạn.

Người hỏi: Tôi đã lắng nghe ông suốt năm mươi năm. Ông đã nói rằng người ta phải chết đi mỗi khoảnh khắc. Điều này đúng thật đối với tôi lúc này hơn trước kia.

Krishnamurti: Quý ông kia nói rằng ông ấy đã lắng nghe người nói suốt năm mươi năm, và bây giờ nó thực sự hơn trước kia, nó thực tế nhiều hơn, thực sự trong sống của ông ấy, hơn trước kia. Và ông ấy muốn được chứng thực hơn từ những người khác – liệu những người khác đã lắng nghe người nói trong suốt năm mươi năm có cảm thấy như vậy. Làm ơn đừng trả lời. Đây không là một thú nhận.

Người hỏi: Chết đi mỗi khoảnh khắc.

Krishnamurti: Chết đi mỗi khoảnh khắc. Vâng. Chết đi từng giây phút. Tôi đã nói điều đó, và ông ấy đã nói rằng điều đó thực sự hơn bao giờ trước kia.

Bạn phải lắng nghe người nói suốt năm mươi năm à? Và tại khúc cuối của năm mươi năm đó bạn sẽ nắm được nó, bạn sẽ hiểu rõ nó? Nó mất thời gian à? Hay bạn thấy vẻ đẹp của cái gì đó ngay tức khắc và vì vậy nó hiện diện. Bây giờ tại sao người ta, bất kỳ ai, bạn và những người khác, tại sao bạn phải mất thời gian vì tất cả điều này? Bạn hiểu câu hỏi của tôi chứ? Tại sao bạn phải mất nhiều năm để hiểu rõ một sự việc rất đơn giản như thế? Và nó rất đơn giản, tôi cam đoan với bạn như thế. Nó chỉ trở nên phức tạp trong sự giải thích. Nhưng sự thật lại đơn giản lạ thường. Tại sao người ta không thấy sự đơn giản đó và sự thật và vẻ đẹp của nó ngay tức khắc và thế là toàn hiện tượng của sống thay đổi? Tại sao? Đó có phải vì chúng ta bị quy định quá nặng nề? Và nếu bạn bị quy định quá nặng nề, liệu bạn có thể thấy tình trạng bị quy định đó ngay tức khắc, hay bạn phải lột bỏ nó giống như một củ hành, lớp này tiếp theo lớp khác? Có phải bởi vì người ta lười biếng, lờ đờ, dửng dưng, bị trói buộc trong những vấn đề riêng của người ta? Nếu bạn bị trói buộc trong những vấn đề riêng của bạn, một vấn đề, và vấn đề đó không tách rời khỏi phần còn lại của những vấn đề, tất cả chúng đều liên quan lẫn nhau, nếu bạn chọn ra một vấn đề và theo đến tận cùng của nó – dù nó là tình dục, dù nó là liên hệ, dù nó là cô độc, bất kỳ nó là gì – theo đến tận cùng của nó. Và bởi vì bạn không thể thực hiện nó, vậy là bạn phải lắng nghe người nào đó suốt năm mươi năm! Bạn sẽ nói rằng phải mất năm mươi năm để nhìn những hòn núi kia hay sao?

Người hỏi: Ông có thể trả lời câu hỏi này mà tôi vừa viết ra hay không?

Krisshnamurti: Không thưa bạn, chỉ cần hỏi. (Krishnamurti đọc câu hỏi.) Ồ Chúa ơi! Đây là một câu hỏi dài quá thưa bạn. Bạn có thể vắn tắt lại không?

Người hỏi: Công việc của sự tưởng tượng.

Krishnamurti: Câu hỏi được đặt ra: tôi biết nhiều người qua sự luyện tập Hatha Yoga chỉ phản bội chính họ, rõ ràng họ sống trong sự tưởng tượng. Ông có biết bất kỳ điều gì về Yoga hay không? Bạn muốn tôi kể về nó à? Đúng không? Tệ quá!

Tôi đã được kể về Hatha Yoga và tất cả những phức tạp của nó – tôi sẽ trình bày nó vắn tắt – được sáng chế cách đây khoảng ba ngàn năm về trước – tôi được bảo như thế, tôi đã không đọc nó – tôi đã được kể lại bởi một người đã tìm hiểu toàn sự việc này rất cẩn thận. Vào thời điểm đó người cai trị mảnh đất này phải giữ cho bộ não của họ và tư tưởng của họ rất minh bạch. Và vì vậy họ nhai một loại lá nào đó từ những hòn núi Himalaya – đừng tìm kiếm nó, nó không còn đâu! (Tiếng cười). Và khi thời gian trôi qua loại cây đó bị tuyệt chủng, và thế là họ phải sáng chế ra một phương pháp mà nhờ nó những tuyến hạch trong hệ thống cơ thể con người có thể được giữ lành mạnh và sinh lực. Và họ sáng chế ra Yoga, những luyện tập để giữ cho thân thể rất lành mạnh, không phải trẻ trung, đừng bị mất hút trong những dại dột đó. Giữ nó sinh động, giữ nó lành mạnh và thế là cái trí rất năng động, rõ ràng. Và luyện tập những bài tập nào đó, asanas và vân vân, có phấn khích những tuyến hạch, những tuyến hạch nào đó đang thực hiện những bài tập nào đó, rất lành mạnh, năng động.

Và họ cũng phát giác rằng loại hít thở đúng đắn nào đó, hít vào thở ra, có hữu ích, không phải để đạt được sự khai sáng, nhưng giúp cho cái trí, những tế bào não, được cung cấp đầy đủ không khí, để cho nó có thể vận hành. Rồi thì đã xuất hiện tất cả những người trục lợi, mà nói rằng, nếu bạn làm tất cả việc này bạn sẽ có được – bạn biết không – bạn sẽ có được một cái trí yên lặng hoàn toàn. Sự yên lặng của họ là sự yên lặng của tư tưởng, mà là thoái hóa và vì vậy chết. Và họ đã nói rằng, bằng phương pháp này bạn sẽ đánh thức được nhiều trung tâm khác nhau, khai mở các huyệt trong cơ thể, kundalini và mọi loại vớ vẩn đó, và bạn sẽ đạt được sự khai sáng kỳ diệu. Và dĩ nhiên những cái trí của chúng ta quá háo hức, quá tham lam, đang mong ước nhiều trải nghiệm thêm, muốn giỏi hơn bất kỳ người nào khác, trông đẹp đẽ hơn, thân thể tốt hơn, tốt hơn cái này và tốt hơn cái kia, chúng ta rơi vào cái bẫy của việc đó. Nhưng người ta có thể thấy loại yoga này, Hatha Yoga, đang thực hành những bài tập khác nhau, mà người nói thực hành vào khoảng hai giờ mỗi ngày, đừng bắt chước ông ta, bạn không biết gì về nó đâu.

Bạn thấy khi người ta có sự tưởng tượng, mà tất cả đều là chức năng của tư tưởng, dù làm điều gì bạn muốn, cái trí không bao giờ có thể yên lặng, an bình, cùng một ý thức của vẻ đẹp và no đủ vô cùng bên trong.

Người hỏi: Trong trạng thái hòa hợp, hợp nhất này, khi cái trí vận hành một cách nghiêm ngặt trong một phương pháp công nghệ, liệu lúc đó không có sự tách rời này của người quan sát và vật được quan sát? Khi sự hòa hợp tồn tại, liệu sự tách rời hiện diện khi cái trí phải vận hành trong một lãnh vực công nghệ – liệu lúc đó có sự tách rời?

Krishanmurti: Vâng, tôi hiểu rõ. Tôi hiểu rõ câu hỏi. Người hỏi đặt ra nghi vấn: khi có ý thức của sự hòa hợp này, sau đó khi tư tưởng vận hành, vậy thì liệu có sự tách rời giữa người suy nghĩ và vật được suy nghĩ? Bạn nghĩ gì đây? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi chứ? Khi có sự hòa hợp trọn vẹn, không phải sự hòa hợp tưởng tượng và tất cả những việc như thế, thực sự, thân thể, quả tim, và cái trí hoàn toàn hòa hợp, hợp nhất, không tách rời, không người nào để hòa hợp nó – dùng từ ngữ integration hòa hợp khá khó khăn – vậy thì khi có ý thức của thông minh đó mà là hòa hợp, thông minh đó sử dụng tư tưởng, vậy thì sẽ có người quan sát và vật được quan sát, sự tách rời? Rõ ràng là không. Đúng chứ? Khi không có sự hòa hợp vậy thì có sự tách rời, có sự không-hòa hợp, vậy thì tư tưởng tạo ra sự tách rời như “cái tôi” và “cái không tôi”, người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Điều này thật đơn giản. Đúng không?

Người hỏi: Trong nói chuyện lần thứ hai của ông, ông đã nói rằng người ta tỉnh thức được không chỉ trong khi thức mà cũng cả trong khi ngủ.

Krishnamurti: Bạn muốn tôi tìm hiểu nó phải không? Đây là câu hỏi cuối cùng nhé.

Người hỏi nói rằng: tại nói chuyện lần thứ hai của ông, bạn nhớ không, tôi không nhớ, tại nói chuyện lần thứ hai của ông, ông đã nói: có một trạng thái tỉnh thức khi bạn ngủ cũng như có một trạng thái tỉnh thức khi bạn thức. Ông đã không trình bày thêm nữa về nó – đó là như vậy phải không, thưa bạn? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi chứ? Đó là, trong suốt ban ngày người ta tỉnh thức một cách hời hợt hay sâu thẳm, ý thức được, nhận biết được mọi thứ đang xảy ra bên trong, tất cả những chuyển động của tư tưởng, của sự phân chia, xung đột, đau khổ, cô độc, tỉnh thức được những đòi hỏi cho vui thú, theo đuổi tham vọng, tham lam, lo âu, bạn biết toàn việc đó – tỉnh thức được. Khi bạn tỉnh thức được như thế trong suốt ban ngày, tỉnh thức đó được tiếp tục trong suốt ban đêm trong hình thức của những giấc mộng phải không? Đúng như thế phải không, thưa bạn? Hay không có những giấc mộng nhưng chỉ có một tỉnh thức. Đúng không.

Bây giờ trong suốt ban ngày liệu tôi– làm ơn lắng nghe điều này – liệu tôi, liệu bạn, trong suốt ban ngày tỉnh thức được mọi chuyển động của tư tưởng? Bạn không tỉnh thức được như thế, phải không? Hãy thành thật, hãy đơn giản. Bạn không như thế. Bạn tỉnh thức được trong từng lúc. Tôi tỉnh thức được hai phút, và vậy thì trắng tinh, và lại nữa tiếp theo vài phút sau, hay nửa tiếng đồng hồ sau tôi nói, “Chúa ơi, tôi đã quên mất rồi” và tỉnh thức lại sau đó lại. Có những khoảng cách trong trạng thái tỉnh thức của chúng ta. Chúng ta không bao giờ tỉnh thức liên tục, và chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta phải tỉnh thức liên tục, trong mọi thời gian.

Bây giờ trước tiên, có những khoảng không gian rộng lớn giữa trạng thái tỉnh thức, phải không? Tỉnh thức, sau đó không-tỉnh thức, rồi tỉnh thức và như thế trong suốt ban ngày. Điều gì là quan trọng? Làm ơn, điều gì là quan trọng – tỉnh thức được trong vài phút và không-tỉnh thức và tỉnh thức, và sự tiếp tục của tỉnh thức? Điều gì là quan trọng – tỉnh thức liên tục; hay tỉnh thức trong những thời gian ngắn; và có liên quan gì với những thời gian dài khi bạn không-tỉnh thức? Trong số ba điều kia, điều gì là quan trọng? Điều gì bạn nghĩ là quan trọng? Đối với tôi, tôi biết điều gì là quan trọng. Tôi không bận tâm về tỉnh thức được trong thời gian ngắn, hay muốn có trạng thái tỉnh thức liên tục. Tôi chỉ quan tâm khi tôi không-tỉnh thức. Bạn hiểu không? Đó là vấn đề của tôi. Bạn hiểu rõ không? Tôi nói rằng, khi tôi không-chú ý, tôi rất quan tâm, không phải khi tôi tỉnh thức được, nhưng tại sao tôi không-chú ý và tôi phải làm gì về không-chú ý đó, về trạng thái không-tỉnh thức. Đó là vấn đề của tôi. Không phải để có trạng thái tỉnh thức liên tục – bạn biết – bạn cứ ngớ ngẩn như vậy nếu bạn không thực sự tìm hiểu điều này rất, rất sâu sắc. Vì vậy quan tâm của tôi là: tại sao tôi không-chú ý và điều gì xảy ra trong thời kỳ không-chú ý đó? Đó là câu hỏi của tôi. Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Bạn biết điều gì xảy ra khi tôi tỉnh thức được. Khi tôi tỉnh thức – bạn biết không – không có gì xảy ra cả. Tôi năng động, đang chuyển động, đang sống, đầy sức sống, trong đó không gì có thể xảy ra bởi vì không có sự chọn lựa cho cái gì đó xảy ra. Bây giờ khi tôi không-chú ý, không-tỉnh thức, vậy thì những sự việc xảy ra. Vậy thì tôi nói những sự việc là không thực sự, vậy thì tôi bị căng thẳng, tôi là – lo âu, bị trói buộc, tôi rơi vào sự thất vọng của tôi. Vì vậy tại sao điều này xảy ra? Bạn đang nắm bắt được quan điểm của tôi? Đó là điều gì bạn đang làm? Hay bạn đang luôn luôn quan tâm đến sự tỉnh thức hoàn toàn. Và cố gắng, luyện tập để luôn luôn tỉnh thức? Tôi không biết, điều đó tùy thuộc nơi bạn.

Bây giờ tôi thấy rằng tôi không-tỉnh thức và tôi đang canh chừng việc gì xảy ra trong trạng thái đó khi tôi không-tỉnh thức. Bây giờ tỉnh thức được rằng tôi không-tỉnh thức là trạng thái tỉnh thức. Không, đừng cười. Làm ơn hãy lắng nghe điều này. Nó không là vấn đề để cười cợt. Tôi biết khi tôi tỉnh thức. Khi có một trạng thái tỉnh thức, nó là điều gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Và tôi biết khi tôi không-tỉnh thức, tôi bị căng thẳng, tôi co rút hai bàn tay – bạn biết, làm mọi việc ngu xuẩn. Khi có một chú ý trong trạng thái không-tỉnh thức đó, toàn sự việc chấm dứt – bạn theo kịp điều gì tôi trình bày? Vào khoảnh khắc của trạng thái không-tỉnh thức tôi tỉnh thức được rằng tôi không-tỉnh thức, vậy là nó chấm dứt. Bạn nắm bắt được nó? Bởi vì sau đó tôi không phải tranh đấu, tôi nói, ồ tôi phải luôn luôn tỉnh thức, làm ơn hãy chỉ bảo cho tôi một phương pháp để tỉnh thức, làm ơn luyện tập – bạn biết – thắt chặt, siết chặt. Nhưng khi không có trạng thái tỉnh thức và tôi biết tôi không-tỉnh thức, vậy thì bạn thấy toàn chuyển động đó thay đổi.

Bây giờ điều gì xảy ra trong suốt giấc ngủ? Liệu có một trạng thái tỉnh thức khi bạn đang ngủ giống như bạn đang tỉnh thức trong suốt thời gian ban ngày? Nếu bạn tỉnh thức trong suốt thời gian ban ngày trong từng thời điểm một, vậy thì điều đó tiếp tục trong khi bạn đang ngủ, rõ ràng là như thế. Nhưng khi bạn tỉnh thức, và cũng tỉnh thức được rằng bạn không-chú ý, một chuyển động hoàn toàn khác hẳn xảy ra. Vậy thì khi bạn ngủ có một ý thức của sự yên lặng hoàn toàn. Cái trí tỉnh thức được về chính nó. Tôi sẽ không tìm hiểu tất cả điều này bởi vì nó không là điều gì khó khăn lắm. Nó không là điều gì đó lạ thường lắm, đáng để tâng bốc. Bạn thấy rằng cái trí khi nó tỉnh thức được trong suốt ban ngày, sâu thẳm, trạng thái tỉnh thức trong chiều sâu đó tạo ra một chất lượng của cái trí trong suốt giấc ngủ khi nó tuyệt đối yên lặng, bởi vì trong suốt ban ngày bạn đã quan sát, bạn đã tỉnh thức được, hoặc trong từng thời điểm hoặc tỉnh thức được không-chú ý của bạn; vậy thì bởi vì bạn trải qua trong suốt ban ngày như thế, hoạt động của bộ não đã thiết lập được trật tự trước khi bạn ngủ. Bộ não đòi hỏi trật tự, dù rằng trật tự đó ở trong một niềm tin loạn thần kinh nào đó hay trong một chủ nghĩa quốc gia hay trong điều này hay điều kia, và trong đó nó tìm được trật tự, mà rõ ràng là tạo ra vô-trật tự. Nhưng khi bạn tỉnh thức được trong suốt ban ngày và tỉnh thức được trạng thái không-tỉnh thức của bạn, vậy thì tại cuối ngày có một trật tự. Vậy thì bộ não không phải đấu tranh trong suốt ban đêm để tạo ra trật tự. Vì vậy bộ não được nghỉ ngơi. Nó yên lặng. Và vì vậy buổi sáng kế tiếp bộ não năng động lạ thường, không phải là một sự việc bị thuốc men, bị hư hỏng và chết rồi. Đúng chứ thưa các bạn?

SAANEN

Ngày 1 tháng 8 năm 1971

VIII – NĂM ĐỐI THOẠI Ở SAANEN

– 1 – SỰ PHÂN CHIA CỦA Ý THỨC

Chúng ta có nhận biết được rằng chúng ta nhìn vào sống một cách phân chia. Tình trạng bị quy định của ý thức. Chúng ta có thực sự biết nội dung của nó? Có một phân chia giữa tầng ý thức bên ngoài và ý thức bên trong? Người quan sát là thành phần thuộc nội dung của ý thức. Có bất kỳ tác nhân nào phía bên ngoài nội dung bị quy định này? “Những trò đùa tôi giỡn cợt với chính tôi.” Hành động là gì? Bởi vì cái ngã bị phân chia, “tôi” không thể thấy sống như một tổng thể.

NÓI CHUYỆN TẠI SAANEN LẦN THỨ NHẤT

Ngày 4 tháng 8 năm 1971

Trong suốt bảy nói chuyện này, liệu chúng ta có thể đưa một vấn đề và giải quyết được vấn đề đó mỗi buổi sáng, tìm hiểu nó trọn vẹn, thấu đáo, sâu thẳm để cho chúng ta thực sự hiểu rõ nó. Đây thực sự là một đối thoại, một nói chuyện giữa bạn và người nói, giữa chúng ta. Một nói chuyện thân thiện mà trong đó cùng nhau chúng ta có thể tìm hiểu vấn đề một cách cặn kẽ và có chiều sâu và xem thử liệu chúng ta có thể giải quyết được vấn đề đó, bất kỳ vấn đề nào mà chúng ta đưa ra, mỗi buổi sáng – dù rằng nó là cá nhân hay không-cá nhân đều giống hệt nhau. Bởi vì nếu chúng ta có thể bàn bạc một vấn đề hoàn toàn khách quan, không cá nhân, vậy thì trong chính nói chuyện cùng nhau đó những yếu tố cá nhân sẽ len lỏi vào. Và một đối thoại khác hẳn một thảo luận, hay tranh luận, quan điểm bằng từ ngữ, tìm kiếm sự thật qua quan điểm, mà là bằng từ ngữ, hay thảo luận mà qua lý luận, qua lý lẽ, qua tranh cãi và việc đó sẽ không đưa chúng ta tiến xa lắm. Nhưng nếu chúng ta có thể cùng nhau nói chuyện, bàn bạc, về bất kỳ vấn đề đặc biệt nào mà bạn mong muốn và trong buổi sáng nay hãy đưa ra một vấn đề và tìm hiểu nó trọn vẹn, không phải phân tán nó; và tìm hiểu nó từng bước một, cặn kẽ, từ tốn, không phải đưa ra một quan điểm bởi vì như thế chúng ta đã lạc mất rồi, quan điểm của bạn chống lại quan điểm của người nào đó, tranh luận của bạn chống lại tranh luận của người nào đó, nhưng nói chuyện mà không buông thả trong những học thuyết, những quan điểm, hay trích dẫn những người khác, nhưng hãy đưa ra một vấn đề cấp thiết cho mỗi người chúng ta và cùng nhau giải quyết nó. Công việc đó sẽ xứng đáng, tôi cảm thấy như thế, chúng ta sẽ thực hiện điều đó? Được chứ?

Vậy thì sáng nay bạn muốn đưa ra vấn đề gì, và cả bảy buổi sáng nữa, một vấn đề sau khi một vấn đề khác thông suốt phải không? Và tôi tin rằng chúng ta sẽ có hai bàn luận, hay hai đối thoại cùng những người trẻ, cũng là cùng chủ đề thôi, trong chừng mực nào đó. Thế là chúng ta có bảy buổi sáng và bảy vấn đề chúng ta sẽ đưa ra và bàn luận và tìm hiểu đầy đủ. Làm ơn hãy luôn luôn ghi nhớ trong cái trí, không nên bị phân tán khỏi chúng, nếu bạn bắt đầu bằng một vấn đề hãy bám vào đó, không mang vào vấn đề chết hay vấn đề gì khác. Nếu bạn muốn bàn luận về chết chúng ta sẽ bàn luận về nó. Làm ơn, tôi biết tất cả các bạn đều muốn đặt ra những câu hỏi – hãy chờ, hãy chờ, hãy chờ đã, hãy kiên nhẫn! Và đừng, nếu tôi được phép đề nghị, đưa ra một vấn đề mà bạn không thấy khẩn thiết về nó, mà không tác động đến tâm hồn của bạn. Bây giờ chúng ta sẽ đưa ra vấn đề gì đầu tiên cho buổi sáng nay?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông.

Krishnamurti: Lạy Chúa! Gì vậy thưa bà?

Người hỏi: Trật tự.

Krishnamurti: Quý bà này muốn bàn luận về trật tự.

Người hỏi: Tôi thấy rằng bất kể điều gì ông đã nói trong nói chuyện thứ hai, tôi vẫn còn bị bỏ lại cùng sự trống không phía bên trong của tôi. Sự thôi thúc để tẩu thoát khỏi nó ngăn cản tôi không nhìn – tôi luôn luôn đang tẩu thoát.

Krishnamurti: Mặc dù tôi đã nghe bảy nói chuyện, vào những giây phút cuối của nói chuyện đó tôi vẫn còn cảm thấy một hoang vắng phía bên trong, sự trống không phía bên trong, sự nghèo khó phía bên trong, và dường như tôi chạy trốn nó. Đó là như vậy phải không?

Vâng thưa bạn muốn hỏi gì?

Người hỏi: Tôi thắc mắc không hiểu phương pháp mà chúng ta cùng nhau sử dụng này thực sự có thể làm cho chúng ta thay đổi quyết liệt và triệt để hay không? Bởi vì phương pháp chúng ta sử dụng chỉ ở mức độ tầng ý thức bên ngoài và những áp lực mà trói buộc chúng ta có thể ở tầng ý thức bên trong dù rằng chúng ta thực sự quên bẵng chúng, hay chúng ta muốn quên bẵng chúng. Vì vậy làm thế nào chúng ta thực sự tạo ra sự tự do cho tầng ý thức bên trong?

Krishnamurti: Làm thế nào đối thoại hay nói chuyện này giải thoát được những động cơ và những vấn đề thuộc tầng ý thức bên trong và những sự việc mà trói buộc chúng ta thay vì bàn về những sự việc hời hợt? Làm thế nào người ta có thể giải thoát được tình trạng bị quy định của tầng ý thức bên trong?

Người hỏi: Ông nghĩ rằng tình yêu thực sự có thể xảy ra được giữa một người đàn ông và người vợ. Tôi có ý rằng tình yêu thực sự trong tự do mà không có tình dục hay những ham muốn khác, không có vui thú và vân vân. Ông biết liệu tình yêu này có thể được?

Krishnamurti: Bây giờ! Quý ông này hỏi rằng: liệu có tình yêu thực sự giữa người chồng và người vợ hay người đàn ông và người phụ nữ mà không có vui thú về tình dục và tất cả những hàm ý phát sinh trong sự quan hệ đó giữa người đàn ông và người phụ nữ. Và chúng ta có thể tìm hiểu câu hỏi tình yêu là gì trong sự quan hệ giữa đàn ông và phụ nữ. Đúng chứ thưa bạn?

Bây giờ chúng ta sẽ trả lời câu hỏi nào trước đây? Câu hỏi nào chúng ta sẽ trả lời trước? Trật tự, hay sự giải thoát của tầng ý thức bên trong bởi vì . . . Vâng thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Đó là cùng sự việc khi bàn bạc về tình dục.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, từ từ. Tôi đang cố gắng nắm câu hỏi. Trật tự, sự giải thoát của tầng ý thức sâu thẳm, trạng thái tỉnh thức.

Người hỏi: Tôi xin phép đưa ra một câu hỏi?

Krishnamurti: Không thưa bạn, chờ một tí, chờ một tí. Trạng thái tỉnh thức, tình yêu giữa người đàn ông và người phụ nữ, nhìn vào cuộc sống như một tổng thể, trọn vẹn, hoàn toàn. Từng đó đủ rồi. Và sự nghèo khó bên trong. Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Trật tự, sự giải thoát của tầng ý thức bên trong, sự nghèo khó bên trong, một cách không-tách rời nhìn vào toàn chuyển động của sống như một, và tình yêu là gì, liệu nó có tồn tại giữa người đàn ông và người phụ nữ khi có vui thú tình dục, những hàm ý và tất cả những chuyện còn lại?

Bây giờ chúng ta sẽ trình bày vấn đề nào sáng nay đây? Hãy chờ. Sáng nay chúng ta sẽ bàn bạc vấn đề nào và tìm hiểu nó trọn vẹn, thấu đáo để cho khi bạn và tôi rời khỏi cái lều này chúng ta đã nắm bắt được nó, chúng ta đã thực sự hiểu rõ nó.

Khán giả: Câu hỏi cuối cùng. Trật tự. Ông quyết định đi.

Krishanmurti: Tôi quyết định. Không, xin lỗi. Tôi không là người chủ tọa. Nhiều người đề nghị, nhiều người muốn: sự liên hệ giữa người đàn ông và người phụ nữ là gì, liệu nó được đặt nền tảng trên vui thú tình dục và khi có vui thú đó liệu có thể có tình yêu, trật tự hay không? Và sự giải thoát của tầng ý thức bên trong, sự nghèo khó, thấy toàn sống như một tổng thể, không phải đàn ông, phụ nữ, trật tự, tầng ý thức bên trong, sự nghèo khó; nhưng thấy tổng thể của điều này. Bạn nói gì đây?

Người hỏi: Tôi thấy rằng tất cả những chủ đề này đều khá liên quan lẫn nhau, vì vậy tại sao không dùng chủ đề trật tự, chủ đề đó sẽ tác động vào mọi thứ.

Krishanmurti: Vì mỗi vấn đề đều liên quan lẫn nhau, tại sao không đưa ra vấn đề như là trật tự, và có lẽ vấn đề đó có thể bao trùm đa số những câu hỏi đã được đưa ra sáng nay.

Người hỏi: Ông không sẵn sàng nói về trật tự hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta đã nói về trật tự rồi, quý bà kia nói, vậy thì tại sao phải lặp lại vấn đề này!

Người hỏi: Còn về trạng thái tỉnh thức thì sao, thưa ông? Nó cũng bao trùm mọi thứ mà.

Krishanmurti: Chúng ta có thể suy nghĩ, liệu có thể nhìn thấy toàn chuyển động của sống một cách tổng thể và không phân chia. Trật tự, sự nghèo khó, trạng thái tỉnh thức, sự liên hệ giữa người phụ nữ và người đàn ông, tất cả điều đó. Liệu chúng ta có thể bàn bạc vấn đề này. Đó là, làm thế nào nhìn vào sống như một chuyển động tổng thể, không phải như một chuyển động tách rời? Liệu vấn đề đó có thể bao trùm toàn bộ?

Khán giả:Vâng.

Người hỏi: Một vấn đề sẽ bao trùm tất cả những vấn đề nhưng liệu nó có bao trùm cái không biết được?

Krishnamurti: Tôi nghĩ có thể được. Chúng ta sẽ đem nó vào. Người hỏi nói rằng: liệu tầng ý thức bên trong sẽ được bao trùm khi chúng ta thảo luận về toàn tiến hành tổng thể của sống? Tôi nói rằng tôi nghĩ nó có thể được. Vì vậy chúng ta có thể trình bày vấn đề đó? Đúng chứ?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Liệu bạn suy nghĩ hay bạn nhìn vào thế giới như tốt lành hay xấu xa. Một xấu xa đặc biệt và một tốt lành đặc biệt. Dĩ nhiên, tốt lành, xấu xa, tất cả điều đó, bạn biết rồi.

Người hỏi: Tôi nghĩ rằng thế giới là tốt lành.

Krishnamurti: Tùy theo những luật lệ của Thượng đế: tốt lành, và xấu xa là chống lại Thượng đế. Bây giờ chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu.

Người hỏi: Không phải hàng ngàn Thượng đế nhưng chỉ có một Thượng đế.

Krishnamurti: Không phải hàng ngàn Thượng đế nhưng chỉ có một Thượng đế. Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu điều đó. Bạn suy nghĩ về sống như thế nào, bạn nhìn sống như thế nào? Chúng ta nhìn nó một cách phân chia như tốt lành và xấu xa, như ý muốn của Thượng đế và vân vân, hay bạn nhìn sống, mà là vô hạn – bạn theo kịp không? – mà trong đó được bao hàm tình yêu, ý thức, vẻ đẹp, chết, đấu tranh, đau khổ, xung đột, tuổi già, bệnh tật, cùng tất cả? Hay nhìn nó trong những mảnh vỡ, như thuộc vật chất, thuộc cảm xúc – bạn biết không – mảnh tình yêu và mảnh trí năng? Bạn suy nghĩ về sống như thế nào đây?

Người hỏi: Cùng chung tất cả.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ tí, hãy chờ tí, thưa bà. Bây giờ bạn suy nghĩ nó như thế nào? Làm thế nào bạn nhìn sống một cách thực sự, chúng ta đừng giả vờ, chúng ta đừng lý thuyết hay đạo đức giả và vì vậy hơi hơi gian ngoan. Chúng ta phải chấp nhận nó như chúng ta là. Bạn nhìn sống như thế nào: không có bất kỳ phân chia, hay trong những mảnh vỡ – việc kinh doanh, người họa sĩ, người khoa học, người triết lý, người tôn giáo, người phụ nữ, người đàn ông, tình yêu, bạn theo kịp không, tất cả đều là mảnh vỡ. Và liệu có thể nhìn tổng thể chuyển động này như một tiến hành đồng nhất? Và liệu tôi có thể, làm ơn chỉ lắng nghe, liệu tôi, người đã được giáo dục, đã được nuôi dưỡng trong một văn hóa nào đó mà quy định tôi nhìn chúa và quỉ dữ, sống vật chất và tẩu thoát khỏi sống vật chất – bạn theo kịp không? – liệu tôi, bởi vì bị quy định, nhận biết được hay không nhận biết được, tôi suy nghĩ toàn sống này bị vỡ vụn? Và khi bạn làm vỡ vụn nó –

người kinh doanh, người tôn giáo, người họa sĩ, người hippie, bạn biết không – tách rời nó – vậy thì vô trật tự phát sinh từ đó. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ bạn thực sự nhìn nó, nhìn sống như thế nào?

Người hỏi: Bằng tình yêu. Tôi không muốn họ trở thành những hippie bởi vì (không nghe rõ).

Krishnamurti: Không, thưa bà. Bây giờ làm ơn chỉ lắng nghe. Các bạn đã hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi chứ thưa các bạn? Làm thế nào các bạn quan tâm đến nó đây thưa các bạn?

Người hỏi: Trong hầu hết những bàn luận tôi đã nghe ông bắt đầu bằng một giả thuyết – ồ không phải một giả thuyết – nhưng ông bắt đầu bằng một tiền đề của vô-trật tự, không phải từ quan điểm của trật tự. Ông tiến tới đâu từ đó?

Krishanmurti: Tôi không đưa ra trật tự. Trái lại tôi bắt đầu bằng vô-trật tự. Chúng ta đang sống trong vô-trật tự. Điều đó rõ ràng như vậy. Chúng ta đang sống trong vô-trật tự, có chiến tranh, có những phong trào hippie, phân chia quốc tịch, có người đàn ông và người đàn bà đang đấu tranh với nhau, thuộc tình dục, chúng ta đang có chiến tranh với nhau, đó là vô-trật tự. Đó là một sự kiện. Thật vô lý khi đưa ra trật tự, có vô-trật tự.

Người hỏi: Không có trật tự trong sự sống thiên nhiên hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Không có trật tự trong sự sống thiên nhiên hay sao? Có thể có chứ, trong thiên nhiên. Nhưng đó không là câu hỏi của tôi, làm ơn chúng ta đừng quay trở lại. Câu hỏi của chúng ta là: liệu bạn và tôi có thể nhìn vào tổng thể hiện tượng của sự tồn tại này như một chuyển động đồng nhất, không bị phá vỡ ra như tầng ý thức bên ngoài và tầng ý thức bên trong.

Người hỏi: Nhưng đó sẽ là trật tự.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn chúng ta đang bàn luận điều đó. Tôi không biết nó sẽ dẫn chúng ta đến đâu. Qua bàn luận chúng ta đang cố gắng tìm ra liệu những cái trí của chúng ta có thể nhìn sống như một tổng thể, như một chuyển động đồng nhất và vì vậy không xung đột.

Người hỏi: Nhưng liệu đó chính là định nghĩa về tầng ý thức bên trong mà tôi không thể nhìn thấy?

Krishnamurti: Tôi muốn tìm hiểu nó. Làm ơn. Chúng ta phải thâm nhập chầm chậm vấn đề này. Được chứ. Tôi không thể nhìn sống như một chuyển động đồng nhất – giả sử tôi không thể – theo cá nhân tôi, nó là cái gì đó – tôi nhìn nó hoàn toàn khác hẳn, không phải bằng sự phân chia.

Bây giờ giả sử tôi không thể nhìn sống như một tổng thể. Liệu tôi nhận biết được rằng tôi nhìn sống một cách phân chia? Chúng ta hãy bắt đầu bằng điều đó. Bạn có ý thức được, nhận thức, biết, rằng bạn phân chia sống như một người khoa học, người triết lý, người tôn giáo, chúa, tốt lành, quỉ dữ, người đàn ông, người phụ nữ, có ý thức, không có ý thức – bạn biết rồi, phân chia, giới hippie, giới không-hippie.

Người hỏi: Không.

Krishnamurti: Quý ông kia nói rằng, không.

Người hỏi: Sống như một tổng thể là một khái niệm trừu tượng?

Krishnamurti: Sống như một tổng thể là một khái niệm trừu tượng? Nếu chúng ta công nhận sống là một tiến hành đồng nhất, như một ý tưởng vậy thì nó là một khái niệm. Nhưng nếu chúng ta nhận ra rằng chúng ta sống trong những mảnh vỡ và liệu rằng sự phân chia thành mảnh vỡ đó có thể được thay đổi, vậy thì chúng ta sẽ tìm ra cái kia.

Người hỏi: Đối với tôi dường như trước tiên tôi phải trở thành cái gì tôi là, tìm ra tôi là gì trước khi tôi có thể bắt đầu thay đổi.

Krishnamurti: Trước khi tôi bắt đầu thay đổi tôi phải biết tôi là gì.

Người hỏi: Tất cả những người hippie kia, đó là như thế, tôi không thích những người hippie và đó là tôi là gì. Tôi có thể thay đổi nó nếu trước hết tôi trở thành tôi là gì.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy tôi phải trở thành tôi là gì. Hãy nhìn thưa bạn, chúng ta không đang nói về thay đổi. Sáng nay chúng ta đang cố gắng suy nghĩ câu hỏi này: tôi suy nghĩ về sống như thế nào?

Người hỏi: Nếu tôi bị phân chia tôi không thể thấy tổng thể.

Krishnamurti: Đó là như thế. Nếu tôi bị phân chia tôi không thể thấy sự sống như một tổng thể. Liệu chúng ta bị phân chia? Chúng ta hãy bắt đầu với điều đó. Liệu chúng ta bị phân chia?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, có lẽ sự phân chia không ở mức độ tầng ý thức bên ngoài, giống như ông đã nói, một người họa sĩ, một người khoa học, một giáo sĩ. Sự phân chia này ở tầng ý thức bên trong.

Krishnamurti: Tôi đang tiếp cận điểm đó thưa bạn. Tôi đang tiếp cận.

Người hỏi: Tôi thấy rằng không thể đưa ra những câu trả lời mà ông muốn được.

Krishnamurti: Nó không phải là điều gì tôi muốn, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Tôi biết rằng ông đang tiếp cận cái gì đó.

Krishnamurti: Tôi không biết tôi đang tiếp cận cái gì. Hãy tha thứ cho tôi. Tôi đã nói sáng nay, chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau bàn bạc về một vấn đề đặc biệt. Và cùng nhau chúng ta đã nói, chúng ta hãy cùng nhau bàn bạc về vấn đề của sự phân chia này và sự đồng nhất của sống. Và tôi đã nói rằng chúng ta không biết sự đồng nhất của sống là gì, có lẽ là, chúng ta hãy suy xét liệu mỗi người chúng ta nhìn vào sống trong những mảnh vỡ, không những ở tầng ý thức bên ngoài mà cũng còn ở tầng ý thức sâu thẳm bên trong. Vì vậy quý ông kia đã nói rõ, bạn có lẽ không suy xét những phân chia hời hợt phía bên ngoài, người Ấn độ giáo, người Phật giáo, người Hồi giáo, người Thiên chúa giáo và vân vân – người Cộng sản, người hippie, người không-hippie và tất cả việc đó – một cách hời hợt bạn có thể dẹp đi tất cả điều đó bởi vì bạn có lẽ nói rằng, ồ tôi đã lắng nghe ông trong nhiều năm và tôi vượt khỏi điều đó. Nhưng sâu thẳm phía bên trong chúng ta vẫn sống trong thế giới của phân chia, đó là điều gì lúc này chúng ta phải tiếp cận. Bạn hiểu rõ không? Đó là, sau khi quan sát một cách thông minh, thấy rằng những sự kiện phía bên ngoài – những chiến tranh, sự phân chia của những quốc tịch, sự phân chia của những tôn giáo và những phân chia từng nhánh của những tôn giáo khắp thế giới, có vị đạo sư, có đệ tử, tất cả điều đó đều được bao hàm – khi quan sát hời hợt tất cả điều này, bạn nói rằng, ồ tất cả điều đó ngu xuẩn làm sao. Và qua quan sát bạn có lẽ khước từ tánh hời hợt của nó, nhưng bên trong, sâu thẳm, bạn có lẽ sống trong những mảnh vỡ. Bây giờ chúng ta hãy bám vào đó. Bạn hiểu rõ không? Chúng ta sẽ tiếp tục từ đó phải không?

A: Vâng

Krishnamurti: Cám ơn chúa!

Trước hết chúng ta phải hoàn toàn chắc chắn, tuyệt đối chắc chắn, rằng bạn đã gạt bỏ đi những hời hợt. Rằng bạn không còn bị trói buộc trong những tiếp cận phân chia của những tôn giáo khác nhau đến sống – người Ấn độ giáo, người Phật giáo, người Thiên chúa giáo, và những phân chia trong những nhánh của Thiên chúa giáo, những nhánh của Tin lành giáo, những nhánh của Chính thống giáo – bạn biết rồi. Và cũng cả những dân tộc. Bạn hoàn toàn chắc chắn rằng bạn đã gạt bỏ tất cả những thứ đó. Nó là một trong những sự việc khó khăn nhất phải làm – nhưng nó không thành vấn đề. Chúng ta hãy thâm nhập sâu thẳm hơn.

Người hỏi: Nếu những phân chia này tồn tại, để gạt bỏ chúng – đó không là một tự-phân chia chính nó hay sao.

Krishnamurti: À! Tự nó là một phân chia khi gạt bỏ một cách hời hợt. Gạt bỏ ở mức độ thuộc tầng ý thức bên ngoài, và chính gạt bỏ cũng không phải là một phân chia hay sao? Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu điều đó. Bằng cách tìm hiểu tầng ý thức bên trong và thấy rằng nó rất phân chia khi nó hiện diện, tự nhiên chúng ta sẽ bất chợt bắt gặp cái còn lại. Vậy thì chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau đến được bởi vì chúng ta đã phân chia sống như tầng ý thức bên ngoài và tầng ý thức bên trong, cái che giấu và cái hiển lộ. Đó là toàn quan điểm phân tích tinh thần, quan điểm thuộc tâm lý. Đối với tôi điều đó không tồn tại một cách riêng tư – tầng ý thức bên ngoài và tầng ý thức phía bên trong – không bàn bạc nữa, chấm dứt. Nhưng rõ ràng là đối với hầu hết chúng ta, có sự phân chia này. Và bây giờ chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau tìm hiểu liệu sâu thẳm bên trong chúng ta có bị quy định trong sự phân chia. Đúng chứ, điều đó rõ ràng phải không? Bây giờ làm thế nào bạn tìm hiểu tầng ý thức sâu thẳm bên trong được? Đó là điều gì bạn đã nói, không phải điều gì tôi đã nói. Bạn đã nói rằng có sự phân chia này giữa tầng ý thức bên ngoài và tầng ý thức bên trong – chậm chậm nhé thưa bạn – và có lẽ người ta được tự do một cách hời hợt khỏi những phân chia mà văn hóa đã tạo ra. Văn hóa – Thiên chúa giáo, Ấn độ giáo, bất kỳ văn hóa nào, Đại ngã và mọi chuyện như thế. Làm thế nào bạn tìm hiểu được tầng ý thức bên trong cùng tất cả những phân chia của nó?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, chúng ta không nên tìm ra liệu có một tầng ý thức bên ngoài và một tầng ý thức bên trong, sau đó chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu liệu chúng tồn tại hay không.

Krishnamurti: Vậy là quý ông này nói, tại sao ông không tìm hiểu một trong những phân chia, tầng ý thức bên ngoài và tầng ý thức bên trong? Ông ấy nói rằng nó không tồn tại. Rõ ràng, định nghĩa của tầng ý thức bên trong là: nó là điều gì chúng ta không biết. Chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta biết tầng ý thức bên ngoài, chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta biết một cách hời hợt trạng thái ý thức bên ngoài là gì. Nhưng chúng ta không biết tầng ý thức bên trong là gì. Nhưng quý ông này nói – chỉ lắng nghe điều gì ông ấy nói – ông ấy nói rằng chúng ta đã phân chia việc này nhưng liệu nó là một sự thật? Hay nó là một phương tiện để tìm hiểu tầng ý thức bên trong này?

Đúng chứ? Bây giờ. Chúng ta hãy bắt đầu. Có tầng ý thức bên ngoài và tầng ý thức bên trong. Tôi không nói sự phân chia tồn tại. Đó là điều gì chúng ta đã công nhận. Một cách cá nhân tôi nhìn nó hoàn toàn khác hẳn, mà tôi sẽ trình bày tiếp theo. Bây giờ liệu tôi có biết, liệu bạn có biết cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài của bạn – bạn nghĩ gì, bạn nghĩ như thế nào, tại sao bạn suy nghĩ, có nhận biết được điều gì bạn đang làm và điều gì bạn không đang làm? Và bạn nghĩ bạn hiểu rõ tầng ý thức bên ngoài. Bạn nghĩ nhưng bạn có lẽ không thực sự hiểu rõ nó. Điều gì là sự thật? Điều gì là sự thật, lúc này tôi đang hỏi bạn: liệu bạn biết rất rõ ràng tầng ý thức bên ngoài?

Người hỏi: Không. Chúng ta chỉ phát biểu những quan điểm.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta không đang chấp nhận những quan điểm. Không, thưa bà. Hãy lắng nghe. Chúng ta không đang buông thả trong những quan điểm. Chúng ta không đang trích dẫn một người tâm lý học nào đó. Chúng ta đang nhìn vào chính chúng ta mà không có bất kỳ thành kiến, mà không có bất kỳ quan điểm, chúng ta chỉ đang nhìn. Vì vậy tôi đang hỏi: liệu tôi đang nhìn cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài của tôi và liệu tôi nhận biết được nội dung của nó, cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài?

Người hỏi: Cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài của chúng ta không chuyển động về hướng cái gì chúng ta hiểu rõ hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài, định nghĩa của cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài, không phải cái gì chúng ta hiểu rõ. Bạn có lẽ hiểu rõ một sự việc, và bạn có lẽ không hiểu rõ một sự việc khác. Bạn có lẽ hiểu rõ một phần nội dung của tầng ý thức bên ngoài và phần khác bạn có lẽ không biết gì cả. Vì vậy liệu bạn biết nội dung của của cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài của bạn? Cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài?

Người hỏi: Nếu chúng ta biết nội dung này, sẽ không có hỗn loạn này trong thế giới.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên thưa bạn, tự nhiên là như thế.

Người hỏi: Nhưng chúng ta không biết nó.

Krishnamurti: Đó là quan điểm của tôi. Chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta biết nó. Chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta biết những vận hành của cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài bởi vì có một thói quen đã được thiết lập sẵn – đến văn phòng, đi đứng, làm việc này, làm việc kia – bạn theo kịp chứ? Và tôi nghĩ tôi hiểu rõ nội dung của cái trí tàng ý thức bên ngoài. Nhưng tôi nghi ngờ nó. Và tôi cũng nghi ngờ rất nhiều liệu tầng ý thức bên trong có khi nào đã được tìm hiểu bởi tầng ý thức bên ngoài. Bạn theo kịp chứ, thưa bạn? Nếu tôi không biết cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài, nội dung của nó, làm thế nào tôi có thể tìm hiểu tầng ý thức bên trong cùng nội dung của nó? Đúng chứ? Đúng chứ thưa bạn? Vì vậy phải có một tiếp cận khác hẳn đối với toàn sự việc này. Các bạn hiểu rõ chứ, thưa các bạn?

Người hỏi: Tầng ý thức bên trong – làm thế nào chúng ta biết nó tồn tại?

Krishanmurti: Làm thế nào bạn biết liệu tầng ý thức bên trong tồn tại?

Người hỏi: Bằng sự biểu lộ của nó.

Krishanmurti: Bạn nói rằng, bằng sự biểu lộ của nó. Đó là, một cách nhận biết được có lẽ bạn đang làm việc gì đó, một cách không-nhận biết được động cơ là bị sợ hãi – bạn theo kịp chứ – động cơ có lẽ hoàn toàn khác hẳn sự thôi thúc thuộc tầng ý thức bên ngoài.

Người hỏi: Hành động tiêu cực.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên. Vì vậy – liệu bạn theo kịp điều gì tôi đang cố gắng giải thích? Làm ơn chúng ta hãy cố gắng hiểu lẫn nhau. Nếu nội dung của tầng ý thức bên ngoài không thể được hiểu rõ trọn vẹn, làm thế nào trạng thái ý thức bên ngoài đó mà hời hợt, mà không biết chính nó một cách đầy đủ, có thể tìm hiểu tầng ý thức bên trong cùng tất cả nội dung của nó, mà bị che giấu? Và bạn chỉ có một phương tiện của tìm hiểu, lúc này. Đó là: nhìn tầng ý thức phía bên trong một cách có nhận biết. Hãy theo chầm chậm, làm ơn. Làm ơn thấy được sự quan trọng của điều này. Điều này vui lắm.

Người hỏi: Liệu không đúng rằng bất kỳ sự biểu lộ nào của ý thức bên trong cũng có một biểu lộ song song bên ngoài?

Krishnamurti: Rõ ràng là như thế thưa bạn. Thưa bạn, chúng ta có thể diễn tả nó theo cách này: Liệu tôi biết nội dung của ý thức của tôi hay không? Biết, ý thức được, hiểu rõ, liệu tôi đã quan sát mà không có bất kỳ thành kiến, mà không có bất kỳ công thức, thành kiến, liệu tôi đã quan sát nội dung ý thức của tôi, bên ngoài, che giấu hay không?

Người hỏi: Tôi nghĩ vấn đề còn sâu xa hơn nhiều. Cái gì bạn biết, cái gì bạn ý thức được, đó là tầng ý thức bên ngoài của bạn; mọi thứ bạn không biết được, bạn không ý thức được, đó là tầng ý thức bên trong của bạn.

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì ông ấy đã nói thưa bạn. Tôi hiểu thưa bạn, đó là điều gì ông ấy đã nói, vừa lúc nãy. Bạn đang nói, điều gì tôi biết mà tôi nhận biết được là tầng ý thức bên ngoài. Điều gì tôi không biết được là tầng ý thức bên trong.

Người hỏi: (Nghe không rõ)

Krishnamurti: Nhưng liệu tôi biết, làm ơn dành ra một vài phút suy nghĩ đến điều gì người khác nói, điều gì người khác đang nói là tôi, làm ơn dành cho nó hai phút để suy nghĩ. Đó là: nếu tôi không biết được nội dung của trạng thái ý thức của tôi, trên bề mặt, liệu trạng thái ý thức đó mà không trọn vẹn trong sự hiểu rõ được những bề mặt riêng của nó, liệu cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài đó có thể tìm hiểu tầng ý thức bên trong? Đó là điều gì chúng ta đang thực hiện lúc này, phải không? Chúng ta đang cố gắng quan sát một cách nhận biết được tầng ý thức bên trong. Không à?

Người hỏi: Không thể được.

Krishnamurti: Bạn không thể thực hiện được nó.

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi không biết.

Krishnamurti: Chúng tôi không biết.

Người hỏi: Không có biên giới giữa tầng ý thức bên ngoài và tầng ý thức bên trong.

Krishnamurti: Vậy là bạn sẽ làm gì đây, thưa bạn? Đừng buông thả trong những lý thuyết. Hãy theo dõi: tôi đã được nuôi nấng khoảng chín hay tám năm, trong một nền tảng Bà la môn rất cổ lỗ, mà trong đó truyền thống – bạn không biết gì đâu – truyền thống rất tàn nhẫn. Từ sáng đến tối bạn được bảo phải làm gì, không được làm gì, suy nghĩ gì, đừng gây tổn thương, bạn là một người Bà la môn đừng tiếp xúc một người không-Bà la môn – bạn không có ý tưởng. Giống như tôi, từ khoảnh khắc bạn được sinh ra cho đến chín hay tám tuổi, bạn bị quy định trong một truyền thống khủng khiếp. Nhận biết được điều đó đang được thực hiện, hàng ngày bởi ngôi đền, bởi người mẹ, bởi người cha, bởi môi trường, bởi văn hóa – nó nặng nề ghê lắm. Bạn được nuôi dưỡng ở đó. Bây giờ hãy chờ một tí, hãy theo chầm chậm. Và bạn chuyển đến một tình trạng bị quy định khác. Và lại nữa đến một tình trạng bị quy định khác. Trường cao đẳng, sinh viên – bạn theo kịp không? Quy định này tiếp nối quy định khác. Tất cả những điều này được áp đặt vào bạn, bởi xã hội, bởi văn hóa, bởi văn minh, bởi tai nạn, bởi ý định, tất cả điều này được áp đặt, một quy định này tiếp nối một quy định khác. Bây giờ làm thế nào bạn sẽ tách rời một quy định này và một quy định khác? Tất cả chúng đều liên quan với nhau. Đúng chứ? Tôi có thể rất mau lẹ khước từ truyền thống Bà la môn giáo, hay có lẽ không, hay tôi có lẽ nghĩ rằng tôi đã thực hiện nó nhưng vẫn còn bị trói buộc trong nó. Tôi hiểu rõ toàn nội dung này bằng cách nào?

Người hỏi: Tôi là nội dung đó.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy điều đó có nghĩa gì? Dĩ nhiên, ý thức là nội dung của nó. Đúng chứ? Làm ơn hãy thấy điều đó. Ý thức của tôi được cấu thành từ truyền thống Bà la môn, triết học, lý thuyết, người thầy thế giới, tất cả điều đó, nội dung của tất cả ý thức này là cái đó. Ý thức là nội dung của nó. Đúng chứ? Ý thức là nội dung của nó. Bây giờ liệu tôi có thể nhìn toàn nội dung này như một, hay tôi phải nhìn nó một cách phân chia? Chờ một chút thưa bạn – trước hết hãy thấy sự khó khăn. Hay liệu nội dung này sâu thẳm quá, nên tôi không thấy được? Hay liệu mãi mãi tôi chỉ có thể biết được nội dung bên ngoài mà thôi? Đó là vấn đề của tôi. Đó là vấn đề của bạn. Đúng chứ? Làm thế nào tôi sẽ cởi bỏ được cái trí, mà có nội dung như thế?

Người hỏi: Tôi được phép hỏi một vấn đề nhỏ chứ?

Krishnamurti: Vâng, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Ông đã nói rằng ông đang sử dụng ví dụ về truyền thống Bà la môn. Đây vẫn còn là một truyền thống phân chia, nhưng ông đã có một liên hệ với một người cha hay một người mẹ hay một ai đó mà bảo vệ ông bằng tình yêu hay chúa biết điều gì.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, vâng. Nhưng bạn thấy . . .

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, chúng ta hãy bám vào điểm đó. Điểm đó đã được trình bày rõ ràng. Chúng ta có thể bám vào điểm đó?

Krishnamurti: Tôi đang bám vào nó thưa bạn. Tôi không nhúc nhích khỏi nó đâu.

Người hỏi: Nếu ông hỏi làm thế nào tôi cởi bỏ được cái trí, hay làm thế nào tôi cởi bỏ được cái tôi? Tôi sẽ nói: làm thế nào tôi thay đổi được?

Krishnamurti: Đó là cùng sự việc, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Ví dụ, tôi tin rằng trước hết ông phải trở thành ông là gì.

Krishnamurti: Tôi là gì. Bạn cứ tiếp tục lặp lại điều đó thưa bạn. Bạn đã nói rằng trước hết tôi phải trở thành tôi là gì. Bạn là gì? Bạn là tất cả tình trạng bị quy định đó.

Người hỏi: Đúng.

Krishnamurti: Và nếu bạn nói trước hết tôi phải trở thành tất cả điều đó, biết tất cả tình trạng bị quy định đó, đó là điều gì tôi đang nói. Liệu bạn có nhận biết được tất cả tình trạng bị quy định của bạn, mà bạn muốn là, mà bạn là? Trước khi chúng ta thay đổi, hay nói về thay đổi, trước tiên tôi có nhận biết được tình trạng bị quy định của tôi? Không chỉ ở bề mặt nhưng còn ở những tầng sâu, sâu thẳm. Như quý ông kia đã nói rõ, tôi có lẽ bị trói buộc trong một truyền thống Thiên chúa giáo, Cộng sản, Bà la môn; nhưng tôi cũng đã sống trong một gia đình, người mẹ có lẽ rất dữ tợn, căng thẳng. May mắn thay con người này đã lớn lên trong một gia đình có mười ba người con và không ai chăm sóc.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, tôi có cảm giác rằng tôi đang tự cởi bỏ chính tôi bằng cách lắng nghe ông.

Krishnamurti: Đó là như thế thưa bạn. Chỉ cần lắng nghe. Đó là điều gì tôi muốn nói đến. Vì chúa hãy chuyển động, chúng ta hãy chuyển động.

Người hỏi: Nội dung của ý thức.

Người hỏi: Tôi không là gì cả.

Krishnamurti: Không, không, không, thưa bà. Đó là sự phỏng đoán. Làm ơn chỉ cần cho phép chúng ta theo kịp điều này. Tôi là tất cả nội dung của tôi. Nội dung của tôi là ý thức của tôi. Nội dung là trải nghiệm, hiểu biết, truyền thống, nuôi nấng, người cha cau có, người mẹ hung tợn, hay người mẹ càu nhàu – bạn theo kịp chứ – tất cả điều đó đã là nội dung mà là tôi. Lúc này liệu tôi nhận biết được nội dung này? Đừng nhún vai và nói, tôi không biết, nếu như thế bạn không thể tiếp tục thâm nhập được đâu. Nếu bạn không biết – tôi e rằng bạn không biết, nếu tôi được phép nói rõ – vậy thì làm thế nào chúng ta tiến tới được đây?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông cái trí nhận biết được rằng nó bị quy định. Nó thấy được tình trạng bị quy định.

Krishnamurti: Tôi hiểu thưa bạn. Hãy nhìn kìa. Tôi có thể thấy một phần tình trạng bị quy định của tôi. Bạn theo kịp chứ, thưa bạn? Tôi có thể thấy tôi bị quy định như một người Cộng sản hay một người Hồi giáo, nhưng có những phần khác của tình trạng bị quy định này. Bây giờ một cách có ý thức, liệu tôi có thể tìm hiểu những mảnh vỡ khác nhau mà cấu thành “cái tôi”, nội dung ý thức của tôi? Liệu một cách có ý thức, liệu tôi có thể thấy tất cả điều này hay?

Người hỏi: Nhưng chúng ta không tách rời khỏi nó.

Krishnamurti: Tôi hiểu điều đó. Tôi hiểu điều đó. Làm thế nào tôi thấy những chứa đựng khác nhau của ý thức của tôi. Hay đó là một tiến hành hoàn toàn sai lầm?

Người hỏi: Nó phải là như thế.

Krishnamurti: Bạn sắp sửa tìm ra, đừng nói rằng, nó phải là như thế.

Người hỏi: Tôi không hiểu làm thế nào người ta có thể tìm được. Dường như nếu người ta có thể tự-nắm một cách chặt chẽ và rõ ràng điều gì người ta đang thấy, và không có đánh giá lẫn không có một nhận thức trước liên quan đến người ta nên đang thấy nó như thế nào, vậy thì người ta bắt đầu thấy được ngay cả tầng ý thức bên trong bởi vì . . .

Krishnamurti: Tôi hiểu thưa bà. Điều gì bà đang nói là khá rõ ràng. Quý bà kia nói rằng: nếu tôi có thể nắm bắt được điều gì tôi đang thấy mà không có nhận xét, mà không có đánh giá, vậy thì chính trực nhận đó mà không có bất kỳ đánh giá nào bộc lộ không chỉ tầng ý thức bên trong, nhưng còn cả toàn chuyển động. Bây giờ hãy chờ một tí. Bà vẫn chưa trả lời câu hỏi của tôi. Câu hỏi của tôi là, tôi đang hỏi bà: liệu bà có thể nhìn nội dung ý thức của bà – bà là thành phần của nội dung đó phải không? Nếu bà không biết nội dung ý thức của bà, làm thế nào bà có thể nói rằng tôi đúng hay tôi sai? Tôi kinh tởm điều này hay điều kia. Đây là điều tốt, hay kia là điều xấu. Những người hippie tử tế, những người hippie không tử tế. Bà không ở trong một vị trí như thế để nhận xét. Vì vậy liệu bà có thể biết được nội dung ý thức riêng của bà?

Người hỏi: Tại ngay khoảnh khắc này tôi biết, như tôi nhận biết được ông, tôi ngây ngất trong điều gì ông đang trình bày. Ông có thể chỉ cho tôi rằng tôi thực hiện đúng theo ông. Tôi không hoàn toàn hiểu rõ điều này trong ý nghĩa của những câu hỏi của ông. Tôi thấy tôi bị kích động, bởi quả tim của tôi đang đập, tôi muốn thâm nhập nhiều thêm nữa vào điều gì ông đang nói. Tôi nhận biết được nơi tôi đang ngồi, tôi đang lảo đảo. Tôi có thể thấy trạng thái ý thức của tôi tại ngay khoảnh khắc này.

Krishnamurti: Không.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, người ta nhận biết được tình trạng bị quy định, chắc chắn đó là điều quan trọng. Đó là đang trải nghiệm.

Krishnamurti: Trước tiên thưa bạn, hãy cho tôi dừng lại một phút. Tôi xin phép trình bày thêm một chút?

Liệu người ta nhận ra ý thức của chúng ta là nội dung của nó – bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi chứ? Nội dung tạo thành ý thức. Vì vậy ý thức không tách rời khỏi nội dung của nó. Điều đó tuyệt đối đúng phải không? Nội dung và ý thức không tách rời nhau. Nội dung là ý thức. Đúng chứ? Vậy thì bây giờ bạn làm gì đây?

Người hỏi: Nhìn những nội dung.

Krishnamurti: Hãy lắng nghe thưa bạn. Vậy thì bạn làm gì? Có một sự thật. Sự thật là nội dung tạo thành ý thức của bạn. Nội dung là một người Cộng sản, người xã hội, người Thiên chúa giáo, người Phật giáo – bạn theo kịp không, bất kỳ là gì, người cha, người mẹ, những áp lực của văn minh, văn hóa – tất cả điều đó là nội dung. Và bạn nói, vâng đó là một sự thật. Hãy bắt đầu với điều đó. Đó là một sự thật, một sự thật không chối cãi được. Nếu bạn được sinh ra tại Ấn độ, trong một gia đình thuộc Bà la môn, bạn sẽ bị quy định vào điều đó. Và nếu bạn được sinh ra trong một gia đình Thiên chúa giáo, bạn sẽ là người Thiên chúa giáo. Vì vậy nội dung là ý thức. Đúng không. Hãy nắm điểm đó. Tôi nhận ra điều đó. Vậy thì tôi phải làm gì đây?

Người hỏi: Tôi thấy rằng sự tiến hành thông thường của cố gắng hành động vào điều gì tôi thấy của tôi, trong chính nó có một phân chia; và khi điều đó được hiểu rõ ràng, tôi chấm dứt hành động vào điều gì tôi thấy.

Krishnamurti: Không, bạn đang đi lạc sự trình bày của tôi thưa bạn. Liệu bạn có thể cho phép tôi trong một phút.

Người hỏi: Ông không thể làm điều gì cả.

Krishnamurti: Chờ đã, hãy chờ đã. Dừng lại một tí. Đừng chuyển động khỏi đó.

Người hỏi: Từ ngữ trật tự này là nội dung của ý thức của tôi.

Krishnamurti: Đó là như thế. Trật tự hay vô-trật tự trong thế giới là nội dung của ý thức tôi, mà trong vô-trật tự. Vì vậy tôi đã nói tôi là thế giới, thế giới là tôi. Đúng chứ? “Cái tôi” là nội dung của tất cả mọi thành phần đã được tạo thành, giống như thế giới. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ đó là một sự thật. Bây giờ chỉ cần lắng nghe.

Sự thật là nội dung ý thức của tôi là ý thức. Bây giờ làm thế nào tôi tiếp tục từ đó? Làm ơn hãy lắng nghe trong hai phút. Làm thế nào tôi tiếp tục cởi bỏ được, tách ra từng mảnh vô vàn nội dung khác nhau, tìm hiểu nó, quẳng nó đi, giữ nó lại, và ai là thực thể đang tìm hiểu? Thực thể tách rời mà đang tìm hiểu, là thành phần của ý thức tôi, mà là kết quả của văn hóa trong đó tôi đã được nuôi dưỡng, đang nói bạn khác hẳn điều gì bạn thấy, bạn là một người Bà la môn, vì vậy bạn phải tiếp cận sống từ một ý tưởng thuộc một truyền thống đặc biệt. Và đó là như thế. Một sự thật: nội dung của ý thức là ý thức. Tiếp theo sự thật thứ hai: nếu có một thực thể tìm hiểu sự phân chia của nội dung đó, vậy thì người tìm hiểu đó là bộ phận của nội dung. Và người tìm hiểu đó đã tự-tách rời chính anh ấy khỏi nội dung vì vô số những lý do tâm lý khác nhau của an toàn, bảo đảm, bảo vệ và nó cũng là bộ phận của văn hóa. Vì vậy đó là sự thật thứ hai. Vì vậy sự thật đầu tiên là: nếu tôi tìm hiểu tôi đang chơi một trò ma mãnh. Đúng chứ? Tôi đang lừa gạt chính tôi. Bạn thấy điều này không?

Người hỏi: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Hãy cho phép tôi tiếp tục, làm ơn đừng nói vâng.

Sự thật một là, nội dung. Sự thật hai là, sự phân chia như người tìm hiểu, như người quan sát, đang tách rời chính anh ấy khỏi nội dung, đang phân tích nó và quẳng nó đi hay giữ nó lại. Tất cả điều đó cũng là nội dung. Và nhân tố thứ ba là: tôi có thấy rất rõ ràng điều này không? Nếu tôi thấy, vậy thì hành động kế tiếp là gì? Bạn đang theo kịp không? Tôi bị đối mặt với vấn đề này. Tôi bị quy định, khủng khiếp, và một phần của tình trạng bị quy định này là sự ham muốn được an toàn. Một đứa trẻ cần được an toàn. Bộ não cần được an toàn tuyệt đối để vận hành một cách lành mạnh. Nhưng bộ não đó muốn được an toàn và nó có lẽ tìm an toàn trong một niềm tin loạn thần kinh, trong hành động loạn thần kinh nào đó, có sự an toàn của nó. Thế là nó đã tìm được an toàn trong truyền thống và bám chặt vào nó. Và nó đã tìm được an toàn trong sự phân chia này như người quan sát và vật được quan sát, bởi vì đó là thành phần của truyền thống. Bởi vì nếu tôi phủ nhận người quan sát, tôi không còn tồn tại! Bây giờ tôi bị đối diện với sự kiện rằng nội dung, sự phân chia, như người quan sát và vật được quan sát, và bất kỳ chuyển động nào mà tôi thực hiện đều là bộ phận của nội dung. Đúng chứ? Bạn rõ ràng về điều này? Vậy thì còn gì cần được làm nữa hay không? Chúng ta không đang bàn bạc về tầng ý thức bên ngoài hay bên trong bởi vì nó là bộ phận của cái này. Chúng ta nói rằng cái trí có ý thức chỉ quan sát ở một mức độ nào đó, còn có những động cơ sâu thẳm hơn, những ý định sâu thẳm hơn, những đam mê sâu thẳm hơn. Và tổng thể của cái đó là nội dung ý thức của tôi, mà là ý thức của thế giới. Đúng chứ thưa bạn?

Vì vậy tôi sẽ phải làm gì đây? Cái trí của tôi nhận ra rằng nó phải được tự do khỏi tình trạng bị quy định. Tôi phải được tự do khỏi là một người Ấn độ giáo, ngược lại tôi là một nô lệ cho cái đó, ngược lại sẽ có những chiến tranh, sẽ có thù địch, sẽ có sự phân chia. Vì vậy cái trí nói, bởi vì là thông minh nó phải cởi bỏ bị quy định khỏi chính nó bằng bất kỳ giá nào. Bây giờ làm thế nào điều này sẽ được thực hiện? Mà không có – hãy luôn luôn nhớ rằng – mà không có sự phân chia như người phân tích và vật được phân tích, bởi vì biết rằng nội dung là ý thức, bất kỳ nỗ lực nào tôi thực hiện vẫn còn là bộ phận của nội dung đó, để vượt khỏi nó. Đúng chứ? Bạn đã hiểu rõ rồi chứ? Vậy thì người ta phải làm gì đây, khi bị đối diện vấn đề này?

Người hỏi: Hoặc chấp nhận thế giới như nó là, hoặc phủ nhận toàn bộ nó.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ đó. Chúng ta sẽ đến điểm đó. Bây giờ khi bạn nói phủ nhận nó . . .

Người hỏi: Tôi có ý chúng ta không thể chấp nhận nó như nó là.

Krishnamurti: Bạn là ai để chấp nhận nó? Tại sao bạn nên chấp nhận nó hay phủ nhận nó? Nó là một sự thật. Có mặt trời, tại sao bạn chấp nhận nó hay phủ nhận nó? Nó ở đó. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy – chờ một chút, cho phép tôi chấm dứt. Bạn bị đối diện với cái này và nếu bạn phủ nhận nó, ai là người mà phủ nhận nó? Người đó là bộ phận của ý thức đó, anh ấy đang phủ nhận chỉ một phần mà không phù hợp với anh ấy. Đúng chứ? Và nếu anh ấy chấp nhận nó, anh ấy sẽ chấp nhận chỉ một phần mà phù hợp với anh ấy.

Người hỏi: Trở lại điều gì trước kia ông đã nói về sự liên tục của khuôn mẫu loạn thần kinh. Tôi không hiểu nó.

Krishnamurti: Đó là lý do tại sao. Tôi sẽ giải thích cho bạn điều gì đó thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Làm thế nào tôi phủ nhận nó?

Krishnamurti: Bạn không thể phủ nhận bất kỳ thứ gì cả. Nó ở đó. Bây giờ hành động gì xảy ra khi bạn quan sát mà bạn không thể làm bất kỳ việc gì cả. Hãy chờ đó.

Người hỏi: Bắt đầu bằng ông có lẽ cảm thấy tất cả ý thức này không thực sự là nó, và ông có lẽ là một con khỉ. Và bởi vì có được cảm giác rằng ông là cái này, ông ngừng lại nhưng tiến trình tiếp tục khi ông không thể làm gì cả về nó.

Krishnamurti: Không thưa bạn. Không thưa bạn. Tiến trình này tiếp tục chỉ khi nào tôi đã không hiểu rõ nội dung ý thức của tôi dù nó bị loạn thần kinh hay không-bị loạn thần kinh, dù nó là đồng tính luyến ái hay không-đồng tính luyến ái, dù nó là ham muốn tình dục – bạn theo kịp không, nội dung, tất cả đều được hàm ý trong nội dung. Và nếu tôi chọn lựa một phần rồi bám vào nó, đó là chính bản chất của loạn thần kinh. Nếu tôi nói rằng tôi là một người Ấn độ giáo và bám chặt vào nó, và theo công nghệ tôi cũng tiến bộ – tôi trở thành một kỹ sư hạng nhất và phía bên trong tôi là một người Bà la môn nhỏ nhen, hung bạo. Bạn theo kịp không? Và vân vân và vân vân.

Vì vậy bất kỳ hành động nào thuộc về thành phần của tôi – làm ơn lắng nghe điều này – bất kỳ hành động nào thuộc về cái tôi, mà là bộ phận của ý thức, nó không thể cởi bỏ được theo lối đó: vậy thì tôi phải làm gì đây? Bạn nắm bắt được nó không, thưa bạn? Tôi sẽ không phủ nhận hay chấp nhận nó. Nó là một sự thật.

Người hỏi: Ông không thể làm gì cả. Mọi việc ông làm chỉ củng cố sự phân chia.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy bạn phải làm gì đây?

Người hỏi: Ông không thể làm gì cả.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ đó, hãy chờ đó. Bạn quá mau mắn! Vậy thì bạn không biết nó có ý nghĩa gì khi không làm gì cả. Chỉ một phút thôi thưa bạn. Hãy lắng nghe.

Người hỏi: Tôi xin phép trích dẫn điều gì Freud nói: bạn phải mang điều gì trong tầng ý thức bên trong ra tầng ý thức bên ngoài.

Krishnamurti; Không, không. Tôi không biết Freud nói gì, tôi không quan tâm đến điều gì Freud nói.

Người hỏi: Tôi lại có quan tâm.

Krishnamurti: Bạn quan tâm đến điều gì Freud nói – tại sao vậy?

Người hỏi: Bởi vì nó là một sự thật. Nó ở sâu thẳm trong bản chất.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ một tí thưa bạn. Bạn đang trích dẫn Freud hay bạn đã tự-quan sát về chính bạn? Vì vậy nó là trải nghiệm riêng của bạn và bạn nói rằng tầng ý thức bên trong bùng ra, và hành động; hay tầng ý thức bên trong ngăn cản hành động. Vì vậy bạn vẫn đang suy nghĩ dựa vào sự phân chia – dĩ nhiên là như thế. Tầng ý thức bên ngoài và tầng ý thức bên trong. Tôi không đang suy nghĩ dựa vào tất cả điều đó. Tôi phủ nhận suy nghĩ trong sự phân chia.

Người hỏi: Nhưng không thực sự có một phân chia.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng đối với bạn vẫn có tầng ý thức bên trong bùng ra.

Người hỏi: Nó là một từ ngữ, giống như ý chí hay . . .

Krishanmurti: Ồ không, không. Khi chúng ta sử dụng từ ngữ tầng ý thức bên trong bạn đang sử dụng nó bằng một ý nghĩa rõ rệt rằng nó không là tầng ý thức bên ngoài. Và có ý thức và sự việc không ý thức được. Theo tôi đó là một câu phát biểu phân chia. Vì vậy nếu bạn biết rằng bạn bị phân chia theo lối đó, tại sao bạn không bám vào nó?

Người hỏi: Những nội dung của chúng ta làm việc.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên nó làm việc. Dĩ nhiên, tôi nói rằng tôi là người ham muốn tình dục, có thể sâu thẳm bên trong tôi là người khác. Tôi luôn luôn đang tự-mâu thuẫn chính tôi và trở thành một người đạo đức giả, một thực thể kinh khiếp.

Vì vậy tôi đang nói tất cả điều này là bộ phận thuộc ý thức của tôi – Freud và bám vào Freud, không-bám vào Freud, bám vào truyền thống khủng khiếp Bà la môn của tôi, mà là cùng sự việc, không thích những người hippie và thích những người đàng hoàng, nó là cùng sự việc. Vì vậy tôi đang nói với bạn, toàn nội dung của tôi là ý thức của tôi. Tôi sẽ không dùng một bộ phận chống lại một bộ phận khác, bám vào một bộ phận bởi vì bộ phận đó làm hài lòng tôi, hay tôi bị quy định theo lối đó.

Người hỏi: Nhưng khi ông nói cái trí tôn giáo, ông nói về cái đó.

Krishnamurti: Tôi nghĩ rằng tôi có nói.

Người hỏi: Ông cũng tạo một phân chia giữa . . .

Krishnamurti: À, không, không. Tôi nói khi không có sự phân chia thuộc bất kỳ loại nào – điều đó giải thích rất rõ ràng – khi không có sự phân chia thuộc bất kỳ loại nào, không chỉ hời hợt nhưng còn cả trong nội dung của chính ý thức như người quan sát và vật được quan sát, khi không có bất kỳ điều gì thuộc loại đó, vậy thì có chất lượng của cái trí tôn giáo. Vì vậy chúng ta sẽ không tìm hiểu điều đó.

Bây giờ làm ơn chỉ lắng nghe. Bạn thấy. Làm ơn, khi chúng ta nói nội dung tạo thành ý thức, triết lý của Freud, trải nghiệm đặc biệt của bạn, mọi thứ được bao gồm trong đó, mọi thứ. Đúng chứ? Người đàn ông tội nghiệp ở Ấn độ không bao giờ nghe về Freud, anh ấy không bao giờ nghe về Christ. Và người đàn ông mà đã được nuôi dưỡng trong hai thế kỷ với thần thoại của Christ, anh ấy nói rằng đó là một sự thật, và người dân làng nhỏ bé tội nghiệp với Thượng đế nhỏ xíu của anh ấy, anh ấy nói rằng đó là một sự thật. Cả hai đều là nội dung của ý thức. Chắc chắn như thế phải không, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Nó không được rõ ràng.

Krishnamurti: Bạn thấy, bạn phủ nhận để buông bỏ mảnh vỡ đặc biệt của bạn mà bạn đang bám vào. Đây là điều gì tôi phải – khi tôi đến Ấn độ – tôi phải đấu tranh với điều này, bởi vì họ tin tưởng một cách căn bản nhất, trong nhiều thế kỷ họ đã được nuôi dưỡng trong ý tưởng rằng có một linh hồn và Đấng Tối thượng, Thượng đế. Và tại cơ bản họ tin rằng sự khai sáng chỉ có thể xảy ra khi hai sự việc này hòa hợp cùng nhau. Và tôi nói điều đó hoàn toàn vô nghĩa, cả hai đều được sáng chế bởi tư tưởng. Đó là trò chơi của tôi với họ. Vì vậy đừng tham gia vào nó!

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy tôi tự-nói với mình . . .

Người hỏi: Ông không đang phủ nhận từ ngữ Tôi, nó chỉ là một nhận dạng.

Krishnamurti: Tôi chỉ sử dụng nó như một phương tiện của sự truyền đạt. Chúng ta hãy đừng đề cập đến nó. Bây giờ tôi đã đến được mấu chốt này. Tôi tự-thấy cho chính tôi rằng bất kỳ chuyển động nào trong nội dung đó vẫn còn là bộ phận của nội dung, bất kỳ chuyển động nào. Nếu tôi nói, điều này tốt lành, và bám vào nó, đó là bộ phận của nó – nếu tôi nói, điều kia là xấu xa, hay nếu tôi nói có Thượng đế hay không có Thượng đế, nó vẫn như vậy. Vì vậy tôi sẽ làm gì khi biết cái trí bị quy định như thế – biết nó – tôi biết nó hoàn toàn – nó rõ ràng như ánh sáng mặt trời – nếu có ánh sáng mặt trời. Và đó là một sự thật tuyệt đối. Vậy thì tôi tự-nói với chính tôi: làm thế nào cái trí tự-giải thoát được chính nó khỏi tình trạng bị quy định của nó?

Người hỏi: Tôi tin rằng ông sẽ phải vượt khỏi tình trạng bị quy định.

Krishnamurti: Không, không. Vượt khỏi có nghĩa vẫn là bộ phận của nó.

Người hỏi: Nhưng ông có thể vượt khỏi chính bản thân ông khi bạn đang lắng nghe.

Krishnamurti: Vâng thưa bạn, hoàn toàn đúng. Hoàn toàn đúng.

Người hỏi: Nhưng bởi vì tôi cảm thấy rằng ông đã không còn tình trạng bị quy định của ông, tôi sẽ lắng nghe ông, thực sự lắng nghe để mất đi tình trạng bị quy định của tôi.

Krishnamurti: Tôi hiểu thưa bạn. Bạn không biết tôi và làm ơn thưa bạn đừng nói rằng, ông cởi bỏ được tình trạng bị quy định, bạn không biết nó có nghĩa gì vì vậy làm ơn đừng nhận xét.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, điều gì đã xảy ra là chúng tôi không muốn loại bỏ tình trạng bị quy định của chúng tôi.

Krishnamurti: Hãy nắm lấy nó! Hãy nắm lấy nó và sống cùng nó. Hãy ở trong sự hỗn loạn, hãy ở trong đau khổ – bạn theo kịp không – những chiến tranh. Đừng chuyển động khỏi nó. Nếu bạn thích nó hãy bám vào nó và đó là điều gì đang xảy ra thưa bạn. Bạn theo kịp không? Người Hồi giáo bám vào tình trạng bị quy định của anh ấy và đó là lý do tại sao anh ấy đánh nhau với người Do thái giáo. Và người Do thái giáo bám vào tình trạng bị quy định của họ. Đúng chứ? Và đó là thế giới. Và tôi có sự trói buộc đặc biệt của tôi, tôi sẽ không buông bỏ nó. Vì vậy khi biết tất cả điều này, cái trí sẽ làm gì đây?

Người hỏi: Nó trở nên yên lặng. Tôi không làm gì cả.

Krishnamurti: Quý ông này nói rằng, tôi trở nên yên lặng – bạn theo kịp câu nói không? Khi tôi bị đối diện với sự kiện rằng tôi hoàn toàn bị quy định này, tôi có thể chơi trò ma mãnh với chính tôi và nói rằng tôi đang cởi bỏ chính tôi, mà là bộ phận của sự đào tạo của tôi, mà là bộ phận của nội dung. Bạn theo kịp chứ? Anh ấy nói, tôi trở nên yên lặng. Đó là như thế sao?

Người hỏi: Tôi không thể kiềm chế việc mang cái tôi vào.

Krishnamurti: Đó là như thế. Anh ấy thực sự có ý rằng nó chỉ là một phương tiện để nói chuyện. Bây giờ điều gì xảy ra thưa bạn, hãy nhìn nó đi, khi bạn đối mặt với điều gì đó mà bạn không thể làm gì cả – bạn hiểu không – bằng những quy định của bạn, bạn đã suy nghĩ rằng bạn có thể làm điều gì đó đúng đắn – đúng chứ – rằng bạn có thể thay đổi, rằng bạn có thể thực hiện dễ dàng, rằng bạn có thể sửa đổi điều này nhưng nó vẫn còn là bộ phận của cùng lãnh vực, chuyển động từ một viên đá sang một viên đá khác, từ một ngõ ngách đến một ngõ ngách khác của lãnh vực, nó vẫn còn trong lãnh vực đó, khi bạn nhận ra rằng bất kỳ chuyển động nào bên trong lãnh vực đó là chuyển động đang bị quy định – điều gì xảy ra? Chỉ đừng trả lời tôi. Điều gì xảy ra? Thưa bạn, điều gì xảy ra khi người Ả rập và người Do thái nói, hãy nhìn, tôi bị quy định, bạn bị quy định, điều gì xảy ra? Tiếp tục đi thưa bạn, điều gì xảy ra?

Người hỏi: Vậy thì nó có thể sống..

Krishnamurti: Vậy thì nó có thể sống. Nếu tôi nhận ra rằng tôi hoàn toàn bị quy định, và bất kỳ trò ma mãnh nào mà tôi đùa giỡn là bộ phận của tình trạng bị quy định của tôi – từ là một người Thiên chúa giáo trở thành một người Ấn độ giáo, từ một người Ấn độ giáo trở thành một người Cộng sản, từ chủ nghĩa Cộng sản trở thành chủ nghĩa Mao, từ chủ nghĩa Mao nhảy đến Zen, và từ Zen đến Krishnamurti và vân vân và vân vân, nó là bộ phận của tình trạng bị quy định của tôi, nó là bộ phận của toàn nội dung này. Điều gì xảy ra khi tôi nhận ra điều này?

Người hỏi: Qui trình này tự ngừng lại. Nó tan biến.

Krishnamurti: Nó tan biến cùng bạn, thưa bạn? Vì chúa xin đừng lý luận.

Người hỏi: Nó là một sự thật. Nó tự tan biến . . .

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn nó còn phức tạp hơn điều đó. Bạn quá mau mắn. Bạn không đang cùng nó. Bạn muốn một kết quả.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông cái trí thấy điều này không giống như cái trí khởi động sự tìm hiểu.

Krishnamurti: Đó là nó. Bây giờ điều gì đã xảy ra? Hãy tìm hiểu chầm chậm thưa bạn. Điều gì xảy ra cho cái trí mà đã bắt đầu tìm hiểu nội dung của nó và đang khám phá những phân chia lạ lùng, những mâu thuẫn, những mảnh vỡ, những khẳng định, những hung hăng, bạn theo kịp không, đã khám phá tất cả việc đó, điều gì xảy ra cho một cái trí như thế?

Người hỏi: Nó trở nên rất rõ ràng. Nó có không gian. Nó ở trong một trạng thái khác.

Krishnamurti: Vậy thì thưa bạn, tôi sẽ đặt cho bạn một câu hỏi khác. Hành động của bạn trong sống hàng ngày của bạn là gì – lắng nghe điều này – hành động trong sống hàng ngày của bạn là gì, không phải là hành động của một khủng hoảng, sống hàng ngày của bạn khi bạn nhận ra sự thật này?

Người hỏi: Ông có những quyết định.

Krishnamurti: Bạn thậm chí không lắng nghe câu hỏi của tôi. Làm thế nào bạn có thể nói rằng bạn có những quyết định.

Người hỏi: Có lẽ chúng tôi không nhận ra sự việc này, thưa ông.

Krishnamurti: Đó là quan điểm của tôi thưa bạn. Hoặc bạn nhận ra điều này như một sự kiện, và sự kiện đó thay đổi từ cơ bản toàn cấu trúc của . . . của bạn.

Người hỏi: . . . cuộc sống.

Krishanmurti: Hãy đợi đó. Hoặc bạn không nhận ra nó. Nếu bạn không nhận ra nó – bạn theo kịp không – nhưng chắc chắn bạn không nhận ra, bạn chỉ nói, vâng, tôi hiểu rõ nó, mà không có ý nghĩa gì cả – khi bạn đối diện với sự kiện này, hành động của bạn trong sống hàng ngày của bạn là gì – hãy liên quan nó đến hai điều, vậy thì bạn sẽ có được câu trả lời. Bạn hiểu rõ không? Bạn hiểu rõ không, thưa bạn? Đó là – hãy chờ đó, hãy lắng nghe tôi – tôi nhận ra rằng tôi là một người Ấn độ giáo, bị quy định. Tôi nhận ra rằng tôi đã được nuôi dưỡng trong những hoàn cảnh đặc biệt – người thầy của thế giới, tất cả – bạn không có ý tưởng về nó, hiến dâng trọn vẹn, những cây đèn cầy, thờ phụng, tất cả việc đó, đang đối diện với thế giới, của cải, tiền bạc, vị trí, thanh danh, và tôi thấy tất cả điều đó là bộ phận của nội dung, bộ phận của tôi. Và sự liên quan của nhận biết đó đến sống hàng ngày của tôi là gì? Nếu tôi không liên quan đến nó, nó vẫn còn thuộc từ ngữ, thuộc lý thuyết, không có ý nghĩa. Vì vậy tôi phải liên quan đến nó. Vì vậy tôi đang nói rằng: khi tôi nhận ra tình trạng bị quy định của tôi, sự liên quan của tôi là gì, hành động trong sống hàng ngày của tôi là gì, khi biết điều đó? Nếu bạn không thể trả lời nó, vậy thì bạn đã không nhận ra nó, vậy thì bạn đang đùa giỡn với những từ ngữ.

Người hỏi: Đối với tôi có vẻ rằng mỗi lần ông đặt ra một câu hỏi, có một vấn đề của mọi người đang cố gắng tìm ra câu trả lời. Trong câu hỏi, liệu đúng là không có câu trả lời.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên không, thưa bạn. Tôi đang hỏi nó bởi vì bạn phải hỏi câu hỏi đó.

Người hỏi: Điều đó đúng. Chính người đặt ra câu hỏi luôn luôn tìm kiếm câu trả lời.

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì tôi đang nói. Tôi nhận ra – tôi sẽ không sử dụng từ ngữ Tôi. Có sự nhận ra về tình trạng bị quy định này, làm thế nào sự nhận ra đó hành động trong sống hàng ngày?

Người hỏi: Không có phản ứng.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bà, đừng nói gì cả. Hãy đặt câu hỏi đó cho chính bà trước, tôi không đang yêu cầu bạn trả lời nó, hãy đặt câu hỏi đó cho chính bạn. Vậy thì làm thế nào sự nhận ra về sự thật tuyệt đối này, dù bạn quyến luyến đến chủ nghĩa loạn thần kinh này hay đến chủ nghĩa loạn thần kinh nào khác, khi bạn nhận ra tất cả tình trạng bị quy định này, sự nhận ra đó tác động như thế nào vào những hoạt động hàng ngày của bạn?

Người hỏi: Liệu tất cả nỗ lực về phần của cái tôi kết thúc?

Krishnamurti: Bạn sẽ tìm ra. Khi bạn nói, “Tôi đã hiểu rõ nó”, liệu có một phân chia giữa – thấy điều gì anh ấy đã nói vừa lúc nãy – nếu có một phân chia giữa sự nhận ra đó và hoạt động hàng ngày của bạn, nếu có một phân chia, vậy thì có sự xung đột. Xung đột đó là vô trật tự mà trong đó chúng ta sống, cả thế giới lẫn bạn và một người khác. Vì vậy việc gì xảy ra khi có một nhận biết thực sự về điều này, sự thật của nó. Khi bạn thực sự thấy sự thật giống như ngọn lửa đang cháy hừng hực, con cọp giết chết bạn, chất độc hủy hoại bạn, khi bạn nhận ra sự thật đó sinh động như thế, vậy thì trong sự nhận ra điều đó trong sống hàng ngày của bạn hành động của bạn là gì. Hãy đặt ra câu hỏi đó – bạn biết không.

Người hỏi: Nhận ra này cho tôi sự tỉnh thức trong sống hàng ngày – đó là chất lượng phải không?

Krishnamurti: Ồ không thưa bà. Đừng, nó không phải như thế đâu.

Người hỏi: Nó phải hoàn toàn thay đổi cách sống của tôi.

Krishnamurti: Hãy tìm ra đi thưa bạn. Dĩ nhiên nó thay đổi.

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Không thưa các bạn, làm ơn thưa các bạn, tôi đang hỏi các bạn: liệu các bạn nhận ra – tôi không đang trịch thượng hay đang chỉ trích, tôi chỉ đang hỏi bạn – liệu bạn nhận ra trong ý nghĩa rằng bạn có một đau đớn, khi bạn có một cái răng bị đau, có sự đau đớn, đó là một nhận ra tuyệt đối về đau đớn, bạn làm cái gì đó về nó. Bạn không nói rằng, ồ tôi sẽ lý luận về nó – bạn theo kịp không – bạn đến hiệu thuốc gần nhất, hay dược sĩ, hay nha sĩ, có hành động. Trong cùng cách như vậy, khi cái trí hoàn toàn nhận ra rằng bạn bị quy định, nội dung ý thức của bạn là nội dung của nó – hãy tìm hiểu chầm chậm – và bất kỳ chuyển động nào mà bạn thực hiện vẫn còn là bộ phận của ý thức đó – cố gắng vượt khỏi nó, hay chấp nhận nó, hay phủ nhận nó, vẫn còn là bộ phận của nó – vậy thì nhận ra sự thật của điều đó là gì, nó ảnh hưởng đến sống của bạn như thế nào? Bạn không thể trả lời nó bởi vì tôi sẽ giải thích cho bạn tại sao. Sự nhận ra của sự kiện đó sẽ hành động. Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Sự nhận ra, sự thật của sự kiện đó sẽ hành động; và sự thật đó, vì là thông minh tột đỉnh, sẽ hành động theo khoảnh khắc.

Người hỏi: Nhưng liệu ông có thể nhận ra điều đó? Nhưng liệu ông có thể nhận ra điều đó, khi ông vẫn còn bị trói buộc trong sự sợ hãi của ông.

Krishnamurti: Bạn không thể, không thể. Vì vậy – chúng ta quay trở lại câu hỏi – một mảnh mà là sợ hãi, bạn đang cố gắng khuất phục nó bởi một mảnh khác. Đúng chứ? Và bạn không thể xóa sạch nó bằng cách đó. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy phải có một tiếp cận khác hẳn đến mảnh mà bạn gọi là sợ hãi đó. Đúng chứ? Và tiếp cận là như thế này: tuyệt đối không làm gì về mảnh sợ hãi. Đúng chứ? Bạn có thể chứ? Tôi không thể làm bất kỳ điều gì về chiếc xe lửa đang chạy qua đó, tiếng ồn, vì vậy tôi lắng nghe nó. Bạn hiểu rõ không? Làm ơn lắng nghe điều gì tôi đang nói. Tôi không thể làm bất kỳ điều gì về con rắn rung chuông, tiếng ồn, tiếng gầm thét của chiếc xe lửa đó. Vì vậy tôi không dựng lên một kháng cự với nó, vì vậy tôi lắng nghe. Khi tôi lắng nghe không có sự ồn ào. Có sự ồn ào nhưng nó không ảnh hưởng đến tôi. Cùng cách như vậy khi tôi nhận ra tôi bị loạn thần kinh, nhận ra nó, tôi đang bám chặt vào một niềm tin đặc biệt, một cách hành động đặc biệt, tôi là người đồng tính hay bất kỳ là gì chăng nữa, tôi có những thành kiến kinh khủng, Thượng đế tồn tại, Thượng đế không tồn tại. Bạn theo kịp chứ? Khi tôi nhận ra rằng tôi bị quyến luyến vào một sự việc, chỉ lắng nghe nó, trọn vẹn bằng tâm hồn của tôi, không kháng cự nó, lắng nghe nó trọn vẹn.

Điều này có rõ ràng cho buổi bàn luận này, sáng nay? Đó là, chúng ta bắt đầu bằng cách hỏi, nếu chúng ta có thể nhìn toàn bộ chuyển động của sống như một tiến hành đồng nhất – sự giết chóc, những người tị nạn, bảy triệu rưỡi người ở Ấn độ, mà đã vốn nghèo khổ, những công việc kinh doanh tồi tệ, chiến tranh ở Trung đông, những người Thiên chúa giáo, những người Tin lành giáo, những người khoa học, những họa sĩ, những người kinh doanh, cuộc sống riêng tư, cuộc sống công cộng, gia đình của tôi, gia đình của bạn – phân chia, phân chia, phân chia. Và sự phân chia này đã tạo ra một hỗn loạn như thế trong thế giới và trong chính tôi, liệu tôi có thể nhìn tất cả điều này như một chuyển động duy nhất lạ thường hay không? Tôi không thể. Đó là một sự thật. Đúng chứ? Tôi không thể bởi vì tôi bị phân chia trong chính tôi. Tôi bị quy định trong chính tôi. Vì vậy quan tâm của tôi lúc đó không phải là tìm ra làm thế nào sống một sống đồng nhất nhưng xem thử liệu sự phân chia đó có thể kết thúc. Và sự phân chia đó kết thúc chỉ khi nào tôi nhận ra tất cả ý thức của tôi được tạo thành bởi những mảnh vỡ này. Ý thức của tôi là sự phân chia. Và khi tôi nói rằng phải có hòa đồng, được mang lại cùng nhau, nó vẫn còn là bộ phận của ma mãnh đó mà tôi đang đùa cợt vào chính tôi. Vì vậy tôi nhận ra điều đó. Tôi nhận ra nó là sự thật như ngọn lửa đang hừng hực cháy. Tôi không thể lừa gạt tôi, nó là một sự thật, và tôi bị bỏ lại cùng nó. Và tôi phải tìm ra làm thế nào nó vận hành trong sống hàng ngày của tôi. Tôi phải tìm được nó, không phỏng đoán, đùa giỡn, lý luận, bởi vì tôi đã thấy sự thật của nó và sự thật sẽ hành động. Nếu tôi không thấy nó và giả vờ tôi đã thấy nó, vậy thì tôi sẽ tạo ra một đống hỗn loạn kinh tởm trong sống của tôi. Đúng chứ thưa bạn.

SAANEN

Ngày 4 tháng 8 năm 1971

– 2 – LIỆU THÔNG MINH CÓ THỨC DẬY?

Sự liên quan giữa tư tưởng và thông minh là gì? Những giới hạn của suy nghĩ bị quy định. Không chuyển động mới mẻ nào có thể xảy ra nếu “bộ não cũ kỹ” liên tục đang vận hành: “Tôi đang đi về hướng Nam, suy nghĩ tôi đang đi về hướng Bắc.” Sự nhận biết được những giới hạn của cái cũ kỹ là hạt giống của thông minh. Liệu “Cái mới mẻ” có thể được công nhận? Kích thước khác hẳn chỉ có thể vận hành qua thông minh.

Krishnamurti: Ngày hôm qua chúng ta đã cùng nhau nói chuyện về tầng ý thức bên trong, tầng ý thức bên ngoài, và nội dung của ý thức và phải làm gì cho nó? Chúng ta sẽ tiếp tục chủ đề đó phải không? Hay sáng nay bạn muốn bàn luận một chủ đề khác?

Người hỏi: Tiếp tục chủ đề đó.

Krishnamurti: Bạn chắc chắn chứ?

Người hỏi: Ồ, tôi muốn bàn luận thêm một chút về thông minh và tư tưởng, sự liên quan giữa chúng và sự yên lặng và chết.

Krishnamurti: Bây giờ chúng ta hãy lặp lại rõ ràng câu hỏi. Quý ông kia đang hỏi: sự liên quan giữa thông minh và tư tưởng, sự yên lặng và chết là gì. Bạn muốn bàn luận điều đó phải không?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta có thể tìm hiểu về tự do. Và liệu tự do có thể tồn tại trong một xã hội hiện đại.

Krishnamurti: Anh ấy nói, tôi muốn tìm hiểu tự do là gì, và liệu tự do có thể tồn tại trong một xã hội hiện đại.

Người hỏi: Tôi thực sự không biết liệu chúng ta đã hoàn toàn bàn luận xong vấn đề của ngày hôm qua và liệu chúng ta đã thực sự tìm hiểu nó đến tận cùng.

Krishanmurti: Người hỏi nói, tôi không nghĩ chúng ta đã tìm hiểu đầy đủ vấn đề của động cơ, ý định sâu thẳm và vân

vân.

Tôi không hiểu liệu chúng ta có thể bàn luận vấn đề của ý thức này sâu sắc hơn nữa bằng cách suy nghĩ thông minh và tư tưởng là gì, sự liên quan giữa thông minh và tư tưởng, và có lẽ sau đó nếu chúng ta có thể tìm hiểu thêm sự yên lặng và sự liên quan của nó với chết. Nhưng trước khi chúng ta tìm hiểu điều đó, có nhiều sự việc liên quan đến điều gì chúng ta đã bàn luận ngày hôm qua. Và tôi không biết liệu bạn đã tự-thâm nhập sâu thẳm trong nó và bạn đã hiểu rõ điều gì, hay nó là một sự thật nhiều đến chừng nào.

Ngày hôm qua chúng ta đã nói, hầu hết chúng ta đều bị quy định bởi văn hóa, bởi môi trường sống, bởi thực phẩm, quần áo, và vân vân. Chúng ta bị quy định. Tình trạng bị quy định là nội dung của ý thức và ý thức là tình trạng bị quy định. Tư tưởng có liên quan gì với tình trạng bị quy định đó? Và liệu có thể có thông minh nơi nào có tình trạng bị quy định? Đúng chứ thưa bạn?

Người ta ý thức được rằng nếu người ta đã tự-tìm hiểu đầy đủ một cách hoàn toàn khách quan, không phải bằng bất kỳ loại chỉ trích hay bênh vực nào, nếu người ta đã quan sát về chính mình người ta thực sự nhận ra rằng người ta đã bị quy định, một cách hời hợt hay sâu thẳm phía bên trong. Và liệu có thể không những làm tự do khỏi tình trạng bị quy định sâu thẳm, mà có lẽ là kết quả của gia đình, toàn bộ sự tích lũy của chủng tộc, những ảnh hưởng mơ hồ nhưng còn cả đã thâm nhập rất sâu, liệu rằng cái trí có khi nào được tự do khỏi tất cả điều đó? Đó là một câu hỏi. Và nếu nó bị quy định liệu cái trí có thể tự-cởi bỏ chính nó hoàn toàn hay không? Hay – đây có lẽ là một câu hỏi liên quan – liệu cái trí có thể tự-ngăn ngừa vĩnh viễn, không qua kháng cự, khỏi tình trạng bị quy định? Bạn theo kịp chứ? Có hai nghi vấn này mà bạn phải tìm hiểu sáng nay. Sự liên quan giữa tư tưởng và thông minh, và điều gì được nói cũng bao hàm sự yên lặng và chết. Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu tất cả điều này, nếu chúng ta có thể, chúng ta sẽ giải thích trọn vẹn mọi vấn đề này.

Tại sao cái trí luôn luôn bị quy định? Có phải vì nó quá nhạy cảm, quá dễ bị tổn thương, nó giống như một vật mỏng manh dễ vỡ, và trong sự liên hệ nó luôn luôn bị tổn thương, luôn luôn bị quy định, và liệu tình trạng bị quy định đó có thể vĩnh viễn được xóa sạch. Vì vậy người ta nhận ra rằng cái trí bị quy định, chính bộ não bị quy định – thời gian được tiến hóa qua những thế kỷ này sang những thế kỷ khác, và bộ não là kho lưu trữ ký ức, bạn có thể tự-quan sát nó, bạn không cần đọc những quyển sách triết lý hay tâm lý, ít ra tôi không đọc, mặc dù bạn có lẽ đọc. Và nó luôn luôn đang phản ứng, bộ não mà đã tiến hóa qua thời gian, mà là quá khứ, mà là sự tích lũy của ký ức, trải nghiệm, hiểu biết, phản ứng đến thách thức nào ngay lập tức theo tình trạng bị quy định của nó, hời hợt hay sâu thẳm. Tôi nghĩ điều này là rõ ràng.

Bây giờ liệu sự phản ứng từ quá khứ đó có thể được trì hoãn để cho có một khoảng ngừng giữa sự thách thức và sự phản ứng? Không khó khăn lắm, phải không? Đó là, người ta đã được nuôi dưỡng – tôi đang đưa ra một tình trạng quy định rất hời hợt – trong một văn hóa đặc biệt, trong một niềm tin hay khuôn mẫu đặc biệt, và khi niềm tin hay khuôn mẫu đó bị nghi ngờ liền có sự phản ứng tức khắc tùy theo nền tảng quá khứ của người đó. Tôi đang hỏi: liệu sự phản ứng đó có thể được trì hoãn để cho có một khoảng ngừng giữa sự thách thức và sự phản ứng. Điều đó khá đơn giản, phải vậy không, không à? Bạn nói tôi là một người ngu xuẩn – phản ứng của tôi là ngay tức khắc, nói bạn là một người khác, hay tức giận bạn, hay điều này hay điều kia. Bây giờ khi bạn nói tôi là một người ngu xuẩn, liệu có một khoảng ngừng giữa tôi nghe bạn nói và sự phản ứng của tôi, một khoảng không gian – đúng chứ – để cho bộ não đủ yên lặng để phản ứng trong một cách khác? Tôi có đang trình bày rõ ràng hay không?

Người hỏi : Hay để quan sát phản ứng riêng của nó.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ một chút thưa bạn, hãy ngừng một chút, một khoảnh khắc thôi. Bộ não luôn luôn phản ứng tùy theo tình trạng bị quy định của nó, tùy theo những hình thức bị kích động khác nhau của nó, nó luôn luôn năng động. Bộ não là sự phản ứng của thời gian, ký ức, bộ não là nội dung của nó. Đúng chứ? Toàn quá khứ được chứa đựng trong bộ não. Nếu bộ não có thể tự kiềm chế và không phản ứng ngay tức khắc, vậy thì có một khả năng của một phản ứng mới mẻ. Đúng chứ?

Người hỏi: Nhưng chính thời gian này là sự phản ứng.

Krishanmurti: Không thưa bạn, bạn đang không hiểu rõ sự trình bày của tôi. Đừng đưa tôi vào những từ ngữ, chỉ nhìn vào ý nghĩa trong lúc này.

Bộ não vận hành trong thói quen cũ kỹ được thiết lập bởi văn hóa tôi sống, hay bởi những thừa hưởng chủng tộc quá khứ và vân vân, luôn luôn điều đó phản ứng, đang nhận xét, đang đánh giá, đang tin tưởng, đang không tin tưởng, đang thảo luận, đang tức giận, hung bạo, thành kiến, đó luôn luôn là sự phản ứng của nó đến bất kỳ kích thích nào, đang bảo vệ, đang phủ nhận và vân vân. Tôi đang tự-hỏi chính tôi, liệu bộ não đó có thể tạm thời không vận hành và không phản ứng ngay tức khắc? Đúng chứ? Tôi đang hỏi, tôi không biết, tôi sẽ tìm ra. Bộ não không thể bị phủ nhận khỏi hiểu biết quá khứ của nó, nó phải có hiểu biết quá khứ – tôi không biết liệu bạn đang gặp gỡ tất cả điều này – nếu không nó không thể vận hành. Vì vậy tôi đang tự-hỏi liệu bộ não cũ kỹ đó, sẽ cho phép chính nó được yên lặng để cho một bộ phận mới mẻ có thể vận hành? Đúng chứ? Khi bạn nịnh nọt tôi bộ não cũ kỹ nói, ồ tuyệt vời quá. Nhưng liệu bộ não cũ kỹ đó có thể lắng nghe điều gì bạn đang nói, sự nịnh nọt, và không phản ứng để cho có lẽ một chuyển động mới mẻ có thể xảy ra? Đúng chứ? Đúng chứ thưa bạn? Chuyển động mới mẻ đó chỉ có thể xảy ra khi có sự yên lặng, không phải bộ máy đang vận hành dựa vào quá khứ. Điều đó rõ ràng? Rõ ràng trong ý nghĩa bạn tự nhìn vào chính bạn thưa bạn, nếu không chẳng có gì vui vẻ cả. Tôi không đang giải thích cho tôi, chúng ta đang cùng nhau làm việc. Tôi phát hiện rằng khi người ta tìm hiểu những hoạt động của người ta, bộ não cũ kỹ luôn luôn đang phản ứng như một người Thiên chúa giáo, như một người Tin lành giáo, hay bất kỳ người nào, hay tùy theo hiểu biết bị giới hạn của nó, truyền thống của nó, sự thừa hưởng chủng tộc của nó, và khi cái đó đang vận hành không có gì mới mẻ có thể xảy ra được. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ tôi muốn tìm ra liệu bộ não đó có thể yên lặng, bộ não cũ kỹ, để cho chuyển động mới mẻ có thể xảy ra. Đúng chứ? Tôi muốn tìm ra. Tôi chỉ có thể tìm ra khi trong sự liên hệ với người khác, nhìn ngắm bộ não cũ kỹ đang vận hành, và bộ não cũ kỹ hiểu rõ sự thật rằng nó phải yên lặng với mục đích để cho một sự vận hành mới mẻ có thể xảy ra.

Bộ não không đang tự-ép buộc chính nó phải yên lặng. Nếu nó đang tự-ép buộc chính nó phải yên lặng, vậy thì nó vẫn là sự vận hành của quá khứ. Trong đó có phân chia, có xung đột, có kỷ luật và mọi chuyện như thế. Nhưng nếu bộ não cũ kỹ hiểu rõ hay thấy sự kiện, sự thật rằng chừng nào nó còn liên tục phản ứng đến bất kỳ kích thích nào, nó phải vận hành theo những phương hướng cũ kỹ. Nếu bộ não cũ kỹ thấy được sự thật của điều đó, vậy thì bộ não cũ kỹ đó trở nên yên lặng. Chính là sự thật mà tạo ra sự yên lặng, không phải ý định để được yên lặng. Bạn nắm bắt được điều này không?

Bởi vì bạn thấy, thưa các bạn, nó là một câu hỏi rất lý thú, bởi vì người ta phát giác có những phần nào đó trong bộ não mà không bao giờ bị quy định. Bạn có lẽ nói, làm sao ông biết được? Tự nhiên thôi. Tôi chỉ biết nó bởi vì nó đã xảy ra cho người nói. Bạn có lẽ tin nó, hay không tin nó. Chỉ cần nắm bắt sự kiện. Tôi đang hỏi tại sao bộ não phải luôn luôn đang vận hành trong khuôn mẫu cũ kỹ này. Nếu nó không vận hành trong khuôn mẫu cũ kỹ của nó, nó đặt ra một khuôn mẫu mới mẻ tùy theo những ký ức của nó và đặt ra một khuôn mẫu mới mẻ đối nghịch với khuôn mẫu cũ kỹ. Đúng chứ? Bạn không đang theo kịp tất cả điều này sao? Không à?

Người hỏi: Làm thế nào ông biết rằng ông không bị quy định?

Krishnamurti: Ồ chúa ơi! Bạn thấy, tôi không nên mang vào điều đó. Tôi đã nghĩ rằng bạn không thể nắm được nó. Không sao đâu, hãy để đó trong chốc lát, chúng ta sẽ giải thích nó.

Bạn thấy rằng chúng ta chỉ sử dụng một phần rất, rất nhỏ của bộ não – đúng chứ – và phần rất nhỏ đó là quá khứ. Phải có và có những phần của bộ não mà không vận hành gì cả, mà lan rộng, trống không, mới mẻ. Đúng chứ? Bạn biết gì về điều đó? Đừng đồng ý với điều này. Chúng ta chỉ biết bộ não cũ kỹ đang vận hành khi bạn nhận biết được nó. Bây giờ tôi đang hỏi liệu bộ não cũ kỹ đó có thể bất động bởi một kích động, để cho một phản ứng mới mẻ có thể hiện diện? Đó là câu hỏi của tôi. Tôi biết – người ta biết bộ não cũ kỹ, hoặc hời hợt hay sâu thẳm, bị quy định. Đúng chứ? Không có nghi ngờ gì về điều đó – đúng chứ? Có bất kỳ nghi ngờ nào không?

Người hỏi: Làm thế nào ông có thể nói về tình trạng bị quy định nếu ông nói rằng ông không bị quy định?

Krishnamurti: Đừng bận tâm về tôi thưa bạn. Tôi đã nói rằng hãy bỏ nó lại, hãy quẳng nó vào sọt rác. Chúng ta hãy bắt đầu. Bạn thấy rằng chúng ta đang quay lại điều gì đó mà bạn đã không hiểu rõ. Có lẽ bạn sẽ hiểu rõ nó. Đừng mang điều đó vào, nếu tôi mang điều đó vào, tôi xin lỗi. Quên nó đi!

Tôi đang tự-hỏi tại sao bộ não cũ kỹ luôn luôn năng động, đang phản ứng tùy theo nền tảng quá khứ của nó, mà là tình trạng bị quy định. Và câu hỏi kế tiếp là: làm thế nào bộ não đó, mà bị quy định quá nhiều, không luôn luôn đáp trả đến bất kỳ kích động nào, tạm ngừng lại một chút? Được chứ? Ngừng lại một chút – tôi xin phép tiếp tục? Bạn dường như bị mất hút.

Người hỏi: Điều đó rất rõ ràng.

Krishnamurti: Rất rõ ràng à?

Người hỏi: Đúng.

Krishnamurti: Cám ơn chúa! Và người ta phát giác khi có sự cần thiết, sự khẩn cấp, và sự quan trọng của vấn đề nào mà đòi hỏi thật khẩn thiết, bộ não có ngừng lại. Đúng chứ? Bộ não cũ kỹ, để cho một chất lượng mới mẻ của cái trí, của bộ não mà chưa bao giờ tiếp xúc được, vận hành? Điều này đã xảy ra, đây không chỉ là trải nghiệm của tôi. Bất kỳ người khoa học đứng đầu nào – người khoa học đứng đầu, không phải một người khoa học mà là nô lệ cho những chính phủ, họ là những lái buôn, những người đó không là những người khoa học gì cả – nhưng những người khoa học đứng đầu mà được tự do khỏi những chính phủ và những đòi hỏi của những chính phủ và những môi trường sống, và sự khao khát thành công, chức vụ và vân vân, anh ấy đúng là đã đặt ra nghi vấn này, bởi vì nếu không làm thế nào anh ấy khám phá được những sự việc mới mẻ. Nếu bộ não cũ kỹ luôn luôn đang vận hành, nó không thể khám phá bất kỳ điều gì mới mẻ. Vì vậy chỉ khi nào bộ não cũ kỹ được yên lặng thì cái gì đó mới mẻ được nhìn thấy. Đúng chứ? Giống như con người phát minh ra máy bay phản lực, mặc dù anh ấy có hiểu biết nhiều về hệ thống đốt cháy bên trong, pít-tông, mặc dù anh ấy biết tất cả điều đó, anh ấy phải tìm ra cái gì đó mới mẻ, và vì vậy bộ não cũ kỹ đã nói, được rồi tôi sẽ làm bặt tăm tất cả hiểu biết mà tôi đã thâu lượm, tôi sẽ nhìn nó, mà có nghĩa bộ não cũ kỹ phải yên lặng. Và trong trạng thái yên lặng đó, cái gì đó mới mẻ được khám phá. Đây là một sự thật, bạn không cần tranh luận với tôi. Bây giờ không ép buộc bộ não, làm thế nào sự yên lặng đó hiện diện, và bộ não tự nguyện yên lặng? Bạn đã hiểu rõ chứ thưa bạn?

Tôi muốn tìm ra liệu bộ não thấy được sự thật rằng chừng nào nó còn vận hành trong khuôn mẫu cũ kỹ, nó không bao giờ có thể khám phá bất kỳ cái gì đó mới mẻ. Nó có thể khám phá cái gì đó mới mẻ chỉ khi nào nó thấy được sự thật rằng cái cũ kỹ không bao giờ tìm được cái mới mẻ và thế là cái cũ kỹ trở nên yên lặng. Sự thật làm cho nó yên lặng không phải nó ao ước được yên lặng. Đúng chứ? Nếu điều đó rất rõ ràng, vậy thì liệu trạng thái yên lặng đó có thể luôn luôn vận hành mà không phải tình trạng bị quy định cũ kỹ, và tình trạng bị quy định cũ kỹ cùng hiểu biết của nó vận hành chỉ khi nào cần thiết? Bạn có nắm bắt được câu hỏi của tôi đúng cách không? Bạn có được câu hỏi của tôi chứ?

Người hỏi: Ông nói, “Luôn luôn vận hành” phải không? Liệu điều đó không mang lại sự xung đột?

Krishnamurti: Luôn luôn. Làm ơn lắng nghe thưa bạn. Tôi không nói rằng nó phải, tôi muốn tìm ra. Tôi đang tìm hiểu. Tôi không đang nói rằng nó phải yên lặng. Tôi thấy bộ não cũ kỹ phải vận hành. Đúng chứ? Trái lại tôi không thể về nhà, trái lại tôi không thể nói tiếng Anh, lái một chiếc xe hơi, nhận ra bạn. Đúng chứ? Bộ não cũ kỹ phải vận hành, làm việc. Và chừng nào bộ não cũ kỹ không yên lặng, không sự việc mới mẻ nào có thể được thấy. Rõ ràng, tôi đã giải thích. Đúng chứ? Các bạn đã ngủ à? Các bạn đang theo kịp chứ?

Người hỏi: Có chứ.

Krishnamurti: Tôi đang tự-hỏi: sự liên hệ giữa chất lượng mới mẻ của bộ não mà vận hành trong yên lặng và sự liên hệ của nó với cái cũ kỹ là gì? Cái cũ kỹ là tư tưởng. Đúng chứ? Cái cũ kỹ là bộ sưu tập của những ký ức và bất kỳ đáp trả nào tùy theo ký ức đó đều là tư tưởng, và tư tưởng đó phải vận hành, nếu không bạn không thể làm gì cả.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, ông đang thực hiện những phân chia phải không?

Krishnamurti: Không, không phải đâu. Không, không. Không, nó không là phân chia. Nó giống như một ngôi nhà, nó giống như một cái lều. Cái lều là toàn bộ sự việc nhưng có những phân chia trong nó.

Người hỏi: (Nghe không rõ)

Krishnamurti: Không, không. Bạn sai lầm rồi thưa bạn. Bạn đang mất đi mấu chốt quan trọng. Bạn đã không chuyển động. Ồ chúa ơi! Bạn nắm được nó chưa thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Hãy cho vài ví dụ.

Krishnamurti: Tôi không cho những ví dụ thưa bạn. Tôi bị mất hút cùng những ví dụ. Tôi đã khám phá hai sự việc thưa bạn. Chúng ta đã khám phá hai sự việc. Rằng bộ não cũ kỹ là bộ não bị quy định, mà đã tích lũy hiểu biết qua hàng thế kỷ này sang hàng thế kỷ khác. Đó là bộ não cũ kỹ mà chúng ta sẽ gọi nó trong thời điểm này. Chỉ đang cho nó một cái tên, không còn gì thêm nữa, chỉ đang cho nó một cái tên, không phân chia như là cái cũ kỹ và cái mới mẻ, chỉ chuyển tải ý nghĩa rằng có toàn cấu trúc này của bộ não, một phần của nó là cái cũ kỹ, mà không có nghĩa rằng nó được tách khỏi cái mới mẻ. Điều đó khác hẳn.

Người hỏi: Nhưng ngày hôm qua ông đã nói rằng chúng ta nhận biết . . .

Krishnamurti: Chờ đã thưa bạn. Chúng ta quay trở lại điều đó. Chúng ta sẽ quay trở lại toàn câu hỏi của ý thức. Tôi không đang tự-mâu thuẫn. Nếu tôi đang mâu thuẫn với điều gì tôi đã nói ngày hôm qua – tôi sẽ bảo với bạn rằng tôi đang mâu thuẫn. Tôi không là một người ngu xuẩn như thế. Tôi sẽ tìm hiểu nó.

Bây giờ tôi đang nói với chính tôi: tôi thấy yếu tố này, nếu bộ não cũ kỹ đang vận hành không gì mới mẻ có thể được khám phá. Cái mới mẻ chỉ có thể được khám phá khi cái cũ kỹ yên lặng. Và cái cũ kỹ chỉ có thể yên lặng khi nó thấy được sự thật rằng cái mới mẻ không thể được khám phá bởi cái cũ kỹ. Đúng chứ? Khi cái cũ kỹ thấy được sự thật của điều đó, vậy thì nó yên lặng. Đúng chứ? Chúng ta có cùng nhau không?

Bây giờ nó đã được chứng thực bởi những người khoa học, bởi những người khác, rằng một sự việc mới mẻ có thể được khám phá chỉ khi nào cái cũ kỹ yên lặng. Đúng chứ? Đó là khi cái cũ kỹ biết được tất cả hiểu biết của bộ máy đốt cháy bên trong, khi nó muốn khám phá cái gì đó mới mẻ, chắc chắn cái cũ kỹ phải yên lặng. Bây giờ chúng ta đã khám phá được sự thật này: cái cũ kỹ phải yên lặng một cách tự nhiên để khám phá cái gì đó mới mẻ. Đúng chứ, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Sự khám phá được thực hiện bởi cái mới mẻ hay cái cũ kỹ?

Krishnamurti: Sự khám phá được thực hiện bởi cái mới mẻ hay cái cũ kỹ?

Người hỏi: Không bởi hai cái này.

Krishnamurti: Hãy trả lời nó thưa bạn. Bộ não của tôi – bạn thấy – bây giờ hãy chờ một chút! Bộ não của tôi nói, tôi thực sự không biết liệu nó đến hay không đến, tôi sẽ tìm ra. Đúng chứ? Bạn đã đặt một câu hỏi, đó là, liệu bộ não cũ kỹ nhận ra được cái mới mẻ – đúng chứ thưa bà – hay cái mới mẻ sử dụng cái cũ kỹ? Bạn theo kịp điều này chứ thưa bạn? Làm ơn thưa bạn, bạn không thâm nhập điều này bởi vì bạn đã không theo kịp. Hãy yên lặng. Bạn không thâm nhập vào nó.

Bộ não cũ kỹ yên lặng bởi vì nó đã hoàn toàn hiểu rõ rằng nó không bao giờ có thể khám phá được bất kỳ điều gì mới mẻ, không sự việc mới mẻ nào có thể xảy ra. Chúng ta thậm chí sẽ không dùng từ ngữ “khám phá”. Không chuyển động mới mẻ nào có thể xảy ra nếu cái cũ kỹ đang liên tục vận hành. Cái cũ kỹ hiểu rõ sự thật của nó và yên lặng. Và một chuyển động mới mẻ, một biến cố mới mẻ xảy ra. Chuyển động mới mẻ đó, liệu nó được công nhận bởi cái cũ kỹ hay chính chuyển động đó mở cánh cửa cho cái cũ kỹ sử dụng nó. (Ồ chúa ơi, các bạn bị mắc kẹt ở đây, tất cả các bạn, phải không?) Hãy theo dõi thưa bạn, điều này thực sự rất quan trọng. Nó thực sự rất quan trọng, bạn hãy tha thứ cho tôi khi nói như thế, thậm chí nếu bạn không theo kịp nó, nó thực sự rất quan trọng, bởi vì tôi muốn tìm ra một cách sống mới mẻ, một cách sống hoàn toàn mới mẻ. Và tôi nhận ra rằng cách sống cũ kỹ là khủng khiếp, xấu xa, hung tợn, bạo lực và mọi chuyện như thế, cách sống cũ kỹ. Tôi phải tìm ra một cách mới mẻ – không phải một cách, một kích thước mới mẻ mà không liên quan đến cái cũ kỹ. Đúng chứ? Bất kỳ chuyển động nào về phần cái cũ kỹ để khám phá ra một kích thước khác biệt là không thể được. Vì cái cũ kỹ đó nhận ra điều này, bất kỳ chuyển động nào từ nó không thể khám phá được một kích thước mới mẻ, thế là nó trở nên yên lặng. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ điều gì xảy ra trong sự yên lặng đó? Chúng ta hãy tiếp tục theo hướng đó.

Điều gì xảy ra khi bộ não cũ kỹ đã hiểu rõ rằng nó không thể tìm ra một kích thước mới mẻ, điều gì xảy ra khi nó đã nhận ra việc đó? Đúng chứ? Điều gì xảy ra? Tôi đang hỏi: điều gì xảy ra thưa bạn? Bạn nói quá nhiều, bạn bảo cho tôi đi?

Người hỏi: Bộ não cũ kỹ không còn dựa vào ký ức của nó.

Krishnamurti: Không, thưa bạn. Không, thưa bạn. Tất cả điều đó là ký ức, từ ngữ, phản ứng, cố gắng nắm bắt cái mới mẻ vẫn là một phần của cái cũ kỹ. Và tôi đã nói khi cái trí đã hiểu rõ rằng không có điều gì mới mẻ nó có thể khám phá được, nó tự nhiên trở nên yên lặng. Đó là một sự thật. Đúng chứ? Đó là một sự thật, không phải một sáng chế. Bây giờ điều gì xảy ra khi bộ não cũ kỹ tuyệt đối yên lặng? Đó là câu hỏi kế kiếp của tôi.

Người hỏi: Nó sẽ cô đơn.

Krishnamurti: Không, đừng sáng chế thưa bạn. Nếu bạn không trải nghiệm điều này, đừng phỏng đoán.

Người hỏi: Hành động.

Krishnamurti: Quý ông kia nói, hành động. Tôi không biết bạn có ý gì?

Người hỏi: Có không gian khi nó yên lặng.

Krishnamurti: Bây giờ hãy chờ một chút. Khi bộ não cũ kỹ yên lặng, quý ông kia nói có không gian. Chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu nó. Bạn có ý gì qua từ ngữ không gian?

Người hỏi: Trống không.

Krishnamurti: Trống không. Đúng chứ? Khi cái trí cũ kỹ hoàn toàn yên lặng, chúng ta đang hỏi điều gì xảy ra. Đúng chứ? Thưa bạn, làm ơn đừng sáng chế, đừng phỏng đoán, hãy quan sát. Bộ não cũ kỹ của bạn yên lặng phải không?

Người hỏi: Không.

Krishnamurti: Tôi đang lạc đề.

Người hỏi: Nhưng liệu ông có thể đặt câu hỏi đó? Nếu bộ não cũ kỹ yên lặng, ông có thể đặt câu hỏi đó hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Tôi đang hỏi bạn. Có lẽ nó là một câu hỏi sai nhưng chúng ta phải tìm ra.

Người hỏi: Chắc chắn nó không đặt ra câu hỏi đó bởi vì . . .

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn tôi đang hỏi.

Người hỏi: Phần nào của bộ não không được sử dụng?

Krishnamurti: Anh ấy đang nói, hãy lắng nghe điều gì anh ấy đang nói. Khi bộ não cũ kỹ yên lặng, có lẽ một phần mới mẻ của bộ não mà đã không được sử dụng bắt đầu vận hành. Chỉ lắng nghe nó. Đúng chứ? Đó là, chúng ta chỉ đang vận hành bởi một phần rất nhỏ của bộ não chúng ta. Và khi cái phần nhỏ nhoi đó của bộ não yên lặng, phần còn lại của bộ não có lẽ năng động. Hay nó luôn luôn đã năng động nhưng chúng ta không biết nó năng động bởi vì một phần mà đã tích lũy hiểu biết, truyền thống, thời gian, phần đó luôn luôn năng động, năng động vượt trội hơn và vì vậy chúng ta không biết phần khác gì cả – mà có lẽ cũng có hoạt động riêng của nó. Đúng chứ? Bạn theo kịp điều này không?

Đây thực sự là một câu hỏi rất lý thú. Làm ơn hãy trao những cái trí của các bạn đến điều này một chút xíu, đừng lạc đề và nói rằng tôi không hiểu rõ và bỏ qua nó. Hãy vận dụng vào. Bạn thấy rằng vì đã sử dụng bộ não cũ kỹ nhiều đến nỗi chúng ta không bao giờ suy nghĩ đến bất kỳ phần còn lại nào của bộ não đó. Và cái phần đó mà có lẽ có một chất lượng của một kích thước khác hẳn là gì? Và tôi nói rằng chất lượng của một kích thước khác hẳn có thể được khám phá khi bộ não cũ kỹ thực sự yên lặng. Đó là tất cả quan điểm của tôi. Bạn theo kịp không? Khi bộ não cũ kỹ hoàn toàn yên lặng, không phải làm cho yên lặng, nhưng tự nhiên nó đã hiểu rõ rằng nó phải yên lặng và vì vậy nó yên lặng, khi nó đã hiểu rõ điều đó, vậy thì chúng ta phải tìm ra điều gì xảy ra khi bộ não cũ kỹ tuyệt đối yên lặng. Đúng chứ thưa bạn?

Bây giờ tôi sẽ tìm hiểu, không phải bạn. Đúng chứ? Bởi vì bộ não cũ kỹ của bạn không yên lặng. Đúng không? Bạn có đồng ý điều đó không? Bạn không biết. Nó đã không hiểu rõ sự cần thiết của hoàn toàn yên lặng bởi bất kỳ sự kích thích nào, dĩ nhiên ngoại trừ sự kích thích thuộc thân thể, đó là nếu bạn đâm một cái kim vào chân tôi nó sẽ phản ứng, lẽ tự nhiên. Nhưng khi không một ai đâm cái kim vào chân tôi, bộ não cũ kỹ có thể yên lặng, Đúng chứ? Bây giờ tôi muốn tìm ra chất lượng của bộ não mới mẻ là gì? Đúng chứ? Chất lượng mà bộ não cũ kỹ không thể công nhận. Đúng chứ? Nếu nó có thể công nhận cái mới mẻ vậy thì nó là một phần của cái cũ kỹ. Đúng chứ? Bởi vì bộ não cũ kỹ không thể công nhận bất kỳ cái gì mà nó đã không trải nghiệm, mà không là kết quả của ký ức. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy khi bộ não cũ kỹ công nhận, vậy thì nó vẫn là cái cũ kỹ. Đúng chứ? Điều đó rõ ràng chứ? Vì vậy tôi đang hỏi: cái mới mẻ là gì? Bộ não cũ kỹ không biết bất kỳ điều gì về cái mới mẻ, vì vậy nó chỉ có thể nói, tôi thực sự không-biết. Đúng chứ? Chúng ta hãy tiến tới từ đó – một số bạn theo kịp điều này chứ?

Bộ não cũ kỹ nói rằng, tôi không thể tiếp xúc cái mới mẻ và tôi thực sự không-biết. Bởi vì tôi không thể tiếp xúc được nó, bởi vì tôi không thể công nhận nó, tôi sẽ không bị lừa dối bởi nó, tôi không-biết gì về nó. Đúng chứ? Tôi tuyệt đối không-biết gì về kích thước mới mẻ của bộ não mới mẻ này. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy khi bộ não cũ kỹ yên lặng và không thể công nhận và thế là nó chỉ có thể nói, tôi thực sự không-biết. Đúng chứ? Liệu bộ não cũ kỹ có thể ở nguyên trong trạng thái không-biết? Đúng chứ thưa bạn? Bởi vì nó đã nói rằng, suốt cuộc đời tôi đã vận hành cùng hiểu biết và công nhận, suốt cuộc đời khi vận hành theo lối đó tôi đã nói rằng tôi biết dựa vào điều gì tôi không biết, mà tôi sẽ học hành. Nhưng luôn luôn trong khuôn mẫu của biết. Bây giờ nó nói rằng, tôi thực sự không-biết bởi vì cái gì đó mới mẻ đang xảy ra, tôi thực sự không-biết. Cái mới mẻ không thể nào được công nhận. Do đó tôi vẫn chưa có liên quan với nó, tôi sẽ tìm ra. Điều này rõ ràng lắm chưa? Chúng ta có thể tiếp tục chứ?

Bây giờ bộ não mà nói, tôi không-biết, bản chất của không-biết – bạn theo kịp không thưa bạn? Bản chất của không-biết, đó là cái gì? Khi có một trạng thái không-biết, liệu có còn sợ hãi trong nó? Đó là chết. Bạn theo kịp không, thưa bạn? Khi bộ não cũ kỹ thực sự nói rằng, tôi không-biết, nó đã xóa sạch tất cả hiểu biết. Đúng chứ?

Người hỏi: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Tất cả hiểu biết – đừng nói, vâng, thưa bà. Tôi đã hoàn toàn xóa sạch ý định của biết, muốn biết. Vì vậy có một lãnh vực mà trong đó bộ não cũ kỹ không thể vận hành bởi vì nó không-biết. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ lãnh vực đó là gì? Đúng chứ? Liệu lãnh vực đó có thể được diễn tả hay không? Nó chỉ có thể được diễn tả khi nào bộ não cũ kỹ nhận ra nó và diễn đạt nó thành lời, để truyền đạt. Đúng chứ thưa bạn. Vì vậy có một lãnh vực mà trong đó bộ não cũ kỹ không thể thâm nhập và đây không là một sáng chế, đây không là một lý thuyết, đây là một sự thật khi bộ não cũ kỹ nói, tôi thực sự không-biết một thứ gì về tất cả điều này. Mà có nghĩa không có một ý định để học hành về cái mới mẻ. Bạn thấy sự khác biệt chưa, thưa bạn? Vì vậy: bây giờ tôi muốn tìm ra, không phải bằng từ ngữ, bởi vì khoảnh khắc tôi dùng một từ ngữ tôi quay trở lại cái cũ kỹ. Vì vậy liệu có một hiểu rõ về một cái gì đó mới mẻ không phải bằng từ ngữ? Bạn theo kịp chứ? Không từ ngữ trong ý nghĩa của không sáng chế một từ ngữ mới, hay ý định diễn tả nó để nắm bắt nó và giữ chặt nó. Vì vậy tôi chỉ đang tìm hiểu, cái trí đang nhìn ngắm nó, nhìn ngắm cái gì đó mà nó không-biết gì cả. Đúng không? Liệu có thể được? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi chứ? Tôi luôn luôn nhìn vào cái gì đó dựa vào học hành về nó, kháng cự nó, lẩn tránh nó, tẩu thoát khỏi nó, hay chế ngự nó. Bây giờ bộ não không đang làm bất kỳ thứ gì thuộc loại đó. Điều đó có thể được không? Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Nếu không thể được, bạn không thể hiểu rõ cái khác lạ. Đúng chứ, thưa bạn?

Cái gì đó mà bộ não – mà bộ não cũ kỹ thông thể hiểu rõ và vì vậy bộ não cũ kỹ không thể biết hay thâu lượm hiểu biết, là gì – liệu có một cái gì như thế? Hay nó vẫn còn là một sáng chế của bộ não cũ kỹ đang muốn cái gì đó mới mẻ xảy ra? Đúng chứ? Nếu nó là một bộ não cũ kỹ đang muốn cái gì đó mới mẻ xảy ra, nó vẫn còn là bộ phận của bộ não cũ kỹ. Bây giờ tôi đã tìm hiểu nó trọn vẹn để cho bộ não cũ kỹ đã hiểu rõ cấu trúc và bản chất của nó và thế là tuyệt đối yên lặng, không muốn biết. Đó là nơi sự khó khăn bắt đầu.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông tôi nghĩ rằng đây chỉ là tình yêu.

Krishnamurti: Đừng thưa bạn, đừng sử dụng những từ ngữ. Bạn đang bỏ lỡ toàn sự việc. Tôi rất tiếc. Điều này nên thực sự được bàn luận với rất, rất ít người mà có thể thâm nhập vào điều này. Nó không thành vấn đề. Chúng ta sẽ tiếp tục.

Bạn biết không. Khi bạn gây nhiễu loạn, nó biến mất. Liệu có cái gì đó thực sự, không phải được tưởng tượng, không phải được sáng chế, không phải một lý thuyết, cái gì đó mà bộ não cũ kỹ không thể hiểu rõ, hay công nhận, hay muốn hiểu rõ? Liệu có bất kỳ cái gì giống như thế? Với người nói thì có, và vì vậy nó không có giá trị gì cả. Đúng chứ? Ông ta có lẽ tự-lừa dối mình, muốn ngồi trên bục giảng – nó không có giá trị gì cả. Nhưng nó có giá trị trong ý nghĩa chỉ dành cho bạn khám phá nó. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy bạn phải tìm ra sự liên quan là gì – làm ơn lắng nghe – điều gì là sự liên quan của cái mới mẻ, nếu bạn thấy được cái mới mẻ, với cái cũ kỹ và bởi vì cái cũ kỹ phải vận hành trong sống, một cách khách quan, một cách sáng suốt, không-cá nhân vì vậy có hiệu quả, sự liên quan của cái mới mẻ với cái cũ kỹ là gì? Liệu cái cũ kỹ nắm bắt được cái mới mẻ và vì vậy sống một sống khác hẳn? Hay cái mới mẻ vận hành trong cách mà cái cũ kỹ không thể công nhận và vận hành đó là một cách sống mới mẻ? Bạn đã nắm được nó, thưa bạn?

Chờ một tí thưa bạn. Hãy tìm hiểu chầm chậm. Hãy thư thả, nhìn ngắm. Bộ não này đã sống hàng ngàn năm, bộ não cũ kỹ này, cùng ý thức của nó; ý thức của bộ não cũ kỹ là nội dung của nó. Nội dung của nó có lẽ đã được thâu lượm một cách hời hợt hay là sâu sắc, và đó là bộ não cũ kỹ, cùng tất cả hiểu biết, cùng tất cả trải nghiệm của hàng thế kỷ sang thế kỷ của sự tiến hóa của con người. Và khi nó đang vận hành phía bên trong lãnh vực của ý thức đó nó không bao giờ có thể khám phá bất kỳ điều gì mới mẻ. Đó là một sự thật tuyệt đối, không phải một lý thuyết. Và vì vậy bất kỳ tìm hiểu nào vào tự do, vào tình yêu là gì, vào chết là gì – bạn theo kịp chứ – chúng ta chẳng biết gì cả, ngoại trừ ganh tị, ghen tuông, sợ hãi, mà là bộ phận của cái nội dung cũ kỹ. Vậy là bộ não cũ kỹ nhận ra sự giới hạn hoàn toàn của nó, trở nên yên lặng bởi vì nó đã phát hiện không có tự do trong nó. Đúng chứ? Và bởi vì nó đã phát hiện không có tự do trong nó, một bộ phận mới mẻ của bộ não vận hành. Tôi không biết liệu bạn hiểu rõ điều đó? Hãy nhìn thưa bạn, tôi đang đi về hướng nam, nghĩ rằng tôi đang đi về hướng bắc, và bỗng nhiên người ta khám phá hướng nam không là hướng bắc. Ở khoảnh khắc khám phá như vậy, có một sự đảo ngược hoàn toàn. Sự đảo ngược không phải thuộc cái cũ kỹ, nó hoàn toàn đảo ngược. Đúng chứ? Nó không phải đi về hướng bắc hay hướng nam, nó đang chuyển động trong một phương hướng hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Đó là khi nó khám phá rằng chuyển động của nó không bao giờ tạo ra tự do, ngay khoảnh khắc của sự khám phá có một chuyển động hoàn toàn khác hẳn, mà là tự do. Tôi không biết liệu bạn nắm được?

Tôi không biết liệu bạn đã hiểu rõ được bao nhiêu. Tôi rất xin lỗi.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, ông có thể giải thích sự khác nhau giữa sự mãnh liệt để tìm ra và sự ham muốn của cái cũ kỹ để có cái mới mẻ.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó chúng ta đã tìm hiểu rồi, thưa bạn. Sự ham muốn của cái cũ kỹ để có cái mới mẻ vẫn còn là cái cũ kỹ, vì vậy sự ham muốn để có cái mới mẻ hay trải nghiệm cái mới mẻ – gọi nó là sự khai sáng, Thượng đế, bất kỳ điều gì bạn thích, nó vẫn còn là bộ phận của cái cũ kỹ, vì vậy điều đó nó vẫn còn là bộ phận của cái cũ kỹ, vì vậy không thành tựu được.

Người hỏi: Krishnaji, ông có nhận ra rằng ông đã giải thích về triết lý cao nhất và rằng, ở đây trong cái lều này, chúng ta thậm chí không thể có được sự liên hệ nhỏ nhoi nào với nhau.

Krishnamurti: Ông có nhận ra rằng ông đang nói về triết lý cao nhất và cùng lúc liệu ông biết rằng chúng ta hầu như không có bất kỳ liên hệ nào với nhau.

Người hỏi: Chúng ta là ai?

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta đã trải qua việc đó thưa bạn. Chúng ta là những con khỉ! Hãy nhìn, thưa bạn, hãy nhìn điều gì bạn nói, ông đang nói về triết lý cao nhất – không, nó không đang nói về triết lý cao nhất, nó là sự việc tinh khiết, nhưng điều đó không thành vấn đề – và bạn nói rằng ông đang nói về triết lý cao nhất và vẫn vậy ông có nhận ra rằng chúng ta không có liên hệ với nhau. Nếu bạn nhận ra rằng bạn thực sự không có liên hệ gì với người khác, thực sự không phải lý thuyết, rằng liên hệ của bạn với người khác không thể tồn tại chừng nào bộ não cũ kỹ còn vận hành – đúng chứ – bởi vì bộ não cũ kỹ vận hành trong những hình ảnh, những bức tranh, những biến cố thuộc quá khứ, những xảy ra; và khi những hình ảnh, hiểu biết, rất mạnh mẽ vậy thì sự liên hệ kết thúc, rõ ràng như thế – không à? Nếu tôi đã dựng lên một hình ảnh về bạn, mà là người vợ của tôi hay người bạn của tôi, người con gái của tôi hay bất kỳ ai, và hình ảnh đó, hiểu biết đó, mà là quá khứ, rõ ràng ngăn cản sự liên hệ. Liên hệ có nghĩa tiếp xúc trực tiếp, ngay tức khắc tại hiện tại, ở cùng mức độ, với cùng sự mãnh liệt, cùng sự đam mê. Và sự đam mê, sự mãnh liệt đó, ở cùng mức độ, không thể tồn tại nếu tôi có một hình ảnh về bạn và bạn có một hình ảnh về tôi. Chấm hết. Điều đó dành cho bạn để hiểu rõ nếu bạn có một hình ảnh về ai đó. Rõ ràng bạn có. Vì vậy hãy vận dụng đi, hãy làm việc để tìm ra. Đó là nếu bạn thực sự muốn có một sự liên hệ với một người khác – mà tôi nghi ngờ liệu có bất kỳ người nào – tất cả chúng ta đều ích kỷ kinh khủng, bị khép kín và nếu chúng ta muốn có một liên hệ với một người khác bạn phải hiểu rõ toàn cấu trúc của quá khứ, mà là điều gì chúng ta đang làm. Và khi thực hiện được điều đó bạn vĩnh viễn có một liên hệ hoàn toàn mới mẻ. Và sự liên hệ mới mẻ đó là tình yêu – không phải cái cũ kỹ, bạn biết, đang đánh trống!

Bây giờ: bạn thấy thưa bạn, điều gì là sự liên quan của tình yêu, mà là cái mới mẻ, mà là kích thước khác hẳn, mà không là biết, mà không thể bị nắm bắt bởi cái cũ kỹ, liên quan của cái đó trong sống hàng ngày là gì? Đúng chứ? Đó là câu hỏi của tôi, hãy bám lấy nó. Sự liên quan của chất lượng thuộc kích thước mới mẻ đó đối với sống hàng ngày của tôi là gì? Tôi đã tìm được kích thước đó, nó đã xảy ra, bởi vì tôi đã nói rằng bộ não cũ kỹ không bao giờ có thể được tự do, vì vậy bộ não cũ kỹ không có khả năng tìm ra sự thật là gì. Thế là bộ não cũ kỹ nói, toàn cấu trúc của tôi thuộc thời gian vì vậy tôi vận hành chỉ liên quan với mọi sự việc mà có thời gian – máy móc, ngôn ngữ, và mọi chuyện như thế, nhưng phần còn lại của bộ não sẽ hoàn toàn bất động. Đúng chứ? Và sự liên quan giữa hai phần đó là gì? Cái cũ kỹ có bất kỳ liên quan nào với tự do, tình yêu, cái không biết được? Nếu nó có liên quan – làm ơn hãy lắng nghe – nếu nó có liên quan với cái không-biết được vậy thì nó là bộ phận của cái cũ kỹ – nếu nó có liên quan – bạn theo kịp chứ? Nhưng nếu cái không biết được có liên quan với cái cũ kỹ vậy thì nó là một vấn đề hoàn toàn khác hẳn – tôi không hiểu liệu bạn thấy điều đó?

Chúng ta đang gặp gỡ nhau nơi nào đó? Câu hỏi của tôi là: sự liên quan giữa hai cái này là gì? Và ai muốn sự liên quan? Bạn đang theo kịp chứ? Ai đang đòi hỏi sự liên quan này? Cái cũ kỹ đang đòi hỏi sự liên quan. Đúng chứ? Nếu cái cũ kỹ đòi hỏi nó, vậy thì nó là bộ phận của cái cũ kỹ, vì vậy nó không có liên quan với cái mới mẻ. Đúng chứ? Tôi không hiểu bạn thấy vẻ đẹp của điều này? Cái cũ kỹ không có liên quan với tự do, với tình yêu, với kích thước này. Nhưng cái kích thước này, tình yêu, cái mới mẻ đó có thể có một liên quan với cái cũ kỹ, nhưng không phải ngược lại. Hãy thấy nó thưa bạn, được chứ?

Vì vậy sau đó câu hỏi của tôi là, sau đó bước kế tiếp là: hành động trong sống, trong sống hàng ngày là gì, khi cái cũ kỹ không có liên quan với cái mới mẻ nhưng cái mới mẻ đang thiết lập sự liên quan khi nó chuyển động trong sống? Bạn đã hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi chưa? Tôi đã – cái trí của tôi đã khám phá cái gì đó mới mẻ. Làm thế nào cái mới mẻ đó sẽ vận hành trong lãnh vực của cái đã được biết? Đúng chứ? Trong lãnh vực của cái đã được biết là bộ não cũ kỹ cùng tất cả những hoạt động của nó – bạn theo kịp không? – làm thế nào cái mới mẻ sẽ vận hành đây?

Người hỏi: Đó sẽ là nơi thông minh chen vào phải không?

Krishnamurti: Anh ấy nói đó là nơi thông minh chen vào. Bây giờ hãy đợi một chút thưa bạn, có lẽ bạn đúng. Khi bộ não cũ kỹ thấy rằng nó không bao giờ có thể hiểu rõ tự do là gì – đúng chứ – khi nó thấy rằng nó không thể khám phá cái gì đó mới mẻ, chính sự nhận biết rằng nó không thể, là hạt giống của thông minh, phải không? Đúng chứ? Đó là thông minh. Tôi không thể, tôi nghĩ rằng tôi có thể làm nhiều sự việc và tôi có thể trong một phương hướng nào đó, nhưng trong một phương hướng hoàn toàn mới mẻ tôi không thể làm bất kỳ điều gì cả. Sự phát hiện điều đó, thấy điều đó, là thông minh, rõ ràng là như thế.

Bây giờ sự liên quan của thông minh đó với cái mới mẻ là gì? Cái mới mẻ là bộ phận của ý thức thông minh lạ thường đó? Đúng chứ? Bây giờ tôi phải tìm ra chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ “thông minh” – cái trí phải không bị trói buộc bởi những từ ngữ hay ý nghĩa gốc của từ ngữ “thông minh” đó. Vì vậy tôi chỉ đang tìm hiểu. Rõ ràng bộ não cũ kỹ, tất cả những thế kỷ này, nghĩ rằng nó có thể thực hiện điều đó, nó có thể có Thượng đế của nó, sự tự do của nó, mọi thứ nó đã muốn. Và đột nhiên khám phá rằng bất kỳ chuyển động nào của cái cũ kỹ vẫn còn là bộ phận của cái cũ kỹ, vì vậy thông minh là sự hiểu rõ rằng nó chỉ có thể vận hành trong lãnh vực của cái đã được biết. Chúng ta nói, sự phát hiện được điều đó là thông minh. Bây giờ thông minh đó là gì, sự liên quan của nó với sống là gì, với một kích thước mà bộ não cũ kỹ không biết là gì? Bạn có nắm được không?

Bạn thấy không, thông minh không thuộc cá thể, không là kết quả của tranh luận, niềm tin, quan điểm, lý do, thông minh hiện diện khi bộ não khám phá được khả năng tạo tác sai lầm của nó, khi nó khám phá điều gì nó có khả năng và điều gì nó không có khả năng. Khám phá khả năng của nó và không-khả năng của nó là thông minh. Bây giờ sự liên quan giữa thông minh đó và kích thước mới mẻ này là gì? Đúng chứ? Sự liên quan – sự liên quan của nó – làm ơn chờ tôi nắm được nó. Hãy cho tôi chỉ một phút thôi, được chứ?

Tôi sẽ không sử dụng từ ngữ “liên quan”. Kích thước mới mẻ, kích thước khác hẳn chỉ có thể vận hành qua thông minh. Đúng chứ? Nếu không có thông minh đó nó không thể vận hành. Đúng chứ thưa bạn? Vì vậy trong sống hàng ngày – tôi nắm được nó, hiểu rõ nó vận hành như thế nào, thưa bạn, đẹp vô cùng – vì vậy trong sống hàng ngày nó chỉ có thể vận hành nơi nào thông minh đang vận hành. Thông minh không thể vận hành khi có sự vận hành cũ kỹ, bộ não cũ kỹ đang hoạt động. Khi có bất kỳ hình thức nào của niềm tin và sự trung thành mất-thăng bằng hay có-thăng bằng với bất kỳ mảnh đặc biệt nào của bộ não. Đúng chứ? Tất cả điều đó là không-thông minh. Con người mà tin tưởng vào Thượng đế là không-thông minh. Con người mà nói rằng chỉ có một đấng cứu rỗi, là không-thông minh. Người mà nói rằng tôi thuộc nhóm này, Do thái giáo, Ấn độ giáo, Hồi giáo, là không-thông minh, và vì vậy cái mới mẻ không thể vận hành. Chỉ con người mà khám phá ra sự giới hạn của cái cũ kỹ và chính sự khám phá được điều đó là thông minh, và chỉ khi nào thông minh đó đang vận hành, kích thước mới mẻ có thể vận hành qua nó. Chấm hết. Chào. Nắm được nó chứ? (Tiếng vỗ tay). Đừng, làm ơn đừng vỗ tay. Đừng. Việc này không vui vẻ gì đâu. Bạn nhận được điều gì đó từ nó chứ?

Người hỏi: Tôi xin phép đưa ra một câu hỏi khác? Tôi không hoàn toàn đồng ý với ông. Điều gì ông nói về thông minh chỉ áp dụng với thông minh cơ bản. Nhưng chúng ta cũng cần thông minh phụ; đó là, khả năng hòa hợp cái mới mẻ cùng cái cũ kỹ.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, đó là điều gì xảy ra khi có thông minh. Cái mới mẻ – tôi sẽ không sử dụng từ ngữ “hòa hợp” –

cái mới mẻ vận hành khi có thông minh đó mà không những chính yếu nhưng còn là cơ bản.

Người hỏi: Nhưng ông thấy, trong nói chuyện của ông ngày hôm nay tôi luôn luôn nghe thấy từ ngữ “primary” cơ bản. Tôi nghĩ điều gì ông nói “mới mẻ”, là cơ bản trong một ý nghĩa nào đó. Nếu tôi chơi một trò chơi, thảy một đồng tiền kẽm, tôi không thể đoán được điều gì sẽ xảy ra và người ta nói trò chơi của người ta ở đây là một sự kiện ngẫu nhiên. Tôi muốn biết ông nghĩ như thế nào về sự liên quan của điều gì ông gọi là “hoàn toàn mới mẻ” với điều gì là ngẫu nhiên trong ý nghĩa tôi đã giải thích nó.

Krishnamurti: Tôi hiểu thưa bạn. Người giáo sư hỏi, ngẫu nhiên, đang xảy ra, dịp may, đó là gì, sự liên quan của nó với cái gì đó hoàn toàn mới mẻ là gì? Đó là điều gì ông ấy đang hỏi, nếu tôi đã hiểu nó chính xác. Dịp may trong toán học, những việc có thể xảy ra, việc ngẫu nhiên, việc xảy ra bất ngờ, giống như tung một đồng tiền kẽm, mặt trước hay mặt sau, không biết, ông ấy nói, đó là gì và sự liên quan của nó đến cái gì đó hoàn toàn mới mẻ là gì? Điều đó đúng chứ, thưa bạn? Tôi không biết. Đó là, có những biến cố trong sống của người ta, những việc đang xảy ra, việc xảy ra đó có vẻ là một cơ hội, xảy ra bởi cơ hội. Những sự kiện xảy ra bất ngờ, bạn biết rồi, không đang biết, nó xảy ra. Xảy ra đó là mới mẻ, hoàn toàn không mong đợi, hay xảy ra đó là kết quả của những sự kiện không nhận biết được, giấu giếm, không được tìm hiểu? Chờ một tí. Tôi tình cờ gặp bạn, bất ngờ, bất ngờ. Nó là tình cờ, hay nó đã xảy ra bởi vì những sự kiện không biết được, không nhận thức được nào đó đã mang chúng ta lại với nhau? Mà chúng ta nghĩ là tình cờ nhưng thật ra không tình cờ gì cả. Tôi gặp bạn. Tôi không biết bạn đã tồn tại. Và trong gặp gỡ đó một việc gì đó đã xảy ra giữa chúng ta. Và việc đó có lẽ là kết quả của nhiều sự kiện khác mà chúng ta không nhận biết được, và có lẽ lúc đó chúng ta nói rằng, đây là một biến cố bất ngờ, đây là một cơ hội, không được mong đợi, gặp gỡ này hoàn toàn mới mẻ. Tôi nghĩ, nó có lẽ không là như thế. Và liệu có sự tình cờ trong sống, một xảy ra không có nguyên nhân? Hay tất cả những sự kiện trong sống đều có nguyên nhân căn bản sâu sắc của chúng mà chúng ta không biết, và vì vậy chúng ta có lẽ nói rằng cuộc gặp gỡ của chúng ta là ngẫu nhiên, nó là một sự kiện bất ngờ. Và nguyên nhân trải qua một thay đổi khi có một kết quả. Kết quả trở thành nguyên nhân. Đúng chứ? Có nguyên nhân, kết quả và kết quả trở thành nguyên nhân của kết quả kế tiếp. Vì vậy nguyên nhân-kết quả là một chuỗi mắt xích liên tục. Nó không là một nguyên nhân, một kết quả. Nó đang trải qua sự thay đổi liên tục. Mỗi nguyên nhân, mỗi kết quả làm thay đổi nguyên nhân kế tiếp của nó, kết quả kế tiếp của nó. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy khi điều này đang tiếp tục trong sống, liệu có bất kỳ điều gì mà không được mong đợi, ngẫu nhiên, một sự kiện tình cờ? Bạn nói gì đây thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Chính khái niệm của ngẫu nhiên được đặt nền tảng trên nguyên nhân.

Krishnamurti: Tôi không nghĩ sự sống vận hành theo lối đó. Thưa bạn nguyên nhân trở thành kết quả, và kết quả trở thành nguyên nhân – bạn có thể thấy đây là sự sống. Vì vậy chúng ta không bao giờ có thể nói, nguyên nhân, kết quả và nó kia kìa. Vị tiến sĩ, vị giáo sư đã hỏi, sự liên quan của cái không biết được, không phải ý thức của kích thước mới mẻ, đến sự kiện bất ngờ này là gì?

Người hỏi: Cái không biết được ở phía bên ngoài của thế giới tương đối.

Krishnamurti: Anh ấy và bạn bàn luận, thưa bạn, nhưng tôi không biết gì cả về tất cả việc này. Tôi đang nói về sự liên hệ thuộc con người của tôi. Những con người. Không phải những vấn đề thuộc toán học và những ngẫu nhiên và những sự kiện, và trật tự toán học – và toán học là trật tự – và tất cả điều đó dường như không ảnh hưởng đến sống hàng ngày của chúng ta. Chúng ta quan tâm đến sống hàng ngày của chúng ta và tạo ra một thay đổi trong sống hàng ngày đó: cách chúng ta cư xử và nếu cư xử của chúng ta được đặt nền tảng trên quá khứ nó vẫn còn mang lại xung đột, đau khổ, đó là tất cả mọi điều chúng ta đang nói.

SAANEN

Ngày 5 tháng 8 năm 1971

– 3 – SỢ HÃI

Sự liên kết giữa vui thú và sợ hãi; vai trò của tư tưởng. Tư tưởng không thể đưa cái không biết được mơ hồ vào khuôn của hiểu biết. Cần thấy cấu trúc của sợ hãi. Thuộc tâm lý, ngày mai có lẽ không tồn tại. “Sống trọn vẹn trong hiện tại” hàm ý gì?

Người hỏi 1: Tôi muốn bàn luận về sợ hãi và chết và sự liên quan của chúng với thông minh và tư tưởng.

Người hỏi 2: Ông làm ơn khai triển thêm câu phát biểu: thế giới là tôi và tôi là thế giới.

Người hỏi 3: Chúng ta có thể bàn luận – nhưng không lý thuyết – về điều gì xảy ra sau khi chết nếu nó thực sự có thể chết đi mọi thứ đã được biết.

Krishnamurti: Sáng nay chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau nói về chủ đề gì đây?

Người hỏi: Tôi muốn bàn về sợ hãi và chết và sự liên quan của chúng với thông minh và tư tưởng.

Krishnamurti: Được rồi, thưa bạn. Bạn muốn bàn về sợ hãi và chết, và sự liên quan giữa tư tưởng và thông minh là gì.

Người hỏi: Chúng ta có thể dành riêng một buổi sáng để nói về tiến trình của giáo dục?

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta có thể dành ra một buổi sáng để bàn luận hay nói chuyện về giáo dục là gì.

Người hỏi: Tôi xin phép lặp lại một câu hỏi mà không cần thiết phải trả lời sáng nay: tôi muốn tìm ra liệu tình yêu thực sự giữa người đàn ông và người phụ nữ có thể xảy ra được, bởi vì lúc này tôi nghĩ tôi hiểu tình yêu không là gì. Và cũng vậy tôi biết rằng tôi không thể thương yêu.

Krishnamurti: Quý ông kia muốn bàn luận, ông ấy nói có lẽ không phải sáng nay nhưng một buổi sáng khác, sự liên hệ giữa người đàn ông và người phụ nữ và liệu có thể tồn tại tình yêu giữa họ và vân vân.

Người hỏi: Liệu ông có thể tìm hiểu câu phát biểu: thế giới là tôi và tôi là thế giới?

Krishnamurti: Ông làm ơn tìm hiểu câu phát biểu thế giới là tôi và tôi là thế giới.

Người hỏi: Chúng ta có thể bàn luận về chết, nhưng không lý thuyết điều gì xảy ra sau khi chết nhưng liệu có thể thực sự chết đi mọi thứ đã được biết?

Krishnamurti: Được rồi. Sáng này chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu câu hỏi của sợ hãi và chết này? Được chứ?

Khán giả: Đồng ý.

Krishnamurti: Và thưa bạn sau đó có lẽ chúng ta sẽ trả lời câu hỏi của bạn cùng những câu hỏi khác được bao hàm trong nó.

Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu nó khá kỹ lưỡng nhé? Điều đó có nghĩa rằng bạn phải duy trì một quan tâm liên tục trong nó, một tìm hiểu liên tục, không chỉ lãng đãng vào khoảng giữa nó để ngủ gục, hay suy nghĩ về điều gì khác, nhưng theo đuổi một vấn đề, giống như sợ hãi, hoàn toàn đến tận cùng, chúng ta làm được chứ? Và sau đó chết, mọi vấn đề khác sẽ bao hàm trong nó. Chúng ta được phép tiến hành như thế nhé?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta đã hỏi về sự hài hước và vui đùa. Liệu chúng ta có thể đề cập luôn?

Krishnamurti: Liệu chúng ta có thể liên kết hài hước và vui đùa vào cùng với sợ hãi. (Tiếng cười) Chúng ta đề cập nó bây giờ, được không? Bạn biết sợ hãi là một vấn đề rất phức tạp và chúng ta phải tìm hiểu nó riêng rẽ, không phải cùng bất kỳ những ý tưởng có sẵn nào và vân vân – bạn biết không, thực sự tìm hiểu, thực sự thâm nhập vào toàn nghi vấn của sợ hãi này.

Bây giờ trước hết, khi chúng ta đang tìm hiểu vấn đề, chủ đề rất phức tạp này, chúng ta đang cố gắng giải quyết nó như một nhóm, như một sợ hãi tập hợp hay trong bàn luận một điều trị nhóm sẽ loại bỏ sợ hãi. Chúng ta sẽ tìm ra sợ hãi là gì và toàn cấu trúc, bản chất của nó là gì, liệu sợ hãi sâu thẳm trong chính gốc rễ của thân tâm chúng ta có thể được hiểu rõ và liệu cái trí có khi nào được tự do khỏi sợ hãi hay không? Được chứ?

Bạn tiếp cận vấn đề này như thế nào? Bạn có những sợ hãi không? Bạn có bất kỳ loại sợ hãi nào, thuộc thân thể hay tâm lý? Vì vậy nếu người ta có những sợ hãi thuộc tâm lý, chốc nữa chúng ta sẽ trở lại với những sợ hãi thuộc thân thể, làm thế nào bạn giải quyết chúng? Tôi sợ hãi – giả sử như thế – tôi sợ hãi rằng tôi sẽ mất vị trí của tôi, thanh danh của tôi, tôi lệ thuộc vào khán giả, vào bạn, để nâng tôi lên. Tôi lệ thuộc vào bạn để cho tôi sinh lực khi nói chuyện. Và tôi sợ hãi nếu tôi trở nên già nua, trở nên lão suy, tôi sẽ bị đối diện với không là gì cả và tôi sợ hãi. Đúng chứ? Bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này chứ? Kịp không? Vì vậy tôi sợ hãi. Sợ hãi là gì? Hay tôi sợ hãi rằng tôi lệ thuộc vào bạn, vào người đàn ông, người phụ nữ, và sự lệ thuộc đó khiến tôi quyến luyến bạn, và tôi sợ mất bạn. Bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này chứ? Tôi sợ hãi tôi đã làm điều gì đó trong quá khứ, mà tôi ân hận hay tôi xấu hổ, và tôi không muốn bạn biết, vì vậy tôi sợ hãi về điều đó, về việc bạn biết nó. Bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này chứ? Và tôi cảm thấy tội lỗi. Hay tôi cảm thấy lo âu kinh khủng, lo âu về chết, sống, về điều gì người ta nói, điều gì người ta không nói, họ nhìn tôi như thế nào, một ý thức sâu thẳm của buồn chán, lo âu, một ý thức của sự hèn kém. Và sự lo âu, chết, đang sống một sống không có ý nghĩa này, hay từ sự lo âu của tôi tôi tìm kiếm sự bảo đảm nào đó từ một ai đó trong sự liên hệ thuộc con người, hay từ sự lo âu của tôi tôi tìm kiếm một ý thức an toàn trong một niềm tin, học thuyết nào đó, trong chúa và vân vân. Và tôi cũng sợ hãi rằng tôi sẽ không thể làm bất kỳ việc gì tôi muốn làm trong sống của tôi. Tôi không có khả năng, hay không có thông minh nhưng tôi tham vọng khủng khiếp để đạt được điều gì đó. Và vì vậy tôi sợ hãi điều đó nữa. Bạn đang theo sát tất cả điều này chứ? Và, dĩ nhiên, tôi sợ hãi chết, và tôi sợ hãi cô độc, không được thương yêu, và vì vậy tôi muốn thiết lập một liên hệ với người khác mà trong đó sợ hãi này, lo âu này, ý thức cô độc này, sự tách rời này không tồn tại. Và tôi cũng sợ hãi bóng tối, cái thang máy và vô số những sợ hãi loạn thần kinh mà người ta có. Đúng chứ?

Bây giờ sợ hãi này là gì? Tại sao người ta, bạn, tôi hay bất kỳ ai, tại sao có sợ hãi này? Nó được đặt nền tảng trên không muốn bị tổn thương, không bị tổn thương? Hay chỉ bởi vì người ta muốn sự an toàn hoàn toàn và không thể tìm được nó, thuộc vật chất, cảm xúc, tâm lý, trí năng, không thể tìm ra ý thức hoàn toàn chắc chắn, an toàn, bảo vệ này, người ta trở nên vô cùng lo âu về sống, ý thức của không-chắc chắn. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ tại sao có sợ hãi?

Làm ơn đây là một đối thoại, tôi không đang đọc diễn văn, làm ơn. Đây là một đối thoại, cùng nhau bàn bạc về những vấn đề của chúng ta. Một trong những vấn đề chính của chúng ta là sợ hãi, dù chúng ta có ý thức được nó hay không, dù chúng ta chạy trốn khỏi nó, hay cố gắng khuất phục nó, cố gắng kháng cự nó, củng cố sự can đảm và mọi chuyện như thế, vẫn còn sợ hãi. Tôi đang hỏi bạn có phải bởi vì cái trí rất tinh tế, bạn hiểu rồi, rất nhạy cảm đến độ nó không muốn bị tổn thương, ngay từ niên thiếu. Và bởi vì không muốn bị tổn thương người ta dựng lên một bức tường, người ta rất nhút nhát, hay hung hăng, trước khi bạn tấn công tôi đã tấn công bạn, bằng lời nói, bằng tư tưởng, bởi vì tôi rất nhạy cảm, tôi đã bị tổn thương khá nhiều trong sống của tôi, trong thời niên thiếu của tôi, mọi người gây tổn thương, trong văn phòng – bạn theo kịp chứ – trong nhà máy, người giám thị, ông chủ, mọi người chà đạp lên nhau, và tôi không muốn bị tổn thương. Và đó là một trong số những lý do tại sao sợ hãi tồn tại. Bạn đã bị tổn thương, phải không? Không à? Và từ tổn thương đó chúng ta làm mọi loại sự việc, chúng ta kháng cự, chúng ta không muốn bị quấy rầy, từ cảm giác bị tổn thương đó chúng ta bám vào cái gì đó mà chúng ta hy vọng sẽ bảo vệ chúng ta. Và vì vậy bất kỳ điều gì tấn công vào cái gì đó mà chúng ta đang bám vào như sự bảo vệ, bởi vì bám vào nó tôi trở nên hung hăng.

Vì vậy nó là gì mà bạn, như một con người đang ngồi ở đây, muốn giải quyết vấn đề sợ hãi này, bạn sợ hãi cái gì? Nó là một sợ hãi thuộc thân thể phải không? Sợ hãi sẽ có bất kỳ đau đớn nào, đau đớn thuộc thân thể? Sợ hãi thuộc thân thể phải không? Hay một sợ hãi thuộc tâm lý về sự nguy hiểm? Về không chắc chắn? Về bị tổn thương thêm nữa? Về không thể tìm ra được sự an toàn, không hoàn toàn chắc chắn? Sợ hãi không muốn bị thống trị và tuy nhiên chúng ta lại muốn thống trị? Vì vậy bạn như một con người đang ngồi đây, sợ hãi về cái gì? Bạn có ý thức được sợ hãi của bạn hay không?

Người hỏi: Cái không biết được.

Krishnamurti: Sợ hãi cái không biết được. Nó à? Bây giờ hãy lắng nghe câu hỏi đó. Sợ hãi cái không biết được. Tại sao người ta phải sợ hãi cái không biết được, khi bạn không biết gì về nó? Làm ơn hãy tìm hiểu nó.

Người hỏi: Tôi không tin điều đó. Tôi có một hình ảnh về điều gì sẽ xảy ra cho tôi khi tôi cố gắng được tự do.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng liệu nó là sợ hãi về sự buông bỏ cái đã được biết, không phải sợ hãi về cái không biết được? Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Sợ hãi về những sự việc tôi đã thâu lượm được và phải buông bỏ chúng đi – tài sản của tôi, người vợ của tôi, danh tính của tôi, những quyển sách của tôi, khả năng của tôi, đồ đạc của tôi, hình dáng đẹp đẽ của tôi, hình dáng xấu xí của tôi, năng lực của tôi, những sự việc mà tôi biết, đã trải nghiệm – và buông bỏ nó đi, đó là sợ hãi phải không? Hay sợ hãi về tương lai, cái không biết được?

Người hỏi: Tôi thấy rằng sợ hãi của tôi thường hiện diện nơi điều gì sẽ xảy ra và không phải nơi điều gì đang xảy ra.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy sợ hãi của bạn thuộc về điều gì sẽ xảy ra trong tương lai, điều gì có lẽ xảy ra vào ngày mai. Đúng không? Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu điều đó?

Bạn không sợ hãi ngày hôm nay, hay điều gì đã xảy ra ngày hôm qua, nhưng bạn sợ hãi điều gì có lẽ xảy ra vào ngày mai. Ngày mai trong tương lai.

Người hỏi: Không phải rằng người ta sợ hãi về điều gì có lẽ xảy ra vào ngày mai, nhưng sợ hãi về mất mát những công nhận riêng của người ta, những thỏa mãn riêng của người ta, ngày hôm nay.

Krishnamurti: Hãy theo dõi thưa bạn, người đàn ông này đã đặt ra một câu hỏi là: ông ấy nói tôi không sợ hãi về ngày hôm qua hay ngày hôm nay, nhưng tôi sợ hãi điều gì có lẽ xảy ra vào ngày mai, tương lai. Ngày mai có lẽ là hai mươi bốn tiếng đồng hồ sau hay một năm sau, nhưng tương lai, tôi sợ hãi về điều đó.

Người hỏi: Nhưng tương lai là kết quả của tất cả những mong đợi người ta có từ quá khứ.

Krishnamurti: Những mong đợi người ta có do bởi quá khứ. Bây giờ làm thế nào bạn sẽ – làm ơn đừng giải thích nó – tôi sợ hãi về tương lai. Đúng chứ? Làm thế nào tôi sẽ giải quyết được điều này? Đừng giải thích nó cho tôi. Tôi muốn tìm ra phải làm gì với sợ hãi này. Tôi sợ hãi điều gì có lẽ xảy ra – tôi có lẽ bị bệnh, tôi có lẽ bị mất việc làm của tôi, hàng tá sự việc có lẽ xảy ra cho tôi – tôi có lẽ điên khùng, tôi có lẽ mất mọi thứ, những sự việc mà tôi đã lưu trữ. Vì vậy tương lai. Tiếp tục đi, hãy tìm hiểu.

Người hỏi: Tôi nghĩ nó có lẽ không là tương lai mà chúng ta sợ hãi nhưng đúng hơn sự không-chắc chắn của tương lai, những biến cố mới mà không thể tiên đoán được. Nếu tương lai có thể tiên đoán được sẽ không có sợ hãi, chúng ta sẽ biết điều gì sẽ xảy ra. Sợ hãi là một loại phòng vệ của thân thể chống lại cái gì đó hoàn toàn mới mẻ, chống lại toàn bộ sự không-chắc chắn của sống là gì.

Krishanmurti: Điều đó đúng, thưa bạn.

Ngưòi hỏi: (Nghe không rõ)

Krishnamurti: Vâng, ông ấy nói, sợ hãi sự không-chắc chắn, và toàn phản ứng của thân tâm chúng ta về sự không-chắc chắn của sống là gì, điều gì có lẽ xảy ra.

Người hỏi: (Nghe không rõ)

Krishnamurti: Nó như thế à, tôi sợ hãi về tương lai bởi vì tương lai không-chắc chắn. Và sự không-chắc chắn này, tôi không biết làm thế nào để giải quyết nó, bằng toàn thân tâm của tôi, vì vậy tôi sợ hãi. Sợ hãi là một thể hiện của sự không-chắc chắn về tương lai này, phải không?

Người hỏi: Đó chỉ là một phần của nó. Có những sợ hãi khác nữa.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, chúng ta hãy sử dụng một sợ hãi. Chúng ta sẽ sử dụng nhiều hình thức khác nhau của sợ hãi ngay sau đây. Chúng ta đang hỏi, người đàn ông này hỏi, tôi thực sự không sợ hãi về bất kỳ điều gì ngoại trừ về tương lai. Tương lai quá không-chắc chắn, tôi không biết làm cách nào để gặp gỡ nó. Tôi không thể hiểu rõ, không chỉ hiện tại mà cũng còn cả tương lai. Vì vậy chính bởi ý thức không-chắc chắn này mà bộc lộ sợ hãi. Bây giờ làm thế nào tôi – dù giải thích thế nào chăng nữa, sự thật là tôi sợ hãi về ngày mai – bây giờ làm thế nào tôi sẽ giải quyết nó đây? Làm thế nào tôi sẽ được tự do khỏi sợ hãi về ngày mai?

Người hỏi: Quan sát sự phản ứng của người ta đối với sự không-chắc chắn mà của tương lai, có vẻ nó không đầy đủ.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, làm ơn giúp tôi. Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Đừng lý thuyết. Tôi sợ hãi về ngày mai, về điều gì có lẽ xảy ra, toàn tương lai là không-chắc chắn, có lẽ có chiến tranh hạt nhân, có lẽ có – bạn biết, chúa biết được cái gì, thời kỳ băng hà, họ nói rằng sẽ có một thời kỳ băng hà trong vòng năm mươi năm nữa – tôi sợ hãi về tất cả điều này. Làm thế nào tôi sẽ giải quyết được nó. Hãy giúp đỡ tôi, đừng lý thuyết về nó, đừng cho tôi những giải thích thích. Tôi giỏi những giải thích lắm rồi.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, không-chắc chắn cần có để nuôi dưỡng sợ hãi?

Krishnamurti: Thưa người bạn của tôi, tôi sợ hãi ngày mai, làm thế nào bạn sẽ giúp được tôi?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, chúng ta sợ hãi bởi vì chúng ta đang giả vờ, đang chơi những trò chơi, và chúng ta sợ bị phơi bày ra.

Krishnamurti: Tôi sợ hãi bởi vì tôi đang chơi một trò chơi và tôi sợ hãi bởi vì tôi không muốn bị phơi bày. Nhưng bạn không đang giúp tôi!

Người hỏi: Ồ nếu ông đang chơi một trò chơi, ông có thể ngừng chơi trò chơi đó.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, bạn không sợ hãi về tương lai hay sao? Đừng – hãy bám vào điều này. Bạn không sợ hãi về tương lai à?

Người hỏi: Vâng, có lẽ như thế.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, khi bạn được giải thích về nó. Bây giờ làm thế nào bạn sẽ giải quyết nó đây?

Người hỏi: Sống trong hiện tại.

Krishnamurti: Sống trong hiện tại. Tôi không biết điều đó có nghĩa gì.

Người hỏi: Đối với tôi sẽ rất hữu ích phải nhận ra tôi đã sợ hãi điều gì trong quá khứ, và tại sao tôi đã sợ hãi rồi tìm hiểu chúng. Việc này giúp đỡ tôi đối diện với tương lai.

Krishnamurti: Người phụ nữ này nói, hãy cho phép tôi hiểu rõ những sự việc tôi sợ hãi trong quá khứ, tìm hiểu chúng và có lẽ sau đó tôi có thể hiểu rõ sự không-chắc chắn của tương lai.

Người hỏi: Trước hết chúng ta phải hiểu rõ chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ tương lai.

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì tôi đang cố gắng tìm ra, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Một việc chúng ta phải làm, việc đầu tiên là không sợ hãi bị sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Ồ, đó là một câu nói sáo rỗng, điều đó không giúp được tôi.

Người hỏi: Người ta phải nhận ra rằng ông không thể giúp tôi vượt khỏi: sợ hãi luôn luôn ở đó. Người ta phải hiểu rõ sợ hãi sẽ là một người đồng hành của sống.

Krishnamurti: Tất cả điều này và bạn đã không giúp đỡ tôi vượt khỏi. Bạn đã cho tôi nhiều từ ngữ, tro bụi. Tôi vẫn còn sợ hãi về ngày mai.

Người hỏi: Đó chính là vấn đề. Ông không thể giúp đỡ ai cả. Tôi chỉ có thể giải quyết sợ hãi của riêng tôi.

Người hỏi: Liệu ông không thể chờ đợi ngày mai và xem thử điều gì xảy ra?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, tôi đã quen với việc lo âu về an toàn, không phải an toàn thuộc vật chất.

Krishnamurti: Quý ông này có ý điều đó, thưa bạn. Thuộc vật chất ông ấy có một an toàn nào đó, nhưng thuộc tâm lý ông ấy sợ hãi ngày mai. Đó là tất cả. Đó là tất cả điều gì ông ấy đang nói. Ông ấy có một tài khoản ngân hàng nhỏ, một ngôi nhà nhỏ, và mọi chuyện như thế, nhưng ông ấy không sợ hãi về điều đó, ông ấy sợ hãi về điều gì có lẽ xảy ra trong tương lai.

Người hỏi: Liệu có thể sống cùng sự không-chắc chắn của ông hay không?

Krishnamurti: Liệu có thể sống cùng không-chắc chắn.

Người hỏi: Nếu chúng ta biết điều gì sẽ xảy ra, chúng ta sẽ không sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Làm ơn chờ một tí.

Người hỏi: Khi ngồi đây tôi không sợ hãi nhưng khi nghĩ về ngày mai tôi sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Tư tưởng làm việc đó.

Người hỏi: Tư tưởng. Lúc này khi chúng ta sợ hãi, nó là một sự kiện. Nếu chúng ta chấp nhận sự kiện rằng lúc này chúng ta hoàn toàn sợ hãi, sống trong hiện tại, và nếu chúng ta hoàn toàn sống trong hiện tại chúng ta quên tương lai.

Krishnamurti: Đúng rồi, thưa bạn. Bây giờ hãy cho phép tôi tìm hiểu. Tôi muốn tìm ra điều gì gây ra sợ hãi về ngày mai này. Ngày mai là gì? Tại sao ngày mai tồn tại? Bạn hiểu rõ chứ, thưa bạn. Tôi sẽ trả lời bạn. Tôi muốn tìm ra tư tưởng phát sinh như thế nào, sợ hãi phát sinh như thế nào khi tôi nghĩ về ngày mai. Đúng chứ, thưa bạn? Tôi nghĩ về ngày mai và quá khứ đã cho tôi một ý thức của an toàn, mặc dù đã có nhiều không-chắc chắn trong quá khứ nhưng nói chung tôi vẫn tiếp tục tồn tại. Và cho đến bây giờ tôi khá an toàn. Đúng chứ? Và ngày mai rất không-chắc chắn nên tôi bị sợ hãi. Trong quá khứ mặc dù tôi đã có những sợ hãi, trong chừng mực nào đó tôi đã vượt qua được chúng. Và ngày mai hoàn toàn không-chắc chắn. Lúc này tôi sợ hãi về điều đó. Vì vậy tôi sẽ tìm ra nguyên nhân nào gây ra sự sợ hãi về ngày mai này. Đúng không? Ngày mai là không-chắc chắn, không-an toàn, sự phản ứng đến không-an toàn đó bằng toàn thân tâm của tôi, đó là sợ hãi. Bạn đang theo kịp chứ, thưa bạn? Vì vậy tôi muốn tìm ra tại sao sợ hãi phát sinh khi tôi nghĩ về tương lai. Đúng chứ? Mà có nghĩa tương lai có lẽ cũng khá tốt đẹp, nhưng suy nghĩ của tôi về nó làm cho nó không-chắc chắn. Tôi không biết tương lai. Đúng chứ? Nó có lẽ tuyệt vời, hay nó có lẽ gây chết người, nó có lẽ khủng khiếp hay đẹp đẽ nhất, tôi không biết. Nhưng tư tưởng không-chắc chắn về tương lai. Vì vậy tư tưởng, mà đã chắc chắn rồi, mà luôn luôn đang tìm kiếm sự chắc chắn, đột nhiên đối diện sự không-chắc chắn này. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy tại sao tư tưởng tạo ra sợ hãi? Bạn theo kịp không, thưa bạn? Tại sao?

Người hỏi: Bởi vì tư tưởng phân chia và tạo tác một khoảng cách giữa quá khứ và tương lai, và sợ hãi chen vào không gian này.

Krishnamurti: Người hỏi nói, “Tư tưởng tách rời tương lai khỏi quá khứ và phân chia cái gì có lẽ là. Sự phân chia này của 'cái gì là’ và 'cái gì có lẽ là’ là thành phần của sợ hãi này.” Bây giờ tôi muốn tìm ra tại sao tư tưởng tạo ra sợ hãi này? Nếu tôi không nghĩ về ngày mai sẽ không có sợ hãi? Đúng chứ? Tôi sẽ không biết tương lai. Thậm chí tôi sẽ không quan tâm. Bởi vì tôi nghĩ về tương lai, tương lai mà tôi không biết, tương lai mà rất không-chắc chắn và toàn phản ứng của tôi, thuộc tâm lý cũng như thân thể, nói rằng, “Chúa tôi ơi, điều gì sẽ xảy ra”. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy tư tưởng nuôi dưỡng sợ hãi.

Người hỏi: Liệu tư tưởng là sự vận hành thuộc tâm lý duy nhất mà có thể tạo ra sợ hãi? Có những vận hành kích động nào đó như cảm giác; mà có lẽ cũng tạo ra sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, hãy chờ một chút, tôi đang sử dụng một vấn đề đặc biệt, cũng có những nhân tố khác nữa.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, tôi hiểu có sợ hãi về cái không biết được, sợ hãi về ngày mai; nó được đặt nền tảng trên sự quyến luyến đến một niềm tin, hay công thức nào đó. Sợ hãi có thể được hiểu rõ nếu tôi thấy tại sao tôi bị quyến luyến như thế đến một hình thức đặc biệt của niềm tin hay của tục lệ.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, sợ hãi về tương lai, người đàn ông này nói, có thể hiểu rõ nếu tôi hiểu rõ tại sao tôi quyến luyến đến một hình thức đặc biệt của niềm tin, đến một tục lệ đặc biệt, đến một công thức đặc biệt và vân vân.

Người hỏi: Còn sợ hãi về sự tồn tại thì sao?

Krishnamurti: Sợ hãi về sống. Thưa bạn, tất cả điều này đều được bao hàm, phải không? Sự quyến luyến đến một niềm tin, một công thức, một ý niệm học thuyết nào đó mà tôi đã xây dựng cho chính tôi, tất cả điều này là bộ phận của sợ hãi. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ tôi muốn tìm ra bằng thấy, sợ hãi là gì. Thưa bạn lúc trước tôi đã nói với bạn rằng, tôi đã làm một điều gì đó trong quá khứ mà tôi bị xấu hổ, mà tôi sợ hãi, tôi không muốn thấy nó xảy ra nữa. Tôi sợ hãi về điều gì đó mà đã xảy ra trong quá khứ, hay tôi sợ hãi về một điều gì đó mà có lẽ xảy ra trong tương lai? Nghĩ về điều gì tôi đã làm trong quá khứ là nuôi dưỡng sợ hãi, phải không? Nghĩ về quá khứ. Bạn đang theo kịp điều này chứ? Nghĩ về tương lai, điều gì có lẽ xảy ra, cũng nuôi dưỡng sợ hãi. Vì vậy tôi thấy rằng, tôi có lẽ sai lầm, chúng ta đang tìm hiểu, rằng tư tưởng chịu trách nhiệm cho sợ hãi này, cả về quá khứ lẫn tương lai. Đúng chứ? Và tư tưởng cũng chịu trách nhiệm cho sợ hãi bằng cách chiếu rọi một ý tưởng, một niềm tin, và bám chặt vào niềm tin đó và mong muốn sự chắc chắn về niềm tin đó, tất cả điều đó là sự vận hành của tư tưởng, phải không? Đúng chứ, thưa bạn? Vì vậy tôi phải hiểu rõ tại sao tư tưởng suy nghĩ về tương lai, tại sao tư tưởng quay trở lại một sự kiện nào đó, một xảy ra mà nuôi dưỡng sợ hãi. Bây giờ tại sao tư tưởng làm điều này?

Người hỏi: Tư tưởng, liệu tư tưởng có thể tự giúp đỡ chính nó bằng cách tưởng tượng tất cả những điều có thể được và những điều khủng khiếp mà có thể xảy ra trong tương lai, nó có thể thực hiện một kế hoạch nào đó để ngăn cản những điều này xảy ra. Cố gắng tự bảo vệ chính nó.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, và cũng vậy tư tưởng giúp bạn tự-bảo vệ chính bạn, phải không, qua bảo hiểm, qua xây dựng một ngôi nhà, tránh những cuộc chiến tranh, tư tưởng nuôi dưỡng sợ hãi và cũng bảo vệ, phải không? Chúng ta đang nói về tư tưởng tạo ra sợ hãi, không phải nó bảo vệ như thế nào. Làm ơn tiếp tục đi, tôi được phép tiếp tục chứ?

Tôi có thể tiếp tục nhưng bạn sẽ tiếp tục cùng tôi chứ? Bạn cũng sẽ tự thâm nhập vấn đề này cùng tôi chứ? Đó là, tôi đang hỏi tại sao tư tưởng nuôi dưỡng sợ hãi này, giống như tư tưởng cũng nuôi dưỡng vui thú, phải không? Không à? Vui thú của tình dục, vui thú của cảnh mặt trời lặn mà đã xảy ra ngày hôm qua và vân vân và vân vân. Vì vậy tư tưởng cho một sự tiếp tục đến vui thú – đúng chứ – và cũng vậy đến sợ hãi.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông. Con người, từ đang tìm kiếm vui thú, tuân theo sự chọn lựa của những suy nghĩ của anh ấy bằng phân biệt, đây là tốt lành và kia sẽ là xấu xa. Và sợ hãi dường như đến trực tiếp ngay từ đó, từ việc gì con người thực hiện để tạo ra những sự việc tốt lành và lẩn tránh những điều xấu xa.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, chắc chắn toàn qui trình được đặt nền tảng trên tư tưởng, phải không?

Người hỏi: Sợ hãi hiện diện từ khía cạnh của tư tưởng phân biệt.

Krishnamurti: Vâng thưa bạn, nhưng nó vẫn còn là tư tưởng, đang nói điều này là tốt lành, tôi sẽ giữ nó, điều này tôi sẽ không, khước từ. Nhưng toàn chuyển động của tư tưởng là sự đòi hỏi cho vui thú – đúng chứ thưa bạn – và phân biệt trong đó, nói rằng điều này sẽ cho tôi vui thú, điều kia sẽ không cho tôi vui thú. Vì vậy toàn chuyển động của sợ hãi và vui thú, sự đòi hỏi và sự tiếp tục của cả hai, lệ thuộc vào tư tưởng, phải không?

Người hỏi: Nhưng làm thế nào ông được tự do khỏi nó?

Krishnamrti: Hãy chờ, hãy chờ. Trước hết chúng ta hãy để cho sự việc này tiếp tục.

Người hỏi: Tư tưởng là sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta sẽ tìm ra, thưa bạn. Tôi được an toàn ngày hôm nay. Tôi biết tôi sẽ có bữa cơm của tôi ngày hôm nay, có một ngôi nhà, một căn phòng ở đó – ngày hôm nay tôi hoàn toàn an toàn; nhưng tôi không biết điều gì xảy ra ngày mai. Tôi đã có nhiều vui thú ngày hôm qua trong nhiều hình thức khác nhau, và tôi muốn những vui thú đó được lặp lại vào ngày mai. Bạn theo kịp chứ? Vì vậy tư tưởng vừa duy trì sợ hãi và lại cho một tiếp tục của vui thú, mà tôi đã có ngày hôm qua. Không à? Hãy cố gắng lên, thưa các bạn!

Vì vậy câu hỏi của tôi là: làm thế nào tôi, không những ngăn cản sự tiếp tục của sợ hãi, nhưng còn muốn vui thú được tiếp tục, phải không? Bạn theo kịp điều này chứ? Không à? Tôi muốn vui thú ở một phía và tôi muốn càng nhiều bao nhiêu càng tốt, luôn luôn – ngày mai, ngày hôm sau, luôn luôn, trong tương lai; và cũng vậy tôi đã có những sợ hãi và tôi mong muốn loại bỏ chúng lẫn không muốn những sợ hãi tương lai. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy tư tưởng đang làm việc trong cả hai phương hướng. Đúng chứ? Không à? Thưa bạn đây là công việc của bạn, không phải công việc của tôi, hãy suy nghĩ về nó!

Người hỏi: Điều này mang lại cho tư tưởng một loại năng lượng.

Krishnamurti: Tư tưởng là năng lượng.

Người hỏi: Điều này mang lại cho tư tưởng một loại năng lượng khác.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, hãy tìm hiểu nó, nó là cả hai.

Người hỏi: Nó đang tích lũy những kỷ niệm..

Krishnamurti: Đang tích lũy những kỷ niệm. Những kỷ niệm mà đã là vui thú tôi bám vào, và những kỷ niệm mà đã là đau khổ, mà đã là sợ hãi, tôi muốn loại bỏ đi. Đúng chứ? Nhưng tôi không thấy được gốc rễ của tất cả điều này là tư tưởng.

Người hỏi 1: Tư tưởng dường như kháng cự sự kết thúc của nó – sợ hãi và vui thú trong chừng mực nào đó có vẻ giống nhau – nhưng trạng thái nơi tư tưởng không hiện diện đó lẩn tránh tôi.

Người hỏi: Có lẽ khi ông đang làm việc gì đó một cách trọn vẹn đến độ ông suy nghĩ về việc đang cho ông vui thú khi nó đang xảy ra đó, và không còn suy nghĩ gì về những sự việc kia mà có lẽ không xảy ra bởi vì . . .

Krishnamurti: Đừng nói: không còn suy nghĩ về những sự việc kia mà có lẽ không xảy ra – làm thế nào tôi sẽ ngăn cản mình không suy nghĩ về nó?

Người hỏi: Suy nghĩ về điều gì đang xảy ra ngày hôm nay, hân hoan!

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy tôi tự ép buộc mình suy nghĩ về những sự việc đang xảy ra và không suy nghĩ về những sự việc không xảy ra.

Người hỏi: Suy nghĩ về sự việc gì đang xảy ra.

Krishnamurti: Điều gì đang xảy ra. Nhưng cái trí của tôi luôn luôn đang nhìn ngắm điều gì có lẽ đang xảy ra.

Người hỏi: Làm thế nào tư tưởng hiện diện?

Krishnamurti: Điều này không xảy ra cho bạn à?

Người hỏi: Không. Vâng, nhưng . . .

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta hãy hoàn toàn thật đơn giản và thật chân thật. Chúng ta muốn suy nghĩ về những sự việc đang xảy ra nhưng tư tưởng của tôi luôn luôn để mắt vào điều gì có lẽ không xảy ra.

Người hỏi: Nó có nhưng vẫn còn . . .

Krishnamurti: Vâng nó vẫn còn ở đó. Và khi tôi không đang suy nghĩ về điều này, cái đó bùng ra! Hãy quan sát thưa bà, làm ơn hãy cho phép nó đơn giản.

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishanmurti: Thưa bạn, tôi muốn tìm hiểu nó nhưng bạn ngăn cản nó.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, sự cảm thấy “Tôi là” không liên quan đến vui thú và không liên quan đến sợ hãi lẫn tư tưởng. Tôi nghĩ chỉ có “Tôi là”. Tôi không có sợ hãi. Cảm thấy “Tôi là” này không liên quan đến tư tưởng.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, khi bạn nói “Tôi là” – bạn có ý gì qua những từ ngữ “Tôi là”?

Người hỏi: Một cảm thấy hiện tại, đang ngồi ở đây, và không có sợ hãi trong nó, thưa ông.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, đó không là vấn đề.

Người hỏi: Trước hết chúng ta phải tìm ra liệu có sự chắc chắn, hay không-chắc chắn. Vậy thì ông sẽ không bị sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Làm thế nào tôi tìm được?

Người hỏi: Tôi thấy toàn qui trình của tư tưởng trong ý nghĩa này như một cái bẫy.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, bạn sẽ không thâm nhập nó. Mỗi người theo đuổi một điều gì đó. Hãy quan sát. Hãy cho tôi trình bày điều gì tôi cảm thấy, vấn đề là gì.

Tôi sợ hãi ngày mai, bởi vì ngày mai là không-chắc chắn. từ trước đến nay tôi đã khá chắc chắn trong sống của tôi, mặc dù đã có những biến cố mà trong đó tôi bị sợ hãi, trong chừng mực nào đó tôi đã vượt qua được chúng. Nhưng ý thức của sợ hãi, của ngày mai, mà quá không-chắc chắn – chiến tranh, chiến tranh nguyên tử, những chiến tranh qui ước mà bùng nổ tất cả những loại kinh hoàng, bạn biết không, mất tiền bạc, Nixon đang chuyển động và thị trường chứng khoán đang giảm xuống, tôi đang ở trong một trạng thái rối loạn về tương lai. Bây giờ tôi phải làm gì đây? Tôi muốn được tự do, nếu tôi có thể, khỏi cả sợ hãi thuộc quá khứ lẫn thuộc tương lai, cả sợ hãi sâu thẳm và những sợ hãi hời hợt – tôi sẽ phải làm gì đây? Đừng cho tôi những giải thích, hãy làm việc này, đừng làm việc kia. Điều đó chẳng có ý nghĩa gì. Tôi muốn tìm ra sợ hãi là gì, liệu nó bởi bóng đêm, liệu nó bởi không-chắc chắn, liệu nó là sợ hãi của quyến luyến, bám vào một người nào đó, vào những ý tưởng, sợ hãi. Bạn theo kịp chứ? Tôi muốn tìm ra gốc rễ của nó là gì, không phải làm thế nào để tẩu thoát khỏi nó, không phải làm thế nào để che đậy nó. Tôi muốn tìm ra cấu trúc của sợ hãi. Nếu tôi có thể hiểu rõ điều đó vậy thì một điều gì khác có thể xảy ra. Vì vậy tôi sẽ tìm hiểu để tìm ra sợ hãi đó là gì. Cho tôi tiếp tục một chút. Được không? Tôi được phép chứ?

Bây giờ đối với tôi sợ hãi tồn tại bởi vì tôi đang suy nghĩ về ngày mai, bởi vì ngày mai quá không-chắc chắn, bất kỳ sự bảo đảm nào của bạn rằng ngày mai là hoàn hảo, nhưng tôi vẫn cảm thấy sợ hãi. Bây giờ tại sao tôi đang suy nghĩ về ngày mai? Có phải bởi vì quá khứ đã quá tốt đẹp, quá khứ đã cho tôi nhiều hiểu biết và hiểu biết này đã trở thành sự an toàn của tôi, và tôi không có hiểu biết về tương lai. Vì vậy nếu tôi có thể hiểu rõ về tương lai và cất giữ nó trong hiểu biết của tôi, thế là tôi sẽ hết sợ hãi. Và liệu tôi có thể hiểu rõ tương lai như hiểu biết, như trải nghiệm – bạn theo kịp điều này chứ – để cho tôi đã hiểu rõ nó, để cho nó trở thành một phần hiểu biết của tôi mà trong đó tôi sẽ không bị sợ hãi? Đúng chứ? Tôi sẽ tiếp tục.

Vì vậy tôi cũng thấy rằng tôi muốn nhiều vui thú – vui thú tình dục, vui thú của đạt được, thành tựu, là người nào đó, rất thông minh và vui thú mà tôi đã có, tôi muốn những vui thú kia được lặp lại, được lặp lại, được lặp lại. Hay khi tôi chán ngán những vui thú kia tôi muốn những vui thú to lớn hơn, sâu thẳm hơn. Vì vậy tôi muốn lẩn tránh sợ hãi và tôi muốn nhiều vui thú hơn. Đúng chứ? Đây là điều gì tất cả chúng ta đều muốn. Và đây là hai mảnh phải không? Có phải vui thú tách rời sợ hãi hay không? Hay chúng là hai mặt của cùng một đồng xu. Tôi phải tìm ra. Không phải nói rằng đúng hay không đúng, tôi phải tìm ra, chăm chú vào nó, tìm được liệu vui thú có nuôi dưỡng sợ hãi và liệu sợ hãi là kết quả của đòi hỏi cho vui thú của tôi. Bạn đã hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi? Động cơ chính của tôi là vui thú, vui thú trong mọi phương hướng. Tôi muốn được cung cấp đầy đủ vào ngày mai bởi vì nó cho tôi nhiều vui thú, bảo đảm, chắc chắn.

Người hỏi: Nhưng vui thú đó có thể là điều gì khác, một tiến hành học hành.

Krishnamurti: Không, vui thú đó cũng là đau khổ, nhưng tôi sẽ vượt qua nó với mục đích có nhiều vui thú hơn. Bạn không thấy điều này trong sống của bạn hay sao? Chúng ta muốn có nhiều vui thú hơn biết chừng nào.

Người hỏi: Có.

Krishnamurti: Đó là tất cả mọi điều mà tôi đang trình bày. Trước tiên, chúng ta đang đòi hỏi, đang theo đuổi vui thú, trong hình dáng của chúng ta, cái áo chúng ta mặc – bạn theo kịp chứ – mọi thứ đều được đặt nền tảng trên điều này. Và khi nó không thành tựu thế là tôi cảm thấy không-chắc chắn. Vì vậy tôi đang tự hỏi mình vui thú và sợ hãi không theo cùng nhau hay sao? Và tôi bị sợ hãi, tôi không bao giờ tìm hiểu vui thú – bạn hiểu chứ – không bao giờ nói, ồ, tôi có nên có nhiều vui thú hay không, vui thú này dẫn đến đâu mà tôi muốn có nhiều về nó, trong thiên đàng, trên quả đất, trong gia đình của tôi, trong tình dục, mọi thứ, nó đang thôi thúc tôi. Và sợ hãi cũng ở đó. Làm ơn hãy quan sát nó, thưa bà. Đừng bám vào quan điểm đặc biệt của bà, vì chúa hãy buông bỏ nó đi. Hãy tìm ra.

Và cũng vậy tôi sợ hãi ngày mai, tôi không biết ngày mai là gì. Và nếu có thể đưa ngày mai vào hiểu biết của tôi vậy thì tôi sẽ không bị sợ hãi. Vì vậy – hãy theo dõi điều này – tôi muốn sự chắc chắn của ngày mai, và chắc chắn chỉ có thể tồn tại khi có hiểu biết. Điều này tôi nói, “Tôi biết”. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ làm thế nào tôi biết bất kỳ thứ gì ngoại trừ quá khứ? Ngay khoảnh khắc tôi nói “Tôi biết” nó đã nằm trong quá khứ rồi. Khi tôi nói, “Tôi biết người vợ của tôi”, tôi biết người vợ của tôi dựa vào quá khứ. Vì vậy trong quá khứ có sự chắc chắn. Và trong tương lai không có sự chắc chắn. Vì vậy tôi muốn kéo tương lai vào quá khứ để cho tôi sẽ hoàn toàn được an toàn.

Vậy là tôi thấy sợ hãi hiện diện nơi nào tư tưởng đang vận hành, nếu tôi đã không suy nghĩ về ngày mai, sẽ không có sợ hãi.

Người hỏi: Tôi không sợ hãi về tương lai, điều gì tôi sợ hãi là lúc này. Khi tôi sợ hãi nó là lúc này, không thuộc tương lai, hay thuộc quá khứ.

Krishnamurti: Vâng thưa bạn. Nhưng thưa bạn, sợ hãi ngay lúc này, làm thế nào nó hiện diện?

Người hỏi: Đối với tôi có vẻ sợ hãi là cái gì đó thuộc bản năng. Tôi cảm thấy rằng sợ hãi là một năng lượng, rằng sức mạnh nào đó hiện diện ở đó.

Krishnamurti: Tôi không biết làm thế nào giải quyết vấn đề này. Bạn thấy rằng mỗi người chúng ta đều có một quan điểm. Mỗi người chúng ta hoàn toàn chắc chắn rằng chúng ta biết làm thế nào để giải quyết sợ hãi. Chúng ta sẽ giải thích nó, chúng ta cho những nguyên nhân, chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta hiểu rõ nó, và tuy nhiên vào khúc cuối của nó chúng ta lại bị sợ hãi. Vì vậy tôi tự nói với mình, hãy quan sát, hãy giữ những quan điểm của bạn, bám chặt vào chúng, tự làm ngộp thở bạn bằng những quan điểm đó, nhưng bạn vẫn còn bị sợ hãi ở khúc cuối của nó. Tôi muốn thâm nhập tận cùng phía sau của tất cả điều đó và tìm ra tại sao sợ hãi lại tồn tại. Liệu nó là kết quả của tư tưởng? Đang suy nghĩ về tương lai? Bởi vì tương lai quá không-chắc chắn và tư tưởng được đặt nền tảng trên ký ức của quá khứ. Đúng chứ? Tư tưởng là sự phản ứng của ký ức, được tích lũy như hiểu biết, trải nghiệm trong hàng thế kỷ và từ đó tư tưởng sinh ra. Sau đó tư tưởng nói rằng hiểu biết là sự an toàn của tôi, hiểu biết. Và bây giờ bạn đang bảo cho tôi được tự do khỏi ngày mai. Tôi không-chắc chắn, nếu tôi biết ngày mai là gì sẽ không có sợ hãi. Đúng chứ? Điều gì tôi đang khao khát là sự chắc chắn của hiểu biết. Tôi biết quá khứ của tôi, tôi biết tôi đã làm gì cách đây mười năm, hay cách đây hai ngày. Nó rất rõ ràng, tôi có thể phân tích, hiểu rõ, sống cùng nó; nhưng ngày mai tôi lại không biết và thế là không biết làm cho tôi sợ hãi, và không biết có nghĩa không có hiểu biết về nó. Bây giờ liệu tư tưởng có thể có hiểu biết về cái gì đó mà nó không biết? Bạn đang theo kịp điều này chứ? Vì vậy có sợ hãi. Tư tưởng đang cố gắng tìm ra tương lai, và bởi vì không biết nội dung của nó là gì, nó bị sợ hãi. Vì vậy tôi tự nói với chính mình, tại sao tư tưởng đang suy nghĩ về ngày mai, về cái gì mà nó không biết gì cả, tôi muốn sự chắc chắn nhưng có lẽ không có sự chắc chắn? Đúng chứ? Nhưng tuy nhiên tại sao tư tưởng lại suy nghĩ về ngày mai? Đúng chứ thưa bạn? Tại sao? Làm ơn trả lời câu hỏi của tôi, không phải câu hỏi của bạn.

Người hỏi: Hệ thống sống cần suy nghĩ về ngày mai, đây là một luật lệ cơ bản của sống: nó cần loại tiên đoán nào đó.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, chúng ta đã nói về điều đó. Tôi đã nói về điều đó.

Người hỏi: Chúng ta phải tuân theo luật lệ sống này. Có những lo âu thuộc tâm lý bởi vì sự tưởng tượng chiếu rọi những sợ hãi khủng khiếp, như ông nói, nhưng không thể ngăn cản những con người không suy nghĩ trong một kiểu hợp lý.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, cho phép tôi được nói như thế này, chúng ta đã nói tư tưởng là cần thiết để bảo vệ sự sinh tồn phần thân thể của nó. Đúng chứ? Đó là bộ phận thuộc sống của chúng ta, đó là điều gì chúng ta luôn luôn đang làm.

Người hỏi: Tôi không đồng ý, tôi nghĩ tư tưởng không cần thiết cho sự sinh tồn. Những con thú có bản năng sinh tồn nhưng không có sự sợ hãi mà là phiền muộn của chúng ta.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bà, chúng ta đang lẫn lộn hai sự việc. Làm ơn, chúng ta đã cố gắng giải thích từ đầu buổi nói chuyện này rồi.

Người hỏi: Bà ấy nói đúng; tư tưởng của con người thay thế bản năng.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bà, tôi đồng ý với bà. Người ta phải biết rằng ngày mai ngôi nhà sẽ ở đó, ngày mai tôi phải có bữa ăn của tôi. Sự sinh tồn thuộc thân thể và kế hoạch cho ngày mai là cần thiết, phải không? Nếu không có điều đó tôi không thể tồn tại.

Người hỏi: Khi ông thấy tất cả điều đó rất rõ ràng, sợ hãi không có thời gian.

Người hỏi: Tư tưởng suy nghĩ về sống trong hiện tại, và cũng phải suy nghĩ về ngày mai.

Krishnamurti: Thời tiết nóng, tôi cần cái quần mát hơn; ngày mai tôi phải lên kế hoạch để mua cái quần nào sẽ tạo ra sự mát mẻ đó. Nó có nghĩa lên kế hoạch cho ngày mai. Tôi phải lên kế hoạch. Tôi phải đến Ấn độ vào mùa đông. Tôi sẽ lên kế hoạch, mà là trong tương lai. Chúng ta không phủ nhận điều đó, mà còn trái lại. Điều gì chúng ta đang nói là sợ hãi về không-chắc chắn.

Người hỏi: Chúng ta không có sự tự tin trong chính chúng ta.

Krishnamurti: Tôi thực sự không hiểu rõ điều đó. Ai là bạn để cho bạn có sự tự tin trong nó? Bạn là con người thật tuyệt vời để có sự tự tin trong chính bạn?

Người hỏi: Tại sao không?

Krishnamurti: Bạn là gì?

Người hỏi: Bản chất của loài người.

Krishnamurti: Bản chất của loài người là gì? Ồ, thưa bà. Bản chất của loài người là gì? Tốt lành và xấu xa, chiến tranh – chúng ta đã nói về tất cả điều đó. Chúng ta quan tâm đến sợ hãi. Chúng ta phải sử dụng tư tưởng để sinh tồn. Nhưng để sinh tồn, tư tưởng đã phân chia thế giới. Đúng chứ? Như quốc gia của tôi, quốc gia của bạn, chính phủ của tôi, chính phủ của bạn, Thượng đế của tôi, Thượng đế của bạn, vị đạo sư vĩ đại của tôi và vị đạo sư vĩ đại của bạn – bạn theo sát chứ? Quan điểm của tôi – chúng ta đã phân chia, và tư tưởng đã tạo ra điều này. Mặc dù nó muốn lên kế hoạch để sinh tồn, tư tưởng đã phân chia thế giới, mà tự-hủy hoại chính nó, mà trong đó tôi là một bộ phận. Vì vậy tôi phải hiểu rõ bản chất của tư tưởng, nơi nào nó cần thiết và nơi nào nó không cần thiết, nơi nào nó hủy hoại, nơi nào nó tạo ra sợ hãi – đó là tất cả những vấn đề của tôi. Tôi đã nói tư tưởng phải vận hành nếu không bạn không thể tồn tại, nhưng trong chính khao khát để tồn tại nó đã phân chia và thế là đang tự-hủy hoại chính nó. Đúng chứ? Bạn có thể thấy điều này rất đơn giản. Vì vậy tôi thấy tư tưởng phải vận hành một cách rõ ràng, khách quan mà không có bất kỳ biến dạng nào như của tôi, của bạn, Thượng đế của tôi, Thượng đế của bạn. Bạn theo kịp không? Và tôi cũng thấy rất rõ ràng rằng tư tưởng sinh ra sợ hãi. Vì vậy câu hỏi của tôi là: tại sao tư tưởng suy nghĩ về ngày mai? Nó phải suy nghĩ về ngày mai trong một phương hướng; tại sao tư tưởng suy nghĩ về tương lai và nuôi dưỡng sợ hãi?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Không, bà không đang trả lời câu hỏi thưa bà.

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Tại sao bạn suy nghĩ về ngày mai, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Để được an toàn.

Krishnamurti: Bạn thấy, tư tưởng phải suy nghĩ về ngày mai với mục đích để được an toàn. Điều đó rõ ràng. Và cũng vậy bạn thấy rằng tư tưởng, suy nghĩ về ngày mai, tạo ra sợ hãi. Bây giờ tại sao vậy?

Người hỏi: Bởi vì chúng ta muốn tiếp tục.

Người hỏi: Bởi vì chúng ta bị trói buộc vào vui thú.

Krishnamurti: Nhìn kìa! Bây giờ đã mười hai giờ kém mười tám phút và chúng ta còn vài phút nữa và chúng ta đã không giải quyết được vấn đề này bởi vì chúng ta khước từ rời bỏ những quan điểm, những nhận xét, những kết luận nhỏ xíu đặc biệt của chúng ta, chúng ta nói rằng, chúng ta hãy xóa sạch chúng và suy nghĩ mới mẻ lại.

Theo tôi điều đó rất đơn giản. Tư tưởng phải tạo ra sợ hãi bởi vì tư tưởng không khi nào có thể tìm được sự an toàn trong tương lai. Tư tưởng có được sự an toàn trong thời gian. Ngày mai không có thời gian. Đúng chứ? Ngày mai tồn tại trong cái trí như thời gian nhưng ngày mai có lẽ không tồn tại thuộc tâm lý. Và bởi vì sự không-chắc chắn đó, tư tưởng chiếu rọi điều gì nó muốn vào ngày mai, an toàn, điều gì nó đã thâu lượm được, điều gì nó đã thành tựu, cái gì nó sở hữu, tất cả điều đó. Và điều đó cũng hoàn toàn không-chắc chắn. Vì vậy liệu tôi có thể, liệu tư tưởng có thể yên lặng về tương lai được không? Đó là tất cả quan điểm của tôi. Liệu tư tưởng có thể yên lặng, đó là vận hành nơi nào cần thiết để bảo vệ phần thân thể – bạn theo kịp không – và thế là không những quốc tịch, không những phân chia, không những Thượng đế tách rời, không những người hiếu chiến. Và liệu tư tưởng có yên lặng để cho thời gian như ngày mai không còn tồn tại? Được chứ, thưa các bạn. Vì vậy tôi phải hiểu rõ sống ngay lúc này có nghĩa gì. Đúng chứ? Tôi không hiểu rõ sống ngay lúc này có nghĩa gì, và cũng đã không hiểu rõ sống trong quá khứ là gì, và vì vậy tôi muốn sống trong tương lai mà tôi không biết, mà tôi không biết hiện tại là gì. Vì vậy tôi đang hỏi liệu tôi có thể sống trọn vẹn, hoàn toàn, ngày hôm nay? Tôi chỉ có thể làm được điều đó khi tôi đã hiểu rõ toàn bộ máy và sự vận hành của tư tưởng, và trong chính hiểu rõ sự thật của tư tưởng có sự yên lặng. Và nơi nào có sự yên lặng, không còn tương lai, không còn thời gian.

SAANEN

Ngày 7 tháng 8 năm 1971

– 4 – SỢ HÃI, THỜI GIAN VÀ HÌNH ẢNH

Thời gian tuần tự và thời gian tâm lý. Sự khó xử của hiểu biết. Sự khó xử của tư tưởng và hình ảnh. Liệu người ta có thể tìm được gốc rễ của sợ hãi? “Cái trí mà không bao giờ có thể bị tổn thương.”

Người hỏi 1: Ông đã trình bày đầy đủ mọi vấn đề, liệu chúng ta có thể kết hợp lại? Trong tôi, tôi hoàn toàn không chắc chắn lắm về sự liên quan giữa tư tưởng và sợ hãi; chúng ta có thể bàn luận về nó thêm chút nữa?

Người hỏi 2: Khi tư tưởng gặp gỡ cái không biết được, nó không biết phải làm gì. Bây giờ nếu ông đã suy nghĩ không-thời gian, nếu không có thời gian, vậy thì không còn sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Sáng nay chúng ta sẽ nói chuyện về chủ đề gì đây?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, ông đã trình bày đầy đủ mọi vấn đề, tôi muốn tự củng cố lại điều gì ông đã trình bày – nhưng tôi không muốn leo lên những quả đồi. Tôi muốn tìm ra nhiều hơn nữa về chết. Và trong tôi, tôi không hoàn toàn chắc chắn liệu tôi đã hiểu rõ sự liên quan giữa tư tưởng và sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta sẽ bàn luận điều đó. Người đàn ông này nói, ông ấy không muốn leo lên những quả đồi và đến đỉnh, nhưng ông ấy muốn hiểu rõ sự liên quan giữa tư tưởng và sợ hãi.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, ông có thể cho tôi biết liệu tôi đã có được sự hiểu rõ đúng đắn từ trước đến lúc này – ông đã nói rằng tư tưởng là cái gì đó thuộc quá khứ, mà đã chết rồi, bị thối rữa và đã được chôn vùi – tư tưởng. Và ông đã nói rằng khi chúng ta sống ngày mai, ngày mai là cái không biết được. Liệu tôi hiểu đúng không?

Krishnamurti: Vâng, một chút thôi.

Người hỏi: Bây giờ khi tư tưởng gặp gỡ cái không biết được, nó không biết phải làm gì. Bây giờ nếu chúng ta có thể có tư tưởng mà không có thời gian, nếu không có thời gian, vậy thì không có sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu điều đó, thưa bạn. Bạn muốn bàn luận về điều đó?

Người hỏi: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Thời gian là gì – chúng ta sẽ bàn luận vấn đề đó thưa bạn. Thời gian là gì? Tôi phải có mặt ở đây sáng nay, bất kể thời tiết xấu này, vào lúc mười giờ rưỡi. Và tôi đã có mặt. Và nếu tôi không đến đúng giờ, tôi đã bắt tất cả các bạn chờ đợi và điều đó gây bực bội lắm. Có thời gian dựa vào đồng hồ. Có thời gian để bao phủ một khoảng cách nào đó, giữa đây và mặt trăng, thời gian đi từ đây đến Montreux, và vân vân, thời gian để bao phủ khoảng cách, dù khoảng cách đó là giữa hình ảnh về chính tôi của tôi hay hình ảnh tôi đã chiếu rọi về chính tôi và điều gì tôi nên là, khoảng cách giữa tôi là gì và tôi muốn là gì, giữa sợ hãi và sự kết thúc của sợ hãi.

Vì vậy có thời gian dựa vào đồng hồ, ngày hôm qua, ngày hôm nay và ngày mai – làm ơn, chúng ta phải hiểu rõ điều này.

Người hỏi: Ông có thể cho những ví dụ thực tế khi ông trình bày không?

Krishnamurti: Tôi không giỏi khi cho những ví dụ thực tế – chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu nó, thưa bạn. Nó khá đơn giản, điều gì tôi đang trình bày. Tôi không là một người triết lý, tạ ơn chúa, tôi không là người giả dối trong những lý thuyết.

Có thời gian như ngày hôm qua, ngày hôm nay và ngày mai. Và có thời gian, ít nhất chúng ta nghĩ là có thời gian, giữa tôi là gì và tôi nên là gì, giữa sự kiện sợ hãi và sự kết thúc cuối cùng của sợ hãi. Cả hai đều là thời gian, phải không? Không à? Thời gian tuần tự và thời gian như được sáng chế bởi tư tưởng – tôi là cái này và tôi nên thay đổi đến cái kia. Và muốn bao phủ khoảng cách đó tôi cần thời gian, giữa tôi là gì và tôi nên là gì. Đúng chứ, thưa bạn? Đó cũng là thời gian, Không à? Tôi sẽ phải mất nhiều ngày hay nhiều tuần lễ để thực hiện những luyện tập nào đó, đúng cách, để thư giãn những cơ bắp của tôi; để thực hiện hoàn toàn một bài tập đúng cách tôi cần thời gian vật lý, đó là, tôi sẽ mất có lẽ ba ngày hay một tuần – đó là thời gian.

Bây giờ – vậy là chúng ta hãy rõ ràng khi chúng ta nói về thời gian nào mà chúng ta đang nói – có thời gian tuần tự, như ngày hôm qua, ngày hôm nay và ngày mai, và thời gian mà là, ít nhất chúng ta nghĩ nó là cần thiết để đạt được một kết thúc đến sợ hãi. Đúng chứ? Không à? Tôi xin lỗi – hãy kiên nhẫn, bởi vì những người khác không hiểu rõ – bạn có lẽ hiểu rõ nó – làm ơn. Thời gian là thành phần của sợ hãi, phải không? Tôi sợ hãi tương lai, không phải điều gì có lẽ xảy ra trong tương lai nhưng ý tưởng về tương lai, ý tưởng về ngày mai. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy có thời gian tâm lý và thời gian tuần tự.

Lúc này chúng ta luôn luôn đang nói về, không phải thời gian tuần tự bởi đồng hồ, và vân vân, nhưng chúng ta đang nói về thời gian như quá khứ, hiện tại và tương lai. Đó là, lúc này tôi ổn định nhưng tôi sợ hãi về tương lai, ngày mai. Đúng chứ. Bây giờ đó là thời gian tâm lý. Đúng chứ, thưa bạn? Chúng ta hãy gọi đó là thời gian tâm lý – chúng ta thay đổi cái tên nhưng nó không đặt thành vấn đề.

Bây giờ tôi đang hỏi, liệu có một sự việc như thời gian tâm lý? Hay nó chỉ là một sáng chế của tư tưởng? Tôi sẽ gặp gỡ bạn vào ngày mai, dưới một bụi cây, gần cái cầu – đó là thời gian tuần tự. Tôi sợ hãi về ngày mai và tôi không biết làm thế nào để gặp gỡ sợ hãi về ngày mai đó. Đó là thời gian tâm lý, phải không?

Người hỏi: Ông có ý rằng tư tưởng là ngày mai ngay lúc này.

Krishnamurti: Đừng vội lẫn lộn nó, chúng ta sẽ chầm chậm giải quyết vấn đề này.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, còn nếu tôi nói rằng, tại sao sự việc đẹp đẽ này phải kết thúc?

Krishnamurti: Tại sao sự việc đẹp đẽ này phải kết thúc. Đó cũng là thời gian tâm lý, phải không? Tôi bám vào một sự liên hệ đặc biệt như là đẹp đẽ, và tôi không muốn nó kết thúc. Đó là, ý tưởng rằng nó có lẽ kết thúc, và tôi nghĩ rằng tôi sẽ không thích nó kết thúc, tôi sợ hãi về nó. Đúng chứ?

Vì vậy đó là một phần của cấu trúc sợ hãi này. Cái còn lại là, tôi đã biết sự an toàn, sự chắc chắn. Và ngày mai là không-chắc chắn và tôi sợ hãi điều đó – đó là thời gian tâm lý, phải không? Tôi đã biết và đã sống một sống của có vẻ chắc chắn, an toàn, nhưng ngày mai lại không-chắc chắn ghê lắm, và tôi sợ hãi nó. Thế là phát sinh vấn đề của tôi, làm thế nào tôi sẽ không bị sợ hãi. Tất cả điều đó được bao hàm, chắc chắn như thế, trong thời gian tâm lý. Đúng chứ? Và sự hiểu biết của ngày hôm qua, nhiều ngàn ngày hôm qua của chúng ta, đã cho tôi, đã cho bộ não một ý thức nào đó của an toàn. Đúng chứ? Chúng ta đang theo kịp chứ – không à, thưa bạn? Hiểu biết đã mang lại sự an toàn cho cái trí, hiểu biết là trải nghiệm, hồi tưởng, những kỷ niệm. Đó là, trong quá khứ đã có sự an toàn, cho bộ não. Ngày mai có lẽ không có an toàn gì cả, có lẽ tôi bị giết chết.

Vì vậy hiểu biết như thời gian cho bộ não một ý thức về an toàn. Không à? Nắm được chứ? Vì vậy hiểu biết là thời gian. Và tôi nghĩ rằng tôi không có hiểu biết về ngày mai, thế là tôi bị sợ hãi. Thế là nếu tôi có hiểu biết về ngày mai tôi sẽ không bị sợ hãi. Vì vậy hiểu biết nuôi dưỡng sợ hãi. Và tuy nhiên tôi phải có hiểu biết. Nó đang có quá nhiều phải không? Bạn theo kịp chứ? Tôi phải có hiểu biết để đi từ đây đến nhà ga, tôi phải có hiểu biết để nói tiếng Anh, hay tiếng Pháp, hay tiếng Ý hay bất kỳ thứ tiếng gì, tôi phải có hiểu biết để làm bất kỳ loại chức năng nào. Và tuy nhiên hiểu biết, mà tôi đã tích lũy được về chính tôi như một người trải nghiệm, và người trải nghiệm đó sợ hãi về ngày mai bởi vì anh ấy không biết ngày mai. Đúng chứ?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, còn sự lặp lại thì sao?

Krishnamurti: Còn sự lặp lại – nó cùng là sự việc, thuộc máy móc. Rốt cuộc, hiểu biết là lặp lại. Tôi thêm vào cho nó hay lấy đi khỏi nó nhưng nó là một hệ thống máy móc của sự tích lũy. Tiếp tục đi, thưa các bạn.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, còn những người có những thảm kịch khủng khiếp, những người đang bị tàn sát thì sao?

Krishnamurti: Điều đó có liên quan gì với những vấn đề chúng ta đang trình bày.

Người hỏi: Ồ, ông thấy, được bao gồm trong đó là sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ một tí, chúng ta đang bàn bạc về sự liên quan giữa tư tưởng và sợ hãi là gì.

Người hỏi: Nhưng thậm chí như thế, người ta đã kể cho tôi về những vấn đề của họ, kể cho tôi về sự sợ hãi của họ vẫn còn tồn tại trong họ như thế nào và họ không thể xóa sạch chúng bởi vì đối với họ con người là một con thú hung dữ, anh ấy không là một con người gì cả, và vì vậy . . .

Krishnamurti: Người ta đã có những trải nghiệm bi thảm nhất trong liên hệ với con người. Liên hệ đó đã tạo ra sự hành hạ khủng khiếp, sự đau khổ vô cùng, sự kinh hoàng lớn lao và sự sợ hãi về những con người đó và điều gì họ đã làm vẫn còn tồn tại. Người ta phải làm gì về nó – nó là cùng vấn đề, chắc chắn như vậy. Không à? Đó là, tôi đã bị tổn thương bởi một con rắn hay một con người. Tôi đã bị tổn thương. Và tổn thương đó đã để lại một dấu vết sâu thẳm trong bộ não của tôi. Và tôi sợ hãi những con rắn và tôi sợ hãi những con người, mà là quá khứ. Và cũng vậy tôi sợ hãi ngày mai. Đúng chứ, thưa các bạn? Nó cùng là vấn đề, phải không, chỉ khác là một vấn đề trong quá khứ, vấn đề còn lại trong tương lai. Không à?

Người hỏi: Nó chỉ khó khăn khi ông nói, “Hiểu biết của ngày hôm qua đã mang lại sự an toàn” – họ gặp khó khăn bởi vì họ thấy rằng hiểu biết của ngày hôm qua đã cho họ sự không-an toàn.

Krishnamurti: Chờ đã, chờ đã. Hiểu biết cũng cho sự không-an toàn, phải không? Và cũng vậy hiểu biết cho sự an toàn. Tôi đã bị tổn thương bởi những con người trong quá khứ – đó là hiểu biết. Điều đó còn tồn tại, bám rễ sâu, thật sâu, và tôi kinh tởm những con người. Tôi sợ hãi họ, mà là hiểu biết.

Người hỏi: Người ta không đang nói về hiểu biết tâm lý nhưng về sự hành hạ thuộc thân thể.

Krishmamurti: Vâng, sự hành hạ thân thể, mà lại nữa trong quá khứ.

Người hỏi: Nhưng ông biết rằng hiện nay những con người đang tiếp tục thực hiện nó.

Krishnamurti: Hiện nay người ta đang tiếp tục thực hiện nó. Ở Đông Pakistan, tôi không biết, ở Nga, ở Trung quốc hay trong nhà tù, họ đang thực hiện nó. Bạn thấy không, bạn đang lẫn lộn hai sự việc. Chúng ta đang nói – chúng ta đang nói về điều gì, tôi xin phép hỏi? Sợ hãi, phải không? Sợ hãi và sự liên quan của nó với tư tưởng. Có những hành hạ, những hành hạ thuộc thân thể đang xảy ra trong thế giới, người ta hung ác cực kỳ trong thế giới hiện nay, thuộc thân thể. Và tôi thích nghĩ về nó và bị kích động quá chừng. Đúng chứ? Và theo luân lý cảm thấy công bằng về nó, và tôi không thể làm bất kỳ điều gì, đang ngồi trong căn phòng hay trong sảnh hay trong căn lều này, không thể làm bất kỳ điều gì cho những việc đang xảy ra ở một nơi khác. Đúng chứ? Nhưng tôi thích được kích động bởi nó, được kích động loạn thần kinh bởi nó, nói rằng, ồ, điều gì con người đang làm thật khủng khiếp. Không à? Thật ra, tôi có thể làm gì? Gia nhập một nhóm người sẽ chấm dứt sự hành hạ của những con người này? Thực hiện một biểu tình trước một ai đó – và vẫn vậy sự hành hạ vẫn tiếp tục.

Vì vậy điều gì tôi quan tâm, làm thế nào thay đổi cái trí con người để sẽ không hành hạ những con người, thuộc thân thể, thuộc tâm lý, trong bất kỳ cách nào? Nhưng nếu tôi bị loạn thần kinh tôi thích cứ tiếp tục suy nghĩ, ô, tất cả thế giới này khủng khiếp làm sao?

Bây giờ chúng ta hãy trở lại. Được chứ, thưa bạn? Bây giờ, tôi sợ hãi điều gì những con người đã làm cho tôi hay cho những con người khác, và hiểu biết đó ở trong bộ não, một vết sẹo. Đó là, hiểu biết của quá khứ không những mang lại sự không-chắc chắn mà còn cả sự chắc chắn rằng tôi có lẽ bị tổn thương vào ngày mai. Giống như vậy – thế là tôi bị sợ hãi.

Bây giờ tại sao bộ não lại giữ kỷ niệm về sự tổn thương của ngày hôm qua đó? Mục đích để tự bảo vệ nó phải không? Khỏi những tổn thương của tương lai? Chúng ta hãy suy nghĩ ra, thưa bạn. Điều đó có nghĩa, tôi luôn luôn đang đối diện với thế giới bằng sự tổn thương đó. Đúng không? Và vì vậy tôi không có sự liên hệ với con người khác, bởi vì tổn thương này quá sâu thẳm. Đúng chứ? Và tôi kháng cự lại mọi sự liên hệ con người bởi vì tôi có lẽ bị tổn thương lại. Vì vậy có sợ hãi. Hiểu biết của tổn thương quá khứ và sợ hãi của tổn thương tương lai, mang lại sợ hãi. Nhưng tuy nhiên tôi phải có hiểu biết.

Vì thế, hiểu biết đã được tích lũy qua thời gian – hiểu biết khoa học, hiểu biết công nghệ, hiểu biết về một ngôn ngữ và vân vân. Muốn học một ngôn ngữ bạn cần thời gian. Muốn học bất kỳ công nghệ nào bạn phải có thời gian và vân vân và vân vân. Hiểu biết, mà là sản phẩm của thời gian, phải tồn tại, nếu không tôi không thể làm bất kỳ việc gì, tôi không thể nói chuyện với bạn, tôi không thể giao tiếp với bạn.

Nhưng cũng vậy tôi thấy rằng hiểu biết của quá khứ đó, khi bị tổn thương, chính hiểu biết đó nói, “Hãy cẩn thận để không bị tổn thương trong tương lai.” Vì vậy tôi sợ hãi về tương lai. Bạn theo kịp chứ, thưa bạn?

Vì vậy làm thế nào tôi, người bị tổn thương rất sâu thẳm, bị tạo thành vết sẹo, làm thế nào tôi sẽ được tự do khỏi điều đó và không chiếu rọi hiểu biết đó vào tương lai và nói, “Tôi sợ hãi về tương lai.” Có hai vấn đề được bao hàm, phải vậy không? Có vết sẹo của đau khổ, tổn thương, và sự hiểu biết về nó làm tôi sợ hãi về ngày mai. Tôi có vết sẹo, liệu cái trí có thể được tự do khỏi vết sẹo đó hay không? Bây giờ chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu điều đó.

Tôi chắc chắn rằng hầu hết chúng ta đều có một loại vết sẹo, những tổn thương tâm lý nào đó – phải không? Dĩ nhiên là có. Và cũng vậy chúng ta không đang nói về những tổn thương thuộc thân thể mà ảnh hưởng đến bộ não và mọi chuyện như thế – vào lúc này chúng ta để việc đó sang một bên. Có những vết sẹo của tổn thương thuộc tâm lý. Làm thế nào cái trí, bộ não, được tự do khỏi chúng? Nó phải được tự do khỏi chúng phải không? Ký ức của nó, của bị tổn thương, không là một bảo vệ chống lại tương lai hay sao? Bạn đã gây tổn thương tôi, bằng lời nói, trong nhiều cách bạn đã gây tổn thương tôi. Có một ký ức về nó. Nếu tôi quên đi điều đó – làm hơn hãy theo sát nó – tôi gặp bạn đầy hồn nhiên vào sáng hôm sau, bạn lại gây tổn thương cho tôi đúng chứ? Vì vậy tôi sẽ phải làm gì đây? Tiếp tục đi, hãy suy nghĩ ra, thưa bạn. Hãy tiếp tục.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, liệu không quan trọng cho tôi khi phải tìm ra tại sao thuộc tâm lý tôi có thể bị tổn thương?

Krishnamurti: Tại sao thuộc tâm lý tôi có thể bị tổn thương? Điều đó khá đơn giản – chúng ta rất nhạy cảm, bạn biết không, có hàng tá lý do. Tôi có hình ảnh về chính tôi, và tôi không muốn bạn gây tổn thương hình ảnh đó. Tôi nghĩ rằng tôi là một con người phi thường và bạn đến rồi khuấy động nó; và điều đó gây tổn thương tôi. Tôi cảm thấy rất hèn kém và tôi gặp gỡ bạn người cảm thấy rất trịch thượng và tôi cảm thấy, chúa ơi, tôi bị tổn thương Bạn khôn ngoan, tôi lại không – tôi bị tổn thương. Bạn đẹp đẽ, tôi lại không – bạn theo kịp chứ.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, trong chừng mực nào đó tôi bị hoang mang, từ ngữ bộ não và từ ngữ "cái trí" như những từ ngữ đồng nghĩa. Ông đang sử dụng chúng trong cùng ngữ cảnh?

Krishnamurti: Một chút thôi, thưa bạn, một chút thôi. Chúng ta sẽ giải thích nó.

Người hỏi: Thỉnh thoảng nó gây hoang mang cho tôi trong hiểu rõ điều gì đó.

Krishnamurti: Đúng, đúng. Hiểu biết của bị tổn thương, không chỉ thuộc thân thể nhưng còn thuộc tâm lý, phía bên trong, đã để lại một dấu vết trên bộ não như ký ức. Ký ức là hiểu biết. Đúng chứ? Và tại sao tôi phải được tự do khỏi sợ hãi đó? Nếu tôi được tự do bạn sẽ gây tổn thương tôi lại. Vì vậy hiểu biết đó hành động như một kháng cự, như một bức tường. Và điều gì xảy ra trong sự liên hệ giữa những con người khi có bức tường này giữa bạn và tôi?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta không thể gặp gỡ nhau.

Krishnamurti: Chính xác như thế. Vì vậy chúng ta làm gì đây? Tiếp tục đi, hãy theo sát nó thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Phá sập bức tường đi.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng bạn sẽ gây tổn thương tôi.

Người hỏi: Chỉ là hình ảnh.

Krishnamurti: Không, thưa bạn. Hãy theo dõi, tôi đến với bạn hoàn toàn hồn nhiên – bạn biết không, từ ngữ "innocence" hồn nhiên có nghĩa không thể bị tổn thương. Từ ngữ đó, ý nghĩa gốc của từ ngữ đó, "hồn nhiên" là bạn không thể bị tổn thương. Bạn xem trong từ điển bạn sẽ hiểu được nó. Nhưng chúng ta hãy tiếp tục với nó. Vì vậy tôi đến với bạn đầy cởi mở, thân thiện và bạn nói điều gì đó với tôi mà gây tổn thương cho tôi. Điều này không xảy ra cho tất cả các bạn hay sao? Và điều gì xảy ra? Nó để lại một vết sẹo, đó là hiểu biết. Có gì sai trái với hiểu biết đó? Hiểu biết đó hành động như một bức tường giữa bạn và tôi. Đúng chứ? Dĩ nhiên. Bạn nghi ngờ điều đó sao? Vì vậy tôi sẽ làm gì đây? Bạn đã gây tổn thương tôi, nhiều lần.

Người hỏi: Phá sập bức tường . . .

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ, hãy chờ đã – hãy nhìn nó trước, đừng nói phá sập hay – chỉ nhìn nó. Bạn đã gây tổn thương tôi và hiểu biết về nó còn tồn tại. Nếu tôi không có hiểu biết về nó, bạn sẽ gây tổn thương cho tôi lại. Và nếu tôi củng cố hiểu biết đó, nó hoạt động như một bức tường giữa bạn và tôi. Vì vậy giữa bạn và tôi không có sự liên hệ. Vì vậy hiểu biết của quá khứ ngăn cản sự liên hệ giữa bạn và tôi. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy tôi sẽ làm gì đây? Hãy tiếp tục, thưa các bạn, tôi sẽ làm gì đây?

Người hỏi: Thấy được nếu nó là sự thật, tìm hiểu nó.

Krishnamurti: Tôi đã tìm hiểu nó, tôi đã mất mười phút trong sự tìm hiểu nó. Và tôi thấy sự tìm hiểu đó, sự phân tích đó hoàn toàn vô dụng.

Người hỏi: Đây là nơi thời gian chen vào phải không?

Krishnamurti: Tôi đã mất mười phút – những phân tích ngụ ý mười phút. Và mười phút đó là một phí phạm.

Người hỏi: Nhưng ông đã sử dụng thời gian.

Krishnamurti: Tôi sẽ chỉ cho bạn – tôi đã sử dụng thời gian. Đừng nói không có thời gian.

Người hỏi: Nhưng nếu không có bất kỳ thời gian nào.

Krishnamurti: Tôi không biết, đó chỉ là một phỏng đoán. Tôi đã mất mười phút để xem thử tại sao tôi bị tổn thương, để tìm hiểu tổn thương, thấy sự cần thiết của giữ lại tổn thương đó như hiểu biết. Và tôi đã tự-hỏi mình, nếu tôi xóa sạch được tổn thương đó, bạn sẽ không gây tổn thương tôi lại chứ? Và tôi thấy rằng, chừng nào tổn thương đó còn tồn tại, không có sự liên hệ giữa bạn và tôi. Vậy là tất cả việc đó đã mất mười lăm phút. Và tôi thấy, chúa ơi, tôi đã đến được tận cùng của nó – không gì cả.

Thế là tôi đã phát giác sự phân tích không có giá trị gì cả. Tôi không được tìm hiểu theo hướng đó – bạn sẽ bị mất hút. Vì vậy tôi sẽ làm gì, đã gây tổn thương, đã bị tổn thương và đang nhớ lại sự tổn thương đó ngăn cản mọi liên hệ?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta phải chấp nhận bị tổn thương.

Krishnamurti: Không, tôi không đang chấp nhận cũng không đang phủ nhận, tôi đang quan sát, tôi đang phân tích, tôi không chấp nhận bất kỳ điều gì, hay phủ nhận bất kỳ điều gì. Vì vậy lúc đó câu hỏi của tôi là, "Tại sao tôi bị tổn thương?" Đúng chứ? Cái vật đang bị tổn thương này là gì?

Người hỏi: Hiểu biết của là một người ngu dốt trong thực tế.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, hãy nói điều gì đó thực tế, đừng tưởng tượng, đừng, bạn biết, và sau đó đừng diễn đạt bằng lời nói. Trước hết tìm ra cái vật đang bị tổn thương này là gì?

Người hỏi: Hiểu biết của "cái gì là" bị tổn thương.

Krishnamurti: Khi tôi nói tôi bị tổn thương, bởi vì bạn gọi tôi là một người ngu dốt, cái vật đang bị tổn thương này là gì?

Người hỏi: Kiêu hãnh.

Krishnamurti: Kiêu hãnh?

Người hỏi: Chính là hiểu biết của là một người ngu dốt hiện diện ở đó.

Krishnamurti: Không, thưa bà, không phải như thế – làm ơn quan sát nó, còn sâu sắc hơn nó nhiều. Tôi bị tổn thương bởi vì bạn đã gọi tôi là một người ngu dốt.

Người hỏi: Bởi vì hình ảnh tôi có về chính tôi.

Krishnamurti: Không, đừng – làm ơn hãy quan sát nó. Tôi bị tổn thương bởi vì bạn gọi tôi là một người ngu dốt. Tại sao tôi phải bị tổn thương bởi vì bạn đã gọi tôi là một người ngu dốt?

Người hỏi: Chắc chắn nó là hình ảnh mà tôi có về chính tôi.

Krishnamurti: Mà có nghĩa, vậy là tôi có một hình ảnh về chính tôi như là một người thông minh. Và khi bạn gọi tôi là một người ngu dốt hay kẻ đê tiện hay bất kỳ là gì, tôi bị tổn thương, bởi vì hình ảnh của tôi là người thông minh. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ tôi tự-nói với mình, tại sao tôi có một hình ảnh về chính tôi. Vì vậy chừng nào tôi còn có một hình ảnh về chính tôi, tôi sẽ bị tổn thương.

Người hỏi: Tại sao tôi phải quan tâm về hình ảnh mà người khác đã có về tôi?

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên, thưa bạn, người khác có một hình ảnh về tôi như một người ngu dốt – nó cũng là sự việc, bạn theo kịp không – hình ảnh. Bây giờ tại sao tôi lại có một hình ảnh về chính tôi.

Người hỏi: Bởi vì tôi không thích tôi là gì.

Krishnamurti: Chờ một tí, không. Trước hết tại sao bạn có nó, thưa bạn, bởi vì bạn không thích chính bạn như bạn là phải không? Hãy chờ một tí. Bạn là gì? Bạn đã nhìn vào chính bạn, mà không có hình ảnh chưa? Thưa bạn, hãy nhìn, chúng ta hãy đơn giản đi. Tôi có một hình ảnh về bạn như rất khôn ngoan, nổi bật, thông minh, tỉnh thức, được khai sáng, đang ngồi trên đỉnh một quả đồi. Hình ảnh tuyệt vời. Bởi vì hình ảnh tôi có về bạn đó, tôi nói rằng bạn rất thông minh. Và so sánh với chính tôi, tôi ngu dốt. So sánh chính tôi với bạn, tôi ngu dốt. Đúng chứ? Khi đo lường chính tôi với bạn tôi thấy tôi hèn hạ. Hãy tiếp tục. Rõ ràng là như thế. Và điều đó khiến tôi cảm thấy rất ngu dốt, rất ngu xuẩn, hèn hạ. Và từ tất cả cảm thấy ngu dốt, thấp kém, hèn hạ đó, tôi có nhiều vấn đề khác. Bây giờ tại sao tôi lại so sánh tôi với bạn? Có phải bởi vì từ niên thiếu chúng ta đã được nuôi dưỡng để so sánh phải không? Trong trường học chúng ta so sánh, bạn không nổi bật như người anh của bạn hay cậu trai, cậu trai đứng đầu lớp – chúng ta so sánh qua những điểm, cho những điểm, qua những kỳ thi, người mẹ nói rằng, “Hãy thông minh như người anh lớn của bạn.” Bạn biết không, sự tệ hại vô cùng của so sánh này luôn luôn theo suốt cuộc đời. Và nếu tôi không so sánh, tôi ở đâu? Tôi có ngu dốt không? Không, tôi không biết. Tôi gọi tôi là ngu dốt khi so sánh chính tôi với bạn, mà là người không ngu dốt. Nhưng nếu tôi không so sánh, điều gì xảy ra?

Người hỏi: Tôi trở thành chính tôi.

Krishnamurti: Chính bạn là gì? Chỉ quan sát thôi, thưa bạn, cái vòng tròn chúng ta trải qua, nói, lặp lại những sự việc này lặp đi và lặp lại mà không hiểu rõ về chúng. Vì vậy tôi quay trở lại, tại sao tôi phải có một hình ảnh về chính tôi, tốt lành, xấu xa, cao quý, không cao quý, xấu xí hay ngu dốt, sáng láng, tại sao tôi có một hình ảnh? Về bất kỳ điều gì, về chính tôi.

Người hỏi: Nó là một phương tiện dùng để tiếp xúc với những người khác.

Krishnamurti: Nó là một phương tiện dùng để tiếp xúc hay liên hệ với những người khác – đó là như thế sao?

Người hỏi: Một con người mà có ý thức và nhận biết phải tự động liên quan mình vào sự so sánh.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, tôi đang hỏi tại sao tôi phải, tại sao tôi so sánh. So sánh hàm ý không chỉ xung đột mà còn bắt chước, phải không?

Người hỏi: Nhưng chắc chắn sự đánh giá là cần thiết.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ tí. Lại nữa quan sát nó, quan sát làm ơn. Sự so sánh hàm ý xung đột và bắt chước, phải không? Đó là một khía cạnh của nó. Không à? Trong so sánh tôi với bạn tôi cảm thấy tôi ngu dốt, vì vậy tôi phải tranh đấu để thông minh như bạn – xung đột. Và thế là tôi bắt chước điều gì bạn là. Được bao hàm trong nó, xung đột và bắt chước. Nhưng cũng vậy tôi thấy rằng tôi phải so sánh giữa tấm vải này và tấm vải kia, những chất liệu, ngôi nhà này và ngôi nhà kia. Không à? So sánh, đo lường, liệu bạn cao hay thấp, so sánh, đo lường, khoảng cách giữa đây và một nơi khác – và vân vân. Bạn theo kịp chứ? Vì vậy tại sao tôi có một hình ảnh về chính tôi, bởi vì nếu tôi có một hình ảnh về chính tôi nó sẽ bị tổn thương.

Người hỏi: Có lẽ hình ảnh này không tồn tại gì cả.

Krishnamurti: Tiếp tục đi, thưa bạn, hãy tìm hiểu nó. Tại sao tôi có một hình ảnh về chính tôi như cái gì đó hay không gì cả.

Người hỏi: Tôi muốn được an toàn.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó có nghĩa bạn đang nói rằng bạn đang tìm kiếm, đang nhận được sự an toàn trong một hình ảnh. Đó là như thế phải không? Mà là gì? Hình ảnh đó đã được sắp xếp vào cùng nhau bởi tư tưởng. Vì vậy bạn đang nhận được sự an toàn trong hình ảnh mà tư tưởng đã dựng lên và trong hình ảnh đó tư tưởng đang tìm kiếm sự an toàn. Tư tưởng đã tạo ra một hình ảnh bởi vì nó muốn được an toàn trong hình ảnh đó. Thế là tư tưởng đang tìm kiếm sự an toàn trong chính nó. Đúng chứ? Có nghĩa là tư tưởng đang tìm kiếm sự an toàn trong hình ảnh mà nó nó đã dựng lên và hình ảnh đó là sản phẩm của tư tưởng, tư tưởng là ký ức, mà là quá khứ. Hãy tiếp tục. Vì vậy tư tưởng đã tạo nên hình ảnh về chính tôi này, về chính nó – không phải chính tôi, về chính nó. Không à?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, tôi xin phép hỏi ông một điều?

Krishnamurti: Làm ơn bám vào điểm này?

Người hỏi: Vâng, tôi có bám, nó liên quan đến giáo dục, tôi nghĩ như vậy, bởi vì thậm chí khi người ta bắt đầu so sánh đứa con của riêng người ta và nói với đứa trẻ này, con thông minh hơn . . .

Krishnamurti: Tôi biết, thưa bạn, tôi đã nói như thế, chúng ta đã nói như thế. Cha mẹ là những con người nguy hiểm nhất! (Tiếng cười). Họ hủy hoại con cái của họ, bởi vì họ không được giáo dục.

Vì vậy, hình ảnh được xây dựng bởi tư tưởng và tư tưởng đang tìm kiếm sự an toàn, và thế là tư tưởng đã sáng chế ra một hình ảnh mà trong đó nó tìm được sự an toàn, nhưng hình ảnh này vẫn còn là tư tưởng. Và tư tưởng là đáp trả của ký ức, ngày hôm qua. Vì vậy điều gì đã xảy ra? Hiểu biết của ngày hôm qua đã tạo ra hình ảnh này. Hãy tiếp tục, thưa bạn. Vì vậy làm thế nào tôi sẽ không bị tổn thương? Không bị tổn thương hàm ý không có bất kỳ loại hình ảnh nào, chắc chắn là như thế. Bây giờ làm thế nào tôi sẽ ngăn cản những hình ảnh – hình ảnh về tương lai, hình ảnh về tôi sẽ bị sợ hãi? Tư tưởng là thời gian, tư tưởng là sợ hãi về hình ảnh của ngày mai, mà trong đó không có sự chắc chắn. Vì vậy làm thế nào tôi, làm thế nào cái trí hay bộ não sẽ không có những hình ảnh nào cả, và thế là không bị tổn thương? Làm ơn chỉ lắng nghe. Không có một hình ảnh nào cả và không bị tổn thương. Khoảnh khắc nó bị tổn thương nó sẽ có một hình ảnh. Và khi bị tổn thương nó tự-bảo vệ chính nó bằng một hình ảnh khác.

Vì vậy câu hỏi của tôi là, liệu bộ não có thể, tách khỏi khía cạnh thân thể vật chất của nó, nơi nó phải tự bảo vệ chính nó chống lại mưa gió, bạn theo kịp chứ, sự nguy hiểm, vực thẳm, những con rắn, không khí ô nhiễm, những chiến tranh, vân vân, vân vân, – tách rời khỏi sự nguy hiểm thuộc thân thể nơi mà sự bảo vệ là cần thiết, liệu bộ não không thể bị tổn thương gì cả? Mà có nghĩa rằng, không có bất kỳ loại hình ảnh nào.

Người hỏi: Năng lượng, thưa ông.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, nếu bạn không phiền, xin đừng đưa thêm vào một từ ngữ khác, bởi vì chúng ta đã có đầy đủ những từ ngữ để sử dụng rồi, vì vậy chúng ta hãy bám vào vài từ ngữ này mà chúng ta đã hiểu khá rõ.

Thưa bạn, hãy nhìn nó theo cách khác, không bị tổn thương hàm ý không-kháng cự; không-kháng cự có nghĩa không-hình ảnh; không bị tổn thương có nghĩa rằng, bạn biết rồi, sinh lực, năng lượng. Và năng lượng đó bị lãng phí khi tôi có những hình ảnh. Năng lượng đó bị phá hủy khi tôi so sánh chính tôi với bạn, hình ảnh của tôi với hình ảnh của bạn, năng lượng đó bị hủy diệt trong xung đột, trong đang cố gắng để trở thành hình ảnh của bạn mà tôi đã chiếu rọi cho chính tôi. Năng lượng đó bị kiệt quệ khi tôi đang bắt chước hình ảnh mà tôi đã tự-chiếu rọi về bạn.

Vì vậy sự kiệt quệ năng lượng là yếu tố này. Và khi tôi năng động, mà chỉ có thể xảy ra khi có sự chú ý, tôi không bị tổn thương. Tôi không biết liệu bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này? Không à? Nắm nó được không, thưa bạn? Chúng ta hãy giải thích lại nó, chúng ta hãy hiểu nó theo cách khác.

Tôi thấy, người ta quan sát – sự quan sát – người ta quan sát người ta bị tổn thương. Người ta bị tổn thương bởi vì theo căn bản người ta có một hình ảnh về chính người ta. Và hình ảnh đó đã được hình thành qua nhiều hình thức khác nhau của văn hóa, giáo dục, văn minh, truyền thống, quốc tịch, điều kiện kinh tế, bất công xã hội. Hình ảnh đó là quá khứ và vì vậy là hiểu biết. Tư tưởng, dù là tư tưởng của tôi hay tư tưởng tập thể, đã thẩm thấu trong bộ não này, ý thức của so sánh hình ảnh này với một hình ảnh khác. Rõ ràng như thế. Người mẹ làm việc này, giáo viên làm việc này, người chính trị làm việc này, Mao làm việc này, quyển Sách Đỏ, huyền bí của người Thiên chúa giáo – bạn theo kịp chứ, toàn văn minh này được xây dựng trên việc thiết lập hình ảnh. Và nó đó kìa, hình ảnh đó ở trong bộ não, mà là tư tưởng. Bây giờ chừng nào người ta còn chưa khám phá được, chưa hiểu rõ được, chừng nào người ta còn có một hình ảnh, phải có bị tổn thương.

Người hỏi: Hình ảnh là sự tổn thương, phải không?

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên, hình ảnh là sự tổn thương. Được rồi. Bây giờ liệu bộ não có thể được tự do khỏi tất cả những hình ảnh và vì vậy không bao giờ bị tổn thương? Điều đó có nghĩa sự tự do khỏi hiểu biết của quá khứ như hình ảnh. Hiểu biết của quá khứ là cần thiết để nói một ngôn ngữ, nhưng hiểu biết như quá khứ, như một hình ảnh được đặt chung vào nhau bởi tư tưởng mà là "cái tôi" mà là hình ảnh vĩ đại nhất, và chừng nào tôi còn có hình ảnh vĩ đại nhất trong tôi, bạn hoàn toàn đúng đắn khi xoay quanh nó. Và bạn thực hiện điều đó.

Vì vậy liệu bộ não không bao giờ bị tổn thương. Bạn biết, thưa bạn, hãy tìm ra điều này cho chính bạn, không phải bởi vì tôi – hãy tìm ra cho chính bạn và sống một sống trong đó bộ não không bao giờ bị tổn thương nữa. Chỉ lúc đó bạn mới có thể có liên hệ. Nhưng nếu trong sự liên hệ đó bạn đang gây tổn thương cho tôi, tôi đang gây tổn thương cho bạn, nó kết thúc. Trong sự liên hệ giữa bạn và tôi đó có tổn thương và sự liên hệ đó kết thúc, vậy thì tôi đi tìm một liên hệ khác – ly dị bạn và kết hợp với người nào khác. Và việc đó lại tiếp tục gây tổn thương. Bạn theo kịp chứ? Chúng ta nghĩ rằng bằng cách thay đổi một liên hệ chúng ta sẽ hoàn toàn không thể bị tổn thương. Nhưng chúng ta luôn luôn bị tổn thương. Đúng chứ?

Người hỏi: Nếu những hình ảnh không còn, vậy thì sự liên hệ giữa hai con người là gì? Sự liên hệ có nghĩa có liên quan, và nếu những hình ảnh không còn, sự liên hệ giữa người chồng và người vợ là gì?

Krishnamurti: Tôi hiểu. Tại sao bạn đang hỏi tôi?

Người hỏi: Bởi vì ông đã hỏi.

Krishnamurti: Hãy tìm ra liệu hình ảnh của bạn đã không còn, không phải bởi vì bạn đã hỏi tôi một câu hỏi và tôi trả lời nó, hãy tìm ra liệu những hình ảnh mà bạn có, đã tan biến, vậy thì bạn sẽ tìm ra sự liên hệ của bạn với một người khác là gì. Nhưng nếu tôi nói, hãy nhìn kìa, "Nó là tình yêu", nó chỉ là một lý thuyết, hãy quẳng nó đi, điều đó không có ý nghĩa gì cả. Nhưng nếu bạn nói rằng, "Nhìn kìa, tôi biết tôi bị tổn thương – suốt đời tôi tôi đã bị tổn thương." Một chuỗi của những tổn thương – bạn không biết điều này sao? Một chuỗi của những giọt nước mắt phía bên trong, một chuỗi của những âu lo. Và những hình ảnh này tồn tại. Câu hỏi của chúng ta là, liệu bộ não có thể không bao giờ bị tổn thương? Và câu hỏi đó bạn phải vận dụng, không phải nói về nó. Hãy theo sát nó, nói, "Ồ tôi có một hình ảnh". Rõ ràng là bạn có, nếu không bạn và tôi sẽ không ngồi ở đây. Và nếu bạn có một hình ảnh, hãy tìm hiểu nó, thâm nhập nó và thấy sự vô lý của phân tích. Bởi vì phân tích đó ngăn cản bạn không hành động. Trái lại nếu lúc này bạn nói, "Tôi chuyển động cùng hình ảnh". Bạn theo kịp không, thưa bạn? Đó là, chuyển động cùng hình ảnh có nghĩa tư tưởng đang thiết lập chuyển động này. Và tư tưởng là hiểu biết. Vì vậy liệu bộ não có thể tràn đầy hiểu biết trong một phương hướng và không có hiểu biết trong phương hướng còn lại? Đúng chứ? Điều đó có nghĩa rằng, yên lặng trong một phương hướng, tuyệt đối – không phải phương hướng, bạn hiểu rõ chứ, thưa bạn, yên lặng tuyệt đối và từ sự yên lặng đó sử dụng hiểu biết. Không à? Bạn sẽ không thấy điều này.

Người hỏi: Có nơi nào dành cho thiết lập sự liên hệ?

Krishnamurti: Liệu có một trạng thái như thế – liệu có một trạng thái như sự liên hệ được thiết lập? Hãy đến một văn phòng hộ tịch và đăng ký kết hôn. Việc đó thiết lập hợp pháp một liên hệ. Và điều gì tiếp tục, chúa ơi! Và cũng vậy điều gì tiếp tục, không-hợp pháp. Thế là nó là sự hành hạ của bạn. Vì vậy bây giờ, để quay lại câu hỏi, điều gì, điều gì là sự liên hệ giữa tư tưởng và sợ hãi? Đúng chứ, thưa bạn?

Chúng ta đã nói, tư tưởng khởi nguồn từ sự hiểu biết của quá khứ, hiểu biết là quá khứ, hiểu biết là dĩ vãng, là quá khứ. Trong hiểu biết đó, tư tưởng đã tìm được sự an toàn – tôi biết ngôi nhà của tôi, tôi biết bạn, tôi là cái này, tôi bị quy định, không bị quy định – bạn theo kịp không – tôi đã khẳng định tôi là gì trong hiểu biết. Bây giờ tôi không biết ngày mai. Tôi sợ hãi về ngày mai. Và cũng vậy tôi sợ hãi về hiểu biết của quá khứ mà tôi có, bởi vì trong hiểu biết đó tôi cũng thấy có sự không-an toàn ghê lắm. Bởi vì nếu tôi sống trong quá khứ như hầu hết chúng ta đều sống, tôi là người chết rồi. Và cảm thấy của sống trong quá khứ đó đang bóp nghẹt tôi, và tôi không biết làm thế nào để cởi bỏ nó và tôi sợ hãi điều đó, giống như tôi sợ hãi về ngày mai. Thế là tôi sợ hãi sống và tôi sợ hãi chết.

Vì vậy tôi sẽ phải làm gì đây, tôi sẽ phải làm gì với những sợ hãi mà tôi có, tương lai, quá khứ – những sợ hãi? Hay chỉ có một sợ hãi, ngoại trừ sự sợ hãi thuộc thân thể mà gây ảnh hưởng cho bộ não, những sợ hãi thuộc hệ thần kinh thân thể, tất cả điều đó – liệu chỉ có một sợ hãi, đang mang những hình thức khác?

Người hỏi: Nó là sự sợ hãi của không là gì?

Krishnamurti: Nó là sự sợ hãi của không là gì? Đúng à?

Người hỏi: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Sợ hãi của không có bất kỳ hình ảnh nào – đang là là hình ảnh, phải không? Không à? Cố gắng lên.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, . . .

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ đã, chúng ta chưa chấm dứt câu hỏi này, đã mười một giờ rưỡi rồi. Hãy theo dõi, thưa bạn, chúng ta có hai bàn luận hay đối thoại hay hai nói chuyện nữa, ngày mai và Thứ ba, Thứ hai và Thứ ba. Ngày hôm nay gần hết giờ rồi. Và chúng ta đang nói về sợ hãi. Trong mười lăm phút, chúng ta hãy vận dụng những cái trí của chúng ta và thực sự thấy liệu cái trí có thể được tự do khỏi sợ hãi.

Đúng chứ? Cả những sợ hãi thuộc thân thể, cùng tất cả những công việc loạn thần kinh của nó, và những sợ hãi thuộc tâm lý mà sâu thẳm nhiều hơn, loạn thần kinh nhiều hơn. Trong mười lăm phút đồng hồ chúng ta hãy vận dụng, bạn biết rồi, hãy khoét sâu vào nó. Bởi vì người ta thấy rằng khi có sợ hãi thuộc bất kỳ loại nào, nó là vấn đề kinh hoàng nhất. Đúng chứ? Người ta sống trong bóng tối, trong ý nghĩa của trống rỗng, bị tách rời, không có sự liên hệ, mọi thứ trở nên xấu xa. Không à? Sợ hãi – sợ hãi không chỉ về quá khứ mà còn về tương lai, không chỉ những sợ hãi của điều gì người ta nhận biết được mà còn sâu thẳm bên trong.

Lúc này khi bạn quan sát toàn hiện tượng của sợ hãi, thuộc vật chất, thuộc tâm lý, cùng tất cả những phân chia của nó, những hình thức khác nhau của sợ hãi, cùng tất cả những trạng thái của sợ hãi – đúng chứ, tôi hy vọng bạn đang theo kịp – khi bạn thấy toàn cấu trúc của sợ hãi, cùng tất cả quá khứ của nó, gốc rễ của tất cả sợ hãi đó là gì? Nếu tôi không khám phá được gốc rễ của nó tôi sẽ tiếp tục đang thao tác những mảnh vỡ, đang sửa đổi những mảnh vỡ. Vì vậy tôi phải tìm được gốc rễ của nó. Bạn nghĩ gốc rễ của nó là gì – gốc rễ của mọi sợ hãi, không phải chỉ một hình thức đặc biệt của sợ hãi? Làm ơn đừng trả lời tôi, chính bạn hãy chắc chắn được gốc rễ của sợ hãi là gì, khám phá nó, mở toang nói ra, nhìn nó.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, tôi muốn nói rằng như một bài thực tập chúng ta nên gây tổn thương lẫn nhau. Tôi muốn gây tổn thương ông, và ông nên gây tổn thương những người này; bởi vì những điều kiện ở đây – tôi cảm thấy toàn bầu không khí là lịch sự – ông không muốn gây tổn thương những người này.

Krishnamurti: Quý ông này nói, bầu không khí này là một nhàm chán, là sự lịch sự – tôi không muốn gây tổn thương bạn và bạn không muốn gây tổn thương tôi. Vì vậy nó là một hình thức của lịch sự và nó không tạo tác bất kỳ tác động nào cả. Đúng chứ, thưa bạn, đó là như thế à? Tôi không phiền nếu bạn gây tổn thương tôi.

Người hỏi: Nhưng sự liên hệ không chỉ là đang ngồi đây và đang lắng nghe ông. Khi tôi gây tổn thương ông, sẽ có một liên hệ giữa chúng ta.

Krishnamurti: Cái gì, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Khi tôi gây tổn thương ông, sẽ có một liên hệ giữa ông và tôi.

Krishnamurti: Ồ, khi bạn gây tổn thương tôi, sẽ có một liên hệ giữa bạn và tôi.

Người hỏi: Dĩ nhiên sẽ có, bởi vì tôi đã hủy diệt bộ phận của hình ảnh.

Người hỏi: Điều đó vô lý, đây chỉ là phản ứng. Liệu ông có thể tiếp tục bởi vì chúng ta còn ít thời gian lắm?

Krishnamurti: Bạn thấy, thưa bạn. Nó không là phản ứng, thưa bạn. Ông ta đang bảo cho bạn điều gì đó – ông ta nói, hãy quan sát, chúng ta đã trải qua vấn đề hình ảnh này, chúng ta đã tìm hiểu những hình ảnh, bạn đang có một hình ảnh, tôi đang có một hình ảnh, bạn đang bị tổn thương và tôi đang bị tổn thương, chúng ta đều đã trải qua tất cả việc đó, nó không là sự lịch sự.

Người hỏi: Nhưng ông đã trình bày về những hình ảnh và chúng tôi đã không thâm nhập vào những hình ảnh.

Krishnamurti: Bạn tưởng tượng như vậy. Làm thế nào bạn biết?

Người hỏi: Có lẽ những người khác đã xóa sạch.

Krishnamurti: Làm thế nào bạn biết? Bạn thấy không, làm thế nào bạn biết rằng tôi đã không xóa sạch những hình ảnh của bạn? Do bởi tính kiêu ngạo của tôi mới nói rằng bạn đã không xóa sạch. Tôi là ai mà bảo cho bạn rằng bạn đã, hay không xóa sạch – điều đó tùy thuộc vào bạn.

Vì vậy chúng ta hãy quay lại. Tôi muốn tìm ra, không phải những mảnh hay nhiều loại hay những trạng thái khác nhau của sợ hãi, nhưng tôi thực sự muốn tìm ra gốc rễ của nó. Nó là "không đang là" – mà có nghĩa rằng, "đang trở thành", bạn theo kịp chứ? Đang trở thành, đó là, "Tôi đang trở thành cái gì đó", "Tôi muốn là cái gì đó". Tôi đã bị tổn thương và tôi muốn được tự do khỏi những tổn thương. Suốt sống của tôi là sự tiến hành của đang trở thành này. Sự hung hăng là bộ phận của "đang trở thành" này. Và "không đang trở thành" là một sợ hãi kinh khủng, "không đang là" là một sợ hãi, phải không – đó không là gốc rễ của nó hay sao?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, tôi cố gắng tìm ra gốc rễ của sợ hãi. Tôi thấy tôi không thể suy nghĩ về nó được, sự sợ hãi, thế là cái trí của tôi trở nên bặt tăm đến độ tôi có thể cảm thấy chính xác sự sợ hãi đó; và sau đó tất cả mà tôi cảm thấy là sự căng thẳng phía bên trong, sâu thẳm; nhưng tôi không thể vượt khỏi sự căng thẳng đó.

Krishnamurti: Quý ông này nói ông ấy không thể vượt khỏi sự căng thẳng, khi ông ấy tìm hiểu gốc rễ của sợ hãi. Nhưng tại sao người ta lại phải căng thẳng về nó? Tại sao tôi phải – tôi chỉ muốn tìm ra, tại sao tôi phải có bất kỳ sự căng thẳng nào về nó. Bởi vì tôi có một căng thẳng, nếu tôi có một căng thẳng tôi muốn vượt khỏi nó, bạn biết không, tôi rất háo hức, rất tham lam. Thưa bạn, chỉ quan sát thôi. Bạn thấy, chúng ta suy nghĩ, phải không, mỗi người chúng ta, đều dựa vào đang trở thành – đang trở nên được khai sáng, đang xóa sạch những hình ảnh: "Bạn không lắng nghe hình ảnh của tôi", "Tôi không lắng nghe hình ảnh của bạn" – bạn theo kịp chứ? Toàn tiến hành này là một hình thức của "đang trở thành" hay "đang là". Khi "đang là" bị đe dọa, mà là "không đang trở thành" – có sợ hãi. Đúng chứ? Tại sao tôi phải, có gì để trở thành? Tôi có thể hiểu rõ rằng tôi có thể trở nên lành mạnh hơn, dưỡng mái tóc của tôi dài hơn, nhưng theo tâm lý có gì để trở thành? Đang trở thành là gì? Đang thay đổi những hình ảnh? Đang thay đổi một hình ảnh này cho một hình ảnh khác à? Rõ ràng như thế. Nhưng nếu tôi không có hình ảnh gì cả và tôi thấy lý do của không-hình ảnh một cách có lý luận, và cũng vậy tôi thấy sự thật rằng hình ảnh ngăn cản sự liên hệ, dù nó là một hình ảnh khó chịu hay một hình ảnh dễ chịu – cả hai, hiển nhiên. Nếu tôi có một hình ảnh dễ chịu về bạn, bạn là người bạn của tôi. Nếu tôi có một hình ảnh khó chịu về bạn, bạn là kẻ thù của tôi. Vậy là hãy đừng có những hình ảnh gì cả. Và hãy tìm ra điều này, hãy áp dụng nó, không chỉ chấp nhận nó, nhưng thực sự vận dụng, tìm hiểu và áp dụng và sống cùng nó.

Vậy thì người ta tìm được, nếu bạn có vận dụng, có làm việc để tìm ra nó – có một cái trí, có một bộ não mà không bao giờ có thể bị tổn thương, bởi vì không có gì để bị tổn thương cả.

SAANEN

Ngày 8 tháng 8 năm 1971

– 5 – THÔNG MINH VÀ SỐNG TÔN GIÁO

Sống tôn giáo là gì? Sự liên quan giữa thiền định và cái trí yên lặng. Tư tưởng như đo lường; hành động của sự đo lường. Làm thế nào cái không thể đo lường có thể được hiểu rõ? Thông minh như sự liên quan giữa cái có thể đo lường và cái không thể đo lường. Sự thức dậy của thông minh. Trạng thái tỉnh thức không chọn lựa. Học hành, không đang tích lũy hiểu biết.

Người hỏi 1: Chúng ta có thể bàn luận về người quan sát và vật được quan sát và sự liên quan của chúng với trạng thái nhận biết?

Người hỏi 2: Chúng ta có thể bàn luận về theo đuổi một sống tôn giáo thực sự có nghĩa gì?

Người hỏi 3: Chúng ta có thể bàn luận về thông minh và thiền định?

Krishnamurti: Tôi muốn nói về vấn đề người quan sát và vật được quan sát và trạng thái nhận biết. Đây là bàn luận hay đối thoại cuối cùng. Chúng ta sẽ bàn thêm về vấn đề gì ngoại trừ vấn đề đã được đề nghị.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, ông có thể giải thích về Yoga thực sự có ý nghĩa gì, và cũng vậy nó có ý nghĩa gì trong ý thức tôn giáo.

Krishnamurti: Không, không, Yoga có một ý nghĩa hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Tôi sẽ giải thích.

Người hỏi: Sự khác nhau giữa thông minh và thiền định là gì?

Krishnamurti: Thông minh và thiền định. Và một quý ông khác đã nói, chúng ta có thể nói về sống tôn giáo – ý nghĩa của từ ngữ “tôn giáo” đó là trói chặt vào nhau và liệu chúng ta có thể nói về nó, giống như “Yoga” mà là trói chặt vào nhau.

Người hỏi: Chúng ta có thể nói về mục đích của đang hiện diện trên quả đất này hay không?

Krishnamurti: Mục đích của đang hiện diện trên quả đất – chỉ chúa mới biết!

Bây giờ chúng ta có thể bàn luận một sống tôn giáo là gì và có lẽ trong đó, trong khi nói chuyện về nó, chúng ta sẽ bắt gặp câu hỏi về người quan sát và vật được quan sát, thông minh và thiền định và mọi chuyện như thế. Chúng ta sẽ thực hiện chứ? Bạn có muốn bàn luận điều đó không?

Chúng ta hãy vất bỏ từ ngữ “Yoga” đi. Như nó thường được hiểu, từ ngữ “Yoga” thường thường được hiểu là mang lại vào nhau, trói chặt vào nhau. Tôi đã được những học giả giải thích rằng từ ngữ “Yoga” không có nghĩa như thế; cũng không phải những bài luyện tập và tất cả những ồn ào quanh nó. Yoga có nghĩa là sự nhận biết hợp nhất, nhận biết toàn sự việc một cách tổng thể, như một đơn vị; khả năng, hay ý thức, hay thấy toàn sự tồn tại như một – sự nhận biết hợp nhất, đó là điều gì nó có nghĩa, đó là điều gì từ ngữ “Yoga” có nghĩa. Đúng chứ, thưa bạn?

Một sống tôn giáo là gì? Tôi không biết liệu nó có gây hứng thú cho bạn khi hiểu rõ tôn giáo có ý nghĩa gì, không phải ý nghĩa được chấp nhận của từ ngữ đó, niềm tin trong đấng cứu rỗi nào đó, trong hình dạng của Thượng đế nào đó, trong hình thức nghi lễ nào đó và vân vân, mà tất cả đều là tuyên truyền, và theo tôi nó chẳng có giá trị gì cả – đó không là một sống tôn giáo. Chúng ta có thể tiếp tục từ đó được không? Bạn có hoàn toàn chắc chắn rằng tất cả chúng ta đều thấy sự thật đó? Một người Thiên chúa giáo được nuôi dưỡng để tin vào một điều gì đó, một đấng cứu rỗi và vân vân – như hầu hết những thần thoại Thiên chúa giáo được đặt nền tảng trên nó. Đó là anh ấy bị quy định từ niên thiếu, tin tưởng, làm phép thánh, bạn biết không, toàn công việc của nó. Và ở Ấn độ và những vùng đất khác của thế giới, cũng như vậy – từ niên thiếu bạn bị quy định để tin tưởng vào một cái gì đó, trong Thượng đế, trong Atman, trong Brahman, trong một cách sống, một sống tôn giáo, cùng tất cả những luật lệ và những hiến dâng, cùng những nghi lễ, những giáo điều, những giáo sĩ, những tổ chức và tất cả việc đó.

Bây giờ liệu chúng ta có thể thành thật gạt bỏ tất cả điều đó

– được không? Không phải trở thành một người vô thần, không nói rằng, ồ, tất cả điều đó đều là rác rưởi, không có gì tồn tại, nhưng chúng ta đang cố gắng hiểu toàn vấn đề của tôn giáo là gì, một sống tôn giáo là gì. Liệu chúng ta có thể – nếu chúng ta nghiêm túc, chúng ta có thể gạt bỏ đi tất cả điều đó. Bạn đã gạt bỏ tất cả điều đó rồi phải không? Tôi không biết – điều đó tùy thuộc vào bạn. Bạn có lẽ không phụ thuộc vào bất kỳ giáo phái hay nhóm nào hay bất kỳ cộng đồng nào mà tin tưởng chúa, hay không tin tưởng chúa – tin tưởng chúa hay không-tin tưởng chúa đó, là một hình thức khác của sợ hãi. Đúng chứ? Đang mong muốn một loại an toàn, chắc chắn nào đó của tôi, bởi vì sống của chúng tôi là không-chắc chắn, quá hoang mang, quá không ý nghĩa, chúng tôi muốn một điều gì đó để tin tưởng. Vì vậy liệu chúng ta có thể gạt bỏ điều đó?

Hy vọng rằng một cái gì đó phía bên ngoài, một tác nhân siêu phàm tồn tại – chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu, vì vậy rõ ràng tất cả điều đó phải được gạt bỏ. Chúng ta có thể tiếp tục từ đó được không? Vậy thì một sống tôn giáo là gì, chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ tôn giáo. Và sự liên quan giữa từ ngữ đó hay cảm thấy đó, mà con người đã tìm kiếm hay đã tìm hiểu trong hàng thiên niên kỷ, hàng triệu năm anh ấy đã và đang tìm kiếm, đang tìm kiếm, sự liên quan giữa tôn giáo và thiền định là gì? Chúng ta có thể tiếp tục từ đó, đó là, cái trí của người ta đã hoàn toàn hiểu rõ sự giả dối của niềm tin có tổ chức, tôn giáo có tổ chức, giáo hội có tổ chức, giáo sĩ có tổ chức, với đấng cứu rỗi của họ, với những vị chúa của họ, với những nghi lễ của họ, cái trí phải hiểu rõ hoàn toàn và vượt khỏi điều đó.

Vì vậy cái trí cũng phải vượt khỏi sự ham muốn này, sự tìm kiếm để tìm ra cái gì đó này. Và điều đó khó khăn hơn nhiều – theo trí năng người ta có thể thấy tất cả những vô lý của tôn giáo. Nhưng cái trí đang tìm kiếm, không phải đang tìm hiểu, nhưng đang tìm kiếm. Tôi hy vọng chúng ta thấy được sự khác biệt giữa đang tìm kiếm và đang tìm hiểu. Tìm kiếm hàm ý đi từ nhóm này qua nhóm khác, một đạo sư đến một đạo sư khác, một giáo phái này sang một giáo phái khác, đang tìm kiếm liệu bạn có thể tìm hạnh phúc, sự mãn nguyện, hài lòng, trong Phật giáo, trong Zen, hay trong Ấn độ giáo, bạn theo kịp chứ – đang tìm kiếm. Và có tất cả những người mà cung cấp cho bạn điều gì bạn mong muốn, con người mà nói nhiều về Phật giáo, giải thích về Phật giáo, và bạn đang tìm kiếm, không đang biết, bị bất mãn, buồn bã, đau khổ, hoang mang, và mắc vào cái bẫy đó. Và bạn nói rằng, “Cuối cùng tôi đã tìm ra.” Hay bạn gia nhập một giáo phái khác nào đó hay trở thành một người Cộng sản và nói, cuối cùng, có cái cần thiết thực sự.

Vì vậy đang tìm kiếm cũng hàm ý công nhận, đang tìm ra. Và đang tìm kiếm hàm ý công nhận điều mà bạn đã tìm ra. Mà có nghĩa, khi bạn tìm kiếm bạn đã biết rồi, rõ ràng là như thế. Và vì vậy nó không là sự thật. Vì vậy cái trí phải được tự do khỏi mọi niềm tin có tổ chức, vì vậy nó không thể lệ thuộc bất kỳ nhóm nào, bất kỳ con người nào – nó không là một sùng bái cá nhân. Và chúng ta quan tâm đến sự tìm hiểu, vì vậy toàn vấn đề của tìm kiếm, tìm được, không hiện diện.

Vì vậy chúng ta hỏi, tôi hy vọng bạn đang, chúng ta đang cùng nhau chia sẻ, phải không? Vì vậy chúng ta hỏi, sự việc này là gì mà con người đã tìm hiểu rồi, suốt quá khứ của anh ấy, bạn theo kịp không, tìm hiểu liệu có hay không có một sự thật mà không là sản phẩm của tư tưởng. Tư tưởng có thể sáng chế bất kỳ thứ gì. Hồi trước tôi có quen biết một người, anh ấy đã thí nghiệm việc gì đó rất vui. Anh ấy nhặt lên một hòn đá có một hình thể lạ lùng, và đặt nó trên cái kệ lò sưởi và mỗi ngày anh ấy dâng cho hòn đá đó một bông hoa. Vào cuối năm anh ấy bị mất hút cùng bông hoa đó và hòn đá đó – đối với anh ấy đó là sự thật. Và anh ấy chỉ bắt đầu để đùa giỡn, và cuối cùng anh ấy đã bị trói buộc.

Vì vậy tư tưởng có thể sáng chế, tưởng tượng bất kỳ thứ gì – những vị chúa, không những vị chúa, những thiên thần và không những thiên thần, bạn theo kịp chứ, nó có thể sản sinh mọi hình thức của những nhận biết, những ý tưởng, những kết luận loạn thần kinh. Vì vậy khi biết điều đó một cách thông minh, tiếp theo con người hỏi, làm thế nào tư tưởng đó có thể yên lặng, để cho cái trí được tự do tìm hiểu? Bởi vì nếu tư tưởng có thể – và nó là như vậy – chiếu rọi, sáng chế, tưởng tượng, mọi hình thức của kết luận, một hình ảnh mà trong đó cái trí con người tìm được sự an toàn, sự an toàn đó, hình ảnh đó trở thành một ảo tưởng, đấng Cứu rỗi, đấng Brahman, Đại ngã, những trải nghiệm bạn có qua vô vàn hình thức khác nhau của kỷ luật và vân vân.

Vì vậy kế tiếp vấn đề là, liệu tư tưởng có thể hoàn toàn bặt tăm? Và họ nói rằng bạn có thể làm nó bặt tăm chỉ qua sự trợ giúp. Làm ơn chúng ta đang bàn luận, đừng chấp nhận bất kỳ điều gì người nói đang trình bày. Bởi vì tất cả họ đều thấy sự cần thiết của có cái trí hoàn toàn yên lặng, bởi vì bạn thấy, khi cái trí yên lặng nó có thể thấy nhiều hơn nữa, nghe nhiều hơn nữa, thấy những sự việc sự vật như chúng là, không sáng chế, không tưởng tượng.

Vì vậy liệu cái trí có thể hoàn toàn, tuyệt đối bất động? Và nó chỉ có thể được bất động qua, họ nói, sự kỷ luật, sự kiểm soát, qua một hình thức đặc biệt của một hệ thống mà người thầy của họ đã sáng chế. Và liệu một hệ thống, một kỷ luật, một tuân phục có thể làm cho cái trí yên lặng, thực sự yên lặng? Hay tuân theo một hệ thống, luyện tập ngày này sang ngày khác, ngày này sang ngày khác, nó không ép buộc cái trí của bạn trở thành máy móc sao? Và bởi vì trở thành máy móc thế là bạn có thể kiểm soát nó, giống như bất kỳ máy móc nào khác, bạn có thể kiểm soát một cái máy. Nhưng bộ não không yên lặng, nó đã bị định hình, bị quy định, bởi hệ thống mà nó đã luyện tập. Vì vậy một bộ não như thế, là máy móc, nó có thể bị kiểm soát và nghĩ rằng sự kiểm soát như thế là trạng thái yên lặng, trạng thái bất động. Nhưng chắc chắn nó không phải như thế.

Vì vậy liệu cái trí có thể hoàn toàn trở nên yên lặng mà không có sự cưỡng bách, không có sự ép buộc, không có kỷ luật? Kỷ luật là ý chí, sự kháng cự, sự đè nén, sự tuân phục, đang phù hợp vào một khuôn mẫu, được thiết lập trước. Nếu bạn làm điều đó, bạn đang cưỡng bách cái trí, qua sự xung đột, để tuân phục vào một khuôn mẫu được thiết lập bởi một hệ thống. Vì vậy sự kỷ luật trong ý nghĩa thông thường của từ ngữ đó không đúng đắn. Và từ ngữ discipline có nghĩa học hành, không phải tuân phục, không phải đè nén, không phải kiểm soát, nhưng học hành.

Vì vậy liệu bộ não và cái trí, toàn cấu trúc của bộ não và cái trí có thể hoàn toàn yên lặng mà không có bất kỳ hình thức nào của sự biến dạng bởi ý chí, bởi ham muốn, bởi tư tưởng? Vì vậy đó là vấn đề. Và bởi vì biết nó, người ta nói, “Điều đó không thể thực hiện được”, thế là họ tiếp tục trong phương hướng khác, kiểm soát, kỷ luật, làm mọi loại ma mãnh, trong Zen, tất cả việc đó, họ ngồi đó, đang chú ý, đến cái đó, tập trung, tập trung, và nếu bạn ngủ gục bạn bị đánh đập để giữ được sự tỉnh táo. Loại kỷ luật nghiêm ngặt này, thuộc máy móc, và vì vậy có thể kiểm soát được, và qua nó hy vọng đạt được một trải nghiệm mà sẽ là sự thật. Bạn đang thâm nhập tất cả điều này hay tôi chỉ đang tiếp tục một mình đây.

Người hỏi: Tại sao ông nói cái trí và bộ não?

Krishnamurti: Hãy đi cùng tôi, hãy theo cùng – chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu điều này. Nhưng thấy toàn vấn đề trước, không phải theo chi tiết liệu cái trí khác biệt với bộ não, bộ não khác biệt với cái trí – phải thấy tổng thể vấn đề. Con người đã nói, trong lịch sử tôn giáo, không phải tôi đã đọc nó, nhưng bạn bè đã kể cho tôi về nó, những học giả thực sự – con người trong sự tìm kiếm của anh ấy để tìm kiếm trải nghiệm thăng hoa thiêng liêng nào đó đã nói, “Cái trí phải tuyệt đối yên lặng để thâu nhận cái gì đó mà nó đã chưa bao giờ trải nghiệm trước kia, mà nó đã chưa bao giờ tận hưởng, hương vị, chất lượng của nó”. Thế là anh ấy nói, “Cái trí phải yên lặng.” Và họ đã nói chỉ có một cách duy nhất để làm cho cái trí yên lặng, ép buộc nó. Và khi có sự vận hành của ý chí để ép buộc cái trí phải yên lặng, có sự biến dạng. Vì vậy một cái trí bị biến dạng không thể thấy cái gì mới mẻ. Chúng ta đang chia sẻ cùng nhau chứ? Bạn đang làm việc này, bạn không đang áp đặt ý chí, bạn không đang cưỡng bách cái trí trở nên máy móc, qua bất kỳ hình thức nào của kỷ luật, hệ thống, trong đó được bao gồm Yoga, tất cả những lừa phỉnh của Yoga, mà hoàn toàn sai lầm. Những người đó mà hướng dẫn những luyện tập thuộc thân thể đã biến nó thành công việc làm ăn phát đạt.

Vậy là khi thấy tất cả điều này, liệu cái trí có thể hoàn toàn yên lặng, cái trí và bộ não, bởi vì bộ não phải hoàn toàn yên lặng là điều rất quan trọng. Bộ não mà là kết quả của thời gian và tất cả hiểu biết, trải nghiệm và vân vân, mà luôn luôn năng động với mọi kích thích, đang phản ứng với mọi chuyển động của ảnh hưởng, ấn tượng – liệu bộ não đó cũng có thể yên lặng?

Người hỏi: Tại sao nó phải yên lặng? Nó có nhiều chức năng khác nhau.

Krishnamurti: Tại sao nó phải yên lặng – tôi đã giải thích rồi. Nó phải năng động trong lãnh vực của hiểu biết, bởi vì đó là chức năng của nó. Nếu tôi không biết một con rắn hổ mang là một con rắn cực độc, tôi sẽ đùa giỡn với nó và tôi bị giết chết. Hiểu biết rằng nó độc hại là tự-bảo vệ, vì vậy hiểu biết phải tồn tại – thuộc công nghệ, trong mọi cách. Và hiểu biết đó đã được thâu lượm nhưng chúng ta không đang can thiệp vào hiểu biết đó, chúng ta không đang nói bạn không được có hiểu biết, ngược lại, bạn phải có hiểu biết về thế giới, những sự kiện. Và hiểu biết đó phải được sử dụng không theo cá nhân – tôi sẽ không trình bày tất cả điều này.

Vì vậy bộ não phải yên lặng bởi vì nếu nó có bất kỳ chuyển động nào, chuyển động của nó sẽ ở trong phương hướng của sự an toàn, bởi vì nó chỉ có thể vận hành trong an toàn, dù rằng an toàn đó là loạn thần kinh hay hợp lý hay không hợp lý. Vì vậy bộ não phải có chất lượng của nhạy cảm đó để cho nó có thể vận hành trong hiểu biết, một cách trọn vẹn, hoàn toàn, hiệu quả, sáng suốt, lành mạnh, và không phải cho quốc gia của tôi, cho nhân dân của tôi, cho gia đình của tôi, cho tôi. Nhưng cũng phải có chất lượng của nhạy cảm đó mà làm cho bộ não hoàn toàn bặt tăm – đó là vấn đề.

Bây giờ tôi đã giải thích vấn đề – biết rằng sự giải thích không là điều được giải thích. Tôi có thể cho một miêu tả về hòn núi, nhưng hòn núi không là sự miêu tả, bức tranh không là hòn núi, hòn núi ở đó và bức tranh là cái gì đó khác hẳn. Vì vậy tôi đã chỉ giải thích, chỉ miêu tả, mà không liên quan gì đến sự kiện. Sự kiện là liệu bạn, đang lắng nghe điều này, đã gạt bỏ đi mọi hình thức của niềm tin có tổ chức, mọi hình thức của mong muốn có trải nghiệm nhiều hơn và nhiều hơn. Bởi vì nếu bạn thèm khát, mong muốn có trải nghiệm nhiều hơn, lúc đó sự ham muốn đang vận hành, mà là ý chí. Vì vậy sự thật là điều này, và nếu bạn quan tâm theo đuổi một sống tôn giáo là gì, bạn phải thực hiện điều này, mà có nghĩa, một sống thực sự rất, rất nghiêm túc; không thuốc kích thích, không mọi thứ tầm phào đó – không. Và cũng vậy không đang tìm kiếm hay đang đòi hỏi trải nghiệm, bởi vì khi bạn đang tìm kiếm trải nghiệm, thăng hoa hay bất kỳ từ ngữ nào bạn thích gọi nó, bạn đang tìm kiếm bởi vì bạn nhàm chán những trải nghiệm hàng ngày của sống. Và bạn muốn có một trải nghiệm vượt khỏi tất cả điều này.

Và khi bạn đang trải nghiệm cái gì người ta gọi là một trải nghiệm thăng hoa hay một mức độ khác biệt của trải nghiệm, trong đó có người trải nghiệm và vật được trải nghiệm, có người quan sát mà đang trải nghiệm và vật được quan sát mà là trải nghiệm. Vì vậy có sự phân chia, tiếp theo có sự xung đột. Vì vậy bạn muốn nhiều, nhiều, nhiều trải nghiệm hơn. Vì vậy điều đó cũng phải hoàn toàn bị gạt bỏ, bởi vì khi bạn đang tìm hiểu, trải nghiệm không có nơi chỗ.

Vì vậy người ta thấy rõ ràng rằng bộ não, cái trí, toàn thân thể, toàn hệ thống, các cơ quan thân thể, tuyệt đối cần thiết phải yên lặng, bởi vì như bạn thấy nếu bạn muốn lắng nghe điều gì đó, âm nhạc, bạn lắng nghe, phải không, thân thể của bạn bất động, cái trí của bạn bất động, bạn đang lắng nghe. Và nếu bạn đang lắng nghe một ai đó mà đang nói có liên quan hay không liên quan đến mình, bạn lắng nghe, và thân thể của bạn trở nên yên lặng. Vì vậy cái trí, bộ não, thân thể, toàn cơ quan thân thể trở nên yên lặng một cách tự nhiên khi bạn muốn hiểu rõ điều gì đó. Hãy nhìn cái cách tất cả các bạn đang ngồi yên lặng. Bạn không đang ép buộc chính bạn ngồi yên lặng, bởi vì bạn quan tâm để tìm ra. Chính quan tâm đó là ngọn lửa mà làm cho cái trí, bộ não, thân thể yên lặng .

Vì vậy thiền định liên quan đến một cái trí yên lặng ra sao? Liệu thiền định có thể tạo ra cái trí yên lặng? Liệu việc hít thở – bạn biết Yoga mà trong đó cũng có toàn hệ thống của hít thở, liệu hít thở có thể tạo ra một cái trí yên lặng. Ồ chúa ơi! Bạn biết, một người cực kỳ ngu dốt có thể hít thở rất tốt, có thể luyện tập hít thở và thực hiện nó giỏi giang lạ kỳ. Nhưng bộ não của anh ấy vẫn còn rất nhỏ nhen, anh ấy vẫn tầm thường, anh ấy vẫn còn tham vọng, tham lam.

Vì vậy toàn phương pháp hít thở và ngồi yên lặng dùng để mang máu đến cho bộ não, không có gì khác; bởi vì càng có nhiều oxy hơn trong hệ thống thân thể, khả năng quan sát càng tinh tế hơn. Bạn chắc đã tập luyện tất cả phương pháp này, đùa giỡn những trò ma mãnh, đùa giỡn tất cả những việc này một chút chút. Vì vậy làm ơn đừng bị trói buộc trong sự hứa hẹn của những bậc đạo sư, những vị thầy mà dạy bạn Yoga, mà bạn sẽ, qua hệ thống đặc biệt của họ, đạt đến Niết bàn hay Thiên đàng hay Giác ngộ. Có những hệ thống khác nhau của Yoga mà tôi sẽ không tìm hiểu – tất cả đều ở Ấn độ, bạn có thể đọc nó; nhưng điều căn bản, điều trọng yếu, nguyên tắc chính của Yoga là Raja Yoga mà là vua của mọi Yoga, không liên quan gì đến những bài luyện tập, hít thở; nó là làm thế nào cái trí thấy, hiểu rõ trọn vẹn vẻ đẹp của sống.

Vì vậy thiền định có liên quan gì với một cái trí yên lặng? Từ ngữ meditation thiền định có nghĩa là đo lường, đo lường, nghĩa lý gốc của nó. Đo lường. Và chính tư tưởng có thể đo lường, tư tưởng là sự đo lường. Làm ơn, điều này rất quan trọng phải hiểu rõ. Và từ ngữ “thiền định” – người ta không nên dùng từ ngữ đó. Bạn thấy tư tưởng được đặt nền tảng trên sự đo lường và sự vun quén của tư tưởng là hành động của đo lường, theo công nghệ và trong cuộc sống. Nếu không có sự đo lường không thể có một nền văn minh hiện đại. Để đi đến mặt trăng, chắc chắn bạn phải có khả năng đo lường.

Vì vậy câu hỏi là – ước gì chúng ta có thể tìm được một từ ngữ khác hẳn – sự đo lường này mà thật cần thiết, mà rõ ràng quá cần thiết không thể, làm thế nào tư tưởng đó, mà đo lường được, mà là sự đo lường, không thể thâm nhập? Chúng ta hãy giải thích nó theo cách khác. Khi có sự yên lặng tuyệt đối này của cái trí và toàn cơ quan thân thể, kể cả bộ não, sự đo lường như tư tưởng chấm dứt. Và sau đó người ta có thể tìm hiểu liệu có một sự việc như cái không thể đo lường. Cái có thể đo lường là tư tưởng, và chừng nào tư tưởng còn đang vận hành cái không thể đo lường không hiện diện, không thể được hiểu rõ. Vì vậy họ đã nói, hãy kiểm soát, hãy dập tắt tư tưởng. Và toàn thế giới Châu á tìm kiếm cái không thể đo lường, bỏ mặc cái có thể đo lường. Bạn đang theo kịp điều này?

Vì vậy thiền định có – chúng ta vẫn đang sử dụng từ ngữ “thiền định” mà có một ý nghĩa khác hẳn, như chúng ta đã giải thích – thiền định có sự liên hệ gì với cái trí rất yên lặng? Liệu tư tưởng có thể yên lặng thực sự, không phải tưởng tượng, mà có nghĩa thân thể, cái trí, quả tim trong hòa hợp hoàn toàn? – tuy nhiên thấy sự thật rằng tư tưởng là đo lường và tất cả hiểu biết mà tư tưởng đã tạo ra là cần thiết. Và cũng thấy sự thật rằng tư tưởng, mà có thể đo lường, không bao giờ có thể hiểu rõ cái không thể đo lường.

Vì vậy nếu người ta đã tìm hiểu sâu xa như thế, tiếp theo chất lượng của cái không thể đo lường có liên hệ gì với sống hàng ngày? Tất cả các bạn đều ngủ gục à? Tất cả các bạn đều đang bị thôi miên bởi người nói à? Cái gì, thưa bạn? Cái gì?

Người hỏi: Chúng tôi không thể nghe ông rõ ràng lắm.

Krishnamurti: Ồ, bạn không thể nghe rõ ràng. Có thể bạn đang làm việc gì đó khác? Tôi rất tiếc khi bạn không thể nghe rõ ràng và tôi tin rằng họ không thể làm được bất kỳ điều gì về nó cả – thời tiết nóng quá. Tôi phải nói gần micro hơn một chút – như thế này được rồi phải không? Tại sao bạn không cho tôi biết sớm hơn?

Chúng ta đang hỏi, khi biết rằng tư tưởng là sự đo lường, khi biết rằng tất cả những ma mãnh mà tư tưởng đã làm trong sống của con người – sự đau khổ, sự hoang mang, sự phân chia giữa con người, bạn tin tưởng và tôi không tin tưởng, Thượng đế của bạn, Thượng đế của tôi, không phải Thượng đế của tôi – tư tưởng đã tạo ra thảm họa trong thế giới. Và tư tưởng cũng là hiểu biết, vì vậy tư tưởng là cần thiết. Thấy sự thật của điều đó, và thấy rằng tư tưởng không bao giờ có thể tìm hiểu cái không thể đo lường, là thấy rằng tư tưởng không bao giờ có thể trải nghiệm nó như một người trải nghiệm và vật được trải nghiệm.

Thế là khi tư tưởng tuyệt đối yên lặng, lúc đó có một trạng thái hay một kích thước mà trong đó cái không thể đo lường có chuyển động riêng của nó. Lúc này sự liên hệ của cái không thể đo lường được với sống hàng ngày là gì? Bởi vì nếu nó không có bất kỳ liên hệ nào, vậy thì tôi sẽ sống một sống rất đo lường cẩn thận của tôi – bạn theo kịp chứ – luân lý của tôi, hoạt động của tôi, tùy theo sự đo lường của tư tưởng, nhưng nó sẽ rất bị giới hạn.

Vì vậy sự liên hệ của cái không biết được với cái đã được biết là gì? Sự liên hệ giữa cái có thể đo lường được và cái không thể đo lường được là gì? Phải có một sự liên hệ, và đó là thông minh. Thông minh không liên quan gì với tư tưởng. Bạn có lẽ rất khôn ngoan, rất giỏi tranh luận, rất có học thức, kinh nghiệm, sống một sống náo nhiệt, đi khắp thế giới, nghiên cứu, tìm hiểu, quan sát, tích lũy nhiều hiểu biết, thực hành thiền định Zen, Hindu; nhưng tất cả việc đó không liên quan với thông minh. Thông minh hiện diện khi cái trí, quả tim và thân thể thực sự hòa hợp.

Vì vậy – hãy theo sát điều này, thưa bạn – thân thể phải rất nhạy cảm, không béo phì, không ăn nhiều, nhậu nhẹt, tất cả việc đó, ái ân, tất cả việc đó làm cho thân thể đờ đẫn, vô cảm, nặng nề. Vì vậy bạn phải hiểu rõ tất cả điều đó. Chính bởi thấy sự thật đó khiến bạn giảm bớt sự ăn uống quá độ, mang lại cho thân thể thông minh riêng của nó. Khi có một tỉnh táo của thân thể mà không bị ép buộc, mọi chuyện như thế, lúc đó cơ thể trở nên rất, rất, rất nhạy cảm, giống như một dụng cụ tinh xảo. Cũng như vậy với quả tim, đó là, nó không bao giờ bị tổn thương và không bao giờ gây tổn thương một người khác. Đó là sự hồn nhiên của tâm hồn, không gây tổn thương và không bị tổn thương. Và cái trí, không có sợ hãi, không đòi hỏi vui thú – không phải rằng bạn không thể thưởng thức vẻ đẹp của sống, vẻ đẹp của cây cối, vẻ đẹp của một khuôn mặt dễ thương, đang nhìn ngắm những đứa trẻ, dòng nước đang chảy, núi non, đồng cỏ xanh tươi – có hài lòng vô cùng trong đó. Nhưng hài lòng đó khi bị theo đuổi bởi tư tưởng trở thành vui thú.

Vì vậy cái trí phải hoàn toàn trống không để thấy rõ ràng. Vì vậy sự liên hệ giữa cái không thể đo lường, cái không biết được và cái đã được biết là thông minh này, mà không liên quan gì với Phật giáo, với Zen, với tôi, với bạn, tuyệt đối không liên quan gì với uy quyền, với truyền thống. Bây giờ bạn có nắm được thông minh đó chưa? Đó là điểm mấu chốt phải quan tâm. Rồi thì thông minh đó sẽ vận hành trong thế giới này một cách có luân lý. Lúc đó luân lý là trật tự, mà là đạo đức, không phải đạo đức hay luân lý của xã hội, mà hoàn toàn là vô-luân lý. .

Vì vậy thông minh đó mang lại trật tự, mà là đạo đức, và thế là một sự việc đang sống không phải máy móc. Vì vậy bạn không bao giờ có thể luyện tập để là tốt lành, bạn không bao giờ có thể luyện tập để cố gắng trở thành khiêm tốn. Khi có thông minh đó, thông minh đó tự nhiên tạo ra trật tự, và vẻ đẹp của trật tự.

Bây giờ, vì đây là một sống tôn giáo, không phải tất cả những nhố nhăng quanh nó. Bây giờ liệu bạn đã, lắng nghe người nói, liệu bạn đã hiểu rõ điều này – hiểu rõ không phải bằng từ ngữ hay trí năng, nhưng thực sự đã thấy sự thật của điều này? Vậy là nếu bạn thấy được sự thật của nó, nó sẽ hành động. Nếu bạn thấy sự thật rằng con rắn là nguy hiểm, sự thật, bạn hành động. Nếu bạn thấy được sự nguy hiểm của vực thẳm, sự kiện, sự thật của nó, bạn hành động. Nếu bạn thấy sự thật của chất thạch tín, thuốc độc, bạn hành động. Hãy chờ đó! Vì vậy bạn thấy điều này, hay bạn vẫn sống trong thế giới của những ý tưởng? Nếu bạn sống trong thế giới của những ý tưởng, những kết luận, vậy thì đó không là sự thật, đó chỉ là một chiếu rọi của tư tưởng.

Vì vậy đó là nghi vấn thực sự, liệu khi đã lắng nghe điều này, khi bạn đã lắng nghe suốt ba tuần lễ vừa qua, trong đó những hình thức khác nhau thuộc sự tồn tại của con người, chịu đựng, đau khổ và vui thú, tình dục và vô-luân lý và mọi chuyện như thế, bất công xã hội, những phân chia quốc gia, những chiến tranh, liệu bạn thấy sự thật của điều này và vì vậy có thông minh đó vận hành, không phải cái tôi vận hành. Khi bạn nói, “Tôi phải là chính tôi”, mà là một khẩu hiệu hay câu nói sáo rỗng của thế hệ hiện đại, mà là, tôi phải là chính tôi, khi bạn tìm hiểu những từ ngữ đó “Tôi phải là chính tôi”, chính tôi, chính tôi là cái gì? Nhiều từ ngữ, nhiều kết luận, nhiều truyền thống, nhiều phản ứng, nhiều ký ức, một đống của quá khứ. Và bạn nói, “Tôi muốn là chính tôi”, nó quá trẻ con.

Vì vậy sau khi đã lắng nghe tất cả điều này, liệu có sự thức dậy của thông minh đó? Và nếu có sự thức dậy của thông minh đó thế là nó sẽ vận hành, thế là bạn không cần nói, “Tôi sẽ làm gì đây?” Và bởi vì có lẽ đã có một ngàn người ở đây trong suốt ba tuần lễ này đã lắng nghe – nếu họ thực sự sống như thế, bạn biết điều gì xảy ra hay không? Chúng ta đã thay đổi thế giới. Chúng ta sẽ là những con người tốt lành của quả đất.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, liệu tôi có hiểu đúng đắn rằng muốn tư tưởng bặt tăm cái trí phải thấy rất sâu thẳm sự thật độc hại của tìm kiếm an toàn là gì? Đó là điều gì ông đã trình bày phải không?

Krishnamurti: Một phần của nó, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Và dường như thật khó khăn là rằng cái phần này không thấy được, vì thế cái trí không thấy nó, và với mục đích để cho cái trí thấy một cái gì đó, phải có yên lặng – nó dường như giống một vòng tròn luẩn quẩn. Sự khó khăn là rằng cái trí đã không thấy nó.

Krishnamurti: Không thưa bạn. Trước tiên, tại sao cái trí phải yên lặng, tại sao nó không nên tiếp tục huyên thuyên? Khi cái trí đang huyên thuyên, bạn biết không, liên tục, bạn không thể thấy bất kỳ thứ gì rõ ràng, phải không? Bạn không thể lắng nghe bất kỳ người nào rõ ràng. Nếu bạn đang nhìn một hòn núi, đang thấy vẻ đẹp, đang thấy nó, tự nhiên cái trí của bạn phải yên lặng. Mà có nghĩa rằng bạn phải chú ý đến khoảnh khắc đó, đến đang thấy. Đó là tất cả. Đó là, nếu bạn thấy, nếu bạn lắng nghe sự thật rằng tư tưởng đó là đo lường, tư tưởng đó đã phân chia những con người, tư tưởng đó đã tạo ra những chiến tranh – nếu bạn thấy sự thật của nó, không phải bằng giải thích, biện hộ, tất cả điều đó – chỉ cần thấy sự kiện, việc gì tư tưởng đã làm, chắc chắn là muốn thấy sự thật đó cái trí phải yên lặng. Không à?

Vì vậy nó không là một vòng tròn luẩn quẩn, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Tôi xin phép đặt ra một câu hỏi: ông thường nói về sự yên lặng của cái trí khi nhìn vẻ đẹp của núi non và vẻ đẹp của đám mây. Liệu cái trí có thể yên lặng khi nhìn cái gì đó kinh khiếp?

Krishnamurti: Vâng, ông luôn luôn nói về vẻ đẹp của núi non, những quả đồi và những cánh đồng cỏ, và cũng có những sự việc xấu xa của sống, những trại tị nạn, ở Ấn độ, những chiến tranh của người Palestine, xung đột của người da đen, những khu nhà tồi tàn, thời kỳ suy thoái, nghèo đói. Đúng chứ? Liệu cùng sự chú ý, cùng chất lượng của cái trí như thế, ông cũng có thể nhìn vào những sự việc đối nghịch như bóng tối và ánh sáng? Bây giờ chỉ cần lắng nghe thật cẩn thận, quan sát bóng tối và ánh sáng, những khu nhà tồi tàn và những khu nhà không-tồi tàn. Liệu bạn có thể nhìn vào những sự việc đó, liệu bạn có thể có một nhận biết mà trong đó sự phân chia giữa cái này và cái kia không hiện diện? Liệu có một nhận biết mà trong đó sự phân chia giữa nghèo và giàu không còn tồn tại – sự phân chia, không phải sự thật rằng không có sự phân chia, cùng tất cả bất công, vô luân lý, tất cả điều đó – nhưng sự kiện, một nhận biết, mà trong đó sự phân chia này không tồn tại? Đó là, liệu cái trí có thể quan sát vẻ đẹp của quả đồi, và khu nhà tồi tàn và không phải thích hơn hay có khuynh hướng này đối ngịch với khuynh hướng khác, để cho có một nhận biết mà trong đó sự chọn lựa không hiện diện? Bạn có thể làm điều này. Không phải rằng sự nghèo đói nên tiếp tục – bạn sẽ làm một điều gì đó thuộc chính trị, thuộc xã hội, và vân vân. Nhưng cái trí, được tự do khỏi sự phân chia, khỏi sự phân chia giai cấp giữa người giàu và người nghèo, giữa đẹp đẽ và xấu xí, và tất cả những chuyện như thế, sự đối nghịch.

Một ai đó đã viết cho tôi một yêu cầu, rằng liệu chúng ta sẽ ngừng vào lúc 11giờ 50 bởi vì nhiều người trong chúng ta phải đón xe lửa.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, tôi muốn hỏi ông, đối với ông liệu có sự khác nhau giữa tư tưởng và sự phỏng đoán, thỉnh thoảng.

Krishnamurti: Liệu có một khác biệt giữa tư tưởng và sự phỏng đoán? Tại sao phải có một khác biệt giữa tư tưởng và sự phỏng đoán. Ai đang phỏng đoán – tư tưởng không đang phỏng đoán sao? Tư tưởng không đang lý thuyết hóa rằng có chúa, rằng không có chúa, có bao nhiêu thiên thần có thể ngồi trên một cánh chim và vân vân, chính là toàn công việc của tư tưởng để phỏng đoán – không có sự tách rời, nó cùng là sự việc.

Người hỏi: Người ta có thể nhận biết một cách khách quan về một cái cây, về một hòn núi, về một con người. Liệu tư tưởng có thể quan sát chuyển động riêng của nó? Liệu có sự nhận biết về chính nó, và liệu người ta nhận biết được đang nhận biết?

Krishnamurti: Vâng: liệu có một nhận biết được tư tưởng đang tự-quan sát chính nó.

Người hỏi: Tôi không thích từ ngữ “quan sát”.

Krishnamurti: Được rồi, một nhận biết về chính nó. Bây giờ hãy chờ một tí, chỉ nhìn, bạn đã hiểu rõ câu hỏi chứ? Bạn có thể nhận biết được cái cây, quả đồi, bạn đang ngồi đây – có một nhận biết được những sự vật đó. Liệu có một nhận biết được rằng bạn nhận biết? Bạn nhận biết rằng bạn đang nhận biết. Làm ơn thấy câu hỏi. Bạn có thể nhận biết được cái cây, đám mây, màu sắc áo sơ mi của bạn hay người phụ nữ mặc quần áo gì, và bạn có thể nhận biết một cách khách quan, và cũng vậy nhận biết được tư tưởng của bạn đang vận hành như thế nào. Nhưng liệu có một nhận biết được đang nhận biết? Khi bạn nhận biết được cái cây như một người quan sát, đó là trạng thái nhận biết – cái cây ở đó và bạn nhận biết được cái cây đó. Sau đó bạn trở thành người quan sát và vật đó trở thành vật được quan sát, và anh ấy nói, "Đó không là nó". Trong đó có một tách rời như người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Hãy chờ một tí. Giống như vậy với đám mây, giống như vậy khi bạn đang ngồi ở đó và người nói đang ngồi trên một cái bục và đang quan sát. Trong ngồi đó cũng có một tách rời. Trong ngồi đây cũng có người quan sát, đang quan sát bạn, vật được quan sát – trong đó có sự tách rời. Người ta có thể nhận biết được tư tưởng – tôi sẽ trình bày từ từ, thưa bạn, tư tưởng, nhận biết được tư tưởng. Trong đó cũng có một tách rời, người nhận biết đang tách rời chính anh ấy khỏi tư tưởng.

Bây giờ bạn đang đưa ra một câu hỏi, đó là, liệu sự nhận biết có biết hay nhận biết được chính nó, mà không có một người quan sát. Dĩ nhiên không, khoảnh khắc không có người quan sát, không có nhận biết được đang-nhận biết. Chắc chắn, thưa bạn, đó là toàn mấu chốt. Khoảnh khắc tôi nhận biết được rằng tôi nhận biết, tôi không-nhận biết. Hãy ở lại cùng nó, thưa bạn, hai phút thôi – hãy ở lại cùng nó. Khoảnh khắc tôi nhận biết rằng tôi khiêm tốn, khiêm tốn không còn. Khoảnh khắc tôi nhận biết rằng tôi hạnh phúc, hạnh phúc không còn.

Vì vậy nếu tôi nhận biết rằng tôi đang nhận biết, vậy thì đó không là nhận biết, trong đó có sự tách rời giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Lúc này bạn đang đưa ra một câu hỏi, đó là, liệu có một nhận biết mà trong đó sự tách rời như người quan sát và vật được quan sát kết thúc? Chắc chắn sự nhận biết có nghĩa như thế. Sự nhận biết có nghĩa người quan sát không còn.

Người hỏi: Liệu người ta có thể nhận biết được cái cây mà không có người quan sát, mà không có không gian đó?

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ đó, thưa bạn, hãy theo dõi nó. Khi bạn nhìn một cái cây có không gian giữa bạn và cái cây – hãy chờ, thưa bạn, hãy chờ thưa bạn, không phải khi bạn nhận biết được, chúng ta đang bắt đầu từng bước một, hãy thâm nhập từng bước một. Khi bạn nhìn cái cây đó có một khoảng cách giữa bạn và cái cây. Có không gian, có sự tách rời. Sự tách rời đó xảy ra khi có người quan sát, người quan sát mà có một hình ảnh về cái cây đó như cây sồi, hay cây thông. Vì vậy sự hiểu biết, hình ảnh, tách rời người quan sát khỏi vật được quan sát, như cái cây. Bây giờ liệu bạn có thể, làm ơn quan sát nó, liệu bạn có thể nhìn cái cây mà không có hình ảnh? Vậy thì nếu bạn nhìn cái cây đó mà không có hình ảnh, không nói rằng đó là một cây sồi, đó là đẹp, không đẹp, thích hay không thích. Vậy thì điều gì xảy ra, điều gì xảy ra khi không có người quan sát nhưng chỉ có vật được quan sát? Hãy tiếp tục đi thưa bạn, hãy bảo cho tôi biết điều gì xảy ra – tôi sẽ không bảo cho bạn đâu.

Người hỏi: Hợp nhất.

Krishnamurti: Người đàn ông này nói, có sự hợp nhất. Hợp nhất giữa cái gì?

Người hỏi: Tôi nhận ra rằng hợp nhất . . .

Krishnamurti: Không, hợp nhất – hợp nhất chỉ có thể tồn tại khi có người quan sát và vật được quan sát, khi hai cái đến cùng nhau.

Người hỏi: Trạng thái một.

Krishnamurti: Trạng thái một cũng có nghĩa cùng một sự việc.

Người hỏi: Sự nhận biết.

Krishnamurti: Đừng sáng chế, đừng phỏng đoán.

Người hỏi: Khi tôi nhận biết được cái cây tôi có một cảm giác ...

Krishnamurti: Tôi đang đến điểm đó, thưa bạn, làm ơn.

Người hỏi: Khi nó đến cùng nhau ông có không gian.

Krishnamurti: Không, thưa bà, không phải vậy đâu.

Hãy theo dõi, tôi đã nói với bạn, làm ơn hãy lắng nghe từng bước một. Tôi đã nói với bạn khi bạn nhìn bình thường vào một cái cây, có sự tách rời giữa bạn và cái cây. Bạn là người quan sát và cái cây là vật được quan sát. Đó là một sự kiện. Bạn cùng hình ảnh của bạn, cùng những thành kiến của bạn, cùng những hy vọng của bạn và mọi chuyện như thế, đó là người quan sát. Vì vậy chừng nào cái đó còn tồn tại như người quan sát, phải có sự tách rời giữa bạn và cái cây. Khi người quan sát không còn mà chỉ còn cái vật, điều gì xảy ra – điều gì xảy ra – đừng tưởng tượng nó, hãy thực hiện nó.

Người hỏi: Có một bất động, chúng ta trở nên bất động. Tư tưởng không làm việc nữa. Chúng ta trở thành cái cây.

Krishnamurti: Bạn trở thành cái cây – chúa ơi, tôi hy vọng không phải thế. (Tiếng cười) Tôi trở thành con voi.

Người hỏi: Cũng không có người quan sát lẫn vật được quan sát.

Krishnamurti: Làm ơn hãy lắng nghe. Hãy thực hiện nó. Hãy nhìn cái cây và xem thử liệu bạn có thể nhìn nó mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh nào. Điều đó khá dễ dàng. Nhưng nhìn vào chính bạn mà không có một hình ảnh, nhìn vào chính bạn mà không có người quan sát, điều đó khó khăn hơn nhiều, bởi vì điều gì bạn thấy là khó chịu hay dễ chịu, bạn muốn thay đổi nó, bạn muốn kiểm soát nó, bạn muốn định hình nó. Vì vậy liệu bạn có thể nhìn vào chính mình mà không có người quan sát, như bạn có thể làm được nếu bạn nhìn cái cây? Điều đó có nghĩa, nhìn vào chính mình bằng sự chú ý trọn vẹn. Khi có sự chú ý trọn vẹn, không có hình ảnh. Chỉ khi nào cái trí của bạn đang suy nghĩ, tôi ao ước có một bữa ăn ngon hơn, hay tôi sẽ vân vân và vân vân cùng lúc khi bạn đang nhìn cái cây, có không-chú ý.

Người hỏi: Liệu tôi có sai lầm nếu tôi nói rằng chúng ta luôn luôn ở trong một trạng thái của nhận biết? Chính là tư tưởng tạo tác sự phân chia.

Krishnamurti: Ồ, không.

Người hỏi: Nhưng chúng ta . . .

Krishnamurti: Không, thưa bạn, làm ơn thưa bạn. Đó là một phỏng đoán khác của tư tưởng, rằng chúng ta luôn luôn nhận biết, chúng ta ở trong một trạng thái của nhận biết chỉ được những khoảnh khắc, rồi liền theo đó chúng ta mơ màng ngủ. Những khoảnh khắc chúng ta mơ màng ngủ, những khoảnh khắc khi chúng ta không-chú ý, đó là điều quan trọng, không phải khi chúng ta tỉnh thức. Tôi nghĩ tôi nên ngừng, bởi vì gần mười hai giờ kém mười lăm phút rồi. Còn ai đưa ra câu hỏi nào nữa? Thưa bạn, gì vậy?

Người hỏi: Liệu chúng tôi nhận biết được sự thương yêu vô hạn mà ông diễn tả khi ông trình bày thông minh vào sống của con người?

Krishnamurti: Liệu chúng tôi nhận biết được sự thương yêu vô hạn khi ông nói, thông minh và sự liên quan của nó với sống? Điều đó tùy bạn, thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, khi tôi nhận biết được hình ảnh của tôi và hình ảnh của tôi không còn, liệu sự nhận biết đó không ở trong chính nó à?

Krishnamurti: : Khi tôi nhận biết được hình ảnh của tôi, liệu hình ảnh đó có tồn tại? – nó không tồn tại.

Người hỏi: Vậy thì đó là sự nhận biết trong chính nó.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng. Sự nhận biết trong chính nó, mà không có bất kỳ chọn lựa nào, liệu đó là sự nhận biết?

Thưa bạn, mấu chốt quan trọng trong tất cả việc này là, không phải điều gì bạn đã nghe nhưng điều gì người ta đang học hành. Đang học hành không là sự tích lũy của hiểu biết. Khi bạn rời khỏi đây bạn sẽ có vô vàn ý tưởng khác nhau về sự nhận biết, tình yêu, sự thật, sợ hãi và mọi chuyện như thế – những ý tưởng. Và chính những ý tưởng đó sẽ ngăn cản đang học hành. Nhưng nếu bạn tỉnh táo một chút xíu, vậy thì bạn đang học hành. Và vậy là thông minh có thể vận hành qua học hành trong sống hàng ngày.

SAANEN

Ngày 10 tháng 8 năm 1971

IX – HAI NÓI CHUYỆN TẠI BROCKWOOD

– 1 – LIÊN QUAN GIỮA SỰ NHẬN BIẾT ĐƯỢC TƯ TƯỞNG VÀ HÌNH ẢNH

Những ứng dụng và những giới hạn của tư tưởng. Những hình ảnh: uy quyền của hình ảnh, “Người ta càng nhạy cảm bao nhiêu, gánh nặng của những hình ảnh càng sâu đậm bấy nhiêu.” Sự phân tích và những hình ảnh. Trật tự tâm lý; những nguyên nhân của vô-trật tự: quan điểm, so sánh, những hình ảnh. Có thể làm tan biến những hình ảnh. Sự hình thành những hình ảnh. Chú ý và không-chú ý. “Chỉ khi nào cái trí không-chú ý, hình ảnh được hình thành.” Chú ý và hòa hợp: cái trí, quả tim, thân thể.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta sẽ bàn về vấn đề gì đây?

Người hỏi: Trẻ em.

Krishnamurti: Có lẽ chốc lát nữa chúng ta có thể nói về vấn đề đó. Nhưng điều gì tôi nghĩ xứng đáng, sẽ là cùng nhau bàn về vấn đề của bạo lực này, mà đang lan tràn và đang mỗi lúc mỗi trở nên tồi tệ hơn và tồi tệ hơn, khắp thế giới, mà thật ra là một bộ phận thuộc toàn tình trạng bị quy định của con người này. Và liệu con người có thể được tự do, không những khỏi tình trạng bị quy định thuộc xã hội, kinh tế, môi trường, bề mặt thuộc văn hóa đặc biệt của họ, nhưng còn khỏi tình trạng bị quy định sâu thẳm nhiều hơn, đó là toàn sự đau khổ, sự bạo lực tập thể và những tuyệt vọng gây hủy diệt và sự hoạt động của chúng mà hầu hết chúng ta, tôi nghĩ, đều không nhận biết được. Nó giống như một đám mây mà người ta đã thừa hưởng, mà trong đó người ta sống, và chắc chắn người ta thấy rằng muốn làm tự do chính người ta khỏi tất cả điều đó là một khó khăn cực kỳ. Tôi nghĩ sẽ rất xứng đáng nếu chúng ta có thể bàn bạc cùng nhau về vấn đề đó. Chúng ta đồng ý chứ? Liệu nó gây hứng thú cho bạn?

Bởi vì như người ta quan sát, bất kỳ nơi nào bạn đi, khắp thế giới, những văn hóa trên bề mặt không thâm nhập sâu thẳm lắm vào ý thức của con người. Nhưng những gốc rễ sâu thẳm của những đám mây dày dặc của sự đau khổ – tôi không thích dùng từ ngữ “tội lỗi”, nhưng sự bạo lực gây hủy diệt đó – vô vàn những hận thù, gian trá, đau khổ, xung đột – dường như đã bám rễ quá chặt chẽ trong tất cả chúng ta và liệu người ta có thể hoàn toàn được tự do khỏi chúng. Và nếu điều đó là cần thiết, vậy thì làm thế nào người ta sẽ khởi sự thực hiện nó? Chúng ta có thể tìm hiểu chủ đề này chứ? Bởi vì trên bề mặt, chúng ta có lẽ có văn hóa cao, lịch sự, một chút dửng dưng, lãnh đạm, nhưng trong sâu thẳm hầu hết chúng ta, tôi nghĩ, đều không nhận biết được rằng có một thừa hưởng to tát của sự xung đột, sự đau khổ, sự phiền muộn và sự sợ hãi vô cùng này. Và nếu người ta nhận biết được nó và người ta tỉnh thức được tất cả nó, liệu có thể hoàn toàn được tự do khỏi nó, để cho cái trí là một loại dụng cụ hoàn toàn khác hẳn? Tôi không biết liệu bạn đã suy nghĩ về tất cả điều đó, hay đã suy nghĩ rằng tình trạng bị quy định trên bề mặt lại quá quan trọng đến độ người ta luôn luôn đang đấu tranh chống lại nó. Và nếu người ta đã thông suốt được nó và xóa sạch nó đi, vậy là còn có tất cả những tầng sâu thẳm này, mà đa phần người ta không thể nhận biết được, và làm thế nào người ta sẽ trở nên nhận biết được những tầng đó và liệu có thể hoàn toàn xóa sạch được chúng?

Vì đây là một nhóm người tương đối ít, có lẽ chúng ta có thể bàn bạc làm thế nào nhận biết được những sự việc kinh khiếp này mà con người đã thừa hưởng hay đã vun quén – nó hiện diện ở đó. Dù có bất kỳ những giải thích nào, sự thật rành rành là chúng ta có tánh bạo lực sâu thẳm, và chúng ta bị trói buộc trong đau khổ. – Chúng ta không có sự ồn ào này mỗi ngày, cám ơn chúa (đang nói đến tiếng gầm thét của máy bay), đây là sự chào mừng của bạn! – Và có đám mây của sợ hãi này và chắc chắn trong hành động chúng tạo tác nhiều ma mãnh, hỗn loạn. Tôi nghĩ điều đó khá rõ ràng, và làm thế nào người ta sẽ nhận biết được tất cả điều này, và liệu có thể vượt khỏi tất cả?

Và những tôn giáo khắp thế giới, những tôn giáo có tổ chức, đã cưỡng bách con người – không phải cưỡng bách – nhưng đã hàm ý rằng, khi đặt ra những luật lệ nào đó, những nguyên tắc nào đó, những kỷ luật nào đó, những thái độ và những niềm tin nào đó, và những sự việc đó đã không, rõ ràng như thế, giải quyết được những đau khổ của con người, những sợ hãi của con người, và những lo âu, những tội lỗi đã bám chặt rễ, và mọi chuyện như thế. Vì vậy chúng ta có thể gạt bỏ tất cả điều đó, tất cả những niềm tin, và những hy vọng và những sợ hãi thuộc tôn giáo, hoàn toàn gạt bỏ tất cả điều đó – và người ta có, bạn càng suy nghĩ về nó nhiều bao nhiêu, người ta càng nhận biết được nhiều bấy nhiêu về điều gì đang xảy ra trong thế giới và bản chất của những tôn giáo có tổ chức cùng những người đứng đầu và những đạo sư và những người thầy và những đấng cứu rỗi của họ và mọi câu chuyện thần thoại của họ. Nó trở nên quá trẻ con và không chín chắn. Bây giờ nếu người ta đã gạt bỏ tất cả điều đó bởi vì người ta đã hiểu rõ nó và thấy được sự vô lý của nó, sự giả dối của nó và được tự do khỏi tất cả điều đó, vậy thì những sự kiện chắc chắn nào đó vẫn tồn tại, giống như đau khổ, bạo lực, sợ hãi và nhiều lo âu, hoang mang – những sự việc đó vẫn còn tồn tại.

Bây giờ làm thế nào người ta sẽ, nếu tôi nhận biết được tất cả điều đó, ý thức được nó, làm thế nào người ta được tự do khỏi tất cả điều đó, để cho tôi có một loại bộ não khác hẳn, một loại hành động khác hẳn, một loại thái độ khác hẳn đối với sống, một sống khác hẳn? Khi tìm hiểu và theo trí năng nhận biết được tất cả điều này, người ta càng thông minh nhiều hơn, người ta không những trở nên rất, rất nghiêm túc, nhưng còn có sự đòi hỏi rằng cái trí phải hoàn toàn được tự do khỏi tất cả sự hỗn loạn và kinh tởm này mà những con người đã tạo ra và tiếp tục vô tận cùng chúng. Vì vậy nếu đó là vấn đề, và tôi nghĩ đó thực sự là vấn đề cơ bản, không phải rằng không có sự bất công và đổi mới xã hội trong tất cả điều đó, rằng không có nghèo đói, những chiến tranh, bạo lực, sự phân chia giữa các quốc gia – tất cả việc đó. Tôi cảm thấy tất cả việc đó có thể được giải quyết khi những con người thực sự hiểu rõ toàn công việc của sự tồn tại. Và sau đó họ có thể chặn đứng nó, chặn đứng tất cả những hỗn loạn, những xung đột, những chiến tranh, sự bất công xã hội, những phân chia của con người và vân vân, từ một kích thước khác hẳn.

Và cái trí con người muốn tìm được kích thước đó. Cái trí phải tìm ra nó để giải quyết tất cả đau khổ này. Vì vậy làm thế nào tôi, hay bạn, kết thúc được tất cả việc này, nếu bạn nghiêm túc, không phải đùa giỡn với những từ ngữ, không phải phỏng đoán, không phải buông thả trong những giả thuyết thuộc lý thuyết, những ý tưởng và những đạo đức giả, nhưng thực sự đối diện với điều này, đối diện với đau khổ của con người này, không chỉ đau khổ của các bạn, nhưng cả đau khổ của con người – những sợ hãi, hoang mang, những không-chắc chắn, sự đòi hỏi có an toàn liên tục. Sự đòi hỏi có an toàn tâm lý lại sâu đậm nhiều hơn sự an toàn thân thể, và bởi vì chúng ta muốn những an toàn tâm lý, chúng ta trao tất cả suy nghĩ của chúng ta và những hy vọng của chúng ta vào một người thầy nào đó, vào đấng cứu rỗi nào đó, vào niềm tin nào đó, vào tác nhân bên ngoài nào đó. Khi biết tất cả việc này, làm thế nào tôi sẽ hiểu rõ và được tự do khỏi sự nỗ lực, tranh đấu, đau khổ liên tục này? Được rồi, chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu điều đó. Chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau bàn luận về nó, nói về nó – điều đó có nghĩa cùng nhau chia sẻ nó.

Làm thế nào tôi, hay bạn, sẽ nhận biết được nó? Sự ý thức hay nhận biết được này có nghĩa gì? Làm thế nào tôi biết rằng tôi đang đau khổ, rằng những con người – không phải chỉ riêng tôi, nhưng mọi con người trong thế giới, trong đó tôi là bộ phận – làm thế nào tôi ý thức hay nhận biết được rằng có sự đau khổ này. Liệu nó là một công nhận thuộc từ ngữ, hay nó là một chấp nhận của một ý tưởng rằng có sự đau khổ mà tôi là bộ phận? Hay liệu có sự nhận biết tỉnh táo rằng sự đau khổ là một sự kiện. Chúng ta đang theo cùng nhau? Khi tôi tự nhủ với mình rằng có một đau khổ vô cùng trong thế giới, mà trong đó tôi là một bộ phận, bởi vì tôi là thế giới và thế giới là tôi – đó là một sự kiện. Nó không là một ý tưởng, nó không là một cảm tính, nó không là một khẳng định thuộc cảm xúc, nó là một sự kiện tuyệt đối, rằng tôi là thế giới và thế giới là tôi. Bởi vì tôi đã tạo ra thế giới này – bạn đã tạo ra nó, chúng ta có trách nhiệm với nó. Tất cả những tư tưởng của tôi, những hoạt động của tôi, những sợ hãi của tôi, những hy vọng của tôi là những hy vọng và những sợ hãi của bạn, của thế giới. Không có sự tách rời giữa thế giới và tôi. Cộng đồng là tôi, văn hóa là tôi và tôi là văn hóa đó, vì vậy không có sự tách rời. Tôi không biết liệu bạn thấy điều đó và liệu bạn cảm thấy điều đó. Tất cả việc đó đang xảy ra trong thế giới, ở Trung đông và vùng Viễn đông, giữa Pakistan và một quốc gia khác – bạn biết không, tất cả việc đó – nó là bộ phận của tôi, chúng ta chịu trách nhiệm cho tất cả việc đó. Và làm thế nào tôi sẽ, khi biết tôi là thế giới và phải có một cách mạng cơ bản trong thế giới, không phải trong ném bom, mà không dẫn đến đâu cả, nhưng một cách mạng trong ngay cái tinh thần, trong chính cái trí, để cho người ta sống khác hẳn, suy nghĩ khác hẳn, hành động toàn bộ trong một cách hoàn toàn khác hẳn? Làm thế nào tôi sẽ, khi biết rằng tôi là thế giới và thế giới là tôi, làm thế nào tôi sẽ tạo ra sự tự do cho cái trí mà chịu trách nhiệm cho tất cả việc này – cái trí là tư tưởng? Chính là tư tưởng đã tạo ra điều này – sự phân chia giữa những con người, những chiến tranh, cấu trúc của niềm tin tôn giáo – tư tưởng đã sản sinh ra tất cả thứ này.

Và cũng vậy tư tưởng đã sắp xếp vào chung công nghệ mà tạo nên sự tiện lợi của tồn tại hàng ngày – phòng tắm, điện lực, đường xe lửa, hiểu biết công nghệ đưa người ta lên mặt trăng – chính tư tưởng đã làm tất cả việc này – đúng chứ? Rõ ràng như thế. Tư tưởng mà đã thâu lượm thật nhiều thông tin, thật nhiều hiểu biết, làm thế nào tư tưởng đó sẽ được tự do khỏi toàn cấu trúc và bản chất của sự đau khổ và sợ hãi, và tuy nhiên vẫn vận hành có hiệu quả, cùng sự sáng suốt trong lãnh vực của hiểu biết, nhưng không tạo ra sự phân chia giữa con người và con người, do đó tạo ra xung đột, thù địch giữa con người và con người? Bạn thấy được vấn đề? Ít nhất, vấn đề mà tồn tại. Tư tưởng không chịu trách nhiệm cho tất cả việc này hay sao? Tư tưởng không chịu trách nhiệm cho những đấng cứu rỗi của bạn, cho những niềm tin của bạn, khi nói rằng bạn là một người Anh, hay một người Hà lan, hay một người Đức hay một người Nga? Không phải chính tư tưởng đã phân chia người Ấn độ giáo khỏi người Hồi giáo và tất cả việc đó đang xảy ra khắp thế giới, ở phương Đông? Và chiến tranh ở Việt nam là kết quả của tư tưởng, được lên kế hoạch cẩn thận – tư tưởng chịu trách nhiệm cho tất cả việc này – phải không? Bạn nói rằng tư tưởng không chịu trách nhiệm hay sao?

Vì vậy tư tưởng phải chịu trách nhiệm, và tuy nhiên chúng ta phải suy nghĩ rất rõ ràng. Vậy thì làm thế nào tư tưởng sẽ ngăn cản được sự phân chia này? Bởi vì nơi nào có sự phân chia, có xung đột, không chỉ phía bên ngoài mà còn cả phía bên trong. Tôi đang trình bày vấn đề rõ ràng chứ? Không phải vấn đề của tôi, nó là vấn đề của bạn, nó là vấn đề của con người bởi vì người ta thấy rằng điều gì tư tưởng đã làm – ma mãnh, khả năng lạ thường, làm thế nào nó thâu lượm được những hiểu biết thuộc công nghệ mà không thể gạt bỏ được – và tuy vậy tư tưởng đã tạo ra sự phân chia giữa con người và con người: bạn là một người Hồi giáo, tôi là một người Cộng sản. Bạn là một người Phật giáo, tôi là một người Ấn độ giáo. Chính tư tưởng đã tạo ra bạo lực, và tư tưởng không là tình yêu. Vì vậy người ta phải có sự rõ ràng của tư tưởng trong vận hành và tuy nhiên nhận biết được rằng tư tưởng nuôi dưỡng tất cả những phân chia trong thế giới và sự đau khổ. Vì vậy trong sự tìm hiểu này làm thế nào tôi và bạn nhận biết được toàn hàm ý của tư tưởng mà là cái có thể đo lường được, và cũng vậy một kích thước mà trong đó tư tưởng như đo lường không tồn tại? Chúng ta đang theo cùng nhau chứ? Không à?

Trước hết, liệu không rõ ràng rằng tư tưởng đã làm gì trong thế giới hay sao? Đúng chứ? Tư tưởng trong khoa học, toàn sự phát triển của công nghệ, và nó đã làm gì trong thế giới, cả lợi ích lẫn hủy diệt? Tư tưởng đã sắp xếp vào chung một chuỗi những cấu trúc và những niềm tin tôn giáo, như những mê tín, thần thoại và những đấng cứu rỗi – không à? Tư tưởng đã tách rời con người biết chừng nào trong những niềm tin tôn giáo. Và tư tưởng đã sáng chế ra những phương tiện hủy diệt con người biết chừng nào. Vì vậy tư tưởng đã làm tất cả việc đó, phải không? Và tư tưởng phải được vận dụng để vận hành. Bây giờ làm thế nào tư tưởng sẽ vận hành một cách đúng đắn, có hiệu quả, lành mạnh và không tạo ra sự phân chia giữa những con người?

Người hỏi: Khi không có sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Chờ một tí – chúng ta đừng nói khi không có sợ hãi, trước hết chúng ta hãy thấy vấn đề.

Và tư tưởng là ký ức tập thể của con người, ký ức tập thể từ đó có sự phản ứng như tư tưởng, mà là quá khứ. Không à? Nếu bạn không có ký ức bạn không thể suy nghĩ. Và tư tưởng là quá khứ. Nó có lẽ chiếu rọi vào tương lai nhưng nó vẫn còn có gốc rễ của nó trong quá khứ và từ đó nó vận hành. Chúng ta thấy điều đó trong vận hành, và vì vậy tôi tự nhủ với mình: điều đó là cần thiết, nhưng tại sao tư tưởng lại phân chia con người như bạn là một người Thiên chúa giáo, một người Phật giáo, bạo lực, tất cả mọi chuyện như thế, và tôi như một người nào khác?

Vì vậy liệu tư tưởng có thể vận hành một cách hạnh phúc, dễ dàng, hiệu quả và tuy nhiên không tạo ra sự phân chia giữa con người và con người? Bạn thấy quan điểm của tôi chứ? Nó không là quan điểm của tôi, làm ơn. Tại sao tôi phải bị quy định như một người Hồi giáo mà là kết quả của tư tưởng, và bạn bị quy định như một người Cộng sản, mà là kết quả của tư tưởng – bạn tin tưởng một đấng cứu rỗi, và tôi không tin tưởng một đấng cứu rỗi, mà lại nữa là kết quả của tư tưởng. Một ít người nghĩ, hay đa số người nghĩ rằng bạo lực chỉ có thể tạo ra một thay đổi thuộc xã hội, và một người nào khác nói đó không là phương cách đúng. Vì vậy tư tưởng luôn luôn đang tạo ra những phân chia. Đúng không? Và nơi nào có phân chia có xung đột. Vì vậy chức năng của tư tưởng là gì. Đúng chứ?

Khi biết rằng tư tưởng chỉ có thể vận hành trong lãnh vực của hiểu biết, và liệu tư tưởng có thể sáng chế hay bắt gặp một kích thước khác hẳn, mà trong đó không có sự phân chia được tạo ra bởi tư tưởng? Đúng chứ? Liệu chúng ta có cùng nhau đang đến một điểm nào đó? Tốt. Ít ra một ít người trong chúng ta. Chúng ta có lẽ điên khùng nhưng chúng ta hãy cùng nhau. Bởi vì theo cá nhân tôi vô cùng quan tâm đến vấn đề này, bởi vì tôi đã thấy ở Ấn độ, ở Mỹ, khắp Châu âu, ở Úc, và những phần khác của thế giới, tư tưởng đã tạo ra những sự việc tuyệt vời như thế và tuy nhiên tư tưởng đã tạo ra quá nhiều đau khổ, quá nhiều hoang mang, quá nhiều phiền muộn. Vì vậy khi thấy tất cả việc đó tôi tự hỏi chính mình: chức năng của tư tưởng là gì? Liệu tư tưởng có thể vận hành đầy đủ trong một hướng và hoàn toàn yên lặng trong một hướng khác để cho không còn sự phân chia, không tạo ra một phân chia? Vì vậy sau khi đã đặt câu hỏi này cho chính tôi – và tôi hy vọng các bạn đang đặt câu hỏi này cho chính các bạn – liệu tư tưởng có thể tự phân chia chính nó? Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Vì tư tưởng nói rằng “Tôi không thể vượt khỏi điều đó,” tôi sẽ vận hành, tư tưởng sẽ vận hành lành mạnh, bình thường trong mọi thế giới thuộc công nghệ, trong hiểu biết, hành động và tồn tại hàng ngày, và không thâm nhập vào kích thước khác hẳn mà trong đó không có sự phân chia gì cả? Liệu tư tưởng có thể tách rời chính nó giống như thế? Hay chúng ta đang đặt câu hỏi sai hoàn toàn?

Liệu tư tưởng có thể thấy những giới hạn riêng của nó, và khi thấy những giới hạn riêng của nó, nó tạo ra một thông minh khác hẳn vào thân tâm? Nếu tôi thấy giới hạn riêng của tôi, nếu tư tưởng thấy giới hạn riêng của nó, nó không sẵn sàng để khám phá – không phải tư tưởng – liệu không có một loại thông minh khác hẳn đang vận hành? Khi tư tưởng thấy giới hạn riêng của nó, vậy thì không có một thức dậy của thông minh mà ở trên và vượt khỏi tư tưởng? Làm ơn chúng ta có đang chuyển tải cùng nhau, hay không gì cả?

Người hỏi: Có.

Krishnamurti: Bạn biết sự chuyển tải có nghĩa đang chia sẻ, không phải chấp nhận.

Người hỏi: Khi tư tưởng đang tự thấy chính nó rằng phải không đang suy nghĩ.

Krishnamurti: Tôi không biết thưa bạn.

Người hỏi: Tư tưởng không nảy sinh những hệ thống để tự-triệt tiêu chính nó hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Không, thưa bạn, trước hết phải thấy được khó khăn của chúng ta, đây là một vấn đề khó khăn cực kỳ, đừng để chúng ta tìm một câu trả lời dễ dàng. Hãy thấy được những hàm ý vô cùng của điều này. Con người đã sống dựa vào tư tưởng. Chúng ta vận dụng tư tưởng mỗi ngày, mỗi phút, đi về nhà, đón xe lửa, đón xe buýt, viết lách, nói chuyện, truyền đạt, làm việc. Chúng ta phải có tư tưởng và nếu chúng ta không có tư tưởng, không có hành động, bạn không thể sống. Bạn không thể nào triệt tiêu tư tưởng. Triệt tiêu tư tưởng hàm ý một tư tưởng mà cao quý hơn và nói “Tôi phải triệt tiêu tư tưởng hèn kém hơn của tôi”. Tất cả đều còn trong lãnh vực của tư tưởng, suy nghĩ. Bạn hiểu rõ không? Đây là điều gì những người Châu á đã làm, những người Ấn độ; họ đã nói rằng: tư tưởng rất bị giới hạn, có một tư tưởng cao quý, Atman, Brahman, có cái khác ở trên cao; hãy giữ cho tư tưởng yên lặng rồi sau đó cái khác lạ sẽ vận hành. Và trong chính sự khẳng định điều đó là tư tưởng –

đúng chứ? Ở đây bạn nói linh hồn – nó vẫn còn là thành phần của tư tưởng.

Vì vậy tư tưởng đã sinh ra thế giới công nghệ tuyệt vời này, mà tư tưởng sử dụng cho sự hủy diệt con người và cho sự tiện lợi của con người. Chính tư tưởng đã sáng chế ra những đấng cứu rỗi, những thần thoại, những thần thánh, chính tư tưởng đã tạo ra bạo lực, chính tư tưởng mà trở thành ganh tị, lo âu, sợ hãi.

Vì vậy liệu có một lãnh vực không thể đo lường được bởi tư tưởng và liệu lãnh vực đó có thể vận hành trong lãnh vực của tư tưởng mà không có tư tưởng đang phá vỡ thành những phân chia, những mảnh vỡ? Thưa các bạn, các bạn thấy đó, nếu tư tưởng luôn luôn đang vận hành, vậy thì cái trí đang vận hành cùng hiểu biết mà là quá khứ – hiểu biết quá khứ. Tôi không thể có hiểu biết của ngày mai. Và hiểu biết là tư tưởng. Nếu đó là cách duy nhất để sống, luôn luôn trong lãnh vực của tư tưởng, vậy thì cái trí không bao giờ có thể được tự do. Đúng chứ? Và vậy thì con người luôn luôn phải sống trong đau khổ, luôn luôn có sợ hãi, luôn luôn sống trong phân chia, trong mảnh vỡ, vì vậy trong xung đột. Và khi nhận ra điều đó, con người đã nói phải có một tác nhân phía bên ngoài – như Thượng đế, mà sẽ giúp tôi vượt qua tất cả sự phân chia của tư tưởng này. Nhưng Thượng đế đó, Brahman đó, Atman đó, vẫn còn là sự sáng chế của tư tưởng, hay là những hình thức nhỏ nhiệm của hy vọng, mà lại nữa là tư tưởng đang tìm kiếm sự an toàn, không phải tìm kiếm sự an toàn trong thế giới này, sáng chế, hay tin tưởng hay chiếu rọi một ý tưởng mà nó gọi là Thượng đế, mà là an toàn. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy tôi thấy điều này.

Vì vậy nếu tư tưởng là lãnh vực duy nhất mà trong đó con người có thể sống, vậy là con người quá vô phước. Đây không là sáng chế của tôi, đây là điều gì đang thực sự xảy ra. Vì vậy tôi tự hỏi chính mình, liệu tư tưởng có thể vận hành nơi nào nó tuyệt đối cần thiết, lành mạnh, bình thường, khách quan, hiệu quả, sáng suốt và hoàn toàn yên lặng trong mọi phương hướng khác? Bạn hiểu rõ chứ?

Bây giờ làm thế nào điều đó có thể được? Làm thế nào tư tưởng có thể vận hành ở đó, nơi nó tuyệt đối cần thiết, trong một cách minh bạch, khách quan, rõ ràng nhất, và cùng lúc lại sống hòa hợp trong một kích thước mà tư tưởng không thâm nhập được? Bạn đã nắm được quan điểm của tôi chứ? Tôi đã trình bày vấn đề rõ ràng phải không? Bởi vì cái trí con người đòi hỏi sự tự do, tự do khỏi những khốn khổ, tội lỗi, đau đớn, phiền muộn, rối loạn, những chiến tranh vô tận và bạo lực này. Cái trí đòi hỏi sự tự do. Và tư tưởng không thể nào sản sinh tự do được. Nó có thể sáng chế ý tưởng của tự do, nhưng đó không là tự do. Vì vậy cái trí con người phải tìm ra câu trả lời. Và nó chỉ có thể tìm ra câu trả lời khi nó đã hiểu rõ bản chất của suy nghĩ và thấy được khả năng của nó, tư tưởng có thể đo lường đến chừng mực nào và tìm ra một tự do, một kích thước, một trạng thái của cái không thể đo lường được mà trong đó tư tưởng không vận hành.

Bạn thấy không, đây là điều gì được gọi là thiền định. Con người đã làm việc này, nhưng lại nữa thiền định của họ là thành phần của gia tăng thêm nữa của tư tưởng. Họ nói, “ Tôi phải ngồi yên lặng, phải có sự kiểm soát, những suy nghĩ của tôi phải được kiểm soát”. Khi biết sự giới hạn của tư tưởng, họ nói, “ Tôi phải kiểm soát nó, tôi phải kỷ luật nó, tôi phải luôn luôn canh chừng nó, đừng để nó đi lang thang”. Họ tự-kỷ luật chính họ ghê lắm, nhưng họ không nhận được kích thước khác hẳn, bởi vì tư tưởng không thể thâm nhập vào đó.

Thế là con người đã làm mọi thứ! Bạn theo kịp chứ? Những con người thực sự nghiêm túc, những con người mà đã thực sự, sâu thẳm, tìm hiểu điều này, không phải những con người tình cờ. Và tuy vậy tư tưởng đã là dụng cụ chính của họ và vì vậy họ không bao giờ giải quyết được vấn đề này. Họ đã sáng chế những sự việc. Họ đã phỏng đoán. Và những người tội nghiệp kia giống như chúng ta chấp nhận những giả thuyết này, những người triết lý, những người thầy – bạn theo kịp chứ? – toàn bộ những người đó. Và tôi tự hỏi chính tôi – và tôi hy vọng bạn cũng đang tự hỏi nó – làm thế nào điều này có thể xảy ra? Chắc chắn phải có một loại thiền định khác hẳn, một loại nhận biết khác hẳn, đó là thấy và không nhận xét. Muốn thấy những vận hành của tư tưởng, tất cả những chuyển động phía bên trong, phía bên ngoài của nó, chỉ nhìn ngắm nó, mà không cho bất kỳ phương hướng, cưỡng bách nó trong bất kỳ cách nào, chỉ nhìn ngắm trọn vẹn nó, không có bất kỳ chọn lựa. Đó là một loại nhận biết khác hẳn. Chúng ta thấy rồi, nhưng chúng ta luôn luôn cho nó một phương hướng. Chúng ta nói, "Điều này không được", hay "Điều kia nên", "Tôi sẽ chế ngự nó". Tất cả việc đó là cái cách cũ kỹ của sự phản ứng đến bất kỳ hành động nào, bất kỳ cảm thấy nào, bất kỳ ý tưởng nào. Nhưng quan sát mà không có bất kỳ phương hướng, không có bất kỳ áp lực, không có bất kỳ biến dạng, liệu điều đó có thể được? Để thấy chính tôi như tôi là, mà không có bất kỳ chỉ trích, đang nói, "Tôi sẽ chấp nhận điều này và tôi sẽ phủ nhận điều kia" – bạn có thể thực hiện được nó không? Vậy thì sự nhận biết có một chất lượng khác hẳn. Đúng chứ? Vậy thì nó trở thành một vật đang sống, không phải cái khuôn mẫu lặp lại của quá khứ.

Vì vậy trong chính động thái của lắng nghe, như chúng ta đang làm lúc này, trong chính động thái của lắng nghe đó, chúng ta thấy sự thật của nó, rằng muốn nhận biết thực sự phải không có sự chỉ dẫn hay thuyết phục hay cưỡng bách: chỉ quan sát. Trong quan sát đó bạn sẽ thấy rằng tư tưởng không thâm nhập gì cả. Bạn đang theo kịp chứ? Mà có nghĩa trong nhận biết đó, trong thấy đó, có sự chú ý hoàn toàn. Nơi nào không có sự chú ý, có một biến dạng. Bây giờ khi bạn đang lắng nghe điều này, nếu bạn thấy sự thật của nó, cái đó hành động. Lúc này chúng ta đang gặp gỡ lẫn nhau chứ?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, trong trạng thái đó người ta thấy chính mình tuyệt đối không còn uy quyền, và cũng vậy có một đạo đức mà tư tưởng luôn luôn cảm thấy và biết quyền năng riêng của nó.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy cái gì?

Người hỏi: Tư tưởng luôn luôn chen vào nơi nào có vui thú, sợ hãi và lo âu.

Krishnamurti: Bạn đang nói, thưa bạn, rằng tư tưởng – nhưng liệu sợ hãi không là kết quả của tư tưởng, kết quả của lo âu – tư tưởng đã sinh ra sợ hãi – không à?

Người hỏi: Thỉnh thoảng nó đến đầy bất ngờ.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó có lẽ, dù đầy bất ngờ, nhưng chính tư tưởng đã sinh ra sợ hãi – không à? Tư tưởng đã sinh ra sự đau khổ vô tận này.

Người hỏi: Còn những sợ hãi của trẻ em thì sao?

Krishnamurti: Chắc chắn, nó không được đặt nền tảng trên sự không-an toàn của chúng hay sao? Trẻ em cần sự an toàn tuyệt đối, và những bậc cha mẹ không thể mang lại sự an toàn tuyệt đối đó bởi vì họ quan tâm đến cái tôi riêng nhỏ xíu của họ. Họ đang cãi cọ, họ đầy tham vọng, họ là cái này, họ là cái kia – bạn theo kịp chứ? – vì vậy họ không thể trao sự an toàn tuyệt đối đó mà đứa trẻ đòi hỏi, mà là tình yêu.

Và thế là chúng ta quay lại cùng câu hỏi. Tư tưởng đã sinh ra sợ hãi, không còn nghi ngờ gì cả. Tư tưởng đã sinh ra sự cô độc đau đớn trong chính người ta. Tư tưởng đã nói, tôi phải thành tựu, tôi phải là, tôi quá hèn mọn – tôi phải cao quý. Tư tưởng đã tạo ra ganh ghét này, lo âu này, tội lỗi này, tư tưởng chịu trách nhiệm cho nó. Tư tưởng là điều đó, tư tưởng là tội lỗi, không phải tư tưởng tạo ra tội lỗi, tư tưởng là tội lỗi. Vì vậy làm thế nào tôi có thể quan sát chính tôi và thế giới, mà trong đó tôi là một bộ phận, quan sát mà không có bất kỳ sự can thiệp nào của tư tưởng trong sự quan sát đó, và thế là từ sự quan sát đó một hành động khác hẳn mà không sinh ra những sợ hãi, những hối tiếc và mọi chuyện như thế? Vì vậy tôi phải học hành để quan sát về chính tôi và thế giới và hành động của tôi hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Phải có một học hành về quan sát mà trong đó tư tưởng không can thiệp. Bởi vì khoảnh khắc tư tưởng can thiệp nó tạo tác cho nó một biến dạng, nó tạo tác cho nó một thành kiến. Sự nhận biết ở trong hiện tại; bạn không thể nhận biết ngày mai. Bạn nhận biết ngay lúc này và trong nhận biết đó, khi tư tưởng can thiệp, tư tưởng là sự phản ứng của quá khứ và vì vậy nó phải làm biến dạng hiện tại. Điều đó quá hợp lý.

Người hỏi: Chắc chắn, muốn nhận biết được chúng ta phải suy nghĩ.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ tí, hãy chờ tí, hãy quan sát nó, nhận biết được có nghĩa gì? Tôi nhận biết được rằng bạn đang ngồi ở đó, và tôi nhận biết được rằng tôi đang ngồi ở đây trên cao – bất hạnh thay – và tôi nhận biết được rằng tôi đang ngồi trên một chiếc ghế đặt trên một tấm thảm màu đỏ, vân vân. Tôi ý thức. Tôi nhận biết được. Tôi thấy. Sau đó tư tưởng nói, đó là màu đỏ, sau đó tư tưởng nói, tôi là một con người giỏi giang hơn bởi vì tôi đang nói, hơn bất kỳ ai đang ngồi phía dưới. Tư tưởng cho tôi thanh danh – bạn theo kịp chứ? Tư tưởng đang làm tất cả điều này – đó là sự nhận biết, hay nó chỉ là chuyển động liên tục của tư tưởng? Chỉ thâm nhập từ từ, thưa bạn, liệu bạn có thể nhìn một cái cây mà không có sự vận hành của tư tưởng, hay không? Liệu bạn có thể? Bạn không thể à? Bạn có thể thấy một cái cây mà không có hình ảnh của cái cây? Hình ảnh là tư tưởng, tư tưởng mà nói: đó là cây sồi.

Người hỏi: Nó không mù, nếu nó có thể thấy.

Krishnamurti: À, không – tôi sẽ tiếp tục – không, may thay tôi không mù. Thưa bạn, làm ơn hãy theo dõi nó, hãy suy nghĩ về nó. Nhìn cái cây, quan sát cái cây, chuyện gì xảy ra? Có không gian giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Đúng chứ? Có khoảng cách, vậy thì có hiểu biết về cái cây đó – hiểu biết thực vật, hiểu biết của ưa thích và không-ưa thích về cái cây đó. Vì vậy tôi có hình ảnh của cái cây. Hình ảnh nhìn cái cây đó và liệu có một nhận biết mà không có hình ảnh? Hình ảnh là tư tưởng, tư tưởng là sự hiểu biết về cái cây đó. Vì vậy khi có một nhận biết cùng hình ảnh, không có nhận biết trực tiếp về cái cây. Vì vậy liệu có thể nhìn cái cây mà không có hình ảnh? Nhìn ở đó vì là khách quan nên khá dễ dàng, nhưng nó trở nên phức tạp hơn nhiều khi tôi nhìn chính tôi mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh nào về chính tôi. Điều đó được không?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Trước hết hãy thấy thưa bạn, chúng ta sẽ đến điều đó, thâm nhập từ từ từng bước một. Làm ơn thực hiện nó khi chúng ta đang nói chuyện, bạn sẽ tìm ra.

Đó là, liệu có một quan sát về chính tôi mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh về chính tôi hay không? Bởi vì tôi đầy dẫy những hình ảnh của tôi – tôi là điều này, tôi không là điều kia, tôi nên là điều này, tôi không nên là điều kia, tôi phải trở thành, tôi không được trở thành. Tất cả chúng là những hình ảnh. Và tôi đang nhìn vào chính tôi bằng một trong những hình ảnh, không phải bằng nguyên một nhóm của những hình ảnh.

Vì vậy sau đó, cái gì đang nhìn? Bạn theo kịp không? Sau đó cái gì đang nhìn nếu không có hình ảnh? Bạn hiểu câu hỏi của tôi? Nếu tôi không có hình ảnh nào về chính tôi – bạn biết không – mà người ta phải thâm nhập rất, rất sâu thẳm nếu bạn muốn – vậy thì ở đó cái gì nhìn? Tuyệt đối không có cái gì nhìn và người ta sợ hãi điều đó. Lúc đó người ta tuyệt đối không là gì cả; nhưng người ta không thể đối diện với tuyệt đối không là gì cả, thế là người ta có những hình ảnh đó về chính người ta. Thôi, chúng ta hãy quay trở lại.

Cái trí con người đòi hỏi tự do, tuyệt đối. Ngay cả ở Nga họ đang đòi hỏi tự do, và những quyền lực đang xóa sạch họ đi. Vì vậy tự do là tối thiết, nó là đòi hỏi thuộc chính trị. Nhưng bạn không đòi hỏi sự tự do khỏi những hình ảnh. Vì vậy tư tưởng đã tạo ra những hình ảnh này, vì những lý do khác nhau thuộc kinh tế, văn hóa, xã hội và nhiều hơn nữa. Và những hình ảnh này có thể đo lường được: cái lớn hơn, cái nhỏ hơn, cái nhiều hơn, cái ít hơn. Và người ta hỏi liệu tư tưởng có thể quan sát mà không bị biến dạng? Chắc chắn nó không thể. Khi nó quan sát có một nhân tố biến dạng trong tư tưởng, bởi vì tư tưởng là sự phản ứng của quá khứ. Vì vậy liệu có một quan sát mà không có bất kỳ sự can thiệp nào của tư tưởng? Điều đó có nghĩa không có sự can thiệp của bất kỳ hình ảnh nào. Bạn phải tìm ra điều này, nó không chỉ là một vấn đề của chấp nhận hay tin tưởng, chỉ tìm ra liệu bạn có thể nhìn người vợ hay người chồng của bạn, cái cây hay đám mây, con người đang ngồi cạnh bạn mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh nào.

Người hỏi: Liệu có một việc như một hình ảnh không nhận thấy mà người ta không nhận biết được?

Krishnamurti: Vâng, có chứ. Dĩ nhiên. Bây giờ làm thế nào tôi nhận biết được những hình ảnh không nhận thấy mà tôi có. Đúng chứ? Làm ơn, lắng nghe câu hỏi của tôi: làm thế nào tôi sẽ nhận biết được nhiều, nhiều hình ảnh không nhận thấy mà tôi đã lưu trữ, con người đã lưu trữ.

Người hỏi: Krishnaji, chừng nào người ta còn đang cố gắng nhận biết, người ta tạo ra những sự việc để nhận biết được về chúng.

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì tôi đang nói. Bạn không thể cố gắng để nhận biết, bạn không thể khẳng định để nhận biết, bạn không thể – nó không là kết quả của sự vận dụng ý chí để nhận biết được. Hoặc bạn thấy hoặc bạn không thấy. Hoặc bạn lắng nghe điều gì chúng ta đang nói ngay lúc này, hoặc bạn không lắng nghe. Nhưng nếu bạn lắng nghe bằng hình ảnh của bạn vậy thì dĩ nhiên bạn không-lắng nghe gì cả.

Vì vậy thật ra câu hỏi rất lý thú – tôi có thể hiểu rõ những hình ảnh mà tôi có một cách nhận biết được – những hình ảnh nhận biết được, và tôi có thể hiểu rõ được những hình ảnh này – những hình ảnh vô nghĩa nhố nhăng nào đó, tất cả hiểu biết hời hợt mà tôi có, điều đó khá đơn giản và khá rõ ràng. Nhưng những hình ảnh che giấu, sâu thẳm mà có một ảnh hưởng mạnh mẽ vào toàn cách sống. Làm thế nào tôi nhận biết được những hình ảnh che giấu không nhận thấy này? Bạn đề nghị như thế nào đây?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta tìm ra bằng cách nhận biết chúng ta cư xử như thế nào, bằng cách nhận biết những hình ảnh này xuất hiện như thế nào.

Krishnamurti: Bạn tìm ra bằng cách nhận biết bạn cư xử như thế nào, qua cách cư xử của bạn. Bây giờ hãy chờ đã, hãy thâm nhập từ từ. Bạn sẽ tìm ra những hình ảnh không nhận thấy của bạn qua cách cư xử của bạn.

Người hỏi: Hay thỉnh thoảng trong giấc ngủ.

Krishnamurti: Bạn sẽ thấy nó, thưa bạn, bạn sẽ thấy nó trong một phút. Mà có nghĩa gì? Qua cách cư xử của tôi, tôi bắt đầu phát giác những hình ảnh không-nhận thấy trong tôi mà đã được lưu trữ. Một hình ảnh này kế tiếp một hình ảnh khác, bạn theo kịp chứ? Tôi cư xử đối với bạn khác hẳn và đối với một người khác lại khác hẳn, bởi vì bạn quan trọng hơn và có quyền hành hơn, có thanh danh hơn người khác. Vì vậy hình ảnh về bạn của tôi mạnh mẽ hơn – và tôi khinh miệt hình ảnh người khác, hình ảnh của tôi. Vì vậy nó có nghĩa trải qua một hình ảnh này kế tiếp một hình ảnh khác, bạn theo kịp chứ? Hay liệu có một nhân tố trung tâm mà tạo ra những hình ảnh này một cách nhận biết được cũng như không-nhận biết được. Bạn đang theo sát chứ? Nếu tôi có thể tìm ra điều đó, vậy thì tôi không phải trải qua hình ảnh kế tiếp hình ảnh kế tiếp hình ảnh, hay trải qua sự khám phá về những hình ảnh qua những giấc mơ. Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn đang theo kịp câu hỏi của tôi?

Bạn thấy, nếu qua cách cư xử của tôi, tôi phát giác được những hình ảnh không-nhận thấy của tôi, đó là một hình thức của phân tích, đúng chứ? Dĩ nhiên, nó là một hình thức của phân tích. Bây giờ liệu sự phân tích sẽ giải quyết được những hình ảnh này? Những hình ảnh này được tạo ra bởi tư tưởng – sự phân tích là tư tưởng. Thế là qua tư tưởng tôi hy vọng xóa sạch được những hình ảnh mà tư tưởng đã tạo ra. Thế là tôi bị trói chặt trong một vòng tròn luẩn quẩn. Thế là làm thế nào tôi giải quyết được điều này đây? Bạn nói qua những giấc mộng. Những hình ảnh của bạn được phơi bày qua những giấc mộng à? Những giấc mộng là gì? Tại sao bạn phải nằm mơ? Đó không là một hình thức khác của sự phân tích hay sao? Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn đang theo kịp? Tôi nằm mơ, và những giấc mộng là một tiếp tục của hoạt động ban ngày của tôi, phải không? Không à? Làm ơn hãy cùng nhau tìm hiểu nó. Tôi sống một sống khá hỗn độn, không chắc chắn, hoang mang, đau khổ, bất hạnh, cô độc, sợ hãi, so sánh chính tôi với một ai đó khác mà đẹp đẽ hơn, thông minh hơn, nhiều hơn cái này hay nhiều hơn cái kia, và đó là sống của tôi trong suốt những tiếng đồng hồ thức giấc và khi tôi ngủ điều đó tiếp tục. Và tôi mơ những sự việc mà tôi đã trải qua, tất cả tiếp tục đó mà tôi đã sống trong suốt thời gian ban ngày, không à? Và nếu tôi tìm hiểu về chính tôi, nếu có một bộc lộ về chính tôi qua những giấc mộng, đó là một hình thức của phân tích. Vì vậy tôi nói, hãy nhìn điều gì tôi đang làm. Tôi đang lệ thuộc vào những giấc mộng để bộc lộ những hình ảnh được che giấu thật sâu thẳm trong cái hang. Và sự lệ thuộc vào những giấc mộng làm cho tôi mỗi lúc một giảm sút đi và giảm sút đi sự tỉnh thức trong suốt những giờ thức giấc. Không à?

Người hỏi: Tư tưởng và tư tưởng không-nhận thấy tạo ra những hình ảnh và những hình ảnh này hữu ích trên một mức độ nào đó.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta đã nói rằng, đó là lý do tại sao có những hình ảnh hữu ích mà phải vận hành, mà chúng ta phải có, có những hình ảnh rất nguy hiểm mà người ta phải hoàn toàn xóa sạch, rõ ràng như thế. Đó là điều gì toàn bàn luận sáng nay muốn hướng đến. .

Người hỏi: Liệu không chỉ có một câu hỏi, liệu tư tưởng có thể yên lặng khi cần thiết, nhưng còn cả liệu có thể chỉ có sự yên lặng?

Krishnamurti: À, điều đó có nghĩa, thưa bạn – liệu có thể có sự yên lặng mà từ nó tư tưởng có thể vận hành?

Người hỏi: Nó không là một câu hỏi liệu tư tưởng có thể vận hành hay không, nhưng liệu nó có thể chỉ yên lặng.

Krishnamurti: Liệu tư tưởng có thể hoàn toàn yên lặng và vận hành, tỉnh thức khi nó cần thiết?

Người hỏi: Nó không là câu hỏi liệu tư tưởng có thể vận hành nơi nào cần thiết, nhưng liệu tư tưởng có thể yên lặng?

Krishnamurti: Liệu tư tưởng có thể hoàn toàn yên lặng. Ai đang đặt ra câu hỏi đó? Tư tưởng đang đặt ra câu hỏi đó?

Người hỏi: Đương nhiên.

Krishnamurti: Thế là tư tưởng đang tự-hỏi chính nó liệu nó có thể yên lặng. Không, làm ơn đừng cười, hãy nhìn nó, hãy nhìn nó.

Vì vậy tư tưởng đang tự-hỏi chính nó liệu nó có thể yên lặng. Làm thế nào bạn sẽ tìm được? Liệu nó có thể làm bất kỳ điều gì để được yên lặng, đúng chứ thưa bạn – nó không thể, phải không? Nếu nó làm được, nó không yên lặng. Vì vậy liệu tư tưởng có thể yên lặng? Mà có nghĩa, liệu tư tưởng có thể tự-nói với chính nó – tôi phải yên lặng? Vậy thì đó không là yên lặng. Vậy thì cái gì là sự yên lặng, mà không là sản phẩm của tư tưởng. Đúng chứ? Liệu có một yên lặng mà không là kết quả của tư tưởng? Mà có nghĩa, liệu tư tưởng có thể tự-kết thúc, mà không đang yêu cầu sự kết thúc? Điều đó không được hàm ý khi bạn đang lắng nghe một điều gì đó, khi bạn thấy rõ ràng hay sao? Khi bạn hoàn toàn chú ý, trong chú ý đó có yên lặng, phải không? Hoàn toàn chú ý, mà có nghĩa thân thể của bạn, những dây thần kinh của bạn, mọi thứ đều chú ý. Vậy là trong chú ý đó người quan sát như tư tưởng không tồn tại.

Người hỏi: Điều đó chỉ xảy ra trong những khoảnh khắc gặp sự nguy hiểm kinh hoàng?

Krishnamurti: Bạn có ý nói khi có một khủng hoảng. Người ta phải luôn luôn sống trong những khủng hoảng hay sao? Thật là một ý tưởng kỳ dị, phải không? Với mục đích được yên lặng tôi phải có một loạt những khủng hoảng và nhờ đó hy vọng được yên lặng. Điều đó quá phức tạp!

Người hỏi: Tôi được phép nói rằng sự yên lặng xảy ra từ phía bên trong.

Krishnamurti: Làm thế nào nó xảy ra được? Và liệu người ta có thể vận hành – làm ơn lắng nghe điều này – liệu người ta có thể vận hành từ sự yên lặng – bạn theo kịp chứ? Làm ơn, bạn đặt ra câu hỏi đó. Trước hết sự yên lặng là gì, làm thế nào nó hiện diện được, và liệu có một đang vận hành, mà là đang sống cuộc sống hàng ngày từ sự yên lặng đó?

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Tôi không thể khẳng định bất kỳ điều gì, rằng luôn luôn có một nhận biết. Tôi không biết. Bạn không biết.

Người hỏi: Nhưng dường như nó hiện diện, chỉ vì rằng nó luôn luôn thay đổi.

Krishnamurti: Bây giờ hãy chờ một tí. Tôi phải tìm ra, thưa bạn. Tôi chỉ biết, chúng ta chỉ biết một sự việc, rằng tư tưởng đang vận hành liên tục. Và khi tư tưởng đang vận hành, không có sự yên lặng. Không có sự nhận biết như chúng ta đã bàn luận, như chúng ta đã vạch rõ. Sự tỉnh thức, hay sự nhận biết hàm ý một trạng thái của đang thấy mà trong đó không có hình ảnh gì cả. Nếu tôi không khám phá được liệu có thể thấy, quan sát, mà không có bất kỳ hình ảnh nào, tôi không thể phát biểu bất kỳ điều gì cả. Tôi không thể phát biểu có một nhận biết, có một yên lặng. Liệu tôi có thể, trong sống hàng ngày, quan sát người vợ của tôi, người con của tôi, bạn biết, mọi thứ, mà không có một cái bóng của một hình ảnh? Hãy tìm ra, thưa bạn. Vậy thì từ chú ý đó, có sự yên lặng. Chú ý đó là yên lặng. Và nó không là kết quả của sự luyện tập – dĩ nhiên đó lại là tư tưởng.

BROCKWOOD PARK

Ngày 4 tháng 11 năm 1971

– 2 – CÁI TRÍ THIỀN ĐỊNH và NGHI VẤN KHÔNG ĐÁP ÁN

“Thiền định là sự giải phóng toàn năng lượng.” Thế giới phương Tây được xây dựng trên sự đo lường, mà là maya ảo tưởng ở phương Đông. Những trường phái của thiền định là vô ích. Năng lượng phụ thuộc vào hiểu rõ về chính mình. Vấn đề của tự-quan sát về chính mình. Nhìn “không có đôi mắt của quá khứ”. Đặt tên. Cái che giấu trong chính người ta. Thuốc kích thích. Nội dung che giấu và nghi vấn không đáp án. “Thiền định là một cách xóa sạch hoàn toàn mọi thứ mà con người đã tưởng tượng về chính anh ấy và thế giới.” Một cách mạng cơ bản trong người ta gây ảnh hưởng toàn thế giới. Điều gì xảy ra khi cái trí yên lặng? “Thiền định là . . . thấy sự đo lường và vượt khỏi sự đo lường.” Hòa hợp và một “sống hoàn toàn khác hẳn”.

Người hỏi: Trực giác; nhận biết; nhận biết và giấc ngủ; người thầy và người đệ tử.

Chúng ta sẽ tiếp tục điều gì chúng ta đã bàn luận, chúng ta tiếp tục nói sáng nay được chứ? Tôi nghĩ rằng chúng ta nên cùng nhau bàn luận về vấn đề thiền định, những hình thức khác nhau của yoga, và có vô số những nhóm người đang luyện tập những phương pháp không thể tin được này.

Bạn biết không, khi người ta đi khắp thế giới, không chỉ có sự bùng nổ dân số, sự ô nhiễm và sự nặng nề của tệ quan liêu, chuyên chế, không chỉ của những người làm chính trị và những người độc tài mà cũng cả sự chuyên chế của những vị giáo sĩ, những vị đạo sư, những con người đó mà nói rằng họ đạt được sự khai sáng và vân vân. Khi quan sát tất cả điều này, và tình trạng bị quy định sâu thẳm – những hoàn cảnh nghèo khổ và sự xấu xa của liên hệ giữa con người và con người, nó trở nên rõ ràng rằng phải có một cách mạng tổng thể. Một loại văn hóa khác hẳn phải xuất hiện. Văn hóa cũ kỹ hầu như đã chết rồi và tuy nhiên chúng ta lại đang bám chặt nó, và những người còn trẻ kia, phản kháng chống lại nó, nhưng bất hạnh thay đã không tìm được một phương cách hay một phương tiện để thay đổi chất lượng cốt lõi của con người, mà là cái trí. Và nếu không có một cách mạng tâm lý sâu thẳm, chỉ thay đổi trên bề mặt sẽ chẳng có ảnh hưởng bao nhiêu. Và cách mạng này, cách mạng tâm lý này, mà tôi nghĩ là cách mạng duy nhất, chỉ có thể xảy ra được qua thiền định.

Thiền định là sự giải phóng toàn năng lượng, và đó là điều gì chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau bàn luận sáng nay. Bây giờ, từ ngữ "thiền định", nghĩa lý gốc của từ ngữ đó, là đo lường. Và toàn thế giới phương Tây được đặt nền tảng trên ý tưởng của đo lường đó; và ở phương Đông họ đã nói sự đo lường là maya, ảo tưởng, và vì vậy người ta phải tìm ra cái không thể đo lường. Hai khuynh hướng tách rời hẳn, thuộc văn hóa, thuộc xã hội, và thuộc trí năng và thuộc tôn giáo. Và vì thiền định là một vấn đề rất phức tạp, chúng ta phải tìm hiểu nó khá chầm chậm và tiếp cận nó từ những góc độ khác nhau, luôn luôn nhớ rằng sự cách mạng tâm lý là tuyệt đối cần thiết để cho một loại khác hẳn của thế giới, xã hội, hiện diện. Tôi không biết bạn cảm thấy về nó mãnh liệt đến chừng nào. Có thể hầu hết chúng ta đều quen thói trưởng giả, thoải mái trong lợi tức nhỏ nhoi của chúng ta, gia đình nhỏ xíu của chúng ta, và vân vân và vân vân, ưa thích vẫn có được mọi điều kiện sống như chúng ta có, và không bị quấy rầy; nhưng những biến cố, công nghệ, và tất cả những sự việc kia mà đang xảy ra trong thế giới, đang tạo ra những thay đổi lớn lao phía bên ngoài; nhưng phía bên trong, trong chừng mực nào đó hầu hết chúng ta vẫn còn như chúng ta đã là trong hàng thế kỷ trên hàng thế kỷ, và cách mạng đó chỉ có thể xảy ra tại ngay trung tâm của thân tâm chúng ta. Và cách mạng này đòi hỏi sự phong phú vô hạn của năng lượng. Và thiền định là sự giải phóng của toàn năng lượng đó. Chúng ta sẽ nói chuyện về điều đó.

Bạn thấy, trước hết, làm thế nào người ta có được chất lượng của năng lượng này mà không có xung đột? Chúng ta biết năng lượng máy móc mà là sự ma sát, thuộc máy móc và sự ma sát mà sản sinh năng lượng trong chúng ta, do bởi xung đột, do bởi kháng cự, do bởi kiểm soát và mọi chuyện như thế. Vì vậy có hai loại năng lượng khác hẳn, thuộc máy móc mà là sự ma sát, và liệu có bất kỳ loại năng lượng nào khác, mà không có sự ma sát gì cả, và vì vậy hoàn toàn được tự do và không thể đo lường được? Tôi nghĩ thiền định là sự khám phá ra năng lượng đó, bởi vì nếu người ta không có dư thừa năng lượng, không chỉ thuộc vật chất mà còn nhiều hơn nữa thuộc tâm lý, thuộc trí năng, hành động của chúng ta sẽ không bao giờ trọn vẹn. Nó sẽ luôn luôn sinh ra ma sát, xung đột, đấu tranh. Vì vậy khi quan sát những hình thức khác nhau của thiền định khắp thế giới kể cả Zen, những hình thức khác nhau của yoga được mang đến đây từ Ấn độ, và những nhóm suy gẫm khác như những thầy tu và vân vân, trong tất cả việc đó, nếu người ta quan sát nó rất cẩn thận, đều có ý tưởng của sự kiểm soát, sự chấp nhận của một hệ thống, và luyện tập một lặp lại của những từ ngữ mà được gọi là mantra thần chú, và những hình thức khác nhau của hít thở, hatha yoga và vân vân.

Vì vậy trước tiên chúng ta hãy phơi bày tất cả chúng, bằng cách tìm hiểu, không chấp nhận điều gì họ nói, tìm hiểu điều gì họ đã nói về chính họ, thấy được sự thật hay giả dối của nó. Trước hết có sự lặp lại này của những từ ngữ: những từ ngữ, những câu văn, những câu thần chú đó, một loạt những cụm từ được cho bởi một vị đạo sư, một người thầy, được thụ giáo, trả mười bảng Anh, mười lăm bảng hay một trăm bảng để cho bạn học một cụm từ đặc biệt được lặp lại bởi bạn một cách bí mật. Có lẽ một số các bạn đã thực hiện việc đó và bạn biết nhiều về nó. Và nó được gọi là thần chú yoga, được mang đến đây từ Ấn độ. Tôi không biết lý do tại sao bạn trả một xu để lặp lại những từ ngữ nào đó từ người nào đó mà nói “Nếu bạn làm việc này bạn sẽ đạt được sự khai sáng – hay là bạn sẽ có một cái trí yên lặng nào đó” và mọi chuyện như thế. Bạn biết khi bạn lặp lại liên tục một loạt những từ ngữ, dù rằng nó là Ave Maria hay những từ ngữ tiếng Phạn khác hay – thức uống mới nhất là gì nhỉ? – coca cola – và khi bạn lặp lại những từ ngữ đó và lặp đi lặp lại, rõ ràng cái trí của bạn trở nên khá đờ đẫn và bạn có một nhận biết đặc biệt của sự hợp nhất, sự yên lặng và bạn nghĩ việc đó sẽ tạo ra sự rõ ràng. Bạn có thể thấy sự vô lý hoàn toàn của nó: bởi vì, trước hết tại sao bạn lại phải chấp nhận điều gì bất kỳ người khác nói về bất kỳ điều gì, về những vấn đề này, kể cả tôi? Tại sao bạn phải chấp nhận bất kỳ uy quyền nào về chuyển động thuộc sống bên trong. Chúng ta phủ nhận uy quyền bên ngoài – nếu bạn có nhận biết thuộc trí năng, có quan sát thuộc chính trị, những sự việc khác, bạn phủ nhận nó. Nhưng rõ ràng chúng ta lại chấp nhận uy quyền của người nào đó mà nói, “Tôi biết, tôi đã đạt được, tôi đã nhận ra.” Con người mà nói rằng anh ấy có, con người mà nói rằng anh ấy biết, là không biết. Đúng chứ? Khoảnh khắc bạn nói rằng bạn biết, bạn không biết gì cả. Bởi vì bạn biết cái gì? Vài trải nghiệm bạn đã có, loại tầm nhìn nào đó, loại khai sáng nào đó – tôi không thích dùng từ ngữ “khai sáng” đó. Và khi bạn đã trải nghiệm việc đó, bạn nghĩ rằng bạn đã đạt được một trạng thái lạ thường nào đó, một tầm nhìn lạ thường nào đó, và đó là quá khứ, bạn chỉ có thể biết một cái gì đó mà qua rồi và vì vậy không còn sinh khí. Vì vậy khi tất cả những người này, mà tôi thích gọi họ là băng đảng này, đến với bạn và nói họ đã nhận ra, làm việc này hay làm việc kia, cho thật nhiều tiền bạc, vậy thì rõ ràng nó quá vô lý. Vì vậy chúng ta có thể gạt đi tất cả điều đó.

Tiếp theo chúng ta cũng có thể gạt đi toàn ý tưởng của luyện tập một hệ thống, một phương pháp. Khi bạn luyện tập một phương pháp với mục đích để đạt được sự khai sáng, hay ơn lành, hay có một cái trí yên lặng, hay đạt được một trạng thái thanh thản, khi bạn luyện tập một phương pháp, dù là phương pháp nào, rõ ràng nó làm cho cái trí trở nên máy móc. Bạn lặp đi lặp lại những tư thế ngồi nào đó, hít thở, bạn biết tất cả việc đó, lặp lại, luyện tập sự tỉnh thức, mà là hoàn toàn vô lý. Lúc đó sự luyện tập này không chỉ hàm ý sự đè nén của chuyển động riêng của bạn, của hiểu rõ riêng của bạn, sự tuân phục, và sự xung đột vô tận liên quan đến việc luyện tập một hệ thống đặc biệt – và cái trí thích tuân phục một hệ thống bởi vì lúc đó nó được tinh lọc và nó dễ dàng sống theo lối đó. Đúng chứ? Vì vậy ngay lúc này liệu chúng ta có thể gạt bỏ đi tất cả những hệ thống của thiền định?

Vậy thì thiền định là gì? Nó là sự kiểm soát của tư tưởng? Và nếu nó là như thế, ai là người kiểm soát tư tưởng? Người kiểm soát tư tưởng chính là tư tưởng, phải không? Toàn văn hóa của chúng ta ở cả phương Đông lẫn phương Tây đều đặt nền tảng trên sự kiểm soát – kiểm soát tư tưởng, và tập trung mà trong đó chỉ có một tư tưởng có thể được theo đuổi đến tận cùng. Tôi hy vọng chúng ta đang gặp gỡ lẫn nhau, được chứ? Tôi sẽ tiếp tục? Tại sao người ta phải kiểm soát? Kiểm soát hàm ý bắt chước, tuân phục. Kiểm soát hàm ý chấp nhận một khuôn mẫu như uy quyền, tùy theo đó bạn đang cố gắng sống – khuôn mẫu đó được thiết lập bởi xã hội, văn hóa, bởi vị giáo sĩ, bởi người nào đó mà bạn nghĩ có hiểu biết, có sự khai sáng và vân vân. Và tùy theo khuôn mẫu đó người ta cố gắng sống, đang đè nén những cảm thấy và những ý tưởng riêng của người ta và đang cố gắng tuân phục. Vì vậy trong đó có xung đột, và tại cơ bản sự xung đột là sự lãng phí của năng lượng. Vì vậy sự tập trung, mà rất nhiều người ủng hộ trong thiền định, là hoàn toàn sai lầm. Bạn đang chấp nhận tất cả điều này, hay bạn chỉ đang lắng nghe do buồn chán? Vì vậy chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu câu hỏi này, liệu tư tưởng mà không có bất kỳ hình thức kiểm soát nào, kiểm soát là đè nén, tuân phục, xung đột, liệu tư tưởng có thể vận hành khi cần thiết, như trong hiểu biết, trong hành động, và hoàn toàn yên lặng trong bất kỳ thời điểm nào khác? Bạn theo kịp câu hỏi của tôi chứ? Đó là một câu hỏi thực sự: liệu rằng cái trí mà bị nhồi nhét bởi quá nhiều hoạt động của tư tưởng và vì vậy hỗn loạn, và đang cố gắng tìm sự rõ ràng trong hỗn loạn đó, tự-ép buộc chính nó phải kiểm soát, phải tuân phục đến một ý tưởng, và vì vậy tạo ra càng ngày càng nhiều thêm hỗn loạn trong chính nó. Tôi muốn tìm ra liệu cái trí đó có thể yên lặng và chỉ vận hành khi cần thiết, như trong hiểu biết hay không? Bạn đang theo kịp câu hỏi của tôi? Tôi đang trình bày rõ ràng chứ?

Và rõ ràng là sự kiểm soát, bởi vì nó hàm ý xung đột, là một lãng phí năng lượng vô cùng. Làm ơn, đó là điều quan trọng cần hiểu rõ bởi vì tôi cảm thấy thiền định phải là một giải phóng năng lượng mà trong đó không có một mảy may ma sát nào. Và làm thế nào một cái trí sẽ thực hiện được điều này? Làm thế nào nó sẽ có năng lượng như thế mà trong đó mọi hình thức ma sát đều kết thúc? Và trong thâm nhập điều đó, người ta phải hiểu rõ hoàn toàn về chính người ta. Phải có sự hiểu rõ hoàn toàn về chính mình. Tôi phải biết về chính tôi một cách hoàn toàn, và liệu điều đó có thể được? Không phải lệ thuộc vào bất kỳ người tâm lý học, người triết lý, người thầy, hay một khuôn mẫu được đặt ra bởi một văn hóa đặc biệt, nhưng hiểu rõ thấu suốt về chính mình, cả tại mức độ ý thức bên ngoài lẫn tại những mức độ sâu thẳm hơn, tổng thể. Thế là, khi có sự hiểu rõ, hiểu rõ về chính mình một cách tổng thể, lúc đó có sự kết thúc của xung đột, và đây là thiền định.

Bây giờ làm thế nào tôi hiểu rõ về chính tôi? Tôi chỉ có thể hiểu rõ về chính tôi trong sự liên hệ. Tôi có thể quan sát hay sự quan sát về chính tôi xảy ra chỉ khi nào có sự đáp trả, sự phản ứng, trong liên hệ; và không có sự việc như tách rời, mặc dù cái trí đang luôn luôn tự-tách rời chính nó trong tất cả những hoạt động của nó, dựng lên một bức tường quanh chính nó với mục đích để không bị tổn thương, với mục đích để không có bất kỳ bất tiện, bất hạnh nào, bất kỳ rắc rối nào. Nó luôn luôn tự-tách rời chính nó trong hoạt động của chính nó, hoạt động tự cho mình là trung tâm và tôi muốn hiểu rõ về chính tôi giống như tôi muốn biết làm thế nào để đi từ đây đến một thị trấn đặc biệt, rõ ràng, quan sát mọi thứ mà liên quan đến chính tôi, những cảm giác của tôi, những tư tưởng của tôi, những động cơ của tôi, nhận biết được hay không-nhận biết được. Làm thế nào điều này có thể được? Bạn biết, hiểu rõ về chính người ta đã là – những người Hi lạp đã nói về nó, người Ấn độ giáo đã nói về nó, những người Phật giáo đã nói về nó, hiểu rõ về chính bạn, nhưng chắc chắn rằng đó là một trong những sự việc khó khăn nhất khi hiểu rõ về chính mình. Và sáng nay chúng ta sẽ tìm ra làm thế nào để nhìn vào chính chúng ta, bởi vì khi người ta hiểu rõ tổng thể về chính người ta, trạng thái tổng thể đó ngăn cản mọi ma sát, và thế là từ đó hiện diện chất lượng của năng lượng này mà hoàn toàn khác hẳn.

Vì vậy muốn tìm ra làm thế nào quan sát về chính mình, người ta phải thấy chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ quan sát. Khi chúng ta quan sát những sự vật khách quan như cây cối, những đám mây, những sự việc phía bên ngoài chúng ta, không phải chỉ có không gian giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát, không gian vật lý, nhưng cũng còn có cả không gian của thời gian. Đúng chứ?

Khi bạn nhìn cái cây – làm ơn lắng nghe điều này – khi bạn nhìn cái cây không phải chỉ có khoảng cách vật lý nhưng cũng còn có cả khoảng cách tâm lý. Có khoảng cách giữa bạn và cái cây, khoảng cách được tạo ra bởi hình ảnh như hiểu biết – đó là một cây sồi, cây elm, cái hình ảnh, và hình ảnh đó giữa bạn và cái cây gây tách rời bạn. Nhưng khi chất lượng cái trí của người quan sát không có hình ảnh, hình ảnh đó là sự tưởng tượng, vậy thì có một liên hệ hoàn toàn khác hẳn giữa người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Đúng chứ? Bạn đã từng làm việc này chưa, đã nhìn một cái cây mà không có một từ ngữ nào của ưa thích hay không-ưa thích, mà không có một hình ảnh nào và lúc đó bạn đã nhận thấy chuyện gì xảy ra không? Vậy thì lần đầu tiên bạn thấy cái cây như nó là, và bạn thấy được vẻ đẹp của nó, màu sắc, chiều sâu, bạn biết không, sức sống của nó. Điều đó khá dễ dàng khi bạn quan sát một cái cây, một người khác, nhưng để quan sát về chính bạn, theo cách đó, đó là quan sát mà không có người quan sát – bạn đang theo kịp tất cả việc này chứ? Vì vậy người ta phải tìm ra ai là người quan sát, cái gì là người quan sát.

Tôi muốn quan sát về chính tôi, tôi muốn biết về chính tôi càng sâu thẳm bao nhiêu càng tốt. Và tôi quan sát về chính tôi. Và cái gì là người quan sát mà đang quan sát? Cái gì là bản chất của người quan sát đó, cấu trúc của người quan sát đó? Người quan sát đó là quá khứ, phải không – hiểu biết quá khứ, cái gì anh ấy đã nhớ, đã thâu lượm, đã lưu trữ, quá khứ là văn hóa, tình trạng bị quy định – đó là người quan sát, mà nói, điều này đúng, điều này sai, điều này phải, điều kia không phải, điều này tốt, tôi sẽ tiếp tục, điều này xấu, tôi không được tiếp tục. Vì vậy người quan sát là quá khứ, và với cặp mắt của quá khứ chúng ta cố gắng thấy điều gì chúng ta là. Sau đó chúng ta nói, tôi không thích cái này, tôi xấu xa, hay, tôi sẽ giữ lại cái này – bạn theo kịp không? Tất cả những phân biệt, những phê bình đó xảy ra. Bây giờ liệu tôi có thể nhìn vào chính tôi mà không có đôi mắt của quá khứ? Vậy thì liệu có một người quan sát? Vậy thì chỉ có vật được quan sát, không còn người quan sát. Làm ơn chỉ thấy điều này. Tôi ghen tị, tôi ăn uống quá độ, tôi tham lam và phản ứng thông thường là, tôi không được ăn uống nhiều nữa, tôi không được tham lam nữa, tôi phải đè nén, bạn biết tất cả những việc còn lại theo sau. Vì vậy trong đó có người quan sát đang cố gắng kiểm soát tham lam của anh ấy, ghen tị của anh ấy, và mọi chuyện như thế. Bây giờ khi có sự nhận biết được về tham lam, về ăn uống quá độ của bạn, hay về bất kỳ điều gì mà không có người quan sát, điều gì xảy ra? Chúng ta đang theo sát lẫn nhau chứ, chúng ta đang làm việc này chứ? Không à? Tôi ăn uống quá độ, sự tham lam của tôi, tôi rất tham lam. Liệu tôi có thể quan sát sự tham lam đó mà không cho nó một cái tên như tham lam, bởi vì khoảnh khắc tôi đặt tên nó, tôi đã cố định nó trong ký ức của tôi, như tham lam, mà nói, tôi phải chế ngự nó, tôi phải kiểm soát.

Vì vậy liệu có một quan sát về tham lam mà không có từ ngữ, mà không bênh vực nó, mà không chỉ trích nó? Mà có nghĩa, liệu tôi có thể quan sát sự việc được gọi là tham lam này mà không có bất kỳ phản ứng nào? Quan sát như thế không là một hình thức của kỷ luật, đúng chứ, không bị áp đặt bởi bất kỳ khuôn mẫu đặc biệt nào và thế là tuân phục, đè nén, và mọi chuyện như thế; nhưng quan sát bất kỳ điều gì, quan sát những chuyển động đó mà ở trong chính tôi, tham lam, ghen tị, ăn uống quá độ, tức giận, ganh tị, lo âu, hút thuốc, uống rượu, bạn theo kịp chứ, nguyên xâu chuỗi của những hành động, mà không chỉ trích, bênh vực hay đặt tên, chỉ quan sát. Vậy thì bạn sẽ thấy, nếu bạn quan sát như thế, cái trí không còn lãng phí năng lượng. Vậy thì nó tỉnh thức, và thế là nó có năng lượng để giải quyết sự việc nó đang quan sát. Đúng chứ? Tất cả các bạn đều ngủ rồi sao?

Người hỏi: Tôi xin phép được hỏi, thưa ông, liệu “cái tôi” đang quan sát “cái tôi” mà không đặt tên nó như “cái tôi”, giống như đang quan sát quá khứ, mà cũng không đặt tên nó như quá khứ.

Krishnamurti: Hoàn toàn đúng thưa bạn. Đó là nó. Nhưng ngay khi bạn hiểu rõ toàn cơ cấu máy móc của nó, nó không trở nên khó khăn. Ngay khi bạn thấy sự thật của nó, thưa bạn, sự thật đó, sự kiện đó, hành động. Người ta có thể làm điều đó tại tầng ý thức bên ngoài. Có quá nhiều sự phản ứng, những động cơ, những khuynh hướng, những thói quen, những kiềm chế, những sợ hãi không nhận biết được của những tầng ý thức bên trong, làm thế nào người ta giải quyết được tất cả điều đó, những tích lũy được che giấu? Người ta phải qua phân tích lớp này qua lớp khác, phơi bày tất cả việc đó qua những giấc mộng à? Bạn theo kịp chứ? Làm thế nào tất cả việc đó được phơi bày hoàn toàn, để cho hiểu rõ về chính mình trở nên trọn vẹn? Bạn đã hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi chứ?

Bây giờ làm thế nào điều này có thể xảy ra được? Rõ ràng rằng nó không thể xảy ra được bởi cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài. Tôi không thể tìm hiểu một cách nhận biết được về tầng ý thức bên trong, tầng ý thức bị che giấu – bạn có thể thực hiện được không?

Người hỏi: Không.

Krishnamurti: Đừng nói "không" – hãy thấy sự khó khăn của nó, bởi vì tôi không nhận biết được điều gì bị che giấu và những điều gì bị che giấu đó có lẽ gợi ý qua những giấc mộng nhưng những giấc mộng cần được diễn giải và tất cả những phức tạp – và tất cả điều đó sẽ mất nhiều thời gian, phải không?

Người hỏi: Tôi nghĩ có thể hiểu rõ về chính mình bằng sự phân tích nhờ vào những loại thuốc kích thích nào đó, mà không có xung đột.

Krishnamurti: Liệu người ta sử dụng thuốc LSD hay những loại thuốc kích thích khác mà trợ giúp hiểu rõ nhiều, bởi vì trong đó không có xung đột gì cả. Vì vậy bạn làm ơn sử dụng thuốc kích thích đi. Hãy thực sự sử dụng nó, uống bất kỳ loại thuốc nào, LSD, cần sa, bất kỳ thứ nào trong chúng – nó thực sự phơi bày toàn bộ nội dung của ý thức, hay theo hóa học nó tạo ra một trạng thái nào đó của cái trí mà hoàn toàn khác hẳn sự hiểu rõ về chính mình? Những viên thuốc này – tôi không bao giờ dùng chúng – ở Ấn độ họ đã dùng chúng nhiều lắm – tôi đã nhìn thấy nhiều người ở đó. Tôi cũng đã nhìn thấy nhiều sinh viên trong những trường đại học ở Mỹ, và nhiều, nhiều người khác đã sử dụng những loại thuốc khác nhau, LSD, cần sa, bạn biết, tôi không biết tất cả những tên khác là gì – những loại thuốc tạo ảo giác. Nếu bạn đã quan sát, những loại thuốc này có ảnh hưởng đến cái trí, đến chính những tế bào não. Chúng hủy hoại bộ não. Nếu bạn đã nói chuyện với một hay nhiều người đã sử dụng thuốc, họ không thể lý luận, họ không thể theo đuổi một chuỗi lý luận của tư tưởng – và những bác sĩ, những người khoa học đang bắt đầu nói rằng nó có hủy hoại chính cấu trúc của những tế bào não. Không những chỉ LSD nhưng cần sa, mà còn nguy hiểm hơn LSD nhiều bởi vì nó để lại một căn bệnh độc tố trong những tế bào não và rất khó khăn khi muốn loại bỏ nó. Ở Ấn độ họ đã dùng thuốc men trong hàng triệu, hàng ngàn năm và họ là những người ngu dốt nhất khi đã sử dụng thuốc kích thích. Và cũng vậy những người tạm gọi là có trí năng ở Ấn độ đã khước từ nó, đã nói rằng đừng sử dụng nó, đừng đụng tới nó. Tôi không đang yêu cầu bạn không sử dụng nó, việc đó tùy bạn, nhưng khi bạn thấy được ảnh hưởng của nó, vào con người – họ không có ý thức của trách nhiệm, họ nghĩ rằng họ có thể làm bất kỳ điều gì họ ưa thích, nhiều, nhiều bệnh viện đầy ắp những con người này mà về mặt tinh thần đã bị mất cân bằng do bởi thuốc kích thích.

Chúng ta đang nói về cái gì đó mà không thuộc hóa học. Nếu LSD hay bất kỳ loại thuốc kích thích nào có thể tạo ra một trạng thái của cái trí mà trong đó không còn xung đột, và cùng lúc lại hoàn toàn có trách nhiệm, một chuỗi liên kết của tư tưởng, và hành động, đó là một sự việc tuyệt vời.

Người hỏi: (Không nghe rõ)

Krishnamurti: Xin lỗi, tôi không nghe được. Tôi đang đến một kết luận? Đó là là điều gì bạn đang nói phải không thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Tôi thấy một chuỗi suy nghĩ của ông là không hợp lý. Và tôi cũng không thể thấy làm thế nào ông có thể tranh luận chống lại việc sử dụng thuốc kích thích nếu ông không có bất kỳ kinh nghiệm nào về việc sử dụng thuốc kích thích.

Krishnamurti: A chờ đã. Làm thế nào ông có thể tranh luận chống lại việc sử dụng thuốc kích thích nếu chính ông không sử đụng thuốc kích thích? Bạn phải trải qua những hình thức khác nhau của trải nghiệm, bạn phải nhậu nhẹt để hiểu rõ trạng thái say xỉn hay sao? Bạn phải tức giận với mục đích để tìm ra điều gì không là tức giận à? Bạn phải ăn uống quá độ để – và vân vân và vân vân. Người ta không thể quan sát mà không trải qua tất cả trò ma mãnh của con người hay sao? Vì vậy tôi đang nói, chúng ta đang hỏi làm thế nào người ta phơi bày được toàn nội dung nằm che giấu, chỉ qua một thoáng nhìn – không cần trải qua một loạt của những giấc mộng, không phải qua phân tích, tất cả điều đó hàm ý thời gian và sự lãng phí năng lượng phải không? Làm thế nào người ta quan sát được toàn nội dung của ý thức, cái hiển lộ và cái ẩn nấp, cái hời hợt và cái sâu sắc, tại một cái nhìn? Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Bởi vì đây là một câu hỏi quan trọng. Tôi muốn hiểu rõ về chính tôi – chính tôi là tất cả quá khứ, những biến cố trong sống hiện tại của tôi, những trải nghiệm, những tổn thương, những lo âu, những tội lỗi, những sợ hãi khác nhau – làm thế nào tôi có thể hiểu rõ tất cả điều đó mà không có một phân tích nào, mà không trải qua tất cả những giấc mộng và những gợi ý và vân vân, hiểu rõ tất cả điều đó ngay tức khắc? Hiểu rõ tất cả điều đó ngay tức khắc trao tặng năng lượng vô hạn. Bạn theo kịp không? Tôi đang trình bày rõ ràng chứ?

Bây giờ làm thế nào bạn thực hiện được điều đó? Đó là một điều không thể thực hiện được hay sao? Và chúng ta phải đặt ra nghi vấn không đáp án để khám phá một phương cách ra khỏi nó. Nếu chúng ta không đặt ra nghi vấn không đáp án chúng ta luôn luôn đang giải quyết cái gì có thể được, và cái gì có thể được lại chẳng có ý nghĩa bao nhiêu. Tôi không biết liệu bạn có gặp gỡ điều này? Vì vậy tôi đang đặt ra câu hỏi không thể trả lời được, mà bắt buộc toàn nội dung này của ý thức phải được phơi bày và hiểu rõ nó, thấy được nó trọn vẹn mà không có thời gian, mà có nghĩa rằng sự phân tích, tìm hiểu, tra xét và theo dõi tầng này sau tầng khác, tầng này sau tầng khác – tất cả việc đó là một lãng phí của thời gian. Vậy là làm thế nào cái trí sẽ quan sát toàn nội dung này bằng một cái nhìn? Điều đó có thể được không?

Nếu câu hỏi đó được đặt ra cho bạn như nó đang được đặt ra lúc này, sự phản ứng của bạn là gì? Nếu bạn chân thật, nếu bạn thực sự đang lắng nghe câu hỏi đó, sự phản ứng của bạn là gì? Chắc chắn bạn nói, tôi không thể thực hiện được nó. Đúng chứ? Chắc chắn bạn thực sự không biết làm thế nào để thực hiện nó. Đúng chứ? Bạn thực sự không biết, phải không? Lắng nghe, làm ơn hãy lắng nghe. Bạn không biết phải không? Hay bạn đang chờ đợi người nào đó bảo cho bạn? (Tiếng cười) Không, làm ơn, điều này nghiêm túc lắm. Làm ơn hãy lắng nghe điều này. Nếu tôi tự-nhủ với chính mình, tôi không biết, liệu tôi đang chờ đợi người nào đó bảo cho tôi biết? Tôi đang chờ đợi một câu trả lời? Vậy thì khi tôi đang chờ đợi một câu trả lời, người nào đó bảo cho tôi, vậy thì tôi đã biết rồi. Đúng chứ? Bạn đang theo kịp điều này? Khi tôi nói, tôi không biết, tôi thực sự không biết – tôi không đang chờ đợi người nào đó bảo cho tôi, tôi không đang chờ đợi một sự việc gì bởi vì không ai có thể trả lời nó. Vì vậy tôi thực sự không biết. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ, trạng thái của cái trí mà nói, tôi thực sự không biết là gì? Tôi không thể tìm được nó trong bất kỳ quyển sách nào, tôi không thể hỏi bất kỳ ai, tôi không thể đến bất kỳ người thầy, vị giáo sĩ, tôi thực sự không biết. Khi cái trí nói, “Tôi không biết” – trạng thái của cái trí là gì? Làm ơn hãy lắng nghe, đừng vội trả lời tôi. Làm ơn hãy nhìn nó bởi vì chúng ta luôn luôn nói, “Chúng tôi biết”. Tôi biết người vợ của tôi, tôi biết môn toán học, tôi biết điều này, tôi biết điều kia. Chúng ta không bao giờ nói, “Tôi thực sự không biết.” Và tôi đang hỏi, trạng thái của cái trí mà thực sự, chân thật nói, “Tôi không-biết” là gì?

Người hỏi: Trống rỗng.

Krishnamurti: Không phải trống rỗng – chúng ta sẽ dùng chút ít thời gian, có chút ít kiên nhẫn với chính các bạn, đừng ngay tức khắc thốt ra bằng từ ngữ. Khi tôi nói, tôi không biết và tôi thực sự có ý rằng tôi không biết, trạng thái cái trí của tôi là gì? Nó không có câu trả lời. Nó không mong đợi bất kỳ thứ gì từ bất kỳ ai. Đúng không? Nó không đang chờ đợi, nó không đang mong đợi. Thế là điều gì xảy ra? Trạng thái của cái trí mà nói, tôi không biết là gì? Nó không hoàn toàn một mình à? Đúng chứ? Nó không cô lập. Cô lập và cô đơn là hai sự việc khác hẳn. Cô đơn, trong chất lượng của cô đơn đó không có ảnh hưởng, không có kháng cự, nó đã tự-xóa sạch chính nó khỏi tất cả quá khứ, nó nói, tôi thực sự không biết. Vì vậy cái trí khi nó nói, tôi thực sự không biết, đã tự làm trống không chính nó khỏi tất cả nội dung của nó. Đúng chứ? Bạn đã hiểu điều này chưa?

Người hỏi: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Bạn hiểu à? Đừng, làm ơn, làm ơn.

Tôi không biết làm thế nào để phơi bày toàn nội dung ý thức của tôi. Tôi nghĩ tôi có thể phơi bày được nhờ vào sự phân tích. Tôi nghĩ tôi có thể phơi bày được qua sử dụng thuốc kích thích. Tôi nghĩ tôi có thể phơi bày được bằng cách theo một người thầy, một người triết lý, một người tâm lý học hay người phân tích nào đó. Tôi đã cố gắng tất cả những phương cách đó, và tôi thấy tôi vẫn còn bị trói buộc trong mạng lưới của tất cả điều đó, tôi gạt bỏ tất cả điều đó, bởi vì điều đó không giúp đỡ tôi hiểu rõ về chính tôi trọn vẹn, và tôi không biết phải làm gì. Bạn theo kịp không? Tôi không biết phải làm gì. Tôi đã đặt ra nghi vấn không-đáp án và nghi vấn không-đáp án nói, “Tôi không biết”. Thế là cái trí tự-làm trống không chính nó khỏi mọi thứ mà nó có – mọi gợi ý, mọi có thể được, mọi có lẽ được. Thế là cái trí hoàn toàn năng động, trống không khỏi tất cả quá khứ, mà là thời gian, phân tích, uy quyền của ai đó. Thế là nó đã phơi bày tất cả nội dung của chính nó bằng cách phủ nhận nội dung. Lúc này bạn hiểu rõ rồi chứ? Không à? Người nào đó đã hiểu rõ điều này hay tôi đang nói chuyện một mình đây?

Vì vậy, như chúng ta đã nói, thiền định chỉ có thể bắt đầu bằng sự hiểu rõ trọn vẹn về chính mình, đó là bộ phận của thiền định, bộ phận của khởi sự thiền định. Nếu không hiểu rõ về chính mình cái trí có thể dối gạt chính nó, nó có thể có những ảo tưởng. Đó là, bị quy định bởi một văn hóa đặc biệt mà trong đó người ta đã được nuôi dưỡng, Ấn độ giáo, Thiên chúa giáo, Cộng sản – nếu bạn là một người Ấn độ giáo bạn sẽ thấy tùy theo tình trạng bị quy định của bạn, Thượng đế, những ảo tưởng, những thần thoại, sự giả dối, những lời dối gạt; nếu bạn là một người Thiên chúa giáo bạn bị quy định tùy theo văn hóa đặc biệt của bạn, bạn sẽ thấy đấng Christ, bạn sẽ thấy điều này và bạn sẽ thấy điều kia. Nếu bạn là một người Do thái cổ – bạn biết tất cả mọi chuyện như thế, cùng hiện tượng bạn phải trải qua. Và vì vậy khi bạn hiểu rõ tình trạng bị quy định của bạn và được tự do khỏi nó, lúc đó không còn có thể có bất kỳ loại ảo tưởng nào. Và tuyệt đối đó là điều cốt lõi bởi vì chúng ta có thể lừa dối chính chúng ta quá dễ dàng. Vì vậy khi tôi tìm hiểu về chính tôi, tôi thấy rằng ý thức đang tự-làm trống không chính nó khỏi tất cả nội dung của nó qua sự hiểu rõ về chính nó, không phải bằng cách phủ nhận bất kỳ điều gì, nhưng bằng cách hiểu rõ toàn nội dung, điều đó tạo ra một năng lượng vô hạn và tối thiết, bởi vì năng lượng đó thay đổi trọn vẹn tất cả hoạt động của tôi. Nó không còn tự cho mình là trung tâm nữa và vì vậy không còn là nguyên nhân của sự ma sát. Tôi không biết liệu bạn đã theo sát điều này?

Vì vậy thiền định là một cách của xóa sạch hoàn toàn mọi sự việc mà con người đã hình thành về chính anh ấy và về thế giới. Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Vì vậy anh ấy có một loại cái trí hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Thiền định cũng có nghĩa trạng thái nhận biết – nhận biết được về cả thế giới lẫn toàn chuyển động của chính người ta, mà không có chọn lựa, thấy chính xác “cái gì là”, mà không có bất kỳ biến dạng nào, thấy. Và sự biến dạng xảy ra ngay khoảnh khắc bạn mang vào tư tưởng. Đúng chứ? Tư tưởng có chức năng, chức năng tuyệt đối, nhưng khi có một quan sát, mà tư tưởng can thiệp vào sự quan sát đó như hình ảnh, lúc đó có biến dạng, lúc đó có ảo tưởng. Vì vậy để quan sát thực sự cái gì là, trong chính người ta và trong thế giới, mà không có bất kỳ biến dạng, và để quan sát như thế, một cái trí yên lặng là cần thiết. Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Một cái trí rất yên lặng là cần thiết. Và người ta biết rằng rất cần thiết phải có một cái trí yên lặng, vì vậy họ nói, kỷ luật. Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Hãy kiểm soát nó, và có những phương pháp khác nhau để giúp đỡ bạn kiểm soát. Và tất cả điều đó là sự ma sát. Vì vậy nếu bạn muốn quan sát đầy đam mê, đầy mãnh liệt, cái trí chắc chắn trở nên yên lặng. Bạn không cần ép buộc nó. Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn theo kịp? Khoảnh khắc bạn ép buộc nó, nó không còn yên lặng – nó bị chết rồi. Trái lại nếu bạn thấy sự thật rằng để nhận biết được bất kỳ điều gì bạn phải nhìn, và nếu bạn nhìn bằng thành kiến bạn không thể thấy. Nếu bạn thấy điều đó, cái trí của bạn yên lặng.

Vì vậy một cái trí yên lặng, cái trí đứng yên, là cần thiết – không phải qua bất kỳ ý thức của sự tuân phục, kỷ luật, ép buộc. Đúng chứ? Bây giờ điều gì xảy ra trong một cái trí yên lặng? Bởi vì chúng ta đang tìm hiểu không những chất lượng của năng lượng đó mà trong nó không có sự ma sát, nhưng chúng ta cũng đang tìm hiểu làm thế nào tạo ra một thay đổi cơ bản trong chính người ta, chính người ta là thế giới và thế giới là chính người ta, thế giới không khác biệt với tôi, tôi là thế giới. Nó không chỉ là một ý tưởng, một lý thuyết, nhưng một sự kiện thực sự rằng tôi là thế giới và thế giới là tôi. Vì vậy nếu có một thay đổi cơ bản, một thay đổi trong tôi, chắc chắn nó sẽ gây ảnh hưởng thế giới bởi vì tôi là bộ phận của thế giới.

Và trong tìm hiểu thiền định là gì này tôi thấy rằng bất kỳ sự lãng phí năng lượng nào đều bị gây ra bởi sự xung đột trong liên hệ của tôi với một người khác. Và liệu có thể có một liên hệ với một người khác mà trong đó không có xung đột gì cả? Và điều đó chỉ có thể được khi tôi hiểu rõ tình yêu là gì, và sự hiểu rõ về tình yêu là gì, là sự phủ nhận của tình yêu không là gì. Tình yêu không là – như chúng ta đã tìm hiểu vào ngày trước – ghen tuông, tham vọng, tham lam, hoạt động tự cho mình là trung tâm, bạn biết, chắc chắn tất cả điều đó không là tình yêu. Vì vậy, khi trong hiểu rõ về chính mình có sự xóa sạch hoàn toàn của tất cả cái không là tình yêu, vậy thì nó là.

Vì vậy tôi đã tìm ra trong sự tìm hiểu này, quan sát – quan sát mất một giây, sự giải thích phải mất nhiều thời gian, sự mô tả tốn nhiều trang giấy nhưng động thái của quan sát là ngay tức khắc. Tôi đã tìm ra trong sự quan sát này không có phương pháp, không có uy quyền, không có hoạt động tự cho mình là trung tâm, vì vậy không có tuân phục, không có so sánh của chính tôi với một người khác. Và muốn quan sát tất cả điều này cái trí phải yên lặng lạ thường. Nếu bạn muốn lắng nghe điều gì đang được nói sáng nay, ngay lúc này, bạn phải lắng nghe, đúng chứ? Nhưng bạn không lắng nghe, nếu bạn đang suy nghĩ về một điều gì khác, nếu bạn nhàm chán bởi cái này, tôi nên đứng dậy và đi cho rồi. Nhưng nếu ép buộc chính bạn phải lắng nghe là điều vô lý, nhưng nếu bạn thực sự quan tâm đến nó, đầy đam mê, đầy mãnh liệt, vậy thì bạn lắng nghe trọn vẹn, và muốn lắng nghe trọn vẹn cái trí phải yên lặng. Điều đó quá đơn giản.

Bây giờ tất cả việc này là thiền định; không chỉ là một hành động, ngồi một mình trong năm phút, bắt chéo hai chân, hít thở đúng cách – đó không là thiền định, đó là tự-thôi miên. Tôi muốn tìm ra chất lượng của cái trí mà yên lặng hoàn toàn là gì, và cũng muốn tìm ra điều gì xảy ra khi nó đứng yên. Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi chứ? Tôi đã quan sát, tôi đã ghi lại, tôi đã hiểu rõ, tôi đã nhìn ngắm, tôi đã hoàn tất xong việc đó nhưng có một tìm hiểu khác mà là, trạng thái của cái trí, của chính những tế bào não là gì? Những tế bào não lưu trữ để tự-bảo vệ những kỷ niệm mà hữu dụng, những kỷ niệm mà cần thiết, những kỷ niệm mà có lẽ dẫn đến nguy hiểm. Bạn không nhận ra điều này sao? Tôi nghĩ rằng bạn đọc nhiều sách, cá nhân tôi không đọc, tôi chỉ đọc những truyện trinh thám, vì vậy tôi có thể nhìn, tôi có thể nhìn vào chính tôi và tìm ra, tự-nhìn ngắm, không phải lệ thuộc một ai đó – chỉ nhìn ngắm. Tôi đang tự-hỏi chính tôi chất lượng của một cái trí như thế là gì, điều gì đã xảy ra cho bộ não? Bộ não ghi lại, đó là chức năng của nó. Nó vận hành chỉ qua ký ức, để cho nó được bảo vệ, an toàn, chắc chắn, ngược lại nó không thể vận hành. Bộ não có lẽ tìm kiếm sự an toàn trong một loạn thần kinh nào đó. Nhưng nó đã tìm ra sự an toàn ở đó. Nó đã tìm ra sự an toàn trong một chủ nghĩa quốc gia, trong một niềm tin, mà là những hệ thống khác nhau của loạn thần kinh, trong gia đình, trong những sở hữu. Bộ não phải an toàn để vận hành, và có lẽ nó chọn sự an toàn trong cái gì đó mà giả dối, không thực sự, ảo tưởng, loạn thần kinh. Vì vậy khi tôi đã tìm hiểu thấu đáo về chính tôi, tất cả điều này biến mất. Không có loạn thần kinh, không niềm tin, không quốc tịch, không ham muốn gây tổn thương bất kỳ ai, cũng không ghi lại tất cả những tổn thương. Vì vậy lúc đó bộ não là một dụng cụ ghi lại mà không có tư tưởng đang sử dụng nó như "cái tôi" trong vận hành. Vì vậy thiền định ngụ ý rằng không chỉ thân thể yên lặng mà còn bộ não cũng yên lặng. Bạn có khi nào quan sát bộ não của bạn đang vận hành – suy nghĩ riêng của bạn, tại sao bạn suy nghĩ những sự việc nào đó, tại sao bạn phản ứng với những người khác, làm thế nào khi bạn thấy cô độc, cô độc kinh khủng, không được thương yêu, không có gì để bám víu, không hy vọng – bạn biết không, ý thức cô độc lạ lùng này, mặc dù có lẽ bạn đã lập gia đình, có con cái và sống trong một nhóm người nhưng vẫn còn cảm giác của hoàn toàn cô độc này – đúng hơn là trạng thái trống không, không phải cô độc. Và khi thấy nó, người ta cố gắng tẩu thoát khỏi nó, nhưng nếu bạn ở lại cùng nó, không tẩu thoát khỏi nó, chỉ nhìn vào nó trọn vẹn mà không chỉ trích nó, cố gắng vượt khỏi nó, hay tẩu thoát khỏi nó, chỉ quan sát thực sự như nó là, vậy thì bạn sẽ thấy rằng cái gì bạn nghĩ là cô độc không còn hiện diện.

Vì vậy những tế bào não ghi lại, và tư tưởng như "cái tôi", tham lam của tôi, tham vọng của tôi, những mục đích của tôi, thành tựu của tôi – tất cả điều đó kết thúc. Vì vậy bộ não và cái trí trở nên yên lặng lạ thường. Chúng chỉ vận hành khi cần thiết. Vì vậy bộ não của bạn, cái trí của bạn thâm nhập vào một kích thước hoàn toàn khác hẳn, mà trong đó không có sự diễn tả, bởi vì sự diễn tả không là vật được diễn tả. Sáng nay điều gì chúng ta đã làm là sự diễn tả, sự giải thích, nhưng từ ngữ không là sự việc. Khi chúng ta nhận ra rằng từ ngữ không là sự việc, thế là người ta được tự do khỏi từ ngữ. Chỉ một cái trí yên lặng mới tìm được cái không thể đo lường được – không phải tìm ra. Lúc đó cái trí yên lặng thâm nhập vào cái không thể đo lường được, bởi vì tất cả sống của chúng ta đều được đặt nền tảng trên tư tưởng mà là đo lường được. Nó đo lường Thượng đế, nó đo lường liên hệ của nó với một người khác qua hình ảnh, nó cố gắng hoàn thiện chính nó theo điều gì nó suy nghĩ nó nên là. Vì vậy chúng ta sống trong một thế giới của đo lường, không cần thiết và với thế giới đó chúng ta muốn thâm nhập vào một thế giới mà trong đó không có đo lường gì cả.

Vì vậy thiền định là thấy "cái gì là" và vượt khỏi nó, thấy cái đo lường và vượt khỏi cái đo lường. Và điều gì xảy ra, điều gì xảy ra khi cái trí và bộ não và thân thể thực sự yên lặng, hòa hợp? Hòa hợp, có nghĩa là cái trí, thân thể và tâm hồn hoàn toàn là một. Thế là người ta sống một loại sống hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Đúng chứ, thưa bạn. Còn câu hỏi nào nữa không?

Người hỏi: Trực giác là gì?

Krishnamurti: Trực giác là gì? Người ta phải rất cẩn thận về từ ngữ đó. Bởi vì tôi thích điều gì đó không nhận biết được và tôi nói rằng tôi có một trực giác về nó. Bạn không biết những ma mãnh người ta đùa giỡn với chính người ta qua từ ngữ đó hay sao? Tại sao bạn muốn một trực giác? Để quan sát những sự việc trong chính bạn như chúng là mà không có bất kỳ biến dạng, tại sao bạn muốn bất kỳ hình thức nào của một linh cảm, gợi ý? Chúng ta đang bàn luận về hiểu rõ về chính chúng ta.

Người hỏi: (Nghe không rõ)

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, hiểu rõ về chính mình là vô tận, bạn không thể đo lường hiểu rõ về chính mình, đúng chứ? Ngày hôm nay tôi đã thâu nhận quá nhiều, tôi đã hiểu quá nhiều, tôi sẽ hiểu rõ nhiều như thế vào ngày mai.

Còn những câu hỏi nào nữa không?

Người hỏi: Khi người ta nhận biết được những ham muốn tình dục của người ta chúng dường như biến mất và liệu sự nhận biết đó, sự chú ý đó, có thể luôn luôn được duy trì?

Krishnamurti: Chỉ cần quan sát sự nguy hiểm của câu hỏi này. "Khi tôi nhận biết được những ham muốn dục tình của tôi chúng dường như biến mất." Vậy thì sự nhận biết là một lừa bịp mà sẽ giúp tôi tạo ra những sự việc mà tôi không thích biến mất. Tôi không thích tức giận vì vậy sẽ tôi nhận biết được nó và có lẽ nó sẽ biến mất. Nhưng tôi có thích sự thành tựu của tôi, tôi muốn trở thành một con người vĩ đại, và tôi sẽ không nhận biết được điều đó. Tôi tin tưởng Thượng đế nhưng tôi sẽ không nhận biết được tất cả những nguy hiểm được bao hàm trong đó, bởi vì nó phân chia con người, hủy hoại con người, hành hạ con người – không phải chỉ Thượng đế nhưng còn cả sự tôn thờ của chính thể. Thế là tôi sẽ nhận biết được những sự việc khó chịu nhất nhưng tôi sẽ không nhận biết được tất cả những sự việc mà tôi sẽ giữ lại đó. Sự nhận biết không phải một trò lừa, nó không là điều gì đó mà sẽ giúp bạn xóa tan những sự việc mà bạn không muốn giữ – sự nhận biết có nghĩa quan sát toàn chuyển động của ưa thích và không-ưa thích, của những đè nén của bạn. Nếu bạn là một người theo lối sống thời Victoria, bạn không nói về tình dục, bạn đè nén nó nhưng bạn tiếp tục suy nghĩ về nó. Nhưng nếu bạn là người hiện đại bạn sống buông thả – hãy nhận biết được tất cả điều đó.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông qua hiểu rõ những cái trí của chúng tôi, liệu chúng tôi có thể nhận biết được khi chúng tôi ngủ?

Krishnamurti: Liệu chúng tôi có thể nhận biết được điều gì xảy ra khi chúng tôi ngủ? Ồ Chúa ơi! Đây thực sự là một câu hỏi phức tạp. Làm thế nào tôi nhận biết được rằng tôi đang ngủ? Liệu có một nhận biết được về điều gì đang xảy ra trong suốt giấc ngủ? Phải tìm ra nó, liệu tôi có nhận biết được suốt ban ngày về mọi sự việc đang xảy ra – nhận biết được không chỉ bên ngoài về điều gì xảy ra, sự ma mãnh của những người chính trị, những chiến tranh, vị đô đốc, quân đội, liên hệ của tôi với người vợ, người chồng, người bạn, người con gái, người bạn trai của tôi? Liệu tôi có nhận biết được trong suốt ban ngày về tất cả những chuyển động đang xảy ra bên trong tôi, những phản ứng? Nếu tôi không nhận biết được trong suốt ban ngày làm thế nào tôi nhận biết được vào ban đêm khi tôi ngủ? Và nếu tôi nhận biết được trong suốt ban ngày – bạn hiểu rõ điều đó có nghĩa gì – quan sát, chú ý, nhìn ngắm bạn ăn uống nhiều như thế nào, bạn nói như thế nào, bạn suy nghĩ điều gì, những động cơ, nhận biết được tất cả việc đó trong suốt ban ngày, vậy thì trong suốt ban đêm bạn còn có điều gì để nhận biết được nữa? Làm ơn hãy tìm ra. Vậy thì nếu bạn không nhận biết được ngoại trừ những việc gì bộ não cần ghi lại, điều gì xảy ra? Tôi đã trải qua suốt ban ngày của tôi một cách năng động, tỉnh thức, nhận biết được thứ gì tôi ăn, điều gì tôi suy nghĩ, điều gì tôi cảm thấy, tôi nói chuyện với những người khác như thế nào, ghen tuông, ganh tị, tham lam, bạo lực – tôi đã nhận biết được tất cả việc đó, đã hoàn toàn tỉnh thức được tất cả việc đó. Mà có nghĩa tôi đã tạo ra trật tự ở đó – trật tự, không phải lệ thuộc vào bất kỳ kế hoạch nào, nhưng trật tự, bởi vì tôi đã sống một sống vô-trật tự vì không nhận biết. Bây giờ khi tôi nhận biết được tất cả việc này, trong nhận biết đó có trật tự. Vậy thì khi tôi đi ngủ, khi thân thể đi ngủ, điều gì xảy ra? Thông thường bộ não cố gắng tạo ra trật tự trong khi bạn ngủ bởi vì trong suốt những giờ thức giấc có ý thức, bạn đã sống một sống vô-trật tự. Bởi vì bộ não cần trật tự – tôi không biết liệu bạn đã quan sát nó hay chưa – nó không thể vận hành đúng cách, lành mạnh nếu không có trật tự. Vì vậy nếu trong suốt ban ngày đã có trật tự, ban đêm khi bạn ngủ bộ não không cố gắng tạo ra trật tự, cố gắng qua những giấc mộng, qua những gợi ý và vân vân, nó trở nên yên lặng. Nó có lẽ ghi lại nhưng nó yên lặng, vì vậy có khả năng của mới mẻ lại, có khả năng của một cái trí không còn đang tranh đấu, đánh nhau, vì vậy cái trí trở nên trẻ trung, trong sáng, hồn nhiên lạ thường – hồn nhiên trong ý nghĩa nó sẽ không gây tổn thương, và nó sẽ không bị tổn thương. Điều đó đã đủ cho sáng nay chưa? Đủ rồi à?

Người hỏi: Khi một con người có một thông điệp, sự liên hệ giữa một con người và thông điệp của anh ấy thường thường là một người thầy và những lời giáo huấn của ông ấy. Người thầy thường có những đệ tử và những thông điệp của ông ấy là một hệ thống – tại sao ông không coi chính ông như một người thầy và thông điệp của ông là một hệ thống.

Krishnamurti: Thông thường một người thầy có một thông điệp và những đệ tử – một người thầy. Tại sao ông không coi chính ông như một người thầy và có những đệ tử? Tôi đã trình bày khá rõ ràng, phải không? Đừng theo sau bất kỳ người nào và đừng chấp nhận bất kỳ ai như một người thầy ngoại trừ bạn, chính bạn trở thành người thầy và đệ tử cho chính bạn.

BROCKWOOD PARK

Ngày 12 tháng 9 năm 1971

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TƯ TƯỞNG, THÔNG MINH, VÀ CÁI KHÔNG THỂ ĐO LƯỜNG

Những ý nghĩa khác nhau của không gian. Không gian mà chúng ta suy nghĩ và hành động từ đó; không gian mà tư tưởng đã dựng lên. Làm thế nào người ta có không gian vô hạn? “Vác gánh nặng của chúng ta và lại tìm kiếm sự tự do.” Tư tưởng mà không tự-phân chia chính nó đang chuyển động trong trải nghiệm. Ý nghĩa của thông minh. Hòa hợp: cái trí, quả tim và các cơ quan thân thể. “Tư tưởng thuộc thời gian, thông minh không thuộc thời gian.” Thông minh và cái vô hạn.

Những câu hỏi: Hatha Yoga. Liệu có sự tách rời của người quan sát và vật được quan sát trong thế giới công nghệ? Sự nhận biết và giấc ngủ.

Bạn biết chúng ta đã nói về những tình trạng mâu thuẫn khác nhau của thế giới, phía bên ngoài của chúng ta như nó đã là – những người tị nạn chính trị, những bị hành hạ của họ, và nỗi kinh hoàng của chiến tranh, sự nghèo đói, sự phân chia quốc gia, và những phân chia tôn giáo của con người, và sự bất công của kinh tế và xã hội. Nó không chỉ là những câu phát biểu bằng từ ngữ nhưng là những sự kiện thực sự của điều gì đang xảy ra trong thế giới – bạo lực, hỗn loạn cực kỳ, sự thù hận và mọi hình thức của bại hoại. Và cùng hiện tượng như vậy trong chính chúng ta, chúng ta đang xung đột với chính chúng ta, bất hạnh, thất vọng, đang tìm kiếm điều gì đó mà chúng ta không biết nhưng chúng ta đang tìm kiếm, chúng ta bạo lực, hung hăng, hư hỏng và phiền muộn, cô độc khủng khiếp và chịu đựng nhiều đau khổ. Và trong chừng mực nào đó dường như chúng ta không thể thoát khỏi, không thể được tự do khỏi những quy định này. Chúng ta đã cố gắng áp dụng nhiều hình thức chữa trị về cách cư xử, những luật lệ thuộc tôn giáo và những theo đuổi của họ, sống trong tu viện, một sống hiến dâng, từ bỏ, kiềm chế, và sự tìm kiếm mù quáng, đi từ quyển sách này đến quyển sách khác, hay từ vị đạo sư tôn giáo này đến một vị khác, những đổi mới chính trị, những cách mạng. Chúng ta đã thử qua quá nhiều sự việc, và tuy nhiên trong chừng mực nào đó chúng ta dường như không thể giải thoát mình ra khỏi sự hỗn loạn khủng khiếp này, trong chính chúng ta, cũng như phía bên ngoài. Và chúng ta đi theo vị đạo sư mới nhất mà đưa ra một hệ thống nào đó, thuốc chữa trị mọi bệnh tật, phương pháp nào đó để lết ra khỏi sự đau khổ riêng của chúng ta, và lại nữa điều đó dường như không thể giải quyết được bất kỳ vấn đề nào của chúng ta. Và tôi nghĩ rằng một con người bình thường ở đây hỏi, "Tôi biết tôi là tất cả những điều này, bị trói buộc trong một cái bẫy của văn minh, đau khổ, một sống khá chật hẹp, nhỏ nhen và phiền muộn; tôi đã thử thực hiện việc này và việc kia, nhưng trong chừng mực nào đó tất cả hỗn loạn này vẫn còn trong tôi, tôi sẽ làm gì đây, làm thế nào tôi sẽ thoát khỏi tất cả hỗn loạn này?

Chúng ta đã nói, đã đưa ra nhiều sự việc khác nhau trong suốt bảy nói chuyện này, về trật tự, sợ hãi, đau khổ, tình yêu và chết, phiền muộn, và vào cuối ngày, vào cuối những gặp gỡ này; đối với hầu hết mọi người, chúng ta vẫn ở nơi mà chúng ta đã bắt đầu, có lẽ những thay đổi được bổ sung một chút, ở vòng ngoài một chút, nhưng ngay tại gốc rễ của thân tâm chúng ta, toàn cấu trúc và bản chất của chúng ta, trong chừng mực nào đó vẫn còn y nguyên như nó đã là. Và làm thế nào tất cả những việc này sẽ thực sự được bật ra, bùng nổ, để cho khi bạn rời khỏi nơi này, ít nhất trong một ngày, trong một tiếng đồng hồ, sẽ có cái gì đó hoàn toàn mới mẻ, một sống thực sự có ý nghĩa, có một quan trọng, có chiều sâu và chiều rộng.

Tôi muốn, nếu sáng nay tôi được phép, một buổi sáng khá đẹp, tôi không hiểu liệu bạn có thấy những quả đồi, những hòn núi, con sông và những cái bóng đang trải dài ra của buổi sáng, và những cây thông sẫm màu tương phản bầu trời xanh, và những quả đồi diệu kỳ kia đầy ánh sáng và bóng râm – vào một buổi sáng như thế này, ngồi trong một cái lều và nói về những sự việc nghiêm túc dường như khá vô lý khi mọi thứ quanh chúng ta đang reo hò hân hoan, đang la hét đến tận những bầu trời về vẻ đẹp của quả đất và sự đau khổ của con người. Nhưng bởi vì chúng ta có mặt ở đây, bất hạnh hay không bất hạnh, sáng nay tôi muốn tiếp cận toàn vấn đề trong một cách khác hẳn. Bạn chỉ lắng nghe nó, không chỉ nghĩa lý của những từ ngữ, không chỉ những diễn tả, bởi vì sự diễn tả, như chúng ta đã nói vào một ngày trước, không bao giờ là vật được diễn tả, khi bạn diễn tả những quả đồi, cây cối, sông ngòi, những cái bóng, nhưng nếu bạn không tự-thấy chúng cho chính bạn, bằng quả tim của bạn và cái trí của bạn, sự diễn tả chẳng có ý nghĩa bao nhiêu. Giống như diễn tả món ăn ngon cho một người đang đói, anh ấy phải có thức ăn và không chỉ những từ ngữ và mùi vị của những từ ngữ đó.

Tôi hoàn toàn không biết làm thế nào để trình bày tất cả điều này một cách khác hẳn. Tôi sẽ cố gắng. Tôi hoàn toàn không biết được nó sẽ dẫn đến đâu, tôi đã không chuẩn bị trước, đã không suy nghĩ mọi vấn đề một cách hợp lý rồi đến đây và phun ra, nhưng tôi muốn tìm hiểu – nếu bạn muốn cùng tôi – một cách khác hẳn khi quan sát tất cả điều này, từ một kích thước hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Không phải kích thước thông thường của tôi và bạn, và của chúng ta và của họ, và những vấn đề của tôi và những vấn đề của họ, làm thế nào để kết thúc điều này và làm thế nào để đạt được cái đó, làm thế nào để trở nên đẹp đẽ, thông minh, tốt lành và cao quý hơn, nhưng trái lại cùng nhau thấy liệu chúng ta có thể quan sát tất cả hiện tượng này từ một kích thước khác hẳn. Và có lẽ một số người chúng ta không quen thuộc với kích thước đó, chúng ta không biết liệu có một kích thước khác hẳn, chúng ta có lẽ phỏng đoán về nó, chúng ta có lẽ tưởng tượng, nhưng sự phỏng đoán và tưởng tượng không là sự kiện. Thế là bởi vì chúng ta chỉ đang giải quyết những sự kiện và không phải những phỏng đoán, những niềm tin, những học thuyết; tôi nghĩ, chúng ta cần phải không những lắng nghe điều gì người nói sắp sửa trình bày, nhưng còn cố gắng vượt khỏi những từ ngữ và những giải thích. Mà có nghĩa bạn cũng phải chú ý, và quan tâm, tỉnh thức trọn vẹn được ý nghĩa của một kích thước mà có thể chúng ta đã không bao giờ tiếp xúc được. Và liệu sáng nay tôi có thể thấy kích thước đó, không phải bằng đôi mắt trần của tôi nhưng bằng đôi mắt của sự thông minh khách quan và vẻ đẹp và sự quan tâm.

Tôi không hiểu liệu có khi nào bạn suy nghĩ về không gian. Nơi nào có không gian có sự yên lặng. Không phải không gian được tạo ra bởi tư tưởng nhưng một không gian không biên giới, một không gian không thể đo lường, không thể hợp tác, không được sắp xếp vào chung, một không gian mà thực sự không thể tưởng tượng được. Bởi vì khi con người có không gian, không gian thực sự, chiều rộng và chiều sâu và ý thức không đo lường được của sự lan rộng, không phải của ý thức anh ấy mà chỉ là một hình thức khác của tư tưởng đang tự-lan rộng chính nó bằng sự đo lường, từ một trung tâm – nhưng ý thức của không gian đó mà không được hình thành bởi tư tưởng. Bây giờ khi có loại không gian đó có sự yên lặng tuyệt đối. Và với sự đông đúc của những thành phố, sự ồn ào, và những người giảng thuyết mâu thuẫn và những đạo sư của họ, sự bùng nổ dân số, phía bên ngoài càng ngày càng có nhiều sự kiềm hãm, càng ngày càng có ít không gian. Tôi không biết bạn có nhận thấy trong thung lũng này những cao ốc mới đang mọc lên, nhiều người hơn, càng ngày càng nhiều xe cộ gây ô nhiễm, tất cả những kinh hoàng đang xảy ra theo cùng những thành phố đông đúc.

Vì vậy phía bên ngoài càng ngày càng có ít không gian, bạn đi vào bất kỳ con đường nào trong những thị trấn đông đúc và bạn sẽ nhận thấy điều này, đặc biệt ở phương Đông. Nếu có lần nào bạn đi đến đó bạn sẽ thấy hàng ngàn người đang ngủ trên vỉa hè, chen chúc, đang sống trên vỉa hè. Và hãy quan sát những thành phố lớn, New York, London hay nơi nào bạn muốn, Paris, hầu như không có không gian, những ngôi nhà nhỏ bé, họ đang sống trong những loại ngăn kéo, bị vây kín, bị nhốt bên trong. Và nơi nào không có không gian có bạo lực – không có không gian theo kinh tế, theo xã hội, không gian trong cái trí riêng của chúng ta; và vì vậy phần nào đó chúng ta chịu trách nhiệm cho bạo lực này bởi vì chúng ta không có không gian. Và trong cái trí riêng của chúng ta không gian mà chúng ta tạo ra là sự tách rời, một bức tường được dựng lên quanh chính chúng ta. Làm ơn hãy quan sát điều này trong chính các bạn không phải vì người nói đang trình bày về nó. Không gian của chúng ta là một không gian của cô lập và rút lui, chúng ta không muốn bị tổn thương nữa, chúng ta bị tổn thương khi chúng ta còn trẻ và những dấu vết của sự tổn thương này vẫn tồn tại, và thế là chúng ta rút lui, chúng ta kháng cự, chúng ta xây dựng một bức tường quanh chính chúng ta và quanh những người kia mà chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta thương yêu, và hành động đó có một không gian rất bị giới hạn. Giống như nhìn qua bức tường vào ngôi vườn của người khác, hay vào cái trí của một người khác, nhưng vẫn vậy bức tường ở đó. Và trong thế giới đó có rất ít không gian. Trong không gian, chật hẹp, nhỏ bé đó, không gian bé tí khá tầm thường đó, từ đó chúng ta hành động, chúng ta suy nghĩ, chúng ta thương yêu, chúng ta vận hành. Và từ trung tâm đó chúng ta cố gắng đổi mới thế giới, gia nhập đảng phái này hay đảng phái kia. Và từ cái lỗ chật hẹp nhỏ xíu đó, mà chắc chắn ở trong không gian, chúng ta cố gắng tìm một đạo sư mới mà dùng phương pháp mới nhất để dạy dỗ chúng ta đạt được sự khai sáng. Và trong cái trí của chúng ta bị nhét đầy hiểu biết, những đồn đại, những quan điểm, những huyên thuyên, hầu như không có bất kỳ không gian nào.

Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn đã nhận ra hiện tượng lạ lùng này, rằng chúng ta càng sống trong sự quan sát, trong tỉnh thức lâu bao nhiêu, không phải chỉ sống để kiếm tiền và cất vào một tài khoản ngân hàng nhỏ xíu, bạn biết rồi, tình dục và tất cả việc đó, mà là thành phần của sống, nhưng nếu người ta có quan sát, nhận biết được những sự việc quanh người ta và trong chính người ta, người ta chắc phải đã nhận ra rằng người ta có một không gian nhỏ bé làm sao đâu. Trong chính chúng ta nó chen chúc như thế nào. Làm ơn hãy quan sát nó trong chính bạn. Và làm thế nào người ta, bởi vì bị cô lập trong không gian nhỏ xíu đó, cùng những bức tường kháng cự dày khủng khiếp, của những ý tưởng và của những hung hăng, làm thế nào người ta có được không gian mà thực sự không thể đo lường được? Như chúng ta đã nói ngày hôm trước, tư tưởng có thể đo lường được, tư tưởng là đo lường. Và bất kỳ hình thức nào của tự-hoàn thiện là đo lường. Và rõ ràng tự-hoàn thiện là hình thức dửng dưng nhất của sự cô lập. Và người ta thấy rằng tư tưởng không thể tạo ra không gian bao la mà trong đó có sự yên lặng tổng thể và trọn vẹn. Bạn đang theo sát. Tư tưởng không thể tạo ra nó. Tư tưởng chỉ có thể phát triển, tiến hóa, theo tỷ lệ đến khúc cuối mà nó chiếu rọi, mà đo lường được. Và không gian đó, mà tư tưởng tạo ra, theo tưởng tượng, hay theo nhu cầu, không bao giờ có thể thâm nhập hay tiến vào một kích thước mà trong đó có không gian không phải của tư tưởng. Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi không? Tư tưởng đã dựng lên, qua hàng thế kỷ, một không gian mà rất, rất bị giới hạn, chật chội, cô lập, và bởi vì sự giới hạn chật hẹp này nó tạo ra phân chia, khi có phân chia có xung đột, theo quốc gia, theo tôn giáo, theo chính trị, trong mọi cách, trong sự liên hệ và vân vân. Xung đột đó là đo lường – ít xung đột hơn và nhiều xung đột hơn và vân vân.

Bây giờ câu hỏi là: làm thế nào tư tưởng có thể thâm nhập vào cái khác; hay cái khác không tồn tại – tư tưởng không bao giờ có thể thâm nhập vào nó – bạn đã hiểu rõ chưa? Tôi là kết quả của tư tưởng, tất cả những hoạt động của tôi đều được đặt nền tảng trên tư tưởng – hợp lý, không hợp lý, loạn thần kinh, hay có giáo dục cao, có hiểu biết rộng rãi, có lý luận, có khoa học, có công nghệ. Tôi là kết quả của tất cả điều đó. Và nó có không gian phía bên trong những bức tường của sự kháng cự. Bây giờ làm thế nào cái trí sẽ thay đổi được tất cả điều đó và khám phá cái gì đó mà là một kích thước hoàn toàn khác hẳn? Bạn đã hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi chứ? Chúng ta có đang gặp gỡ lẫn nhau không? Hai người có thể theo cùng nhau không? Tự do mà trong đó có sự yên lặng hoàn toàn và vì vậy có không gian bao la, và những bức tường của sự kháng cự mà tư tưởng đã tạo ra, cùng không gian nhỏ xíu chật chội của nó – liệu hai cái này có thể tập hợp cùng nhau và trôi chảy cùng nhau? Đúng chứ? Đây đã là vấn đề của con người, theo tôn giáo, khi anh ấy tìm hiểu thật sâu thẳm, đây là vấn đề. Liệu tôi có thể bám vào cái tôi nhỏ xíu của tôi, vào cái không gian nhỏ xíu của tôi, vào những sự việc mà tôi đã thâu lượm, hiểu biết, những trải nghiệm, những hy vọng, những vui thú, và chuyển động vào một kích thước khác hẳn nơi hai cái này có thể cùng nhau vận hành? Tôi muốn ngồi bên tay phải của chúa và tuy nhiên tôi lại muốn được tự do khỏi chúa. Tôi muốn sống một sống của thỏa mãn và vui thú và vẻ đẹp, và tôi cũng muốn có hân hoan mà không thể đo lường, không thể bị trói buộc bởi tư tưởng. Bạn đang theo sát? Bạn muốn vui thú và hân hoan. Tôi biết chuyển động của vui thú, những đòi hỏi của vui thú, sự theo đuổi của vui thú, cùng tất cả những sợ hãi, những lao dịch, đau khổ, lo âu. Và tôi cũng muốn hân hoan đó mà hoàn toàn không được mời mọc, mà tư tưởng không bao giờ nắm bắt được – nếu nó nắm bắt được, nó trở thành vui thú và thế là lề thói cũ kỹ lại bắt đầu. Vì thế tôi muốn có cả hai – những thứ của thế giới và thế giới khác.

Tôi nghĩ đây là vấn đề cho hầu hết chúng ta – phải không? Có một thời gian vui vẻ nhiều trong thế giới này – tại sao không? – và lẩn tránh mọi đau khổ, mọi buồn phiền, tôi cũng biết những khoảnh khắc khác khi có hân hoan vô cùng mà không thể tiếp xúc được, mà thanh khiết: tôi muốn cả hai. Và đó là điều gì chúng ta đang tìm kiếm. Mang tất cả gánh nặng của chúng ta và tuy vậy vẫn tìm kiếm sự tự do. Và liệu tôi có thể làm được điều này? Liệu tôi có thể – qua ý chí – bạn hiểu rõ điều gì ngày hôm trước chúng ta đã nói về ý chí, ý chí không liên quan cái thực sự, “cái gì là”, nhưng ý chí là sự biểu lộ của ham muốn như ”cái tôi”, và chúng ta nghĩ trong chừng mực nào đó nhờ vào ý chí chúng ta sẽ bắt gặp cái khác. Và thế là chúng ta nói với chính mình, “Tôi phải kiểm soát tư tưởng, tôi phải kỷ luật tư tưởng”. Khi “cái tôi” nói, tôi phải kiểm soát, kỷ luật tư tưởng, nó vẫn còn là tư tưởng đang tự-phân chia chính nó như “cái tôi” và tư tưởng như cái gì đó tách rời, nhưng nó vẫn còn là tư tưởng, như “cái tôi” và “cái không tôi”. Và người ta nhận ra tư tưởng, bởi vì có thể đo lường, nhiễu loạn, huyên thuyên, dong duổi khắp mọi nơi, đã tạo ra không gian của một con chuột nhỏ xíu, một con khỉ đuổi theo cái đuôi riêng của nó. Thế là người ta nói, người ta nói, làm thế nào tư tưởng sẽ yên lặng? Bởi vì tư tưởng đã tạo ra thế giới công nghệ và thế giới của hỗn loạn, thế giới của chiến tranh, những phân chia quốc gia, những tách rời tôn giáo; tư tưởng đã tạo ra đau khổ, hoang mang, phiền muộn; tư tưởng là thời gian. Vì vậy thời gian là đau khổ. Và người ta thấy tất cả điều này – nếu bạn đã tìm hiểu rất, rất sâu thẳm, không phải do sự hướng dẫn của người khác, nhưng chỉ quan sát điều này trong thế giới và trong chính bạn.

Vậy là nghi vấn nảy sinh: liệu tư tưởng có thể hoàn toàn bặt tăm và chỉ vận hành khi cần thiết? Bạn theo kịp chứ? Khi cần thiết, khi nó phải sử dụng hiểu biết, công nghệ, đi đến văn phòng, nói chuyện và tất cả mọi việc như thế; và phần còn lại của thời gian tuyệt đối yên lặng. Càng có không gian và yên lặng đó nhiều bao nhiêu nó càng có thể vận hành một cách hợp lý, sáng suốt, lành mạnh, cùng hiểu biết nhiều bấy nhiêu. Nếu không hiểu biết trở thành một kết thúc trong chính nó và tạo ra sự hỗn loạn. Bạn đang theo kịp tất cả điều này chứ? Không phải đồng ý với tôi, bạn thấy nó cho chính bạn.

Vì vậy câu hỏi là: tư tưởng, mà là sự phản ứng của ký ức, hiểu biết, trải nghiệm, thời gian, và tư tưởng là nội dung của ý thức, vì biết rằng tư tưởng phải vận hành cùng hiểu biết, và nó chỉ có thể vận hành cùng thông minh tột đỉnh chỉ khi nào có không gian và yên lặng, và từ đó vận hành. Tôi đang trình bày rõ ràng? Đúng chứ? Đúng chứ thưa bạn? Hãy nói cho tôi biết. Hãy khuyến khích tôi! Không, xin lỗi, tôi không muốn sự khuyến khích của bạn!

Vì vậy đó là vấn đề của tôi. Đó là, phải có không gian bao la và yên lặng bởi vì khi có không gian và yên lặng đó vẻ đẹp đến, vậy thì tình yêu hiện diện. Không phải vẻ đẹp được sắp xếp bởi con người, kiến trúc, đồ gốm, đồ sứ, bức họa, những bài thơ, nhưng ý thức của vẻ đẹp của không gian bao la và yên lặng đó. Và vẫn vậy tư tưởng phải hành động, vận hành. Không có đang sống ở đó và sau đó tuột xuống. Vì vậy đó là vấn đề của tôi – không phải vấn đề thực sự của tôi bởi vì – bạn hiểu chứ? – tôi đang biến nó thành một vấn đề để cho chúng ta có thể cùng nhau tìm hiểu nó, để cho cả bạn và tôi khám phá cái gì đó hoàn toàn mới mẻ trong nó. Bởi vì mỗi lần người ta tìm hiểu, không phải đang biết, người ta khám phá được cái gì đó. Nhưng nếu bạn tìm hiểu bằng đang biết vậy thì không bao giờ bạn sẽ khám phá được bất kỳ điều gì cả. Và đó là điều gì chúng ta đang làm. Liệu tư tưởng có thể trở nên bặt tăm? Và liệu tư tưởng đó có thể, phải vận hành trong lãnh vực của cái đã được biết, một cách trọn vẹn, hoàn toàn, khách quan, sáng suốt, lành mạnh, hợp lý, liệu tư tưởng đó có thể tự kết thúc chính nó? Đó là, liệu tư tưởng mà là quá khứ, mà là ký ức, mà là một ngàn ngày hôm qua, liệu tất cả quá khứ đó có thể hoàn toàn kết thúc, mà là tất cả tình trạng bị quy định đó, để cho có yên lặng, có không gian, có một ý thức của kích thước lạ thường?

Vậy là tôi đang tự-hỏi chính tôi, và bạn đang tự-hỏi nó cùng tôi, làm thế nào tư tưởng đó sẽ kết thúc, và không phải trong chính kết thúc của nó để làm biến dạng nó và lang thang vào trạng thái tưởng tượng nào đó và trở thành khá chênh vênh, loạn thần kinh và lơ đãng. Tư tưởng phải vận hành cùng sức sống mãnh liệt, năng lượng vô hạn, một cách hợp lý, sáng suốt? Và vì thế tôi đang hỏi làm thế nào tư tưởng đó, mà phải vận hành, và cùng lúc lại hoàn toàn bất động? Bạn nắm được nó chứ? Bạn nắm được câu hỏi của tôi chưa? Đây đã là vấn đề của mọi con người tôn giáo nghiêm túc – không phải con người mà thuộc về giáo phái nào đó, dù là Thiên chúa giáo, Ấn độ giáo, Phật giáo, bất kỳ tôn giáo gì, mà được đặt nền tảng vào niềm tin và sự tuyên truyền có tổ chức và vì vậy không là tôn giáo gì cả, điều này đã là vấn đề. Khi người ta thâm nhập rất, rất sâu, liệu hai cái này có thể vận hành cùng hau hay không? Bạn hiểu chứ? Liệu hai cái này có thể chuyển động cùng nhau, không phải kết hợp thành một thể, không phải hợp nhất, nhưng chuyển động cùng nhau? Và chúng có thể chuyển động cùng nhau nếu tư tưởng không tự-tách rời chính nó như người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Bạn đang nắm bắt nó chứ? Bạn theo kịp chứ? Tôi muốn trình bày tiếp!

Bạn thấy sống là một chuyển động trong liên hệ, liên tục đang chuyển động, đang thay đổi, và chuyển động đó có thể tự-duy trì chính nó, chuyển động một cách tự do khi không có người suy nghĩ và vật được suy nghĩ. Đó là, khi tư tưởng không phân chia chính nó như “cái tôi” và “cái không tôi”, khi tư tưởng không phân chia chính nó như người quan sát, người trải nghiệm, và vật được quan sát và vật được trải nghiệm. Bởi vì trong đó có phân chia và vì vậy có xung đột. Khi tư tưởng thấy sự thật của điều đó, vậy thì nó không đang tìm kiếm trải nghiệm, vậy thì nó đang chuyển động trong trải nghiệm. Bạn đang nắm bắt được điều này chứ? Bạn đang thực hiện điều này bây giờ phải không? Hãy theo dõi thưa bạn, lúc nãy tôi vừa nói rằng tư tưởng cùng tất cả hiểu biết, luôn luôn đang tích lũy, là một vật đang sống, không phải một vật chết, vì vậy không gian bao la có thể chuyển động cùng tư tưởng. Và khi tư tưởng tự-tách rời chính nó như người suy nghĩ, như người trải nghiệm vậy thì người trải nghiệm, người quan sát, người suy nghĩ trở thành quá khứ và vì vậy có một phân chia, và xung đột, và quá khứ mà cố định – đúng chứ? – và thế là không thể chuyển động. Bạn nắm được điều này chứ? Tôi đang nói với chính tôi, hay chúng ta đang cùng nhau chia sẻ điều này?

Tôi thấy trong sự tìm hiểu này, cái trí thấy rằng nơi nào có sự phân chia trong tư tưởng, chuyển động không thể xảy ra được. Chuyển động. Nơi nào có sự phân chia quá khứ len lỏi vào, vì vậy quá khứ trở thành cố định, trung tâm, trung tâm bất động, trung tâm bất động có thể được bổ sung, được thêm vào, nhưng nó là một trạng thái bất động và thế là nó không chuyển động tự do.

Vì vậy câu hỏi kế tiếp của tôi là, đối với tôi và cũng vậy đối với bạn: liệu tư tưởng thấy điều này, hay sự nhận biết là cái gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn tư tưởng. Hãy theo dõi: người ta thấy sự phân chia trong thế giới, quốc gia, tôn giáo, kinh tế, xã hội và mọi chuyện như thế, giai cấp, và trong sự phân chia này có xung đột. Điều đó rõ ràng. Và – chỉ lắng nghe việc này, tôi đã nắm bắt được nó – và khi có sự phân chia trong chính tôi, sự vỡ vụn, phải có xung đột. Vậy thì trong chính tôi, tôi bị phân chia như người quan sát và vật được quan sát, người suy nghĩ và vật được suy nghĩ, người trải nghiệm và vật được trải nghiệm, chính sự phân chia đó bị tạo tác bởi tư tưởng, và tư tưởng là kết quả của quá khứ. Bây giờ tôi thấy sự thật của điều này. Câu hỏi của tôi là: tư tưởng thấy điều này hay một nhân tố nào khác thấy điều này? Bạn đang gặp gỡ tôi chứ? Khi tôi nói rằng tôi thấy điều này, sự thật của điều này, tư tưởng thấy sự thật này hay nhân tố nào khác thấy sự thật? Hay nhân tố mới mẻ là thông minh và không phải tư tưởng?

Vậy thì sự liên hệ giữa tư tưởng và thông minh là gì? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi của tôi? Theo cá nhân, tôi vô cùng quan tâm đến điều này, liệu bạn có thể theo cùng tôi hay không. Lạ thường lắm khi thâm nhập điều này. Tư tưởng đã tạo ra sự phân chia này, quá khứ, hiện tại, tương lai. Tư tưởng là thời gian. Tư tưởng tự-nói với chính nó rằng, tôi thấy sự phân chia này phía bên ngoài lẫn bên trong. Và tôi thấy sự phân chia này là nhân tố của xung đột. Và nó không thể thoát khỏi điều đó. Thế là nó nói, tôi vẫn còn ở nơi tôi đã bắt đầu, tôi vẫn có những xung đột của tôi, bởi vì tư tưởng nói, tôi thấy sự thật của sự phân chia và xung đột. Bây giờ có phải tư tưởng thấy điều đó, hay một nhân tố mới mẻ của thông minh thấy điều đó? Đúng chứ? Bây giờ nếu nó là thông minh mà thấy điều đó, vậy thì sự liên hệ giữa tư tưởng và thông minh là gì? Thông minh thuộc cá nhân? Thông minh là kết quả của hiểu biết sách vở, lý luận, đang sống, trải nghiệm? Hay thông minh là sự tự do khỏi sự phân chia mà tư tưởng đã tạo tác, và một cách hợp lý thấy điều đó và không thể thoát khỏi nó, ở lại cùng nó, không cố gắng đấu tranh với nó, và không cố gắng khuất phục nó, từ đó thông minh hiện diện. Đúng chứ thưa bạn? Tôi đang trình bày rõ ràng chứ?

Bạn thấy rằng chúng ta đang hỏi: thông minh là gì? Thông minh có thể được vun quén, hay thông minh là thuộc bản năng? Và liệu tư tưởng thấy sự thật của xung đột, phân chia và mọi chuyện còn lại, hay liệu chất lượng của cái trí mà thấy được sự kiện và hoàn toàn yên lặng cùng sự kiện, hoàn toàn bất động cùng sự kiện, không cố gắng thoát khỏi nó, chế ngự nó, thay đổi nó, nhưng hoàn toàn bất động cùng sự kiện? Chính sự bất động đó là thông minh. Vì vậy thông minh không là tư tưởng. Thông minh là sự yên lặng này, và vì vậy nó hoàn toàn không-cá nhân. Nó không thuộc bất kỳ nhóm nào, bất kỳ người nào, bất kỳ chủng tộc nào, bất kỳ văn hóa nào.

Vậy là tôi đã tìm ra, cái trí của tôi đã tìm ra rằng có sự yên lặng, không phải bị xếp đặt bởi tư tưởng và kỷ luật, luyện tập và tất cả mọi điều kinh hoàng đó, nhưng một đang thấy, đang thấy rằng tư tưởng không thể tự-thoát khỏi chính nó; bởi vì tư tưởng là kết quả của quá khứ. Và nơi nào quá khứ đang vận hành phải có sự phân chia, và vì vậy có những xung đột và mọi chuyện như thế, đang thấy điều đó và hoàn toàn duy trì sự yên lặng cùng điều đó. Bạn biết rằng nó giống như tuyệt đối yên lặng cùng đau khổ. Bạn biết người nào đó mà bạn thương yêu, bạn chăm sóc, bạn đã tử tế, ấp ủ, ân cần, quan tâm, khi người đó chết có sự choáng váng của cô độc, thất vọng, ý thức tách rời, mọi thứ quanh bạn đều sụp đổ, trong sự đau khổ đó hãy ở cùng nó, không tìm kiếm những giải thích, nguyên nhân, tại sao anh ấy ra đi và tại sao tôi không, hãy tuyệt đối bất động cùng nó. Ở lại cùng nó một cách tuyệt đối bất động là thông minh. Và vậy là thông minh đó có thể vận hành trong tư tưởng, sử dụng hiểu biết, và hiểu biết lẫn tư tưởng đó sẽ không tạo tác sự phân chia. Tôi đã nắm được nó.

Vì vậy câu hỏi phát sinh từ điều đó: làm thế nào cái trí, cái trí của bạn, huyên thuyên liên tục – làm ơn lắng nghe điều này, hãy lắng nghe nó – mà luôn luôn theo lề thói trưởng giả, bị kẹt trong một cái bẫy, đang tranh đấu, đang tìm kiếm, đang theo sau những vị thầy và bạn biết những vị đạo sư, và đệ tử, làm thế nào cái trí đó sẽ tuyệt đối yên lặng?

Bây giờ: bạn biết sự hòa hợp là trạng thái yên lặng – hòa hợp, không phải bất hòa – hòa hợp giữa thân thể, quả tim và cái trí. Hòa hợp hoàn toàn. Điều đó có nghĩa thân thể, thân thể của bạn phải không bị áp đặt bởi cái trí, không bị kỷ luật bởi cái trí, không bị kỷ luật bởi cái trí khi nó thích một loại thức ăn, thuốc lá, thuốc kích thích nào đó – bạn theo kịp không – sự phấn khởi của tất cả điều đó, khi bị kiểm soát bởi cái trí, lúc đó nó là một áp đặt. Trái lại thân thể khi nó nhạy cảm, sinh động, có thông minh riêng của nó, không bị hư hỏng. Người ta phải có một thân thể như thế, nhạy cảm, sinh động, năng động vô cùng, không bị thuốc kích thích. Và người ta cũng phải có một quả tim – bạn hiểu rõ không – không phải phấn khởi, không phải cảm tính, không phải cảm xúc, không phải nhiệt thành nhưng ý thức của trọn vẹn đó – bạn biết rồi – chiều sâu, chất lượng, sức sống. Nó chỉ có thể hiện diện khi có tình yêu. Và một cái trí có không gian vô hạn, vậy thì có sự hòa hợp.

Bây giờ làm thế nào cái trí – hãy lắng nghe điều này – bất chợt bắt gặp cái này. Tôi chắc chắn rằng tất cả các bạn đang hỏi điều này, có lẽ không phải đang ngồi ở đó nhưng khi bạn về nhà, khi bạn dạo bộ, làm thế nào người ta có được ý thức của hợp nhất, hòa hợp trọn vẹn này, mà không có bất kỳ sự biến dạng nào, sự phân chia nào, sự tách rời nào – thân thể, quả tim, và cái trí – bạn nghĩ làm thế nào bạn có thể có được nó. Bây giờ bạn thấy sự thật của điều này, phải không? Bạn thấy sự thật của nó rằng bạn phải có sự hòa hợp trọn vẹn trong chính bạn, cái trí, quả tim, thân thể. Nó giống như có một cửa sổ sạnh sẽ, không bị vấy bẩn, không có bất kỳ vết trầy xước nào, không bị hoen ố, vì vậy khi bạn nhìn qua cửa sổ bạn có thể thấy sự vật mà không có bất kỳ biến dạng nào. Bây giờ làm thế nào bạn có thể có được nó?

Bây giờ ai đang thấy sự thật này? Bạn đang theo kịp chứ? Ai thấy sự thật rằng phải có sự hòa hợp, sự hòa hợp hoàn toàn này? Như chúng ta đã nói, khi có hòa hợp có tĩnh lặng. Khi một trong ba yếu tố này bị biến dạng có sự rắc rối, có sự nhiễu loạn. Nhưng khi cái trí, quả tim và các cơ quan thân thể hòa hợp hoàn toàn, có sự yên lặng. Bây giờ ai thấy sự thật này? Bạn hiểu câu hỏi của tôi? Bạn thấy nó như một ý tưởng, như một lý thuyết, như cái gì đó bạn “nên có”? Nếu bạn như thế, vậy thì tất cả nó là sự vận hành của tư tưởng, vậy thì bạn sẽ nói, hãy bảo cho tôi hệ thống gì, loại hệ thống nào tôi phải vận dụng để nắm bắt được điều này, tôi sẽ luyện tập, tôi sẽ phủ nhận, tôi sẽ kỷ luật, tôi sẽ nghiền ngẫm nó.

Tất cả điều đó là hoạt động của tư tưởng. Nhưng khi bạn thấy sự thật của điều này – sự thật không phải cái gì “nên là” – khi bạn thấy đó là sự thật, nó là như thế, vậy thì chính là thông minh mà thấy nó. Vì vậy chính là thông minh mà sẽ vận hành và vì vậy tạo ra trạng thái này. Bạn nắm được nó chứ? Không tư tưởng. Tôi không thể làm bất kỳ điều gì nữa.

Vì vậy tư tưởng thuộc thời gian. Thông minh không thuộc thời gian. Thông minh là không thể đo lường được – không phải sự thông minh thuộc khoa học, không phải sự thông minh của một chuyên viên, không phải sự thông minh của một người nội trợ, không phải sự thông minh của con người mà biết vô số vấn đề. Tất cả những thông minh đó đều ở trong lãnh vực của tư tưởng và hiểu biết. Và chỉ khi nào cái trí hoàn toàn yên lặng – và nó có thể yên lặng, bạn không phải luyện tập, kiểm soát, nó có thể hoàn toàn yên lặng – và khi nó như thế, có sự hòa hợp, có không gian bao la và yên lặng. Và chỉ lúc đó cái không thể đo lường mới được hiện diện. Đúng chứ, thưa các bạn.

Người hỏi: Tôi đã lắng nghe ông suốt năm mươi năm. Ông đã nói rằng người ta phải chết đi mỗi khoảnh khắc. Điều này đúng thật đối với tôi lúc này hơn trước kia.

Krishnamurti: Quý ông kia nói rằng ông ấy đã lắng nghe người nói suốt năm mươi năm, và bây giờ nó thực sự hơn trước kia, nó thực tế nhiều hơn, thực sự trong sống của ông ấy, hơn trước kia. Và ông ấy muốn được chứng thực hơn từ những người khác – liệu những người khác đã lắng nghe người nói trong suốt năm mươi năm có cảm thấy như vậy. Làm ơn đừng trả lời. Đây không là một thú nhận.

Người hỏi: Chết đi mỗi khoảnh khắc.

Krishnamurti: Chết đi mỗi khoảnh khắc. Vâng. Chết đi từng giây phút. Tôi đã nói điều đó, và ông ấy đã nói rằng điều đó thực sự hơn bao giờ trước kia.

Bạn phải lắng nghe người nói suốt năm mươi năm à? Và tại khúc cuối của năm mươi năm đó bạn sẽ nắm được nó, bạn sẽ hiểu rõ nó? Nó mất thời gian à? Hay bạn thấy vẻ đẹp của cái gì đó ngay tức khắc và vì vậy nó hiện diện. Bây giờ tại sao người ta, bất kỳ ai, bạn và những người khác, tại sao bạn phải mất thời gian vì tất cả điều này? Bạn hiểu câu hỏi của tôi chứ? Tại sao bạn phải mất nhiều năm để hiểu rõ một sự việc rất đơn giản như thế? Và nó rất đơn giản, tôi cam đoan với bạn như thế. Nó chỉ trở nên phức tạp trong sự giải thích. Nhưng sự thật lại đơn giản lạ thường. Tại sao người ta không thấy sự đơn giản đó và sự thật và vẻ đẹp của nó ngay tức khắc và thế là toàn hiện tượng của sống thay đổi? Tại sao? Đó có phải vì chúng ta bị quy định quá nặng nề? Và nếu bạn bị quy định quá nặng nề, liệu bạn có thể thấy tình trạng bị quy định đó ngay tức khắc, hay bạn phải lột bỏ nó giống như một củ hành, lớp này tiếp theo lớp khác? Có phải bởi vì người ta lười biếng, lờ đờ, dửng dưng, bị trói buộc trong những vấn đề riêng của người ta? Nếu bạn bị trói buộc trong những vấn đề riêng của bạn, một vấn đề, và vấn đề đó không tách rời khỏi phần còn lại của những vấn đề, tất cả chúng đều liên quan lẫn nhau, nếu bạn chọn ra một vấn đề và theo đến tận cùng của nó – dù nó là tình dục, dù nó là liên hệ, dù nó là cô độc, bất kỳ nó là gì – theo đến tận cùng của nó. Và bởi vì bạn không thể thực hiện nó, vậy là bạn phải lắng nghe người nào đó suốt năm mươi năm! Bạn sẽ nói rằng phải mất năm mươi năm để nhìn những hòn núi kia hay sao?

Người hỏi: Ông có thể trả lời câu hỏi này mà tôi vừa viết ra hay không?

Krisshnamurti: Không thưa bạn, chỉ cần hỏi. (Krishnamurti đọc câu hỏi.) Ồ Chúa ơi! Đây là một câu hỏi dài quá thưa bạn. Bạn có thể vắn tắt lại không?

Người hỏi: Công việc của sự tưởng tượng.

Krishnamurti: Câu hỏi được đặt ra: tôi biết nhiều người qua sự luyện tập Hatha Yoga chỉ phản bội chính họ, rõ ràng họ sống trong sự tưởng tượng. Ông có biết bất kỳ điều gì về Yoga hay không? Bạn muốn tôi kể về nó à? Đúng không? Tệ quá!

Tôi đã được kể về Hatha Yoga và tất cả những phức tạp của nó – tôi sẽ trình bày nó vắn tắt – được sáng chế cách đây khoảng ba ngàn năm về trước – tôi được bảo như thế, tôi đã không đọc nó – tôi đã được kể lại bởi một người đã tìm hiểu toàn sự việc này rất cẩn thận. Vào thời điểm đó người cai trị mảnh đất này phải giữ cho bộ não của họ và tư tưởng của họ rất minh bạch. Và vì vậy họ nhai một loại lá nào đó từ những hòn núi Himalaya – đừng tìm kiếm nó, nó không còn đâu! (Tiếng cười). Và khi thời gian trôi qua loại cây đó bị tuyệt chủng, và thế là họ phải sáng chế ra một phương pháp mà nhờ nó những tuyến hạch trong hệ thống cơ thể con người có thể được giữ lành mạnh và sinh lực. Và họ sáng chế ra Yoga, những luyện tập để giữ cho thân thể rất lành mạnh, không phải trẻ trung, đừng bị mất hút trong những dại dột đó. Giữ nó sinh động, giữ nó lành mạnh và thế là cái trí rất năng động, rõ ràng. Và luyện tập những bài tập nào đó, asanas và vân vân, có phấn khích những tuyến hạch, những tuyến hạch nào đó đang thực hiện những bài tập nào đó, rất lành mạnh, năng động.

Và họ cũng phát giác rằng loại hít thở đúng đắn nào đó, hít vào thở ra, có hữu ích, không phải để đạt được sự khai sáng, nhưng giúp cho cái trí, những tế bào não, được cung cấp đầy đủ không khí, để cho nó có thể vận hành. Rồi thì đã xuất hiện tất cả những người trục lợi, mà nói rằng, nếu bạn làm tất cả việc này bạn sẽ có được – bạn biết không – bạn sẽ có được một cái trí yên lặng hoàn toàn. Sự yên lặng của họ là sự yên lặng của tư tưởng, mà là thoái hóa và vì vậy chết. Và họ đã nói rằng, bằng phương pháp này bạn sẽ đánh thức được nhiều trung tâm khác nhau, khai mở các huyệt trong cơ thể, kundalini và mọi loại vớ vẩn đó, và bạn sẽ đạt được sự khai sáng kỳ diệu. Và dĩ nhiên những cái trí của chúng ta quá háo hức, quá tham lam, đang mong ước nhiều trải nghiệm thêm, muốn giỏi hơn bất kỳ người nào khác, trông đẹp đẽ hơn, thân thể tốt hơn, tốt hơn cái này và tốt hơn cái kia, chúng ta rơi vào cái bẫy của việc đó. Nhưng người ta có thể thấy loại yoga này, Hatha Yoga, đang thực hành những bài tập khác nhau, mà người nói thực hành vào khoảng hai giờ mỗi ngày, đừng bắt chước ông ta, bạn không biết gì về nó đâu.

Bạn thấy khi người ta có sự tưởng tượng, mà tất cả đều là chức năng của tư tưởng, dù làm điều gì bạn muốn, cái trí không bao giờ có thể yên lặng, an bình, cùng một ý thức của vẻ đẹp và no đủ vô cùng bên trong.

Người hỏi: Trong trạng thái hòa hợp, hợp nhất này, khi cái trí vận hành một cách nghiêm ngặt trong một phương pháp công nghệ, liệu lúc đó không có sự tách rời này của người quan sát và vật được quan sát? Khi sự hòa hợp tồn tại, liệu sự tách rời hiện diện khi cái trí phải vận hành trong một lãnh vực công nghệ – liệu lúc đó có sự tách rời?

Krishanmurti: Vâng, tôi hiểu rõ. Tôi hiểu rõ câu hỏi. Người hỏi đặt ra nghi vấn: khi có ý thức của sự hòa hợp này, sau đó khi tư tưởng vận hành, vậy thì liệu có sự tách rời giữa người suy nghĩ và vật được suy nghĩ? Bạn nghĩ gì đây? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi chứ? Khi có sự hòa hợp trọn vẹn, không phải sự hòa hợp tưởng tượng và tất cả những việc như thế, thực sự, thân thể, quả tim, và cái trí hoàn toàn hòa hợp, hợp nhất, không tách rời, không người nào để hòa hợp nó – dùng từ ngữ integration hòa hợp khá khó khăn – vậy thì khi có ý thức của thông minh đó mà là hòa hợp, thông minh đó sử dụng tư tưởng, vậy thì sẽ có người quan sát và vật được quan sát, sự tách rời? Rõ ràng là không. Đúng chứ? Khi không có sự hòa hợp vậy thì có sự tách rời, có sự không-hòa hợp, vậy thì tư tưởng tạo ra sự tách rời như "cái tôi" và "cái không tôi", người quan sát và vật được quan sát. Điều này thật đơn giản. Đúng không?

Người hỏi: Trong nói chuyện lần thứ hai của ông, ông đã nói rằng người ta tỉnh thức được không chỉ trong khi thức mà cũng cả trong khi ngủ.

Krishnamurti: Bạn muốn tôi tìm hiểu nó phải không? Đây là câu hỏi cuối cùng nhé.

Người hỏi nói rằng: tại nói chuyện lần thứ hai của ông, bạn nhớ không, tôi không nhớ, tại nói chuyện lần thứ hai của ông, ông đã nói: có một trạng thái tỉnh thức khi bạn ngủ cũng như có một trạng thái tỉnh thức khi bạn thức. Ông đã không trình bày thêm nữa về nó – đó là như vậy phải không, thưa bạn? Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi chứ? Đó là, trong suốt ban ngày người ta tỉnh thức một cách hời hợt hay sâu thẳm, ý thức được, nhận biết được mọi thứ đang xảy ra bên trong, tất cả những chuyển động của tư tưởng, của sự phân chia, xung đột, đau khổ, cô độc, tỉnh thức được những đòi hỏi cho vui thú, theo đuổi tham vọng, tham lam, lo âu, bạn biết toàn việc đó – tỉnh thức được. Khi bạn tỉnh thức được như thế trong suốt ban ngày, tỉnh thức đó được tiếp tục trong suốt ban đêm trong hình thức của những giấc mộng phải không? Đúng như thế phải không, thưa bạn? Hay không có những giấc mộng nhưng chỉ có một tỉnh thức. Đúng không.

Bây giờ trong suốt ban ngày liệu tôi– làm ơn lắng nghe điều này – liệu tôi, liệu bạn, trong suốt ban ngày tỉnh thức được mọi chuyển động của tư tưởng? Bạn không tỉnh thức được như thế, phải không? Hãy thành thật, hãy đơn giản. Bạn không như thế. Bạn tỉnh thức được trong từng lúc. Tôi tỉnh thức được hai phút, và vậy thì trắng tinh, và lại nữa tiếp theo vài phút sau, hay nửa tiếng đồng hồ sau tôi nói, “Chúa ơi, tôi đã quên mất rồi” và tỉnh thức lại sau đó lại. Có những khoảng cách trong trạng thái tỉnh thức của chúng ta. Chúng ta không bao giờ tỉnh thức liên tục, và chúng ta nghĩ rằng chúng ta phải tỉnh thức liên tục, trong mọi thời gian.

Bây giờ trước tiên, có những khoảng không gian rộng lớn giữa trạng thái tỉnh thức, phải không? Tỉnh thức, sau đó không-tỉnh thức, rồi tỉnh thức và như thế trong suốt ban ngày. Điều gì là quan trọng? Làm ơn, điều gì là quan trọng – tỉnh thức được trong vài phút và không-tỉnh thức và tỉnh thức, và sự tiếp tục của tỉnh thức? Điều gì là quan trọng – tỉnh thức liên tục; hay tỉnh thức trong những thời gian ngắn; và có liên quan gì với những thời gian dài khi bạn không-tỉnh thức? Trong số ba điều kia, điều gì là quan trọng? Điều gì bạn nghĩ là quan trọng? Đối với tôi, tôi biết điều gì là quan trọng. Tôi không bận tâm về tỉnh thức được trong thời gian ngắn, hay muốn có trạng thái tỉnh thức liên tục. Tôi chỉ quan tâm khi tôi không-tỉnh thức. Bạn hiểu không? Đó là vấn đề của tôi. Bạn hiểu rõ không? Tôi nói rằng, khi tôi không-chú ý, tôi rất quan tâm, không phải khi tôi tỉnh thức được, nhưng tại sao tôi không-chú ý và tôi phải làm gì về không-chú ý đó, về trạng thái không-tỉnh thức. Đó là vấn đề của tôi. Không phải để có trạng thái tỉnh thức liên tục – bạn biết – bạn cứ ngớ ngẩn như vậy nếu bạn không thực sự tìm hiểu điều này rất, rất sâu sắc. Vì vậy quan tâm của tôi là: tại sao tôi không-chú ý và điều gì xảy ra trong thời kỳ không-chú ý đó? Đó là câu hỏi của tôi. Bạn hiểu rõ chứ? Bạn biết điều gì xảy ra khi tôi tỉnh thức được. Khi tôi tỉnh thức – bạn biết không – không có gì xảy ra cả. Tôi năng động, đang chuyển động, đang sống, đầy sức sống, trong đó không gì có thể xảy ra bởi vì không có sự chọn lựa cho cái gì đó xảy ra. Bây giờ khi tôi không-chú ý, không-tỉnh thức, vậy thì những sự việc xảy ra. Vậy thì tôi nói những sự việc là không thực sự, vậy thì tôi bị căng thẳng, tôi là – lo âu, bị trói buộc, tôi rơi vào sự thất vọng của tôi. Vì vậy tại sao điều này xảy ra? Bạn đang nắm bắt được quan điểm của tôi? Đó là điều gì bạn đang làm? Hay bạn đang luôn luôn quan tâm đến sự tỉnh thức hoàn toàn. Và cố gắng, luyện tập để luôn luôn tỉnh thức? Tôi không biết, điều đó tùy thuộc nơi bạn.

Bây giờ tôi thấy rằng tôi không-tỉnh thức và tôi đang canh chừng việc gì xảy ra trong trạng thái đó khi tôi không-tỉnh thức. Bây giờ tỉnh thức được rằng tôi không-tỉnh thức là trạng thái tỉnh thức. Không, đừng cười. Làm ơn hãy lắng nghe điều này. Nó không là vấn đề để cười cợt. Tôi biết khi tôi tỉnh thức. Khi có một trạng thái tỉnh thức, nó là điều gì đó hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Và tôi biết khi tôi không-tỉnh thức, tôi bị căng thẳng, tôi co rút hai bàn tay – bạn biết, làm mọi việc ngu xuẩn. Khi có một chú ý trong trạng thái không-tỉnh thức đó, toàn sự việc chấm dứt – bạn theo kịp điều gì tôi trình bày? Vào khoảnh khắc của trạng thái không-tỉnh thức tôi tỉnh thức được rằng tôi không-tỉnh thức, vậy là nó chấm dứt. Bạn nắm bắt được nó? Bởi vì sau đó tôi không phải tranh đấu, tôi nói, ồ tôi phải luôn luôn tỉnh thức, làm ơn hãy chỉ bảo cho tôi một phương pháp để tỉnh thức, làm ơn luyện tập – bạn biết – thắt chặt, siết chặt. Nhưng khi không có trạng thái tỉnh thức và tôi biết tôi không-tỉnh thức, vậy thì bạn thấy toàn chuyển động đó thay đổi.

Bây giờ điều gì xảy ra trong suốt giấc ngủ? Liệu có một trạng thái tỉnh thức khi bạn đang ngủ giống như bạn đang tỉnh thức trong suốt thời gian ban ngày? Nếu bạn tỉnh thức trong suốt thời gian ban ngày trong từng thời điểm một, vậy thì điều đó tiếp tục trong khi bạn đang ngủ, rõ ràng là như thế. Nhưng khi bạn tỉnh thức, và cũng tỉnh thức được rằng bạn không-chú ý, một chuyển động hoàn toàn khác hẳn xảy ra. Vậy thì khi bạn ngủ có một ý thức của sự yên lặng hoàn toàn. Cái trí tỉnh thức được về chính nó. Tôi sẽ không tìm hiểu tất cả điều này bởi vì nó không là điều gì khó khăn lắm. Nó không là điều gì đó lạ thường lắm, đáng để tâng bốc. Bạn thấy rằng cái trí khi nó tỉnh thức được trong suốt ban ngày, sâu thẳm, trạng thái tỉnh thức trong chiều sâu đó tạo ra một chất lượng của cái trí trong suốt giấc ngủ khi nó tuyệt đối yên lặng, bởi vì trong suốt ban ngày bạn đã quan sát, bạn đã tỉnh thức được, hoặc trong từng thời điểm hoặc tỉnh thức được không-chú ý của bạn; vậy thì bởi vì bạn trải qua trong suốt ban ngày như thế, hoạt động của bộ não đã thiết lập được trật tự trước khi bạn ngủ. Bộ não đòi hỏi trật tự, dù rằng trật tự đó ở trong một niềm tin loạn thần kinh nào đó hay trong một chủ nghĩa quốc gia hay trong điều này hay điều kia, và trong đó nó tìm được trật tự, mà rõ ràng là tạo ra vô-trật tự. Nhưng khi bạn tỉnh thức được trong suốt ban ngày và tỉnh thức được trạng thái không-tỉnh thức của bạn, vậy thì tại cuối ngày có một trật tự. Vậy thì bộ não không phải đấu tranh trong suốt ban đêm để tạo ra trật tự. Vì vậy bộ não được nghỉ ngơi. Nó yên lặng. Và vì vậy buổi sáng kế tiếp bộ não năng động lạ thường, không phải là một sự việc bị thuốc men, bị hư hỏng và chết rồi. Đúng chứ thưa các bạn?

SAANEN

Ngày 1 tháng 8 năm 1971

X – MỘT BÀN LUẬN CÙNG

MỘT NHÓM NHỎ TẠI BROCKWOOD

Bạo lực và “cái tôi”

Sự thay đổi hàm ý bạo lực? Chúng ta phủ nhận bạo lực đến mức độ nào? Bạo lực và năng lượng: đang quan sát bạo lực. Gốc rễ của bạo lực là gì? Hiểu rõ “cái tôi”; “cái tôi” mà muốn thay đổi là bạo lực. “Cái tôi” hay thông minh thấy? Những hàm ý của đang thấy.

Krishnamurti: Khi chúng ta tìm hiểu bất kỳ vấn đề hay chủ đề nào chúng ta nên tìm hiểu nó một cách hoàn toàn và thấu đáo, chọn một chủ đề một lần, không bàn luận mơ hồ về nhiều vấn đề. Vì vậy nếu chúng ta có thể chọn một chủ đề thực sự của con người và cùng nhau bàn luận nó một cách trọn vẹn và nghiêm túc, tôi nghĩ điều đó sẽ xứng đáng. Vậy thì chúng ta sẽ bàn luận điều gì đây?

Người hỏi 1: Giáo dục.

Người hỏi 2: Không nhận biết của chúng ta.

Người hỏi 3: Tình yêu.

Người hỏi 4: Thưa ông, thỉnh thoảng, bởi vì sự yếu ớt của hệ thần kinh, cái trí dường như mất đi tánh nhạy cảm của nó. Tôi đang tự hỏi chúng ta có thể làm gì để giải quyết một tình huống như thế.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta có thể chọn một vấn đề như bạo lực? Đối với tôi dường như nó đang lan tràn khắp thế giới; liệu chúng ta có thể thấy những hàm ý là gì, và liệu cái trí con người có thể thực sự giải quyết những vấn đề xã hội và cũng cả những vấn đề bên trong, mà không có bất kỳ loại bạo lực nào?

Như người ta quan sát, trong mọi vùng đất của thế giới có những phản kháng và những cách mạng vì mục đích thay đổi cấu trúc xã hội. Rõ ràng cấu trúc phải được thay đổi; liệu có thể thay đổi nó mà không có bạo lực? – bởi vì bạo lực sinh ra bạo lực. Qua sự phản đối một đảng có thể đảm trách quyền lực của chính phủ, và khi đã đạt được điều này, nó sẽ tự-duy trì chính nó trong quyền lực nhờ vào bạo lực. Rõ ràng đây là điều gì đang xảy ra khắp thế giới. Vì vậy chúng ta đang hỏi liệu có một phương cách tạo ra một thay đổi trong thế giới và trong chính chúng ta mà không nuôi dưỡng bạo lực. Tôi phải nghĩ đây sẽ là một vấn đề rất nghiêm túc cho mỗi người chúng ta. Bạn muốn bàn luận điều này chứ? Bạn nói gì đây?

Người hỏi: Vâng, chúng ta hãy bàn luận về bạo lực.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu nó thực sự sâu thẳm, không chỉ trên bề mặt, bởi vì trong khi bàn luận về vấn đề này chúng ta phải nên luôn luôn nhớ rằng nó cũng phải thay đổi những cách sống của chúng ta. Tôi không hiểu liệu bạn muốn thâm nhập sâu thẳm vào nó. Câu hỏi của tôi là, liệu thế giới bên ngoài, cấu trúc xã hội, sự bất công, những phân chia, sự tàn nhẫn kinh hoàng, những chiến tranh, những phản kháng và mọi chuyện của nó, có thể được thay đổi, cũng như sự đấu tranh bên trong mà đang liên tục xảy ra. Liệu tất cả điều đó có thể được thay đổi mà không có bạo lực, mà không có xung đột, mà không có phản kháng, mà không có thiết lập một đảng phái này đối lập với một đảng phái khác, không chỉ bên ngoài, nhưng còn cả không có sự phân chia bên trong? – luôn luôn nhớ rằng sự phân chia là cái nguồn của xung đột và của bạo lực, cả bên ngoài lẫn bên trong? Tôi phải nghĩ đó sẽ là vấn đề quan trọng nhất mà chúng ta phải đối diện. Các bạn nói gì đây, thưa các bạn? Chúng ta bàn luận điều này như thế nào?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta sẽ bắt đầu với bạo lực trong một em bé?

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta sẽ bắt đầu với trẻ em? Với học sinh, hay với người giáo dục? – mà là chính chúng ta. Chúng ta sẽ cùng nhau bàn về nó, đừng để tôi làm mọi việc.

Người hỏi 1: Chúng ta nên bắt đầu với người giáo dục.

Người hỏi 2: Với chính chúng ta. Hàng ngày tôi thấy bạo lực trong chính chúng ta.

Krishnamurti: Bạn sẽ bắt đầu từ đâu để giải quyết vấn đề này? Trong mọi vùng đất của thế giới, ngay cả ở Nga nơi vài người trí thức và viết văn đang phản kháng chống lại chế độ chuyên chế, những phản kháng đang xảy ra; họ muốn sự tự do, họ muốn chấm dứt chiến tranh. Bạn sẽ bắt đầu vấn đề này từ đâu? Chấm dứt chiến tranh ở Việt nam, hay ở Trung đông? Người ta bắt đầu từ đâu để hiểu rõ vấn đề này? Tại ngoại vi, hay tại trung tâm?

Người hỏi: Trong chính người ta, trong sống của người ta.

Krishnamurti: Bạn sẽ bắt đầu từ đâu? Với chính bạn, với ngôi nhà riêng của bạn, hay ngoài đó?

Người hỏi: Tại sao không ở cả hai nơi? Nếu người ta có thể tạo ra sự thay đổi bên ngoài nào đó, điều đó có lẽ giải quyết một vấn đề bên ngoài nào đó. Tôi không thấy lý do gì tại sao điều này không nên xảy ra, cùng với sự tìm hiểu cá thể.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta quan tâm đến những thay đổi bên ngoài, với một đổi mới bên ngoài? Và vì vậy – mà có lẽ cần thiết – trao những năng lượng, tư tưởng, thương yêu, quan tâm của chúng ta trong sự đổi mới bên ngoài, hời hợt? Hay chúng ta bắt đầu tại một mức độ hoàn toàn khác hẳn? – không phải như vị trí đối nghịch của nó.

Người hỏi: Hai cái này loại trừ nhau?

Krishnamurti: Tôi đã không nói rằng hai cái này loại trừ nhau. Tôi đã nói rằng chúng không là đối nghịch.

Người hỏi: Tôi không thấy nó là một trường hợp của hoặc một cái này hoặc của cái còn lại. Người ta có thể thấy rất rõ ràng rằng người ta có thể thành công khi cứu thoát hàng trăm mạng sống bằng hành động bên ngoài nào đó. Tôi không thấy có sự mâu thuẫn.

Krishnamurti: Tôi đồng ý. Có nhiều người đang theo đuổi những hoạt động bên ngoài, hàng ngàn người! Chúng ta loại trừ việc đó và hoàn toàn quan tâm đến ngôi nhà riêng của chúng ta, hay, trong chính sự quan tâm đến ngôi nhà riêng của chúng ta, cái còn lại cũng bị loại trừ? Nó không là một loại trừ, hay một đối nghịch, hay sự lẩn tránh của một cái, và nhấn mạnh vào cái còn lại.

Người hỏi: Ồ, thưa ông, tôi không cố chấp, nhưng có vẻ rằng những người rất thường xuyên lắng nghe ông – kể cả tôi – mà đã nghĩ rằng sự tìm hiểu cá thể là cực kỳ quan trọng để giải quyết vấn đề tức khắc; ngoại trừ hành động chính trị ra, ví dụ như thế, mà tại mức độ riêng của nó có lẽ giải quyết vài vấn đề đặc biệt, mặc dù không phải những vấn đề cơ bản. Nhưng tôi không thấy lý do tại sao chúng không nên xảy ra song song.

Krishnamurti: Tôi hoàn toàn đồng ý, thưa bạn. Chúng ta giải quyết những vấn đề cơ bản?

Người hỏi: Chắc chắn nó là việc quan trọng.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy, chúng ta sẽ bắt đầu từ đâu? Mà là vấn đề cơ bản?

Người hỏi: Cá thể. Tập thể là sự mở rộng của cá thể.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó rất rõ ràng, phải không? Chúng ta muốn thay đổi, cả bên ngoài lẫn bên trong, hời hợt lẫn sâu thẳm. Cái này không loại trừ cái còn lại: tôi phải có lương thực với mục đích để suy nghĩ! Không tách rời, vấn đề cơ bản là gì? Chúng ta sẽ giải quyết nó từ đâu? Chúng ta sẽ chuyên tâm vào nó ở đâu?

Người hỏi: Nguyên nhân của bạo lực là gì?

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta sẽ bàn luận điều đó?

Người hỏi: Tại sao chúng ta muốn thay đổi?

Krishnamurti: Đó cũng là câu hỏi hay. Tại sao chúng ta nên thay đổi?

Một người hỏi khác: Bởi vì dường như chúng ta không tiến đến đâu cả trong hoàn cảnh hiện nay của chúng ta.

Krishnamurti: Và thậm chí nếu bạn đạt đến nơi nào đó trong hoàn cảnh hiện nay của bạn, bạn sẽ không muốn thay đổi? Bây giờ, làm ơn, chúng ta hãy quay lại chủ đề.

Người hỏi: Trong hoàn cảnh hiện nay của chúng ta dường như chúng ta có rất ít khả năng để chuyển động; chúng ta bị trói buộc trong những cách cá thể riêng của chúng ta, bởi biến cố nào đó, lặp đi và lặp lại. Không có sự chuyển động này bởi vì chúng ta luôn luôn bị trói buộc bởi sống trong cách này hay cách kia và thế là bạo lực phát sinh.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta sẽ tìm ra những nguyên nhân của bạo lực là gì? Mỗi người sẽ có một quan điểm khác nhau; ngay cả những người chuyên môn cũng không đồng ý về những nguyên nhân của bạo lực, vô số sách đã được viết về nó! Chúng ta sẽ tiếp tục giải thích về những nguyên nhân, hay thấy bạo lực như nó là – như một vấn đề cơ bản trong sự liên hệ của con người, và tìm ra liệu nó có nên tự-tiếp tục, hay được thay đổi, hay được bổ sung. Vấn đề cơ bản được bao hàm trong bạo lực là gì?

Người hỏi: Chắc chắn chúng ta là kết quả của một loại bộ não thú vật nào đó, đó là nguyên nhân chính, tôi nghĩ theo tự nhiên chúng ta là bạo lực nếu chúng ta không thể thoát khỏi nó. Nửa thời gian những người chính trị đang cư xử giống như những con gà ở trong vườn.

Krishnamurti: Tôi biết! (Tiếng cười)

Người hỏi: Có thể quan sát trạng thái cá thể của cái trí để tìm ra liệu chúng ta là bạo lực từ bản chất bên trong chính chúng ta, trong ngay tại cách hoạt động tinh thần – liệu chuyển động phân hai này trong chính nó là bạo lực.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy, thưa bạn, bạn nghĩ điều gì là bạo lực?

Người hỏi 1: Tôi nghĩ nó do bởi tự-liên quan, sự ích kỷ.

Người hỏi 2: Sự tách rời.

Người hỏi 3: Sự phản ứng đến sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta đã được giáo dục để là bạo lực. Bản chất thú vật của chúng ta và hoạt động của bộ não con người vân vân là bạo lực và phân chia; tất cả chúng ta đều biết điều này. Những hoạt động tự cho mình là trung tâm, hung hăng, đang phản kháng, đang đối nghịch, đang khẳng định, tất cả điều đó giải thích cho bạo lực.

Người hỏi: Cũng có một phần của người ta mà cự tuyệt bạo lực và một phần khác lại thích nó, sống nhờ nó.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, có một phần của người ta kháng cự lại bạo lực, bị kinh hãi bởi bạo lực. Vậy thì, chúng ta ở đâu?

Người hỏi: Sự ham muốn để tìm hiểu vấn đề của bạo lực chỉ là một thấy từng phần. Tôi có ý, người ta không muốn hoàn toàn giải quyết tổng thể vấn đề của bạo lực.

Krishnamurti: Người ta không à?

Người hỏi: Không.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta hãy tìm ra. Liệu có thể giải quyết vấn đề của bạo lực một cách tổng thể?

Người hỏi 1: Đang cự tuyệt bạo lực không là một loại của bạo lực hay sao?

Người hỏi 2: Nếu cái trí, cùng tình trạng bị quy định của nó, là bạo lực khi bắt đầu, vậy thì kết quả chắc chắn là bạo lực.

Krishnamurti: Vậy thì, lúc đó chúng ta sẽ làm gì, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Nó sẽ là thông minh khi chỉ nhìn ngắm bạo lực mà không đang xua đuổi, không đang tách rời.

Krishnamurti: Quý ông này đưa ra câu hỏi: liệu chúng ta thực sự muốn được tự do khỏi tất cả bạo lực? Trả lời câu hỏi đó. Đồng ý chứ? Mà có nghĩa không xung đột, không hoạt động phân hai trong người ta, không kháng cự, không đối nghịch, không hung hăng, không tham vọng để là người nào đó, không khẳng định quan điểm của mình và phản kháng quan điểm của người khác. Tất cả điều đó hàm ý một hình thức của bạo lực. Không chỉ là bạo lực của tự-kỷ luật, nhưng còn cả bạo lực mà làm tôi biến dạng những ham muốn đặc biệt của tôi vì mục dích tuân phục vào một khuôn mẫu, để làm cho nó có luân lý, hay bất kỳ điều gì; tất cả điều này là những hình thức của bạo lực. Ý chí là bạo lực. Chúng ta muốn được tự do khỏi tất cả điều này chứ? Và liệu một con người có thể sống, được tự do khỏi nó?

Người hỏi: Có vẻ rằng trong sự tiến hành mà chúng ta gọi là sống của chúng ta, sự căng thẳng là cần thiết. Có vẻ, chúng ta phải phân biệt rõ giữa sự căng thẳng và sự bạo lực. Tôi được nhắc lại về câu chuyện của những con cá trích tiều tụy mà chỉ thực sự sống lại khi con cá nhám nhỏ hung hăng nào đó được bỏ vào bể nuôi cá. Khi nào sự căng thẳng bình thường như một tiến hành của sự sống chấm dứt, và sự bạo lực bắt đầu? Chúng ta phân biệt rõ ở đây chứ?

Krishnamurti: Vậy là bạn thấy sự căng thẳng là cần thiết?

Người hỏi: Trong mọi thứ đều có tính đối nghịch.

Krishnamurti: Làm ơn, thưa bạn, chúng ta hãy tìm ra. Liệu một con người – chúng ta ở đây – muốn được tự do khỏi tất cả bạo lực?

Người hỏi: Dường như đối với tôi đây là một câu hỏi rất khó bởi vì có nhiều mâu thuẫn trong chúng tôi. Lúc này người ta nói rằng người ta không muốn bạo lực; tình huống thay đổi, và trong một tiếng đồng hồ nữa người ta lại bạo lực, người ta bị kẹt vào nó. Người ta bị vỡ vụn thành nhiều thái độ.

Người hỏi 2: Người nào đó có lẽ gắng sức rất nghiêm túc để đưa sự chú ý vào bạo lực bên trong, nhưng làm thế nào người đó phản ứng khi anh ấy bị đối diện với bạo lực bên ngoài?

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ đã, thưa bạn, đó là một câu hỏi sau. Ở đây chúng ta thấy sự quan trọng của được tự do khỏi tất cả bạo lực? Hay chúng ta muốn giữ những phần nào đó của bạo lực? Liệu có thể hoàn toàn được tự do khỏi tất cả bạo lực? – điều đó có nghĩa được tự do khỏi tất cả khiêu khích, tất cả tức giận, bất kỳ hình thức của lo âu nào, và sự chống đối đến bất kỳ thứ gì.

Người hỏi: Tôi nghĩ có sự khác biệt giữa ông đang đưa ra câu hỏi đó và một cá thể đang nói, "Tôi muốn được tự do khỏi tất cả bạo lực". Bởi vì một người đang quan sát thản nhiên vào câu hỏi, người còn lại là một chuyển động – lại nữa một chuyển động bạo lực.

Krishnamurti: Chính xác đó là như thế!

Người hỏi: Đối với tôi dường như để là một vấn đề thực sự, hay một vấn đề hợp lý, hãy quan sát vấn đề thay vì cố gắng giải quyết bạo lực. Đối với tôi đó là hai công việc hoàn toàn khác hẳn.

Krishnamurti: Vậy thì, câu hỏi là gì, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Liệu có thể hoàn toàn được tự do khỏi bạo lực?

Krishnamurti: Đó là tất cả.

Người hỏi: Nó hoàn toàn khác biệt với sự tìm kiếm để được tự do khỏi bạo lực.

Krishnamurti: Đúng! Vậy thì tôi làm gì? – liệu có thể được?

Người hỏi 1: Nếu người ta quan sát khuôn mẫu của sống hàng ngày của người ta, người ta thấy rằng có vẻ nếu không có hình thức bạo lực nào đó – hay có lẽ điều gì quý ông này gọi là sự căng thẳng – người ta có thể không bao giờ vượt qua nổi một công việc nhất định khi đối diện với những áp lực và những khó khăn mà thường xuyên vây quanh người ta trong xã hội. Chúng ta nói về sự tự do khỏi bạo lực khi chúng ta tức giận, hay sợ hãi, như thể chúng ta bị mắc bẫy, nhưng tôi cảm thấy rằng có lẽ luôn luôn có loại bạo lực nào đó trong sống của chúng ta. Thật khó khăn để hình dung được đang sống, đang làm công việc nào đó, mà không có loại thúc đẩy nào đó mà tôi cảm thấy là bạo lực.

Người hỏi: Không có khác biệt giữa sự căng thẳng và sự bạo lực hay sao? Có vẻ rằng bạo lực là kháng cự và hung hăng, là làm giảm bớt; nó cố gắng chấm dứt cái gì đó. Trái lại sự căng thẳng là chuyển động cùng cái gì bạn đang làm. Đối với tôi có vẻ chúng ta phải có một hiểu rõ về sự khác biệt giữa sự bạo lực và sự căng thẳng.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, chúng ta có thể theo đuổi câu hỏi đó: liệu một con người có thể được tự do hoàn toàn khỏi bạo lực? Chúng ta đã hiểu ý nghĩa của từ ngữ bạo lực, trong chừng mực nào đó.

Người hỏi 1: Tôi không nghĩ chúng ta đã hiểu. Nếu không có sự khác biệt giữa bạo lực và năng lượng, vậy thì tôi sẽ không muốn được tự do khỏi bạo lực.

Người hỏi 2: Nếu chúng ta luôn luôn có thể thấy bạo lực của chúng ta, sẽ không có bạo lực.

Krishnamurti: Không, thưa bạn. Trước khi chúng ta đến điểm đó, như một con người, có phải tôi đã nói với chính tôi: liệu có thể sống không bạo lực?

Người hỏi: Chắc chắn người ta không biết.

Krishnamurti: Vậy thì chúng ta sẽ tìm hiểu, thưa bạn, chúng ta sẽ tìm ra.

Một người hỏi khác: Cách duy nhất để tìm ra sẽ không là thực hiện nó hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Không, không những thực hiện nó, nhưng còn cả tìm hiểu, thâm nhập nó, nhìn ngắm nó, nhận biết được toàn chuyển động này của sự kháng cự. Bởi vì biết sự nguy hiểm của bạo lực, thấy những ảnh hưởng bên ngoài của nó, những phân chia, những kinh hoàng, và vân vân, tôi tự-hỏi mình: liệu tôi có thể được tự do hoàn toàn khỏi tất cả bạo lực? Tôi thực sự không biết. Thế là tôi sẽ tìm hiểu, tôi muốn tìm ra, không bằng từ ngữ, nhưng đầy đam mê!

Những con người đã sống cùng bạo lực được hàng ngàn năm và tôi muốn tìm ra liệu có thể sống mà không có bạo lực. Bây giờ tôi sẽ bắt đầu từ đâu?

Người hỏi: Đầu tiên ông sẽ cố gắng tìm hiểu bạo lực là gì?

Krishnamurti: Tôi biết rất rõ nó là gì: tức giận, ghen tuông, tàn nhẫn, phản kháng, chống đối, tham vọng, mọi chuyện như thế. Chúng ta không cần định nghĩa vô tận bạo lực là gì.

Người hỏi: Tôi thực sự không thấy tham vọng là bạo lực.

Krishnamurti: Không à?

Một người hỏi khác: Liệu có thể thấy làm thế nào bạo lực nảy sinh trong chính người ta, khi nó xuất hiện, khi nó nổi lên bề mặt?

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, tôi phải đợi cho đến khi sự tức giận xuất hiện, rồi sau đó nhận biết được sự tức giận và nói, “Tôi là bạo lực”? Đó là điều gì bạn đề nghị, thưa bạn?

Người hỏi: Chuyển động dẫn đến nó hiếm khi nào được bắt gặp bởi chúng ta.

Một người hỏi khác: Chúng ta nên hiểu rõ tư tưởng? – những tư tưởng bất thình lình?

Krishnamurti: Nó là một vấn đề khá bao quát, chúng ta đừng suy xét một mảnh nhỏ của nó, chúng ta hãy quan sát nó tại ngay tâm điểm. Điều gì làm cho cái trí có bạo lực trong tôi, trong thân thể con người này, trong con người này? Cái nguồn của bạo lực này là gì? Hãy quan sát nó trong chính bạn.

Một người hỏi khác: Có phải nó là sự ham muốn của tôi để thành tựu cái gì đó, để kiếm được cái gì đó, để là cái gì đó? Tôi muốn quan sát và xem thử rằng tôi biết tôi có bạo lực đến mức độ nào, tôi có thể từ bỏ – và vẫn tồn tại trong những giới hạn có thể chấp nhận được. Đó sẽ là bước đầu tiên của tôi.

Krishnamurti: Trong những giới hạn có thể chấp nhận được – và đó có lẽ cũng là bạo lực.

Người hỏi: Vâng, tôi sẽ cho rằng tôi vẫn nên có một mức độ nào đó của bạo lực.

Krishnamurti: Tôi đang tự-hỏi chính mình liệu có thể sống không có bạo lực và tôi hỏi: gốc rễ của nó là gì? Nếu tôi có thể hiểu rõ điều đó, có lẽ tôi sẽ biết làm thế nào để sống mà không có bạo lực. Gốc rễ của nó là gì?

Người hỏi: Cảm giác của sự phản kháng, của sự tách rời.

Krishnamurti: Bạn nói gốc rễ của bạo lực này là sự tách rời, sự phân chia, "cái tôi". Liệu cái trí có thể sống mà không có "cái tôi"? Làm ơn hãy tiếp tục, chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu.

Người hỏi: Liệu đúng thực rằng chừng nào còn có một mục tiêu, hay ham muốn thuộc bất kỳ loại nào, có hạt giống của bạo lực?

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên! Đó là mấu chốt chính. Chúng ta phải thâm nhập từng chút một vào điều này. Làm ơn, thưa bạn, hãy tiếp tục!

Người hỏi: Điều này không nảy sinh câu hỏi: liệu có thể sống mà không có bất kỳ mục đích?

Krishnamurti: Vâng, liệu có thể sống mà không có bất kỳ mục đích, không có bất kỳ nguyên tắc, không có bất kỳ ý định, không có bất kỳ mục tiêu?

Người hỏi: Mục đích là sống.

Krishnamurti: Đối nghịch của điều đó là trôi giạt. Vì vậy chúng ta phải cẩn thận rằng chúng ta không suy nghĩ dựa vào đối nghịch. Nếu tôi không có mục đích, vậy thì tôi chỉ đang trôi giạt. Vì vậy tôi phải rất cẩn thận khi tôi nói, "Tôi có một mục đích là một hình thức của bạo lực"; để không có mục đích có lẽ là để trôi giạt.

Người hỏi: Nhưng điều này không liên quan, thưa ông, bởi vì liệu người ta trôi giạt hay không không là câu hỏi. Câu hỏi là: liệu có thể sống mà không có bạo lực?

Krishnamurti: Tôi chỉ đang cảnh giác, thưa bạn, không đi vào đối nghịch. Bây giờ, liệu có thể sống mà không có phương hướng? Phương hướng có nghĩa sự kháng cự, có nghĩa không xao nhãng, không biến dạng, nó có nghĩa một thúc đẩy liên tục hướng về một mục tiêu. Tại sao tôi muốn một mục đích, một kết thúc? Và kết thúc, mục đích, mục tiêu, nguyên tắc, lý tưởng đó – liệu nó là đúng thực? Hay nó là một việc mà cái trí đã sáng chế bởi vì nó bị quy định, bởi vì nó sợ hãi, bởi vì nó đang tìm kiếm an toàn, cả bên trong lẫn bên ngoài và vì vậy sáng chế cái gì đó rồi theo đuổi nó, hy vọng có an toàn?

Một người hỏi khác: Thỉnh thoảng người ta có lẽ có những gợi ý của cái khác này và những gợi ý đó dường như cho một thúc đẩy.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, người ta có lẽ có một gợi ý của nó, nhưng từng đó không đủ đối với tôi. Tôi sẽ tìm ra liệu có thể sống mà không có xung đột, và đó là một điều đam mê. Nó không là một tưởng tượng thuộc lý thuyết, tôi thực sự muốn tìm ra.

Người hỏi: Vấn đề là, tôi thực sự không cảm thấy vấn đề này.

Krishnamurti: Bạn không cảm thấy nó?

Người hỏi: Không đủ lực để vượt khỏi, để hướng về nó.

Krishnamurti: Tại sao bạn không? Tại sao không? Toàn nghi vấn của sự tồn tại là cái này!

Người hỏi: Tôi nghĩ đây là vấn đề đối với hầu hết chúng tôi.

Krishnamurti: Chúa ơi! Chúng đang đốt cháy, chúng đang hủy diệt, và bạn nói, ‘Tôi xin lỗi, nó thực sự không gây hứng thú cho tôi!”

Người hỏi 1: Nếu vấn đề của bạo lực gây hứng thú cho ông, tôi nghĩ ông đang giúp đỡ sự đốt cháy và tận hưởng nó rồi. Tôi nghĩ nếu ông không có bạo lực trong chính ông, ông sẽ không thực sự hứng thú.

Người hỏi 2: Thưa ông, ý nghĩa của từ ngữ “bạo lực” là gì? Ông muốn bao gồm những việc như là nhiệt thành về cái gì đó, sự thúc đẩy, sự hăng hái? Ông muốn gọi tất cả việc này là bạo lực?

Krishnamurti: Không phải điều gì tôi muốn gọi nó, thưa bạn – bạn gọi nó là gì?

Người hỏi: Tôi không biết . . .

Krishnamurti: Tôi không phải một tiên tri, chúng ta hãy tìm ra. Chúng ta hãy bám vào câu hỏi này. Liệu tôi có thể sống một cách trọn vẹn mà không có bạo lực?

Người hỏi: Chúng ta bị kẹt trong cái bẫy kinh hoàng.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta bị kẹt trong nó; chúng ta vẫn còn trong nó chứ?

Người hỏi: Không, nhưng chúng ta có một thân thể và một cái ngã phải giữ gìn. Điều đó rất khó khăn.

Krishnamurti: Tôi sẽ làm gì? – làm ơn, trả lời câu hỏi của tôi! Đối với tôi đây là điều quan trọng nhất. Thế giới đang bốc cháy. Đừng nói, “Thân thể tôi yếu ớt, điều này khó khăn, điều này không thể được, tôi phải là người ăn chay, tôi không được giết chóc.” Tôi đang hỏi: liệu có thể? Và muốn tìm được điều đó, tôi phải tìm ra cái nguồn của bạo lực này là gì.

Người hỏi: Tôi nghĩ nó là bị phân chia. Nếu tôi bị phân chia tôi phải bạo lực. Tôi cảm thấy tôi sẽ bị hủy diệt, vì vậy tôi sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Vậy là chúng ta chấp nhận bạo lực?

Người hỏi: Không, nhưng chúng ta muốn triệt tiêu sự việc mà chúng ta sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, bạn muốn trình bày nó như thế này: nếu bạn có thể tìm được cái nguồn, gốc rễ của bạo lực này, và nếu gốc rễ đó có thể chết đi, bạn có lẽ sống một loại sống hoàn toàn khác hẳn. Vậy là, liệu không xứng đáng để tìm được gốc rễ của nó là gì, và liệu nó có thể chết đi hay sao?

Người hỏi: Có thể nó liên quan đến sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Tôi không quan tâm đến sợ hãi. Tôi muốn kết thúc bạo lực bởi vì tôi thấy bạo lực sinh ra bạo lực. Bạo lực này là một tiến hành liên tục. Bạn biết việc gì đang xảy ra trong thế giới. Vì vậy tôi tự-hỏi mình: liệu có thể kết thúc bạo lực? Trước khi tôi có thể trả lời câu hỏi đó, tôi phải tìm ra gốc rễ của tất cả những nhánh không đếm xuể này là gì.

Một người hỏi khác: Nhưng chúng ta không thể thực hiện nó bằng cách suy nghĩ về nó.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta sẽ tìm ra. Chúng ta sẽ suy nghĩ về nó và thấy sự vô ích của suy nghĩ, rồi sau đó vượt khỏi. Nhưng chúng ta phải vận dụng thông minh của chúng ta, tư tưởng của chúng ta.

Người hỏi: Chừng nào tôi còn muốn làm bất kỳ việc gì, có bạo lực ở mức độ nghiêm trọng hay nhẹ nhàng.

Krishnamurti: Tôi hiểu điều này. Tôi đã vừa nói, hãy quan sát: liệu có thể sống mà không có bạo lực? Và muốn tìm được, phải có một thâm nhập vào tận gốc rễ của nó.

Người hỏi: Điều gì tôi đang cố gắng nói là, toàn cấu trúc của sống như chúng ta biết nó, là muốn làm điều này, muốn làm điều kia – mọi thứ đều bao hàm bạo lực.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên, thưa bạn, điều đó được đồng ý.

Người hỏi: Nghịch lý thay, người ta có lẽ suy nghĩ về tự-bảo vệ?

Krishnamurti: Các bạn thấy không, tất cả các bạn đều không đang chuyên tâm vào nghi vấn cơ bản, chính yếu.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, ông cứ nói về gốc rễ, nhưng đang sống trong một thị trấn, cách sống là hấp tấp, bạo lực trong xã hội con người chỉ giống như không khí người ta hít thở, nó giống như sương mù bao phủ mọi thứ. Nghi vấn về gốc rễ của nó không nảy ra cho cái trí của tôi. Người ta thấy bạo lực trong một cách giống như thú vật, người ta biết con người đang bị sợ hãi và cư xử trong một cách nào đó, nhưng người ta chỉ nhận biết được một chuỗi của những phản ứng.

Krishnamurti: Tôi hiểu tất cả điều đó, thưa bạn. Tôi đang hỏi bạn: gốc rễ của điều này là gì?

Người hỏi: Cái ngã.

Krishnamurti: Cái ngã! Đúng rồi. Nếu "cái tôi" là gốc rễ của tất cả điều này, tôi sẽ làm gì? Bởi vì đã khám phá cái tôi đang muốn việc này, không đang muốn việc kia, "cái tôi" đang muốn một mục tiêu và theo đuổi nó, "cái tôi" mà kháng cự, mà có một trận chiến với chính nó, nếu đó là gốc rễ của bạo lực – mà đối với tôi nó là gốc rễ – vậy thì tôi sẽ làm gì với nó?

Người hỏi: Bạn không thể làm bất kỳ điều gì.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ đã, thưa bạn! Tôi chấp nhận nó? Tôi sống trong trận chiến này, cùng bạo lực này?

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, tôi cảm thấy rằng nếu ông nói, "Tôi là bạo lực", ông không đến được gốc rễ của nghi vấn.

Krishnamurti: Không, bạn không đến được. Hoàn toàn đúng.

Người hỏi: Bởi vì người ta có thể tiếp tục nói "Tôi là bạo lực" vô tận.

Krishnamurti: Đồng ý. Tôi thấy "cái tôi" cùng tất cả những nhánh của nó là nguyên nhân của bạo lực; chính "cái tôi" gây tách rời: bạn và tôi, chúng tôi và chúng nó; người da đen và người da trắng, người Ả rập và người Do thái, và vân vân.

Người hỏi: Hợp lý, ông có thể nói: loại bỏ “cái tôi”.

Krishnamurti: Làm thế nào cái trí loại bỏ cấu trúc riêng của nó, mà được đặt nền tảng trên “cái tôi”? Thưa bạn, làm ơn hãy nhìn vào nghi vấn. “Cái tôi” là gốc rễ của tất cả điều này; “cái tôi” bị đồng hóa với một quốc gia đặc biệt, với một cộng đồng đặc biệt, với một học thuyết đặc biệt hay sự ưa thích tôn giáo. “Cái tôi” đồng hóa chính nó với một thành kiến đặc biệt, “cái tôi” nói “Tôi phải thành tựu”; và khi nó cảm thấy tuyệt vọng, có sự tức giận và cay đắng. Chính là “cái tôi” mà nói, “Tôi phải đạt được mục tiêu của tôi, tôi phải thành công”, mà muốn và không muốn, mà nói “Tôi phải sống hòa bình”, và chính là cái tôi mà nhận bạo lực.

Người hỏi: Mặc dù nó có vẻ là một thực thể, đối với tôi nó thiên về một hành động, hay một hoạt động. Từ ngữ này không đang dẫn dắt sai lầm chúng ta hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Không, không phải. Không có nghĩa rằng nó là điều gì đó cố định, giống như gốc của một cái cây. Nó là một chuyển động, nó là một vật sống. Một ngày nó cảm thấy tuyệt vời, ngày hôm sau nó lại sầu bi. Một ngày nó đầy đam mê, sinh lực, ngày kế tiếp nó lại mệt nhoài và nói, “Hãy để cho tôi có một chút thanh thản.” Nó là một vật năng động, đang chuyển động liên tục. Làm thế nào chuyển động này sẽ tự-thay đổi chính nó thành một chuyển động khác, mà không trở thành bạo lực? Trước hết chúng ta hãy xếp đặt câu hỏi đúng đắn lại. Chúng ta đã nói: đây là một chuyển động, nó là một vật đang sống, nó không đứng yên, nó không là cái gì đó chết rồi, luôn luôn nó đang tự-thêm vào, và luôn luôn đang tự-lấy đi khỏi chính nó. Đây là “cái tôi”. Và khi “cái tôi” nói, “Tôi phải loại bỏ ‘cái tôi’,” đang muốn một “cái tôi” khác, nó vẫn còn là bạo lực; “cái tôi” mà nói: “Tôi là một người hòa bình, tôi sống hòa bình”, cái tôi mà tìm kiếm sự thật, “cái tôi” mà nói “Tôi phải sống tốt lành, không-bạo lực”, vẫn còn là “cái tôi” mà là nguyên nhân của bạo lực.

Cái trí sẽ làm gì với cái vật đang sống này? Và chính cái trí là “cái tôi”. Bạn hiểu rõ câu hỏi? Bất kỳ chuyển động nào về phần của “cái tôi” để loại bỏ chính nó, để nói “Tôi phải chết đi”, “Tôi phải triệt tiêu chính tôi”, “Tôi phải dần dần loại bỏ cái tôi”, vẫn còn là cùng chuyển động của “cái tôi”, vẫn còn là “cái tôi” mà là gốc rễ của bạo lực. Chúng ta nhận ra điều đó? Chúng ta thực sự thấy điều đó? Không phải lý thuyết, nhưng thực sự nhận ra sự thật của nó, rằng bất kỳ chuyển động nào của “cái tôi” trong bất kỳ phương hướng nào, là hành động của bạo lực. Liệu tôi, một cách thực sự, tiếp xúc được, có tri giác, thấy sự thật của nó, biết cảm giác của nó? Nếu cái trí không thấy, mãi mãi nó có thể tiếp tục đùa giỡn cùng những từ ngữ.

Người hỏi: Cái trí chỉ bao gồm “cái tôi”? Chúng giống hệt nhau?

Krishnamurti: Khi cái trí không bị chiếm hữu bởi “cái tôi”, nó không là “cái tôi”. Nhưng hầu hết chúng ta đều bị chiếm hữu bởi “cái tôi”, nhận biết được hay không-nhận biết được.

Người hỏi: Dường như chúng ta có thể từ bỏ tất cả mọi loại tư tưởng và bởi vì “cái tôi” được sắp xếp vào chung bởi tư tưởng, tại sao chúng ta không thể loại bỏ nó?

Krishnamurti: Không thể loại bỏ bất kỳ thứ gì, ngoại trừ có lẽ hút thuốc lá. Làm ơn, chúng ta hãy bám vào một nghi vấn này: liệu tôi thực sự thấy rằng trong hành động của “cái tôi”, tiêu cực hay tích cực, có một hình thức của bạo lực. Nó là bạo lực. Nếu tôi không thấy nó, tại sao không? Điều gì sai trái với thị lực của tôi, với cảm thấy của tôi? Liệu có phải rằng tôi sợ hãi điều gì sẽ xảy ra nếu tôi thấy nó? Hay tôi bị chán ngán toàn sự việc? Làm ơn, cố gắng lên, thưa các bạn!

Người hỏi: Thỉnh thoảng người ta bị cuốn đi, và thế là . . .

Krishnamurti: Không, thưa bạn, không. Nó không là vấn đề của đang bị cuốn đi. Không phải là bạo lực – tôi muốn tìm ra điều này!

Người hỏi: Chúng ta không thể gom tụ năng lượng để giữ cái trí trong nghi vấn..

Krishnamurti: Không, thưa bạn. Nếu bạn nói bạn không có năng lượng, sự thâu gom của năng lượng đó lại nữa là một hình thức của “cái tôi”, mà nói “Tôi phải có năng lượng với mục đích giải quyết vấn đề này”. Bất kỳ chuyển động nào của “cái tôi”, mà là tư tưởng, có ý thức hay không-ý thức, vẫn còn là “cái tôi”. Tôi thực sự thấy sự thật của điều này?

Người hỏi: Có cái gì đó đằng sau “cái tôi” mà trong bản thể không thuộc tư tưởng?

Krishnamurti: Làm ơn hãy lắng nghe câu hỏi; đừng nói, “Chúng ta không biết hay chúng ta biết.” Có bất kỳ cái gì đằng sau “cái tôi” mà không thuộc cái tôi?

Người hỏi: Nếu có, và chúng ta suy nghĩ về nó, lại nữa nó vẫn là thành phần của “cái tôi”.

Krishnamurti: Ai đang đưa ra câu hỏi này? Chắc chắn nó là “cái tôi”!

Người hỏi: Tại sao không sử dụng nó? Tư tưởng là một công cụ, tại sao không sử dụng nó?

Krishnamurti: Không, bạn không thể nói “Tại sao không” – nó vẫn là chuyển động của “cái tôi”.

Người hỏi: Ông đã nói: chúng ta thực sự thấy rằng bất kỳ chuyển động nào của “cái tôi” là bạo lực? Tôi nghĩ lý do duy nhất mà chúng ta không thể thấy, là bởi vì chúng ta phủ nhận bạo lực.

Krishnamurti: Ồ, không. Hoặc bạn thấy nó hoặc bạn không thấy nó. Nó không là vấn đề của cái gì đó mà ngăn cản bạn không thấy. Tôi không thấy sự thương yêu của tôi với con chó, hay với người vợ, hay với người chồng của tôi, bởi vì vẻ đẹp của nó là thành phần của tôi; bởi vì tôi nghĩ rằng nó là một trạng thái tuyệt vời nhất.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, qua định nghĩa hầu như ông đã nói rằng sống là bạo lực, chuyển động, thay đổi.

Krishnamurti: Như chúng ta sống bây giờ, sống, đang sống, là một hình thức của bạo lực.

Người hỏi: Liệu sống có thể được nếu không thay đổi, nếu không chuyển động?

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì chúng ta đang hỏi. Sống mà chúng ta sống là một sống của bạo lực, mà bị gây ra bởi “cái tôi”, và chúng ta đang hỏi: liệu chúng ta có thấy rằng bất kỳ chuyển động nào của “cái tôi” trong bất kỳ phương hướng nào, có ý thức hay không-ý thức, là một hình thức của bạo lực? Nếu tôi không thấy nó, tại sao tôi không thấy? Điều gì sai trái?

Người hỏi: Dường như đối với tôi chính là “cái tôi” mà đang thấy nó.

Krishnamurti: Hãy chờ một chút. Chính là cái tôi mà thấy nó?

Người hỏi: Nó là thông minh?

Krishnamurti: Tôi không biết, bạn tìm ra! Cái gì mà thấy rằng “cái tôi” là gốc rễ của tất cả ma mãnh này? Thưa bạn, làm ơn hãy quan sát nó. Ai thấy nó?

Người hỏi: Tôi không thấy nó. Tôi sợ hãi phải từ bỏ mọi thứ mà tôi đã biết.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy bạn không muốn thấy rằng “cái tôi” chịu trách nhiệm cho sự hỗn loạn kinh tởm này. Bởi vì người ta nói: Tôi không thèm quan tâm liệu thế giới có sụp đổ, nhưng tôi muốn có một góc cỏn con của tôi. Vì vậy tôi không thấy “cái tôi”, gốc rễ của tất cả ma mãnh.

Người hỏi: Ông muốn nói có một “cái tôi” nữa, khác hẳn tiến trình suy nghĩ có một mục tiêu trong tầm nhìn? Khi tôi suy nghĩ về điều gì đó, về một mục tiêu, đối với tôi đây là “cái tôi”, và không có “cái tôi” nào nữa ngoại trừ tiến trình đó.

Krishnamurti: Tất nhiên.

Người hỏi: Nhưng ông đã nói nó không là cái vật mà thấy ý nghĩa của câu hỏi.

Krishnamurti: Không. Chúng ta đã nói, “cái tôi” này là một vật đang sống, một chuyển động. Luôn luôn nó đang tự-thêm vào cho nó và đang tự-lấy đi khỏi nó. Và “cái tôi” này, chuyển động này, là gốc rễ của tất cả bạo lực. Không chỉ là “cái tôi” này như cái gì đó đứng yên mà sáng chế ra linh hồn, mà sáng chế ra Thượng đế, Thiên đàng và hình phạt – nó là tổng thể của cái đó.

Chúng ta đang hỏi: liệu cái trí nhận ra rằng “cái tôi” là nguyên nhân của sự ma mãnh này? Cái trí – dùng từ ngữ thông minh nếu bạn thích – mà thấy toàn cái bản đồ của bạo lực, tất cả những tinh tế của nó, thấy nó bằng đang quan sát, cái trí này nói: đó là gốc rễ của tất cả xấu xa. Vì vậy bây giờ cái trí hỏi: liệu có thể sống mà không có “cái tôi”?

Người hỏi: Sự tiến hành của đang thấy khác biệt với sự tiến hành của đang chuyển động trong một phương hướng nào đó đến cái gì đó.

Krishnamurti: Đúng. Sự tiến hành của đang thấy hoàn toàn khác biệt. Nó không là một tiến hành. Tôi không sử dụng từ ngữ đó. Thấy là đang thấy ngay lúc này; nó không là sự tiến hành của đang thấy. Đang thấy là đang hành động. Bây giờ, liệu cái trí thấy toàn bản đồ của bạo lực và gốc rễ của nó? Và cái gì thấy? Nếu “cái tôi” thấy nó, vậy thì nó sợ hãi sống một cách khác biệt, vậy thì “cái tôi” nói “Tôi phải tự-bảo vệ chính tôi, tôi phải kháng cự việc này, tôi bị sợ hãi”. Vậy là “cái tôi” khước từ thấy bản đồ. Nhưng đang thấy không là “cái tôi”.

Người hỏi: Đang thấy không có mục đích, phải không?

Krishnamurti: Không có mục đích trong đang thấy bản đồ; nó chỉ thấy.

Người hỏi: Nhưng, ngay lập tức tôi nói rằng tôi thấy nó . . .

Krishnamurti: Chờ một chút! Liệu chúng ta nhận ra rằng cái trí mà đang quan sát toàn bản đồ này hoàn toàn khác hẳn "cái tôi" mà thấy nó và sợ hãi xóa sạch nó? Có hai sự quan sát khác biệt: "cái tôi" đang thấy, và "đang thấy". "Cái tôi" đang thấy chắc chắn phải bị sợ hãi, và vì vậy phải kháng cự và nói, "Tôi sẽ sống ra sao? Tôi sẽ làm gì? Tôi phải từ bỏ việc này? Tôi phải bám chặt nó?" và vân vân. Chúng ta đã nói: bất kỳ chuyển động nào của "cái tôi" đều là bạo lực. Nhưng có một thuần túy đang thấy bản đồ, mà hoàn toàn khác biệt. Điều này rõ ràng? Bây giờ, bạn đang làm điều gì?

Người hỏi: "Cái tôi" đang thấy.

Krishnamurti: Bạn nói "cái tôi" đang thấy – vì vậy nó bị sợ hãi.

Một người hỏi khác: Dĩ nhiên, nó bị sợ hãi.

Krishnamurti: Bạn sẽ làm gì, khi đang biết rằng bất kỳ chuyển động nào của "cái tôi" vẫn còn đang làm tăng thêm sợ hãi đó?

Người hỏi: Tôi không biết.

Krishnamurti: A! Bạn có ý gì qua câu nói, "Tôi không biết"?

Người hỏi: Đối với tôi, "cái tôi" là tất cả mà tôi biết.

Krishnamurti: Không, thưa bạn, chúng ta đã giải thích nó rất rõ ràng. Làm ơn hãy lắng nghe điều này. Có hai hành động của đang thấy. Đang thấy cái bản đồ một cách không-phương hướng, không-mục đích, thuần túy đang thấy, và "cái tôi" đang thấy – cái tôi cùng mục đích của nó, cùng thúc đẩy của nó, cùng phương hướng của nó, cùng những kháng cự của nó. Nó thấy và sợ hãi làm việc này, hay việc kia.

Người hỏi: Lúc này ông đang sử dụng từ ngữ “thấy” trong cùng cách mà ông thường nói về “nhận biết”?

Krishnamurti: Tôi chỉ đang sử dụng từ ngữ “đang thấy” cho một thay đổi mà thôi, đó là tất cả.

Người hỏi: Thưa ông, ông nói với tôi rằng có một trạng thái mà trong đó ông có thể thấy không có “cái tôi”, nhưng tôi chưa bao giờ trải nghiệm điều này.

Krishnamurti: Thực hiện nó lúc này đi, thưa bạn! Tôi đang chỉ rõ nó cho bạn! Có “cái tôi” mà nhìn toàn cái bản đồ của bạo lực này và vì vậy bị sợ hãi và kháng cự. Và có một “đang thấy” khác mà không thuộc “cái tôi”, mà chỉ quan sát, một cách không-mục đích, không-mục tiêu, và nói, “Tôi chỉ thấy nó”.

Nhưng điều này đơn giản, phải không? Tôi thấy bạn có một cái áo màu xanh; tôi không nói, “Tôi thích nó” hay “Tôi không thích nó”, tôi chỉ thấy nó. Nhưng khoảnh khắc tôi nói, “Tôi thích nó”, nó đã là “cái tôi” đang nói “Tôi thích nó”; và thế là tất cả mọi chuyện của nó theo sau. Điều này rõ ràng rồi – ít ra cũng bằng từ ngữ.

Người hỏi: Liệu chúng ta có thể tìm hiểu vấn đề của tại sao đang quan sát mà không có “cái tôi” này lại quá khó khăn và hiếm khi nào xảy ra?

Krishnamurti: Tôi không nghĩ điều đó khó khăn. Đừng nói điều đó khó khăn; vậy thì bạn bị kẹt cứng, vậy thì bạn đã tự khóa chặt mình.

Người hỏi: Liệu người ta có thể tóm tắt điều này bằng cách nói rằng trong một trường hợp có một đang thấy mà không có mục đích, và trong một trường hợp khác mục đích được bao hàm?

Krishnamurti: Đúng, đó là tất cả. Liệu tôi có thể quan sát mà không có phương hướng? Khi tôi quan sát có một phương hướng, nó là “cái tôi”. Tôi xin phép hỏi, sự khó khăn trong điều này là gì?

Một người khác hỏi: Thường thường chúng ta có ảo tưởng mà đang quan sát, với một phương hướng đang quan sát.

Krishnamurti: Rõ ràng đang quan sát với một phương hướng không là đang quan sát.

Người hỏi: Có một khác biệt giữa đang quan sát và đang thấy. Nếu người ta đang quan sát, người ta có liên quan.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta hãy đừng gây phức tạp nó. Chúng ta đã hỏi: liệu cái trí thấy toàn cái bản đồ, mà không có bất kỳ phương hướng?

Người hỏi: Cái bản đồ được chọn lựa từ cả hai phương hướng.

Krishnamurti: Đừng, đừng. Chỉ quan sát. Toàn cấu trúc của “cái tôi” này là bạo lực; cấu trúc là cách tôi sống, cách tôi suy nghĩ, cách tôi cảm giác, toàn phản ứng của tôi đến mọi thứ là một hình thức của bạo lực mà là “cái tôi”. Đó là tất cả trong bảng phân loại của thời gian. “Đang thấy” không có thời gian – bạn là đang thấy nó. Khoảnh khắc tôi thấy cùng thời gian có sợ hãi.

Người hỏi: Có đang thấy, và vật được thấy. Khi một lần bạn đã thấy cái gì đó, nó là cái trí cũ kỹ mà đã thấy?

Krishnamurti: Đúng. Bây giờ, hãy tìm ra, thưa bạn, bạn thấy như thế nào? Bạn thấy một cách không-mục đích, hay có mục đích? Bạn thấy dựa vào thời gian? Đó là, bạn nói, “Điều đó quá khó khăn, điều đó quá phức tạp, tôi sẽ làm gì?” Hay bạn thấy mà không có thời gian?

Nếu bạn nói, “Tôi không thấy nó mà không có thời gian,” câu hỏi kế tiếp là, “Tại sao? Sự khó khăn là gì?” Nó là sự mù lòa thuộc thân thể, hay nó là không-ưa thích quan sát bất kỳ thứ gì như nó là? Có phải do bởi chúng ta không bao giờ quan sát bất kỳ thứ gì một cách thẳng thắn, luôn luôn đang cố gắng lẩn tránh, tẩu thoát? Vì vậy, nếu bạn đang tẩu thoát, chúng ta hãy thấy tẩu thoát đó – đừng cố gắng tìm ra làm thế nào để kháng cự sự tẩu thoát.

BROCKWOOD PARK

Ngày 6 tháng 6 năm 1970

XI – BÀN VỀ THÔNG MINH

Nói chuyện giữa J. Krishnamurti

và Giáo sư David Bohm

Tư tưởng thuộc về trật tự của thời gian; thông minh thuộc về một trật tự khác hẳn, một chất lượng khác hẳn. Liệu thông minh liên quan với tư tưởng? Bộ não, công cụ của thông minh; tư tưởng như “một mũi tên chỉ”. Tư tưởng, không phải thông minh, thống trị thế giới. Vấn đề của tư tưởng và sự thức dậy của thông minh. Thông minh đang vận hành trong một cái khung bị giới hạn có thể phục vụ cho những mục đích rất không-thông minh. Vật chất, tư tưởng, thông minh có một nguồn chung, là một năng lượng; tại sao nó đã tách rời? An toàn và sinh tồn: tư tưởng có thể suy nghĩ về chết một cách đúng đắn. “Liệu cái trí có thể giữ được sự tinh khiết của cái nguồn căn nguyên?” Nghi vấn của làm yên lặng tư tưởng. Thấu triệt, sự nhận biết của tổng thể, là cần thiết. Chuyển tải mà không có sự can thiệp của cái trí có ý thức..

Bohm: Về thông minh, tôi luôn luôn muốn tìm hiểu nguồn gốc của một từ ngữ cũng như nghĩa lý của nó. Điều đó rất hứng thú; intelligence đến từ inter và legere mà có nghĩa là “Đọc giữa”. Vì vậy dường như đối với tôi, ông có thể nói rằng tư tưởng giống như thông tin trong một quyển sách và rằng thông minh đó phải đọc nó, ý nghĩa của nó. Tôi nghĩ điều này cho một nhận thức khá tốt về thông minh.

Krishnamurti: Đọc những hàng.

Bohm: Vâng, để thấy nó có nghĩa gì. Cũng có một ý nghĩa khác được cho trong từ điển đó là: sự nhận biết thuộc tinh thần.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, sự nhận biết thuộc tinh thần.

Bohm: Điều này rất khác biệt với những người mà có trong cái trí điều gì khi họ đo lường về thông minh. Bây giờ, khi suy nghĩ nhiều sự việc ông đã trình bày, ông muốn nói thông minh không là tư tưởng. Ông nói rằng tư tưởng xảy ra trong bộ não cũ kỹ, nó là một qui trình vật lý đang xảy ra, thuộc điện hóa học; nó đã được chứng thực đầy đủ bởi khoa học rằng tất cả tư tưởng từ cơ bản là một qui trình thuộc điện từ, hóa học, vật lý. Vậy thì có lẽ chúng ta có thể nói rằng thông minh không thuộc về cùng trật tự, nó không thuộc về trật tự của thời gian gì cả.

Krishnamurti: Thông minh.

Bohm: Vâng, thông minh đọc tư tưởng này, thấy được ý nghĩa của nó. Tôi nghĩ chúng ta có thể khởi đầu bằng câu hỏi, có thêm một vấn đề nữa, ông đã nói rằng bộ não cũ kỹ rất cần thiết phải thấy những giới hạn của nó, để cho nó ở trong những giới hạn của nó và không gây rắc rối. Dĩ nhiên tư tưởng có khuynh hướng liên tục lo nghĩ về một nghi vấn nếu nó không thấy được rõ ràng rằng nghi vấn đó không có ý nghĩa, tư tưởng có lẽ liên tục bị dằn vặt bởi nó. Bây giờ tôi nghĩ một trong những nghi vấn nảy sinh là thế này: nếu ông nói tư tưởng là vật chất, vậy thì cái trí hay thông minh hay bất kỳ cái gì ông muốn gọi nó, dường như khác hẳn, nó thuộc về một trật tự khác hẳn. Ông muốn nói có một khác biệt thực sự giữa vật chất và thông minh?

Krishnamurti: Vâng, chúng ta đang nói rằng tư tưởng là vật chất? Chúng ta hãy trình bày nó theo cách khác.

Bohm: Vật chất? Tôi thích gọi nó là một qui trình vật chất.

Krishnamurti: Đúng rồi; tư tưởng là một qui trình vật chất, và sự khác biệt giữa nó và thông minh là gì? Liệu thông minh là sản phẩm của tư tưởng?

Bohm: Và nó nảy sinh nhiều nghi vấn mà tôi nghĩ sẽ quan trọng cho khoa học.

Krishnamurti: Liệu thông minh là sản phẩm của tư tưởng?

Bohm: Ồ, tôi nghĩ chúng ta đã quen thuộc rồi, nó không phải.

Krishnamurti: Nó không phải. Tại sao chúng ta quen thuộc điều đó?

Bohm: Đơn giản thôi, bởi vì tư tưởng có tánh máy móc.

Krishnamurti: Tư tưởng có tánh máy móc, điều đó đúng.

Bohm: Thông minh lại không.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy tư tưởng có thể đo lường được, thông minh không thể đo lường được. Và nó xảy ra như thế nào để cho thông minh này hiện diện? Nếu tư tưởng không liên quan với thông minh, vậy thì liệu sự kết thúc của tư tưởng là sự thức dậy của thông minh? Hay thông minh đó, bởi vì độc lập khỏi tư tưởng, và thế là không thuộc thời gian, nên luôn luôn hiện diện?

Bohm: Điều đó nảy sinh nhiều nghi vấn khó.

Krishnamurti: Tôi biết.

Bohm: Tôi muốn đặt điều này trong một cái khung của suy nghĩ rằng người ta có thể liên kết với bất kỳ những quan điểm khoa học nào mà có lẽ tồn tại.

Krishnamurti: Vâng.

Bohm: Hoặc chỉ ra rằng nó phù hợp hay không phù hợp. Vì vậy ông nói thông minh có lẽ luôn luôn ở đó.

Krishnamurti: Tôi đang hỏi – liệu nó luôn luôn ở đó?

Bohm: Nó có lẽ hay không có lẽ. Hay có thể rằng cái gì đó ngăn cản thông minh?

Krishnamurti: Bạn thấy những người theo đạo Phật và những người theo Ấn độ giáo có lý thuyết, nếu tôi đúng, những người Ấn độ giáo cổ xưa, rằng thông minh đó, hay Brahman luôn luôn hiện diện và bị che đậy bởi ảo tưởng, bởi vật chất, bởi ngu dốt, bởi mọi loại sự việc ma mãnh được tạo ra bởi tư tưởng. Tôi không biết liệu họ muốn tiến xa đến thế.

Bohm: Ồ, vâng; thật ra chúng ta không thấy sự hiện diện vĩnh viễn của thông minh.

Krishnamurti: Họ nói rằng lột bỏ tất cả cái này, cái đó hiện diện ở đó. Vì vậy giả thuyết của họ là nó luôn luôn hiện diện.

Bohm: Có một khó khăn trong điều này, trong từ ngữ “luôn luôn”.

Krishnamurti: Vâng.

Bohm: Bởi vì “luôn luôn” ngụ ý thời gian.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng.

Bohm: Và đó chính là sự rắc rối. Thời gian là tư tưởng – tôi muốn trình bày rằng tư tưởng thuộc trật tự của thời gian, hay có lẽ ngược lại, rằng thời gian thuộc trật tự của tư tưởng. Dùng những từ ngữ khác tư tưởng đã sáng chế thời gian, và thật ra tư tưởng là thời gian. Cách tôi hiểu nó là rằng, tư tưởng có lẽ phủ qua toàn thời gian trong một khoảnh khắc; nhưng sau đó tư tưởng luôn luôn đang thay đổi mà không nhận biết rằng nó đang thay đổi một cách vật lý – vì những lý do vật lý, đó là như thế.

Krishnamurti: Vâng.

Bohm: Không phải những lý do hợp lý.

Krishnamurti: Không.

Bohm: Những lý do không liên quan đến cái gì đó tổng thể, nhưng chúng phải liên quan đến chuyển động vật lý nào đó trong bộ não; vì vậy . . .

Krishnamurti: . . . chúng lệ thuộc vào môi trường sống và mọi loại sự việc.

Bohm: Vì vậy khi tư tưởng thay đổi cùng với thời gian ý nghĩa của nó không còn kiên định nữa, nó trở thành mâu thuẫn, nó thay đổi một cách tùy tiện.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, tôi sẽ theo sát điều đó.

Bohm: Sau đó ông bắt đầu suy nghĩ, mọi thứ đang thay đổi, tôi thay đổi, mọi thứ thay đổi, và người ta bắt đầu suy nghĩ rằng “Tôi ở trong thời gian”. Khi thời gian mở rộng nó trở thành bao la, quá khứ trước tôi đã là, lùi lại thêm nữa và thêm nữa trở ngược về sau và cũng vậy tiến về trước trong tương lai, thế là bạn bắt đầu nói thời gian là bản thể của tất cả, thời gian chế ngự tất cả. Đầu tiên đứa trẻ có lẽ nghĩ rằng, “Tôi là vĩnh viễn”, vậy thì cậu ta hiểu rõ rằng cậu ta ở trong thời gian. Quan điểm thông thường mà chúng ta có là, thời gian là bản thể của sự tồn tại. Tôi nghĩ điều này không chỉ là quan điểm thông thường của giác quan mà còn là quan điểm của khoa học. Từ bỏ một quan điểm như thế rất khó khăn bởi vì nó là một bị quy định rất sâu đậm. Nó còn sâu đậm hơn cả bị quy định của người quan sát và vật được quan sát.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, đúng. Chúng ta đang nói rằng tư tưởng là thời gian, tư tưởng có thể đo lường được, tư tưởng có thể thay đổi, bổ sung, lan rộng? Và liệu thông minh thuộc một chất lượng hoàn toàn khác hẳn?

Bohm: Vâng, trật tự khác hẳn, chất lượng khác hẳn. Và tôi chấp nhận một ấn tượng của tư tưởng liên quan đến thời gian này. Nếu chúng ta nghĩ về quá khứ và tương lai, chúng ta nghĩ về quá khứ như đang trở thành tương lai; nhưng ông có thể thấy rằng điều đó không thể được, rằng nó chỉ là tư tưởng. Tuy nhiên người ta có ấn tượng rằng cùng nhau quá khứ và tương lai là hiện tại và có chuyển động trong một phương hướng khác; rằng toàn khuôn mẫu này đang chuyển động.

Krishnamurti: Toàn khuôn mẫu đang chuyển động.

Bohm: Nhưng tôi có thể hình dung nó chuyển động như thế nào. Nói cách khác nó đang chuyển động trong một phương hướng vuông góc với phương hướng giữa quá khứ và tương lai. Thoạt nhìn tôi bắt đầu nghĩ rằng chuyển động đó ở trong một thời gian khác.

Krishnamurti: Đúng, đúng.

Bohm: Nhưng điều đó dẫn ông vào lại sự nghịch lý.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, đó là như thế. Liệu thông minh ở ngoài thời gian và vì vậy không liên quan đến tư tưởng, mà là một chuyển động của thời gian?

Bohm: Nhưng vẫn vậy tư tưởng phải liên quan đến nó.

Krishnamurti: Thế à? Tôi đang hỏi. Tôi nghĩ nó không liên quan.

Bohm: Không liên quan sao? Nhưng thoạt đầu dường như có một liên quan nào đó trong ý nghĩa rằng ông phân biệt rõ giữa tư tưởng thông minh và tư tưởng không-thông minh.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, nhưng điều đó đòi hỏi thông minh công nhận tư tưởng không-thông minh.

Bohm: Nhưng khi thông minh đọc được tư tưởng, sự liên quan là gì?

Kríisnamurti: Chúng ta hãy thâm nhập từ từ . . .

Bohm: Và liệu tư tưởng phản ứng lại thông minh? Tư tưởng không thay đổi hay sao?

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta hãy đơn giản lại. Tư tưởng là thời gian. Tư tưởng là chuyển động trong thời gian. Tư tưởng có thể đo lường được và tư tưởng vận hành trong lãnh vực của thời gian, tất cả đang chuyển động, đang thay đổi, đang chuyển biến. Liệu thông minh ở trong lãnh vực của thời gian?

Bohm: Ồ, chúng ta đã thấy rằng trong một ý nghĩa nó không thể được. Nhưng sự việc không rõ ràng. Trước hết tư tưởng có tánh máy móc.

Krishnamurti: Tư tưởng có tánh máy móc, điều đó rõ ràng.

Bohm: Thứ hai, trong ý nghĩa nào đó có một chuyển động mà thuộc về một thời gian khác hẳn.

Krishnamurti: Tư tưởng có tánh máy móc; thuộc máy móc nó không chuyển động trong một phương hướng khác hẳn và mọi chuyện như thế. Liệu thông minh có tánh máy móc? Chúng ta hãy giải thích một cách khác.

Bohm: Tôi muốn đặt câu hỏi, trạng thái máy móc có nghĩa là gì?

Krishnamurti: Được rồi: lặp lại, đo lường, so sánh.

Bohm: Tôi cũng muốn nói lệ thuộc.

Krishnamurti: Đúng, lệ thuộc.

Bohm: Thông minh – chúng ta hãy rõ ràng – thông minh không thể lệ thuộc vào bất kỳ quy định nào cho sự thật của nó. Nhưng dường như trong ý nghĩa nào đó thông minh không vận hành nếu bộ não không lành mạnh.

Krishnamurti: Chắc chắn.

Bohm: Trong ý nghĩa đó thông minh dường như phụ thuộc vào bộ não.

Krishnamurti: Hay liệu nó là sự yên lặng của bộ não?

Bohm: Đúng rồi, nó phụ thuộc vào sự yên lặng của bộ não.

Krishnamurti: Không phải vào hoạt động của bộ não.

Bohm: Vẫn có sự liên quan nào đó giữa thông minh và bộ não. Tôi hiểu rõ điều này bởi vì có một lần chúng ta đã bàn luận nghi vấn này cách đây nhiều năm, khi tôi đưa ra ý tưởng rằng trong vật lý ông có thể dùng một dụng cụ đo lường trong hai cách, cực dương và cực âm. Giống như một dòng điện, ông có thể đo lường dòng điện bằng sự chuyển động của cái cái kim trong dụng cụ, hay ông có thể dùng nó trong phương pháp được gọi là cầu Wheatstone, nơi mà số ghi ông tìm kiếm là một số ghi 0, số ghi 0 chỉ ra sự hòa hợp, sự cân bằng của hai phía của toàn hệ thống như nó đã là. Vì vậy nếu ông dùng dụng cụ số ghi âm, lúc đó sự không-vận hành của dụng cụ là dấu hiệu nó đang làm việc đúng. Liệu chúng ta có thể nói bộ não có lẽ đã sử dụng tư tưởng tích cực để tạo nên một hình ảnh của thế giới . . .

Krishnamurti: . . . mà là sự vận hành của tư tưởng, một trong những vận hành.

Bohm: Vận hành khác của tư tưởng là tiêu cực mà chỉ không-hòa hợp.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, không-hòa hợp. Chúng ta hãy tiếp tục từ đó. Liệu thông minh có phụ thuộc vào bộ não – chúng ta đến được điểm đó. Hay khi chúng ta sử dụng từ ngữ “phụ thuộc” chúng ta có ý gì qua từ ngữ đó?

Bohm: Nó có thể có nhiều ý nghĩa. Có lẽ là sự lệ thuộc đơn giản có tính máy móc. Nhưng có một loại khác: rằng người ta không thể tồn tại nếu không có những thứ khác. Nếu tôi nói, “Tôi lệ thuộc vào lương thực để tồn tại”, nó không có nghĩa rằng mọi sự việc tôi suy nghĩ được khẳng định bởi thứ gì tôi ăn.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, hoàn toàn đúng.

Bohm: Vì vậy tôi gợi ý rằng thông minh phụ thuộc vào bộ não cho sự tồn tại của nó, mà có thể chỉ ra không-hòa hợp, nhưng bộ não không có bất kỳ liên quan nào đến nội dung của thông minh.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy nếu bộ não không-hòa hợp, liệu thông minh có thể vận hành?

Bohm: Đó là nghi vấn.

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì chúng ta đang nói. Nó không thể vận hành nếu bộ não bị tổn thương.

Bohm: Nếu thông minh không vận hành, liệu có thông minh? Vì vậy dường như rằng thông minh cần có bộ não với mục đích để hiện diện.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng bộ não chỉ là một công cụ.

Bohm: Mà chỉ rõ ra sự hòa hợp hay không-hòa hợp này.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng nó không là vật sáng tạo của cái còn lại.

Bohm: Không.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu điều này chầm chậm.

Bohm: Bộ não không tạo ra thông minh nhưng nó là một công cụ giúp đỡ thông minh vận hành. Đó là như vậy.

Krishnamurti: Đúng là như vậy. Bây giờ nếu bộ não đang vận hành trong lãnh vực của thời gian, lên và xuống, tiêu cực và tích cực, trong bất kỳ cách nào, trong chuyển động đó, hay qua chuyển động của thời gian đó, liệu thông minh có thể vận hành? Hay công cụ đó phải yên lặng để cho thông minh vận hành?

Bohm: Vâng. Tôi muốn giải thích nó một cách khác khá đơn giản. Sự yên lặng của công cụ là sự vận hành của thông minh.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, điều đó đúng. Hai cái này không tách rời.

Bohm: Chúng là một và giống nhau. Không-yên lặng của dụng cụ là thất bại của thông minh.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng.

Bohm: Nhưng tôi nghĩ nó sẽ hữu dụng khi quay lại những câu hỏi mà có khuynh hướng được đặt ra trong toàn suy nghĩ thuộc triết học và khoa học. Chúng ta sẽ đặt ra câu hỏi: liệu có một ý nghĩa nào đó mà trong nó thông minh tồn tại độc lập khỏi vật chất? Ông thấy rằng một số người đã nghĩ rằng cái trí và vật chất có những loại tồn tại khác hẳn. Đây là một câu hỏi nảy sinh. Nó có lẽ không liên quan, nhưng tôi nghĩ câu hỏi nên được suy nghĩ trong cách này hay cách khác với mục đích giúp đỡ làm cho cái trí yên lặng.

Sự suy nghĩ về những câu hỏi mà không thể được trả lời rõ ràng là một trong những sự việc mà gây bứt rứt cho cái trí.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng bạn thấy không, khi bạn hỏi, liệu tư tưởng sẽ giúp đỡ sự thức dậy của thông minh? Khi bạn giải thích theo lối đó nó có nghĩa rằng như thế, phải không? Tư tưởng và vật chất và sự vận dụng của tư tưởng và chuyển động của tư tưởng, hay tư tưởng đang tự nói với chính nó, “Tôi sẽ yên lặng với mục đích cho thông minh thức dậy”. Bất kỳ chuyển động nào của tư tưởng là thời gian, bất kỳ chuyển động nào, bởi vì nó có thể đo lường được, nó đang vận hành một cách tích cực hay tiêu cực, một cách hòa hợp hay không-hòa hợp, trong lãnh vực này. Và khi nhận ra rằng tư tưởng có lẽ nói một cách không-ý thức, hay không-nhận biết, rằng “Tôi sẽ yên lặng với mục đích để có cái này hay cái kia”, vậy thì điều đó vẫn còn trong lãnh vực của thời gian.

Bohm: Vâng. Nó vẫn đang chiếu rọi.

Krishnamurti: Nó đang chiếu rọi nó để nắm bắt nó. Vì vậy từ đó, làm thế nào thông minh này xảy ra được – không phải làm thế nào – khi nào nó thức dậy?

Bohm: Một lần nữa câu hỏi ở trong thời gian.

Krishnamurti: Đó là lý do tại sao tôi không muốn sử dụng từ ngữ “khi nào” và “làm thế nào”.

Bohm: Thậm chí ông không thể hỏi, liệu có những điều kiện cho nó để nó được thức dậy, ông chỉ có thể nói rằng điều kiện cho nó thức dậy là sự không-vận hành của tư tưởng.

Krishnamurti: Vâng.

Bohm: Nhưng nó giống hệt như là sự thức dậy, nó không thuần túy là điều kiện của nó. Thậm chí ông không thể hỏi liệu có những điều kiện cho thông minh thức dậy? Ngay cả khi nói về một điều kiện là một dạng của tư tưởng.

Krishnamurti: Vâng. Chúng ta hãy đồng ý, bất kỳ chuyển động nào của tư tưởng trong bất kỳ phương hướng nào, đứng, ngang, trong hành động hay không-hành động, vẫn còn trong thời gian – bất kỳ chuyển động nào của tư tưởng.

Bohm: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Vậy thì sự liên quan của chuyển động đó đến thông minh này mà không là một chuyển động, mà không thuộc thời gian, mà không là sản phẩm của tư tưởng, và vân vân và vân vân là gì? Hai cái này có thể gặp gỡ ở đâu?

Bohm: Chúng không gặp gỡ. Nhưng cũng có sự liên quan nào đó.

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì chúng ta đang cố gắng tìm ra. Trước hết, liệu có bất kỳ liên quan nào? Người ta nghĩ có một liên quan, người ta hy vọng có một liên quan, người ta chiếu rọi một liên quan. Liệu có một liên quan?

Bohm: Điều đó tùy thuộc vào điều gì ông có ý qua từ ngữ liên quan?

Krishnamurti: Liên quan: là tiếp xúc, công nhận, một cảm giác khi đang tiếp xúc.

Bohm: Ồ, từ ngữ liên quan có lẽ có nghĩa khác nữa.

Krishnamurti: Nó còn có nghĩa nào khác?

Bohm: Ví dụ có một đường song song, phải không? Sự hòa hợp của hai. Đó là, hai sự việc có lẽ được liên quan mà không có sự tiếp xúc nhưng chỉ bằng cách đơn giản là hòa hợp.

Krishnamurti: Hòa hợp có nghĩa là một chuyển động của cả hai trong cùng một phương hướng?

Bohm: Trong cách nào đó nó có lẽ cũng có nghĩa trong cùng trật tự.

Krishnamurti: Trong cùng trật tự: cùng trật tự, cùng phương hướng, cùng chiều sâu, cùng mãnh liệt – tất cả điều đó là sự hòa hợp. Nhưng liệu tư tưởng có bao giờ hòa hợp – tư tưởng như chuyển động, không phải tư tưởng bất động?

Bohm: Tôi hiểu. Có tư tưởng đó mà ông trừu tượng hóa như bất động, trong hình học, chúng ta hãy nói, điều đó có lẽ có một hòa hợp nào đó; nhưng tư tưởng như nó thực sự chuyển động luôn luôn bị mâu thuẫn.

Krishnamurti: Thế là không có sự hòa hợp trong chính nó. Thông minh có sự hòa hợp trong chính nó.

Bohm: Tôi nghĩ rằng tôi thấy được cái nguồn của sự hỗn loạn. Chúng ta có những sản phẩm bất động của tư tưởng mà dường như có một sự hòa hợp tương đối nào đó. Nhưng thật ra sự hòa hợp đó là kết quả của thông minh, ít nhất dường như đối với tôi. Trong toán học chúng ta có lẽ có được một hòa hợp tương đối nào đó của sản phẩm của tư tưởng, mặc dù chuyển động thực sự của tư tưởng của một người toán học không nhất thiết ở trong sự hòa hợp, thông thường sẽ không hòa hợp. Bây giờ sự hòa hợp đó mà xuất hiện trong toán học là kết quả của thông minh, phải không?

Krishnamurti: Tiếp tục đi, thưa bạn.

Bohm: Nó không là sự hòa hợp hoàn hảo bởi vì mỗi hình thức của toán học đã được chứng thực rằng có sự giới hạn nào đó; đó là lý do tại sao tôi gọi nó chỉ là tương đối.

Krishnamurti: Vâng.

Bohm: Nhưng chúng ta muốn tìm hiểu thêm nữa và nói rằng không quá nhiều tư tưởng ngoại trừ hành động. Có một khía cạnh khác thuộc nghi vấn của thời gian, đó là hành động chúng ta thông thường làm, mà trong đó dường như chúng ta cũng cần thời gian, thời gian tuần tự. Và dường như đối với tôi ít ra, hành động đó phải trong hòa hợp.

Krishnamurti: Thưa bạn, như chúng ta đã nói, tư tưởng là chuyển động, trong chuyển động đó liệu có sự hòa hợp? Nếu có, vậy thì nó có liên quan với cái còn lại. Nếu không có sự hòa hợp và vì vậy nó là mâu thuẫn, thay đổi, và mọi chuyện như thế, vậy thì nó không có liên quan với cái còn lại.

Bohm: Vậy thì ông sẽ nói rằng chúng ta có thể hoàn toàn làm bất kỳ việc gì mà không có tư tưởng?

Krishnamurti: Tôi sẽ nói nó một cách khác. Thông minh sử dụng tư tưởng.

Bohm: Đúng rồi. Nhưng làm thế nào nó sử dụng cái gì đó mà không hòa hợp?

Krishnamurti: Trong ý nghĩa, diễn tả, chuyển tải, sử dụng tư tưởng mà là mâu thuẫn, mà không hòa hợp, để tạo ra những sự việc trong thế giới.

Bohm: Nhưng vẫn vậy, phải có sự hòa hợp trong ý nghĩa nào đó, trong việc gì được làm với tư tưởng, trong điều gì chúng ta vừa diễn tả.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta hãy tìm hiểu chầm chậm vấn đề này. Trước hết liệu chúng ta có thể diễn tả thành những từ ngữ, một cách tích cực hay tiêu cực, thông minh là gì, không-thông minh là gì? Hay liệu không thể bởi vì những từ ngữ là tư tưởng, thời gian, đo lường và mọi chuyện như thế?

Bohm: Chúng ta không thể đặt nó trong những từ ngữ. Chúng ta đang cố gắng giải thích. Liệu chúng ta có thể nói rằng tư tưởng có thể vận hành như “mũi tên chỉ” đến thông minh, và vì vậy sự mâu thuẫn của nó không đặt thành vấn đề.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng. Điều đó đúng.

Bohm: Bởi vì chúng ta không đang sử dụng nó cho nội dung của nó, hay ý nghĩa của nó, nhưng khác hơn như mũi tên chỉ vượt khỏi lãnh vực của thời gian.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy tư tưởng là một mũi tên chỉ. Nội dung là thông minh.

Bohm: Nội dung mà nó chỉ đến.

Krishnamurti: Vâng. Liệu chúng ta có thể giải thích điều này một cách khác? Liệu chúng ta được phép nói, tư tưởng là cằn cỗi, vô dụng?

Bohm: Vâng, khi nó tự chuyển động một mình, vâng.

Krishnamurti: Mà thuộc máy móc và mọi chuyện như thế. Tư tưởng là một mũi tên chỉ, nhưng nếu không có thông minh, mũi tên chỉ này không có giá trị.

Bohm: Liệu chúng ta có thể nói rằng thông minh biết được mũi tên chỉ? Nếu mũi tên chỉ không có ai để thấy nó, lúc đó mũi tên chỉ không chỉ rõ.

Krishnamurti: Đúng. Vì vậy thông minh là cần thiết. Nếu không có thông minh, tư tưởng chẳng có ý nghĩa gì cả.

Bohm: Nhưng bây giờ liệu chúng ta có thể nói, tư tưởng mà không có thông minh, chỉ trong một cách rất hỗn loạn?

Krishnamurti: Vâng, hỗn loạn, trong những cách không liên quan.

Bohm: Không liên quan, vô nghĩa và vân vân. Vậy thì với thông minh nó bắt đầu chỉ theo một hướng khác. Nhưng lúc đó trong một chừng mực, tư tưởng và thông minh dường như hòa hợp trong một chức năng chung.

Krishnamurti: Đúng. Vì vậy chúng ta đang hỏi: hành động trong liên quan đến thông minh là gì? Đúng chứ?

Bohm: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Hành động trong liên quan đến thông minh là gì, và trong thực hiện hành động đó tư tưởng là cần thiết.

Bohm: Vâng; ồ, tư tưởng là cần thiết và tư tưởng này rõ ràng là vạch hướng về vật chất. Nhưng dường như nó vạch cả hai hướng, cũng quay trở lại thông minh nữa. Một trong những nghi vấn luôn luôn nảy sinh là: chúng ta có nên nói rằng thông minh và vật chất chỉ là một phân biệt của cùng sự vật, hay liệu chúng khác biệt? Chúng có thực sự tách rời?

Dường như rằng chúng nên là một phân biệt trong cùng một sự vật.

Krishnamurti: Tôi nghĩ chúng tách rời, chúng được phân biệt rõ ràng.

Bohm: Chúng được phân biệt rõ ràng, nhưng liệu chúng thực sự tách rời?

Krishnamurti: Bạn có ý gì qua từ ngữ “tách rời” đó? Không liên quan, không kết nối, không một nguồn chung.

Bohm: Đúng. Liệu chúng có một nguồn chung?

Krishnamurti: Đó là như thế. Tư tưởng, vật chất và thông minh, liệu chúng có một nguồn chung? (Khoảng ngừng lâu) Tôi nghĩ chúng có, chắc chắn có.

Bohm: Nếu không, không thể có hòa hợp, dĩ nhiên.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng bạn thấy rằng tư tưởng đã thống trị thế giới. Bạn hiểu rõ chứ, đã thống trị?

Bohm: Thống trị thế giới.

Krishnamurti: Tư tưởng, trí năng, thống trị thế giới. Và vì vậy thông minh chẳng có nơi chỗ ở đây. Khi một sự việc thống trị, cái còn lại phải qui phục.

Bohm: Người ta hỏi, tôi không hiểu liệu nó có liên quan, làm thế nào điều đó xảy ra được.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó khá đơn giản.

Bohm: Ông sẽ nói gì đây?

Krishnamurti: Tôi sẽ nói rằng tư tưởng phải có an toàn; nó đang tìm kiếm sự an toàn trong tất cả chuyển động của nó.

Bohm: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng thông minh không đang tìm kiếm sự an toàn. Nó không có sự an toàn. Ý tưởng an toàn không tồn tại trong thông minh. Chính thông minh là an toàn, không phải, “Nó tìm kiếm sự an toàn.”

Bohm: Vâng, nhưng người ta cũng có thể suy nghĩ câu hỏi này, làm thế nào nó đã xảy ra rằng thông minh tự cho phép chính nó bị thống trị.

Krishnamurti: Ô, điều đó khá rõ ràng. Vui thú, thoải mái, an toàn vật chất, trước hết là an toàn vật chất: an toàn trong liên hệ, an toàn trong hành động, an toàn . . .

Bohm: Nhưng đó là một loại ảo tưởng của an toàn.

Krishnamurti: Ảo tưởng của an toàn, dĩ nhiên.

Bohm: Ông có thể nói rằng tư tưởng ra khỏi sự chuyển động chung và ngừng cho phép chính nó được trật tự, được trật tự trong tổng thể bởi thông minh, hay ít ra nó chấm dứt hòa hợp cùng thông minh, và bắt đầu chuyển động trong sự hòa hợp riêng của nó.

Krishnamurti: Trong sự hòa hợp riêng của nó.

Bohm: Tìm kiếm sự an toàn và vui thú và vân vân.

Krishnamurti: Như chúng ta đã trình bày ngày hôm trước khi chúng ta đang cùng nhau nói chuyện, toàn thế giới phương Tây đều được đặt nền tảng trên sự đo lường; và thế giới phương Đông cố gắng thoát khỏi điều đó. Nhưng họ đã sử dụng tư tưởng để thoát khỏi điều đó.

Bohm: Đã cố gắng thoát khỏi bằng bất kỳ phương cách nào.

Krishnamurti: Cố gắng thoát khỏi sự đo lường bằng cách vận dụng tư tưởng; vì vậy họ đã bị trói buộc trong tư tưởng. Bây giờ sự an toàn, sự an toàn vật chất, là cần thiết và vì vậy sự tồn tại vật chất, những vui thú vật chất, sự thịnh vượng vật chất trở thành quan trọng cực kỳ.

Bohm: Vâng, tôi đang suy nghĩ về điều đó một chút xíu. Nếu ông quay trở lại một con thú, vậy thì có một phản ứng thuộc bản năng hướng tới vui thú và an toàn là đúng đắn. Nhưng bây giờ khi tư tưởng chen vào, nó có thể gây mù quáng bản năng và sinh ra mọi loại mê đắm, nhiều vui thú hơn, nhiều an toàn hơn. Tất cả những bản năng không đủ thông minh để xử lý sự phức tạp của tư tưởng, vì vậy tư tưởng hành động sai trái, bởi vì nó đã kích thích những bản năng và những bản năng lại đòi hỏi nhiều hơn.

Krishnamurti: Đúng. Vì vậy tư tưởng thực sự đã tạo ra một thế giới của ảo tưởng, mê muội, hỗn loạn, và xua đuổi thông minh.

Bohm: Ồ, như chúng ta đã nói lúc trước, điều đó đã làm bộ não rất hỗn loạn lẫn huyên náo và thông minh là sự yên lặng của bộ não; vì vậy bộ não ồn ào không là thông minh.

Krishnamurti: Bộ não nhiễu loạn không là thông minh, hoàn toàn đúng!

Bohm: Ồ, điều đó trong chừng mực nào đó giải thích nguồn gốc của những sự việc.

Krishnamurti: Chúng ta đang cố gắng tìm ra sự liên quan, trong hành động, của tư tưởng và thông minh là gì. Bởi vì mọi thứ là hành động hay không-hành động. Và sự liên quan của tất cả việc đó với thông minh là gì? Tư tưởng sản sinh ra hành động hỗn loạn, hành động phân chia.

Bohm: Khi nó không được điều khiển bởi thông minh.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên. Và nó không được điều khiển bởi thông minh trong cách mà tất cả chúng ta sống.

Bohm: Đó là bởi điều gì chúng ta vừa nói.

Krishnamurti: Nó là hoạt động bị phân chia, nó không là một hoạt động của một tổng thể. Hoạt động của tổng thể là thông minh.

Bohm: Thông minh cũng phải hiểu rõ hoạt động của tư tưởng.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, chúng ta đã nói điều đó.

Bohm: Bây giờ liệu ông sẽ nói rằng khi thông minh hiểu rõ hoạt động của tư tưởng, lúc đó tư tưởng khác hẳn trong sự vận hành của nó?

Krishnamurti: Vâng, rõ ràng như thế. Đó là, nếu tư tưởng đã tạo ra chủ nghĩa quốc gia như một phương tiện của sự an toàn và khi người ta thấy được sự dối trá của nó, thấy được sự dối trá của nó là thông minh. Lúc đó tư tưởng tạo ra một thế giới khác hẳn mà trong đó chủ nghĩa quốc gia không tồn tại.

Bohm: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Và vì vậy sự phân chia, sự xung đột, chiến tranh và mọi chuyện của nó.

Bohm: Điều đó rất rõ ràng. Thông minh thấy được sự giả dối của điều gì đang xảy ra. Bây giờ giả dối đó kết thúc. Khi tư tưởng được tự do khỏi sự giả dối này, nó khác hẳn. Lúc đó nó bắt đầu là một song song với thông minh.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng.

Bohm: Đó là nó bắt đầu thực hiện sự gợi ý của thông minh.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy tư tưởng có một vị trí.

Bohm: Điều đó rất lý thú bởi vì ông có thể nói rằng tư tưởng thực sự không bao giờ bị kiểm soát hay bị thống trị bởi thông minh, tư tưởng luôn chuyển động theo phương hướng riêng của nó. Nhưng trong ánh sáng của thông minh, khi sự giả dối được thấy, lúc đó tư tưởng chuyển động song song hay hòa hợp cùng thông minh.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng.

Bohm: Nhưng tư tưởng không bao giờ có bất kỳ cái gì cưỡng bách nó làm bất kỳ điều gì. Điều đó sẽ gợi ý rằng thông minh và tư tưởng có nguồn gốc chung hay bản chất chung này, và rằng có hai cách để kêu gọi sự chú ý đến một tổng thể to tát hơn.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, thưa bạn, thuộc chính trị, thuộc tôn giáo, thuộc tâm lý, người ta có thể thấy tư tưởng đã tạo ra một thế giới của mâu thuẫn, phân chia khủng khiếp đến chừng nào, và thông minh mà là sản phẩm của sự hỗn loạn này cố gắng tạo ra trật tự trong sự hỗn loạn này, không phải thông minh mà thấy được sự giả dối của tất cả điều này. Tôi không hiểu liệu tôi đang giải thích rõ ràng? Bạn thấy, tôi có thể rất thông minh mặc dù tôi bị rối loạn.

Bohm: Ồ, trong những phương cách nào đó.

Krishnamurti: Đó là điều gì đang xảy ra trong thế giới.

Bohm: Nhưng tôi nghĩ rằng tại khoảnh khắc này hiểu rõ điều đó là khó khăn lắm. Ông có thể nói rằng trong phạm trù bị giới hạn nào đó, dường như thông minh đó có thể vận hành, nhưng phía bên ngoài phạm trù đó nó không vận hành.

Krishnamurti: Rốt cuộc, chúng ta quan tâm đến sống, không phải đến những lý thuyết, không phải những lý thuyết của thấu triệt và vân vân. Nhưng người ta quan tâm đến một sống mà trong đó thông minh vận hành. Thông minh mà không thuộc thời gian, mà không thuộc đo lường, mà không là sản phẩm hay chuyển động của tư tưởng, hay trật tự của tư tưởng. Bây giờ một con người muốn sống một sống khác hẳn. Anh ấy bị thống trị bởi tư tưởng, tư tưởng của anh ấy luôn luôn đang vận hành trong sự đo lường, trong sự so sánh, trong sự xung đột. Anh ấy hỏi, “Làm thế nào tôi sẽ được tự do khỏi tất cả điều này với mục đích để có được thông minh?” “Làm thế nào ‘cái ngã’, làm thế nào ‘cái tôi’ là công cụ của thông minh này?”

Bohm: Rõ ràng nó không thể.

Krishnamurti: Đó là như thế!

Bohm: Bởi vì tư tưởng trong thời gian này, là bản thể của không-thông minh.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng người ta luôn luôn đang suy nghĩ dựa vào bản thể đó.

Bohm: Vâng. Đó là tư tưởng đang chiếu rọi một loại ảo tưởng của thông minh là gì, và đang cố gắng đạt được nó.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy tôi sẽ nói rằng tư tưởng phải hoàn toàn bặt tăm cho sự thức dậy của cái đó. Không thể có một chuyển động của tư tưởng và vẫn vậy sự thức dậy của thông minh.

Bohm: Điều đó rõ ràng trên một mức độ. Chúng ta nghĩ tư tưởng thực sự có tính máy móc và điều này có lẽ được thấy trên một mức độ, nhưng tuy nhiên hệ thống máy móc vẫn tiếp tục.

Krishnamurti: Tiếp tục, vâng . . .

Bohm: . . . qua những bản năng và vui thú và sợ hãi và vân vân. Vì vậy thông minh phải thấu suốt vấn đề của những vui thú, những sợ hãi, những ham muốn này mà làm cho tư tưởng tiếp tục.

Krishnamurti: Vâng.

Bohm: Và ông thấy luôn luôn có cái bẫy này, đó là hình thành một khái niệm hay hình ảnh về nó, mà là từng phần.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên. Vì vậy như một con người tôi sẽ chỉ quan tâm đến điều này. Tôi biết sống của người ta bị hoang mang, mâu thuẫn, không-hòa hợp biết chừng nào. Liệu có thể thay đổi điều đó để cho thông minh có thể vận hành trong sống của tôi, để cho tôi sống mà mất đi sự không-hòa hợp, để cho mũi tên chỉ, phương hướng được hướng dẫn bởi thông minh? Bạn thấy, thưa bạn, đó là lý do tại sao những con người tôn giáo, thay vì sử dụng từ ngữ thông minh, đã sử dụng từ ngữ Thượng đế.

Bohm: Ưu điểm của việc đó là gì?

Krishnamurti: Tôi không biết ưu điểm là gì?

Bohm: Nhưng tại sao lại sử dụng từ ngữ như thế?

Krishnamurti: Bởi vì nó đến từ sự sợ hãi ban sơ, sợ hãi sấm sét, sợ hãi thiên nhiên, và dần dần từ sợ hãi đó phát sinh ý tưởng rằng có một người cha tối cao.

Bohm: Nhưng điều đó vẫn còn trong sự vận hành của bộ não.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên. Tôi chỉ đang nói điều đó. Họ đã nói rằng hãy tin cậy Thượng đế, hãy có lòng trung thành trong Thượng đế, vậy là Thượng đế sẽ vận hành qua bạn.

Bohm: Nó là một loại ẩn dụ, nếu ông đã nói, Thượng đế là thông minh. Nhưng hầu hết mọi người không coi nó như một ẩn dụ.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên không, đó là một hình ảnh tuyệt vời.

Bohm: Vâng. Ông có thể nói rằng nếu Thượng đế có nghĩa cái không thể đo lường được, vượt khỏi tư tưởng . . .

Krishnamurti: . . . nó không thể đặt tên được, nó không thể đo lường được, vì vậy không có một hình ảnh.

Bohm: Vậy thì cái đó sẽ vận hành trong cái có thể đo lường được.

Krishnamurti: Vâng. Điều gì tôi cố gắng chuyển tải là, sự ham muốn cho thông minh này, qua thời gian, đã tạo ra hình ảnh Thượng đế này. Và qua hình ảnh của Thượng đế, Jesus, Krishna, hay bất kỳ hình ảnh nào, bằng cách có sự trung thành trong đó – mà vẫn còn là chuyển động của tư tưởng – tôi hy vọng cách đó sẽ hòa hợp trong sống của tôi.

Bohm: Và bởi vì nó quá tổng thể, loại hình ảnh này sinh ra một ham muốn, một thôi thúc mãnh liệt nhất: đó là, nó thắng thế sự hợp lý.

Krishanmurti: Nó thắng thế sự hợp lý, mọi thứ.

Bohm: Mọi thứ.

Krishnamurti: Vào một ngày trước bạn đã nghe những giám mục và tổng giám mục đã nói – nghe thật là vô lý – rằng chỉ chúa Jesus mới quan trọng, không cái gì khác quan trọng cả.

Bohm: Nhưng nó cũng chuyển động nhờ vào đó sự vui thú thằng thế tánh hợp lý.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên, dĩ nhiên. Sợ hãi và vui thú.

Bohm: Chúng thắng thế, sự cân xứng không thể được thiết lập.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, điều gì tôi đang cố gắng nói là: bạn thấy toàn thế giới bị quy định theo cách này.

Bohm: Vâng, nhưng câu hỏi là điều gì ông đã ám chỉ đến: thế giới này mà bị quy định theo cách này là gì? Nếu chúng ta coi thế giới này như một sự tồn tại khách quan, vậy thì chúng ta đã rơi vào cùng cái bẫy.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên, dĩ nhiên.

Bohm: Đó là, toàn thế giới là kết quả của cách suy nghĩ này, thế giới là cả nguyên nhân lẫn hậu quả của cách suy nghĩ này.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng.

Bohm: Và cách suy nghĩ này là không-hòa hợp và hỗn loạn và không-thông minh và vân vân.

Krishnamurti: Tôi đã nghe Hội nghị của đảng Lao động ở Blackpool. Nó rất lý thú, một số người trong họ rất nghiêm túc, rất khôn ngoan, nói đi nói lại đầy giả dối, và mọi điều họ đang suy nghĩ đều dựa vào đảng Bảo thủ và đảng Lao động. Họ không nói rằng, “Hãy nhìn, tất cả chúng ta hãy cùng nhau và xem thử điều gì là tốt nhất, điều gì là tuyệt vời nhất cho những con người.”

Bohm: Họ không thể.

Krishnamurti: Chính xác là như thế, họ đang vận dụng thông minh của họ!

Bohm: Ồ, trong một cái khung bị giới hạn. Sự rắc rối của chúng ta luôn luôn là vậy; người ta đã phát triển công nghệ và những vũ khí và những sự việc khác dựa vào thông minh bị giới hạn nào đó, mà đang phục vụ những mục đích rất không-thông minh.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, chính xác là như thế.

Bohm: Trong hàng ngàn năm điều đó đã và đang xảy ra. Vậy thì dĩ nhiên, tôi nghĩ sự phản ứng có khuynh hướng xảy ra giống như thế này, tất cả quá lớn lao.

Krishnamurti: Vâng.

Bohm: Nói cách khác nó là một sự việc bao la, phủ cả thời gian và không gian.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng nó thực sự rất đơn giản, đơn giản lạ thường, ý thức của sự hòa hợp này. Bởi vì nó quá đơn giản nên nó có thể vận hành trong lãnh vực phức tạp nhất.

Chúng ta hãy quay trở lại. Chúng ta đã nói rằng cái nguồn là chung cho cả tư tưởng và thông minh.

Bohm: Vâng, chúng ta đã giải thích đến đó.

Krishnamurti: Cái nguồn đó là gì?

Bohm: Ồ, cái nguồn đó sẽ vượt khỏi tôi.

Krishnamurti: Chờ một chút, thưa bạn. Chúng ta hãy xem thử. Cái nguồn đó là gì? Thông thường họ coi cái nguồn đó như một khái niệm triết lý nào đó, hay họ nói rằng cái nguồn đó là Thượng đế – tôi chỉ đang sử dụng từ ngữ đó trong lúc này – hay Jehovha hay Brahman. Cái nguồn đó là chung, là chuyển động trung tâm mà tự-phân chia chính nó thành vật chất và thông minh. Nhưng đó chỉ là một câu phát biểu bằng từ ngữ, nó chỉ là một ý tưởng, mà vẫn còn là tư tưởng. Vì vậy bạn không thể tìm ra nó qua tư tưởng.

Bohm: Điều đó nảy sinh câu hỏi: nếu ông tìm nó, vậy thì ông là gì?

Krishnamurti: “Bạn” không hiện diện. “Bạn” không thể hiện diện khi bạn đang hỏi cái nguồn là gì? “Bạn” là thời gian, chuyển động, tình trạng bị quy định thuộc môi trường sống – bạn là tất cả điều đó.

Bohm: Trong câu hỏi đó, toàn sự phân chia này bị xóa sạch.

Krishnamurti: Tuyệt đối, đó là mấu chốt, phải không?

Bohm: Không thời gian.

Krishnamurti: Tuy nhiên chúng ta vẫn nói, “Tôi sẽ không vận dụng tư tưởng.” Khi “cái tôi” len lỏi vào có sự phân chia: vì vậy khi hiểu rõ một cách cẩn thận toàn bộ điều này, điều gì chúng ta đang nói, tôi xóa sạch hoàn toàn “cái tôi”.

Bohm: Nhưng nghe có vẻ giống như một mâu thuẫn.

Krishnamurti: Tôi biết. Tôi không thể xóa sạch nó. Nó xảy ra. Vậy thì cái nguồn là gì? Liệu nó có thể được đặt tên? Ví dụ, cảm thấy tôn giáo của người Do thái là nó không thể được đặt tên: bạn không đặt tên nó, bạn không thể nói về nó, bạn không thể tiếp xúc nó. Bạn chỉ có thể thấy. Và những người Ấn độ giáo và những người khác cũng nói cùng sự việc như vậy trong những từ ngữ khác nhau. Chính những người Thiên chúa giáo đã bị ảnh hưởng bởi từ ngữ Jesus này, hình ảnh này, họ đã không bao giờ tiến đến cái nguồn của nó.

Bohm: Đó là một vấn đề phức tạp bởi vì có lẽ rằng họ đang cố gắng kết hợp nhiều triết lý.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, dĩ nhiên. Bởi vì rốt cuộc ra Thiên chúa giáo đến từ Judea.

Bohm: Và Hi lạp và Châu á.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên. Vào một ngày trên truyền hình một nhóm người Ả rập đang diễu hành, tôi quên nơi nào; một nhóm khác, sau đó, từ Do thái đang diễn hành. Tôi đã nói, hãy nhìn kìa, chỉ là những miếng vải che mặt – bạn theo kịp chứ, thưa bạn. Ả rập của họ, mà là kết quả của Do thái cổ, và họ đã phân chia ra. Thật là kinh hoàng.

Bohm: Vâng, tôi có ý rằng nếu ông quan sát những người trên truyền hình ở Lebanon, ông có thể dễ dàng nói rằng họ giống hệt người Do thái.

Krishnamurti: Rốt cuộc tất cả họ đều cùng là một bộ tộc Semite, và tất cả phần còn lại của nó. Nó đó kìa. Chúng ta thấy điều này. Bây giờ tôi muốn nắm điểm này: cái nguồn là gì? Liệu tư tưởng có thể tìm được nó? Và tư tưởng được sinh ra từ cái nguồn đó; và thông minh cũng được sinh ra từ cái nguồn đó. Nó giống như hai dòng suối di chuyển theo hai phương hướng khác nhau.

Bohm: Ông muốn nói theo tổng quát vật chất cũng được sinh ra từ cái nguồn đó?

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên.

Bohm: Tôi có ý nói toàn vũ trụ. Nhưng cái nguồn đó lại vượt khỏi vũ trụ.

Krishnamurti: Dĩ nhiên. Nó phải như vậy, nếu không . . . Bây giờ đó là cái gì? Chúng ta có thể giải thích nó theo cách này? Tư tưởng là năng lượng, và thông minh cũng vậy.

Bohm: Vật chất cũng vậy.

Krishnamurti: Tư tưởng, vật chất, hệ thống máy móc, là năng lượng. Thông minh cũng là năng lượng. Tư tưởng bị hỗn loạn, bị vấy bẩn, tự-phân chia chính nó, tự-tách rời chính nó.

Bohm: Vâng, nó tăng lên gấp bội.

Krishnamurti: Và cái này lại không. Cái này không bị vấy bẩn. Nó không thể phân chia chính nó như “thông minh của tôi” và “thông minh của bạn”. Nó là thông minh, nó không thể phân chia được. Bây giờ nó đã khởi nguồn từ cái nguồn của năng lượng mà đã tự-phân chia chính nó.

Bohm: Tại sao nó đã tự-phân chia chính nó?

Krishnamurti: Bởi vì những lý do vật chất, cho thoải mái, cho tồn tại, bạn biết tất cả những chuyện như thế.

Bohm: Để duy trì sự tồn tại vật chất. Vậy là một phần của thông minh đã được thay đổi trong một cách như thế để giúp đỡ duy trì sự tồn tại vật chất.

Krishnamurti: Vâng.

Bohm: Nó đã phát triển trong một cách nào đó.

Krishnamurti: Và tiếp tục trong cách đó. Cả hai đều là năng lượng. Vì vậy chỉ có một năng lượng.

Bohm: Vâng, chúng là những dạng khác nhau của năng lượng. Có nhiều tương tự với cái này, mặc dù nó ở trên một kích cỡ bị giới hạn nhiều hơn. Trong vật lý ông có thể nói rằng thông thường ánh sáng là một chuyển động sóng phức tạp, phức tạp vô cùng, nhưng trong tia laser nó được làm để di chuyển cùng nhau trong một cách rất đơn giản và hòa hợp.

Krishnamurti: Vâng. Tôi đã đọc về tia laser. Những sự việc quỉ quái họ sắp sửa sản sinh ra bởi tia laser.

Bohm: Vâng, sử dụng nó một cách hủy diệt. Tư tưởng có lẽ có cái gì đó tốt lành nhưng sau đó nó luôn luôn bị quen thuộc vào cái gì đó trong một cách rộng rãi hơn mà gây huỷ diệt.

Krishnamurti: Vì vậy chỉ có năng lượng, mà là cái nguồn.

Bohm: Ông muốn nói rằng năng lượng là một loại chuyển động?

Krishnamurti: Không, nó là năng lượng. Khoảnh khắc nó là một chuyển động, nó lang thang vào lãnh vực của tư tưởng này.

Bohm: Chúng ta phải giải thích rõ ràng quan điểm về năng lượng này. Tôi cũng đã tra cứu từ ngữ này. Ông thấy không, nó được đặt nền tảng trên quan điểm về công việc; năng lượng có nghĩa là, “Làm việc bên trong.”

Krishnamurti: Làm việc bên trong, vâng.

Bohm: Nhưng bây giờ ông nói có một năng lượng mà làm việc, nhưng không chuyển động.

Krishnamurti: Vâng. Tôi đang suy nghĩ về điều này ngày hôm qua – không phải suy nghĩ, tôi nhận ra cái nguồn ở đó, không bị vấy bẩn, không-chuyển động, không tiếp xúc được bởi tư tưởng, nó ở đó. Từ đó hai cái này đều sinh ra. Tại sao chúng lại được sinh ra?

Bohm: Một cái cần thiết để sinh tồn.

Krishnamurti: Đó là tất cả. Trong sinh tồn cái này đã bị phủ nhận, hay gạt đi trong sự tổng thể của nó, trong sự trọn vẹn của nó. Điều gì tôi đang cố gắng nhắm đến là thế này, thưa bạn. Tôi muốn tìm ra, như một con người đang sống trong thế giới này cùng tất cả những hỗn loạn và đau khổ, và mọi chuyện còn lại, liệu cái trí con người có thể tiếp xúc với cái nguồn mà trong đó hai phân chia không tồn tại? Và bởi vì nó đã tiếp xúc được cái nguồn này, bởi vì nó không có phân chia, nó có thể vận hành mà không có ý thức của phân chia. Tôi không hiểu liệu tôi đang chuyển tải được điều này?

Bohm: Nhưng làm thế nào cái trí con người không thể tiếp xúc được cái nguồn này? Tại sao nó không tiếp xúc được cái nguồn?

Krishnamurti: Bởi vì chúng ta đã bị nuốt trọn bởi tư tưởng, bởi sự khôn ngoan của tư tưởng, bởi sự chuyển động của tư tưởng. Tất cả những thần thánh của chúng, những thiền định của chúng, mọi thứ là cái đó.

Bohm: Vâng. Tôi nghĩ điều này mang chúng ta đến nghi vấn của sống và chết, bởi vì đó là một trong những sự việc mà làm trở ngại. Nó cũng liên quan đến sự sinh tồn.

Krishnamurti: Bởi vì tư tưởng và lãnh vực an toàn của nó, ham muốn sự an toàn của nó, nó tạo ra chết như một cái gì đó tách rời khỏi chính nó.

Bohm: Đó có lẽ là mấu chốt chính.

Krishnamurti: Đúng là như vậy. Đó là cái gì tôi đã nói cho những học sinh sáng ngày hôm qua.

Bohm: Ông có thể nhìn nó theo cách này. Tư tưởng đã tự-cấu trúc chính nó như một dụng cụ cho sự sinh tồn, không phải chết. Bây giờ vì vậy . . .

Krishnamurti: Cái gì nó đã làm, nó đã tạo ra sự bất tử trong Jesus, hay trong cái này hay trong cái kia.

Bohm: Tư tưởng không thể suy nghĩ về chết riêng của nó. Vì vậy nếu nó cố gắng làm như thế, nó luôn luôn chiếu rọi cái gì đó khác hẳn, một quan điểm bao quát hơn khác hẳn và từ đó dường như nó đang nhìn vào nó. Nếu bất kỳ người nào cố gắng tưởng tượng rằng anh ấy chết, vậy thì anh ấy vẫn đang tưởng tượng rằng anh ấy đang còn sống và đang nhìn vào chính anh ấy như chết. Ông có thể luôn luôn làm phức tạp điều này trong mọi loại lý thuyết và tôn giáo và vân vân; nhưng dường như nó được gắn liền vào tư tưởng rằng nó không thể suy nghĩ về chết một cách đúng đắn.

Krishnamurti: Nó không thể. Điều đó có nghĩa là tự-kết thúc chính nó.

Bohm: Điều đó rất lý thú. Giả sử rằng chúng ta ví dụ cái chết của thân thể, mà chúng ta thấy phía bên ngoài; các cơ quan chết đi, nó mất đi năng lượng của nó và vì vậy nó vỡ ra từng mảnh.

Krishnamurti: Thực sự thân thể là dụng cụ của năng lượng.

Bohm: Vì vậy chúng ta hãy nói rằng năng lượng không còn thấm vào thân thể và thế là thân thể không còn có bất kỳ tình trạng tổng thể nào. Ông có thể nói rằng với tư tưởng cũng như vậy; năng lượng trong những cách nào đó đi đến tư tưởng, như đi đến thân thể. Điều đó có tạo ra ý nghĩa nào không?

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng.

Bohm: Ông và những người khác đã thường dùng cụm từ: “Cái trí chết đi toàn bộ tư tưởng.” Thoạt đầu cách diễn tả này gây khó hiểu, bởi vì ông nghĩ rằng chính là tư tưởng mà nên chết đi.

Krishnamurti: Hoàn toàn đúng, hoàn toàn đúng.

Bohm: Nhưng lúc này ông đang nói rằng chính cái trí mà chết đi, hay năng lượng mà chết đi tư tưởng. Tôi có thể thấy điều đó gần giống nhất có nghĩa gì là, rằng khi tư tưởng đang vận hành nó được đóng góp bằng một năng lượng nào đó bởi cái trí hay thông minh; và khi tư tưởng không còn liên quan nữa, vậy thì năng lượng đi và tư tưởng giống như một cơ quan thân thể chết rồi.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng.

Bohm: Bây giờ rất khó khăn cho cái trí phải chấp nhận điều này, bởi vì sự so sánh giữa tư tưởng và cơ quan dường như quá không-hợp lý, bởi vì tư tưởng không có thực chất và các cơ quan lại có thực chất. Vì vậy chết của các cơ quan dường như là cái gì đó khác xa với chết của tư tưởng. Lúc này là mấu chốt không rõ ràng lắm. Ông sẽ nói rằng trong chết của tư tưởng,chúng ta cũng có bản thể của chết của những cơ quan nữa?

Krishnamurti: Rõ ràng như thế.

Bohm: Mặc dù nó ở trên một kích cỡ nhỏ, như nó đã là, nó thuộc về cùng bản chất?

Krishnamurti: Vâng, bạn thấy, thưa bạn, hãy chờ một tí. Như chúng ta đã nói, có năng lượng trong cả hai, và tư tưởng trong chuyển động của nó đã tạo ra năng lượng này, là năng lượng này, và tư tưởng không thể tự-thấy chính nó chết đi.

Bohm: Nó không có cách nào để tưởng tượng, hay chiếu rọi, hay hình dung chết riêng của nó.

Krishnamurti: Thế là nó tẩu thoát khỏi chết.

Bohm: Ồ, nó tự-cho chính nó sự ảo tưởng.

Krishnamurti: Ảo tưởng, dĩ nhiên. Và nó đã tạo ra ảo tưởng của sự bất tử hay một trạng thái vượt khỏi chết, một chiếu rọi của sự ham muốn riêng của nó để có sự tiếp tục riêng của nó.

Bohm: Ồ, đó là một việc, rằng tư tưởng có lẽ đã khởi đầu bằng ham muốn sự tiếp tục của các cơ quan thân thể.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, điều đó đúng, và sau đó tiếp tục vượt khỏi điều đó.

Bohm: Vượt khỏi điều đó, ham muốn sự tiếp tục riêng của nó. Đó là sự sai lầm, đó là nơi nó khởi sự sai lầm.

Krishnamurti: Vâng, khởi sự sai lầm. Nó đã tự-thấy các cơ quan thân thể như chính nó.

Bohm: Nó đã tự-cảm thấy chính nó là một mở rộng, không chỉ là một mở rộng, nhưng còn là bản thể của các cơ quan. Thoạt đầu tư tưởng đang vận hành chỉ trong các cơ quan và sau đó tư tưởng bắt đầu tự bộc lộ chính nó như bản thể của các cơ quan.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng.

Bohm: Sau đó tư tưởng bắt đầu ham muốn sự bất tử riêng của nó.

Krishnamurti: Và chính tư tưởng tự-nhận biết, ý thức rất rõ rằng nó không bất tử.

Bohm: Dẫu vậy, nó chỉ biết nó phía bên ngoài. Tôi có ý, nó biết nó như một sự kiện phía bên ngoài.

Krishnamurti: Thế là, nó tạo ra sự bất tử trong những bức tranh, trong những hình ảnh.

Tôi lắng nghe tất cả điều này như một người bên ngoài và tôi tự-nhủ với chính mình, “Điều này hoàn toàn đúng, quá rõ ràng, hợp lý, thông minh; chúng ta thấy nó rất rõ ràng, cả phần tâm lý lẫn vật chất.” Bây giờ, khi quan sát tất cả điều này, nghi vấn kế tiếp của tôi là: liệu cái trí có thể giữ được sự tinh khiết của cái nguồn khởi đầu? Sự rõ ràng ban sơ khởi đầu của năng lượng đó mà không bị tiếp xúc bởi sự bại hoại của tư tưởng, bởi tư tưởng? Tôi không hiểu liệu tôi có chuyển tải được nó?

Bohm: Câu hỏi rõ ràng rồi.

Krishnamurti: Cái trí có thể làm điều đó không? Cái trí có thể khám phá được điều đó?

Bohm: Cái trí là gì?

Krishnamurti: Lúc này chúng ta nói cái trí là các cơ quan, tư tưởng, bộ não cùng tất cả những kỷ niệm của nó, những trải nghiệm và mọi chuyện đó, mà tất cả đều thuộc thời gian. Và cái trí nói, “Liệu tôi có thể khám phá điều này?” Nó không thể. Thế là tôi tự-nhủ với chính mình, “Vì nó không thể, tôi sẽ yên lặng.” Bạn thấy những ma mãnh mà nó đã đùa giỡn.

Bohm: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Tôi sẽ học làm thế nào để yên lặng; tôi sẽ học làm thế nào để thiền định với mục đích được yên lặng. Tôi thấy sự quan trọng phải có một cái trí được tự do khỏi thời gian, được tự do khỏi hệ thống máy móc của tư tưởng, tôi sẽ kiểm soát nó, khuất phục nó, xóa sạch tư tưởng. Nhưng việc đó vẫn còn là sự vận hành của tư tưởng. Điều đó quá rõ ràng. Thế là nó phải làm gì đây? Bởi vì là một con người chỉ sống trong không-hòa hợp này, anh ấy phải tìm hiểu điều này. Và đó là điều gì chúng ta đang thực hiện. Khi chúng ta bắt đầu tìm hiểu nó, hay trong tìm hiểu, chúng ta bắt gặp cái nguồn này. Liệu nó là một nhận biết, một thấu triệt, và thấu triệt đó không liên quan gì đến tư tưởng? Thấu triệt là kết quả của tư tưởng? Kết luận của một thấu triệt là tư tưởng, nhưng chính thấu triệt không là tư tưởng. Thế là tôi đã nắm được chìa khóa của điều này. Vậy thì thấu triệt là gì? Liệu tôi có thể mời mọc nó, vun quén nó?

Bohm: Ông không thể làm bất kỳ điều gì về nó. Nhưng có một loại năng lượng phải được cần đến.

Krishnamurti: Đó chính xác là như vậy. Tôi không thể làm gì cả. Khi tôi vun quén nó, đó là ham muốn. Khi tôi nói rằng tôi sẽ làm việc này hay việc kia, đó là cùng sự việc. Vì vậy thấu triệt không là sản phẩm của tư tưởng. Nó không ở trong trật tự của tư tưởng. Bây giờ, làm thế nào người ta bất chợt bắt gặp thấu triệt này? (Khoảng ngừng) Chúng ta bất chợt bắt gặp nó bởi vì chúng ta đã phủ nhận tất cả điều đó.

Bohm: Vâng, nó ở đó. Ông không bao giờ có thể trả lời được nghi vấn đó, làm thế nào ông bất chợt bắt gặp bất kỳ điều gì.

Krishnamurti: Không. Tôi nghĩ nó khá rõ ràng, thưa bạn. Bạn bất chợt bắt gặp nó khi bạn thấy sự việc tổng thể. Vì vậy thấu triệt là sự nhận biết của tổng thể. Một mảnh vỡ không thể thấy điều này, nhưng “cái tôi” mà thấy những mảnh vỡ và “cái tôi” đang thấy những mảnh vỡ thấy tổng thể, và chất lượng của một cái trí mà thấy tổng thể không bị tiếp xúc bởi tư tưởng; vì vậy có nhận biết, có thấu triệt.

Bohm: Có lẽ chúng ta sẽ bàn lại điều đó chầm chậm hơn. Chúng ta thấy tất cả những mảnh vỡ: liệu chúng ta có thể nói năng lượng, hoạt động thực sự, mà thấy những mảnh vỡ kia là tổng thể?

Krishnamurti: Đúng rồi, đúng rồi.

Bohm: Chúng ta chưa bao giờ xoay xở để thấy tổng thể bởi vì . . .

Krishnamurti: . . . chúng ta được giáo dục, và mọi chuyện như thế.

Bohm: Nhưng tôi có ý, dù thế nào chăng nữa chúng ta sẽ không thấy tổng thể như cái gì đó. Mà trái lại, tổng thể là sự tự do trong thấy tất cả những mảnh vỡ.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó đúng. Sự tự do để thấy. Tự do không tồn tại khi có những mảnh vỡ.

Bohm: Điều đó tạo ra một nghịch lý.

Krishnnamurti: Dĩ nhiên.

Bohm: Nhưng tổng thể không khởi sự từ những mảnh vỡ. Ngay khi tổng thể vận hành lúc đó không có những mảnh vỡ. Vì vậy nghịch lý đến từ giả sử rằng những mảnh vỡ là thực sự độc lập, rằng chúng tồn tại độc lập khỏi tư tưởng. Vậy thì ông sẽ nói, nếu tôi giả sử rằng những mảnh vỡ ở đó được độc lập khỏi tôi và tư tưởng của tôi, và vậy thì dù thế nào chăng nữa tôi phải làm một cái gì đó về chúng – đó sẽ là một nghịch lý. Tổng thể khởi sự từ thấu triệt mà những mảnh vỡ này chẳng là gì cả. Dường như đối với tôi đó là cái cách. Chúng không là những thực sự có thật. Chúng rất không-thực sự.

Krishnamurti: Không-thực sự, vâng.

Bohm: Và thế là chúng không ngăn cản tổng thể.

Krishnamurti: Hoàn toàn đúng.

Bohm: Ông thấy, một trong những sự việc thường gây ra sự hoang mang là rằng, khi ông giải thích nó dựa vào tư tưởng, có vẻ ông lộ rõ những mảnh vỡ là cái thực sự có thật, không-giả tạo. Vậy thì ông phải thấy chúng, và vậy thì ông nói, chừng nào những mảnh vỡ còn ở đó, không có tổng thể để cho ông không thể thấy chúng, Nhưng tất cả điều đó đều quay trở lại một sự việc, một cái nguồn.

Krishnamurti: Tôi chắc chắn như vậy, thưa bạn, những con người thực sự nghiêm túc đã đặt ra câu hỏi này. Họ đã hỏi nó và cố gắng tìm được một câu trả lời qua tư tưởng.

Bohm: Vâng, ồ điều đó dường như là tự nhiên.

Krishnamurti: Và họ không bao giờ thấy rằng họ bị trói buộc trong tư tưởng.

Bohm: Đó luôn luôn là sự rắc rối. Mọi người lâm vào sự rắc rối này: rằng dường như anh ấy đang nhìn mọi thứ, nhìn vào những vấn đề của anh ấy, đang nói, “Kia là những vấn đề của tôi, tôi đang nhìn.” Nhưng đang nhìn đó chỉ là đang suy nghĩ, nhưng nó bị rối loạn bởi đang nhìn. Một trong những rối loạn mà nảy sinh là rằng nếu ông nói, đừng suy nghĩ nhưng hãy nhìn, người đó cảm thấy rằng anh ấy đang nhìn rồi.

Krishnamurti: Hoàn toàn đúng. Vì vậy bạn thấy, câu hỏi này đã nảy sinh và họ nói, “Được rồi, vậy thì tôi phải kiểm soát tư tưởng, tôi phải chế ngự tư tưởng và tôi phải làm cho cái trí của tôi yên lặng để cho nó trở thành tổng thể, sau đó tôi có thể thấy những bộ phận, tất cả những mảnh vỡ, sau đó tôi sẽ chạm được cái nguồn.” Nhưng luôn luôn nó vẫn còn là sự vận hành của tư tưởng.

Bohm: Vâng, điều đó có nghĩa đa phần sự vận hành của tư tưởng là không nhận biết được và vì vậy người ta không biết nó đang xảy ra. Một cách có ý thức chúng ta có lẽ nói, chúng ta đã nhận ra rằng tất cả điều này phải được thay đổi, nó phải khác hẳn.

Krishnamurti: Nhưng tầng ý thức bên trong vẫn đang tiếp tục. Liệu bạn có thể nói với tầng ý thức bên trong của tôi, khi biết bộ não tầng ý thức bên ngoài của tôi sẽ kháng cự bạn? Bởi vì bạn đang bảo với tôi điều gì đó mà là cách mạng, bạn đang bảo với tôi điều gì đó mà phá vỡ toàn ngôi nhà của tôi mà tôi đã xây dựng thật cẩn thận, và tôi sẽ không lắng nghe bạn. Bạn theo kịp không? Trong những phản ứng theo bản năng của tôi, tôi xua đuổi bạn đi ngay. Vì vậy bạn nhận ra điều đó và nói rằng, “Hãy nhìn, được rồi, người bạn thân ơi, chỉ cần đừng bận tâm phải lắng nghe tôi theo cách đó. Tôi sẽ nói với tầng ý thức bên trong. Tôi sẽ nói với tầng ý thức bên trong của bạn và khiến cho tầng ý thức bên trong đó thấy rằng bất kỳ chuyển động nào nó thực hiện vẫn còn trong lãnh vực của thời gian và vân vân.” Thế là cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài của bạn không bao giờ vận hành. Khi nó vận hành chắc chắn nó phải hoặc kháng cự, hoặc nói, “Tôi sẽ chấp nhận”, vì vậy nó tạo ra một xung đột trong chính nó, và tất cả mọi việc còn lại. Vì vậy liệu bạn có thể nói với tầng ý thức bên trong của tôi?

Bohm: Ông có thể luôn luôn hỏi làm thế nào.

Krishnamurti: Không, không. Bạn bảo trước cho tôi, “Hãy nhìn kìa, người bạn, đừng kháng cự, suy nghĩ, nhìn cái cây đó, nhưng tôi sẽ nói với bạn.” Nó nghe vui lắm, nhưng bạn biết tôi có ý gì. Tôi sẽ nói với bạn. Cả hai chúng ta đang chuyển tải cho nhau mà không có cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài đang lắng nghe.

Bohm: Vâng.

Krishnamurti: Tôi nghĩ đây là điều gì thực sự xảy ra. Khi bạn đang nói với tôi – tôi đang nhận thấy nó – tôi không đang lắng nghe những từ ngữ của bạn nhiều lắm. Tôi đang lắng nghe bạn. Tôi mở cửa cho bạn; không phải cho những từ ngữ của bạn, bởi vì bạn đã giải thích, bởi vì tôi đã tra cứu trong những quyển từ điển và mọi chuyện như thế. Tôi đã tự nhủ với mình, được rồi, hãy dẹp bỏ tất cả điều đó, tôi đang lắng nghe bạn, không phải nghe những từ ngữ mà bạn sử dụng, nhưng nghe ý nghĩa, nghe chất lượng phía bên trong của cảm thấy của bạn mà muốn bảo cho tôi điều gì đó.

Bohm: Tôi hiểu.

Krishnamurti: Điều đó thay đổi tôi, không phải tất cả những từ ngữ giải thích này. Vì vậy liệu bạn có thể nói chuyện với tôi về những mê muội của tôi, những ảo tưởng của tôi, những khuynh hướng đặc biệt của tôi, mà không có cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài đang can thiệp và đang nói, “Làm ơn đừng đụng đến tất cả điều này, hãy để tôi lại một mình!” Họ đã cố gắng tuyên truyền nơi tiềm thức trong quảng cáo, thật mau lẹ, để cho trong khi bạn không thực sự chú ý, tầng ý thức bên trong của bạn lại chú ý, vì vậy bạn mua cục xà phòng đặc biệt đó! Chúng ta không đang làm việc đó, nó sẽ tác hại lắm. Bạn đang bảo tôi, hãy nhìn cái cây, và đám mây, hay bức tranh trên tường đó, hãy quên đi, đừng lắng nghe tôi bằng đôi tai tầng ý thức bên ngoài của bạn nhưng hãy lắng nghe tôi bằng đôi tai mà nghe sâu thẳm nhiều hơn. Đó là cách tôi đã lắng nghe bạn sáng nay bởi vì tôi vô cùng quan tâm đến cái nguồn, giống như bạn quan tâm. Bạn theo kịp không, thưa bạn? Và tôi nói, chắc chắn, chúng ta sẽ đến được điều đó, tôi đã nắm được nó, chúng ta sẽ đến được điều đó, và tôi thực sự quan tâm trong một điều duy nhất đó. Tất cả điều này là những điều có thể giải thích được, hiểu rõ rất dễ dàng – nhưng hãy cùng nhau đến được cái đó, cùng nhau cảm thấy nó! Bạn theo kịp không? Tôi nghĩ đó là cách để phá vỡ một quy định, một thói quen, một hình ảnh mà tôi đã vun quén. Bạn nói với tôi về nó ở một mức độ nơi cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài hoàn toàn không quan tâm. Nghe có vẻ ngớ ngẩn lắm, nhưng bạn hiểu rõ điều gì tôi đang nói chứ, thưa bạn?

Ví dụ tôi có một quy định; bạn có thể vạch ra nó hàng tá lần, tranh luận, thấy được sự giả dối của nó, sự ngu dốt. Tôi vẫn tiếp tục. Tôi kháng cự nó, tôi nói nó nên là gì, nếu ngược lại tôi sẽ làm gì trong thế giới này, và mọi chuyện như thế. Nhưng bạn thấy sự thật rằng chừng nào cái trí còn bị quy định phải có xung đột và mọi chuyện như thế. Thế là bạn thâm nhập hay gạt qua một bên sự kháng cự của tôi và thẩm thấu được cái đó, thúc giục tầng ý thức bên trong phải lắng nghe bạn, bởi vì tầng ý thức bên trong lại tinh tế hơn nhiều, nhạy bén hơn nhiều. Nó có lẽ bị kinh hãi, nhưng nó thấy được sự nguy hiểm của sợ hãi nhạy bén hơn cái trí tầng ý thức bên ngoài. Khi tôi đang dạo bộ trên những hòn núi cao ở California: tôi đã nhìn chim chóc và cây cối và đang nhìn ngắm, và tôi nghe một con rắn rung chuông và tôi đã nhảy tránh. Chính là tầng ý thức bên trong khiến cho thân thể nhảy tránh; tôi đã thấy con rắn rung chuông khi tôi nhảy tránh, nó cách hai hay ba feet, nó có thể mổ tôi rất dễ dàng. Sẽ phải mất nhiều giây nếu bộ não tầng ý thức bên ngoài đang vận hành.

Bohm: Muốn đến được tầng ý thức bên trong ông phải có một hành động mà không lôi cuốn cách trực tiếp tầng ý thức bên ngoài.

Krishnamurti: Vâng. Đó là thương yêu, đó là tình yêu. Khi bạn nói với trạng thái ý thức thức giấc bên ngoài của tôi, nó là bướng bỉnh, lanh lợi, ranh mãnh, dao động. Và bạn thâm nhập cái đó, nói, được rồi, cứ giữ những thú tính xấu xa riêng của bạn, và bạn thâm nhập cái đó bằng cái nhìn của bạn, bằng thương yêu của bạn, bằng tất cả cảm thấy mà bạn có. Cái đó vận hành, không còn gì khác.

Brockwood Park

Ngày 7 tháng10 năm 1972